

The Sabbath Recorder

HIS HOLY DAY

Jesus sought to remove from the Sabbath the burdensome restrictions heaped upon it by the Jews, but no recorded act of his can be construed to teach that he ever forgot its sanctity, or disregarded its claims upon his own life. They who desired to condemn him, and who accused him of Sabbath-breaking, could find no charge more serious than that he healed a blind man on the Sabbath day, restored a withered hand, and straightened the bent body of an afflicted woman. Think what kind of Sabbath-keeping Jesus must have practiced when those who would condemn him by the strict law of the Pharisees could find no charge more serious than these ministries of mercy on the Sabbath day.

THE SUMMER NIGHT

In stately course,
The regal mistress of the night
Has reached the mountain top,
And casting far o'er sleeping plain below,
Her calm and mellow light,
Bathes all in mystic radiance,
And now the waters of the little lake
That tremble at the kiss of vagrant breeze,
Are reassured at Luna's gentle touch,
And sparkle in their joy.
The giant pine, erstwhile a sentry dark and grim,
Beneath whose guard the ancient farmhouse rests,
Now stands with armor burnished bright,
All glorified with pearls.
And flowers fair that in the garden drowse,
The while to heaven their incense sweet ascends,
Are wakened in the silver sheen,
And gaze with pretty eyes.
On brink of yonder dark, mysterious grove,
In weird and screeching note,
An owl protests against the lambent beams,
As they disturb his solitude;
And nestlings in their hidden home
Mid blossoms of the apple trees,
In terror roused by that uncanny cry,
Are stilled by brooding mother-bird,
With softest, sweetest lullaby.

The heavenly planet rides in queenly majesty,
Light-sceptered by the Sun,
O'er forests, hills and vales,
The fruitful fields, and desert's arid waste,
Lakes, rivers, and the murmuring rills,
The cataracts that thunder loud—
And earth, wide spread in lustrous garniture,
Enchanted, smiles. —George I. Sill

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 4,079

Yes, if They Only Would! This morning at the breakfast table in Daytona, one of the faithful tithers said: "If all our people would practice tithing just one year they would never want to give it up, we would have no more trouble about the finances in our denominational work."

If the testimony of those who give a tenth of their income to the Lord is true, the plan well carried out brings a blessing to the giver, and assures success for the work at large. We never saw a tither who was sorry he had adopted the plan. They all recommend it.

We would indeed like to see the plan given a thorough trial in all our churches for one year. If all would unite in such an effort we are sure that there will be enough who are able and willing to do more than a tenth—giving as God hath prospered them—to make up for any who may not be able, and so make the average giving come up to a full tenth.

Yes, we do believe that our friend is right, and if our people would try it they would meet with a happy surprise at the result.

The Standing of the Messenger Affects The Message

Sometimes a good message is discounted in its effect upon the hearer or reader by the standing of the messenger in the eyes of his neighbors and acquaintances. The name a man bears in the communities where he has lived; his reputation as to his home-life, will settle the question of his usefulness or non-usefulness as a preacher or teacher.

We once heard of a minister who had the name of being so tyrannical in his home that his own boys fled from him in terror, and refused to help him in his old age because he had been so unkind to their mother.

No matter how strongly such a man may plead for Bible truths; no matter how orthodox he may be; no matter how much he may desire to lead men to Christ; the reputation he bears will have its effect upon his hearers. His best messages will be passed by unheeded.

Take another man if you please, one

whose teachings may not be approved by many who love their Bible; but his practical Christian example, and his kindly spirit have always been admired by his neighbors. In his old age, his children rise up to call him blessed. His sons think they had the very best "daddy" that ever lived.

We do not need to be told that there is a great difference between the effects of the teachings by these two men upon the hearts and minds of their hearers. There is no denying the fact that the stern, tyrannical man in his home-life is mightily handicapped in his efforts to win men to his views.

We can not escape the truth that the standing of the messenger affects the message.

A Real Menace Since the article **That Seems Unnecessary** by Sister Martha Wardner in the RECORDER of March 26, and our words regarding it were published, we have received a letter from a good brother regarding the matter from which we quote as follows:

"I am very much interested in the letter of Sister Wardner and also in your editorial comments in regard to it. One remark that you make, however, makes me think that you have been so occupied with the necessary work of your office that you do not realize the seriousness of the situation that today confronts the Christian world.

"You say: 'We often wish that good men in whom we have utmost confidence, and who express views which we can accept for ourself, would be more careful about their manner of expression which sometimes is sure to be misunderstood, etc.'"

After explaining that the common people do not misunderstand plain English, and that they are quite as likely to read straight as are the preachers; our good friend quotes the following from the book, "What it Means to Be a Christian":

In all the evolution of life, as John Fisk has pointed out, wherever there has developed in any organism a deep need of, and capacity for working with, something outside itself, the environment has furnished that something. Evolution has been possible because this has been so. This creates a strong presumption that, since man, the highest product of this evolution, appears with a

deep seated need of, and capacity for such a being as God, there is some such being.

"To suppose that during countless ages from the sea weed up to man, the progress of life was achieved through adjustments to external realities, but that then the method was all at once changed, and that throughout a vast province of evolution the end was secured through adjustments to external non-realities is to do violence to logic and to common sense....." ("What It Means to Be a Christian," pages 22, 23).

Now I ask in all seriousness, does it need an educated man to understand such plain language as that? Is the language ambiguous? Then I say, so much the worse for the author. It is very plain English at least in form.

Still stronger quotations are given from other authors, and our friend says at the close of his letter:

Now, what is our duty as loyal soldiers of Jesus Christ? Shall we remain idle and keep quiet while the enemy fastens his fangs on the throat of our boy and girl? What if it were your boy or girl? What would you advise? Shall we use blank cartridges for fear of angering the propagandists? Shall we write smooth things? Have we any weapons of defense? Do we know how to use them? Protestantism is tottering in Europe, and America will soon follow unless something is done?

Our good friend is mistaken if he thinks we do not "realize the seriousness of the situation." We have studied pretty carefully the controversies in other denominations regarding these matters. Their papers are full of arguments and sharp criticisms until some denominations seem almost at the point of disruption. Some way we can but feel that their controversies have not helped matters one bit. Nobody seems convinced by them; but much bitterness has evidently been engendered. Our own feeling is that if all those who contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; those who are fearful over the attacks made upon Bible teachings, had joined heart and hand in earnest evangelical revival work, seeking the promised power from on high until filled with the Holy Spirit, there might have been another Pentecost in America, instead of bitterness and strife.

We know no better remedy. Contention grieves the Spirit; but united, prayerful, earnest gospel service always brings blessings.

But we started to write about the *real menace* that *seems unnecessary*. There is no denying that the menace is real. Hundreds of souls are in distress over it. Mrs.

Wardner and our friend who wrote the letter quoted from above are by no means alone.

The letter writer brings forth an excellent illustration of what we meant by saying: "We often wish that good men would be more careful in expressing their views," etc.

There are many good things in that book, "What it Means to Be a Christian"; but to us it is greatly damaged by the writer's being apparently obsessed with the idea of ringing in the evolution theory at every turn. Much in it has nothing to do with its good subject.

If this theory of science were *essential* to living a Christian life the case would be different. But it is not necessary to use terms which the writer must know will shock thousands of Christians and tend to undermine their faith. The writer of that book believes in a great, good and loving God. Why not speak of him at all times as God or Father, rather than as a "Mighty Energy loving low forms of life up into man-life" or as one strong enough to "bring life up from amoeba to men"?

There are many most beautiful soul-inspiring things in the little book from which our friend quoted; and it seems too bad and entirely unnecessary to spoil it for many readers by frequently referring to the non-essential doctrine of evolution! We do not like this feature, and feel that the book would be very much stronger as a guide to, "what it means to be a Christian" if this were left out. Belief in evolution is not essential to Christianity.

We like the article "In the Beginning God," on page 166 of the RECORDER for February 5. Let us make it prominent that behind it all is a personal God, who will take care of his own. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"; but he did not see fit to state in the Bible the *modus operandi* of his creative work. Evidently that was not essential for man in order for him to know "What it Means to Be a Christian."

The God who created man in his own image gave explicit directions in the Bible as to what constitutes a Christian, and when in love he came over into our lost estate as God manifest in the flesh, he gave precepts and set an example for Christian living.

We can not see the wisdom of discounting an otherwise excellent book, for thousands of its readers, by pushing to the front, so *unnecessarily*, that which is bound to be regarded by them as a menace to their religion.

Thirteen Happy Sabbaths The memories of thirteen happy Sabbaths with the little flock wintering in Daytona, Fla., and with the permanent residents there, as they met week by week to worship, lose none of their beauty as the weeks go by. Happy re-unions that seemed like real home-comings made the home bright with the sunshine of true friendships. Pleasant, smiling faces looked for the messages with a peculiar interest which was ever an inspiration to the speaker.

Friends from Adams Center, Verona, West Edmeston and Syracuse, N. Y., united with friends from Plainfield and Shiloh, N. J., and others from Ashaway and Westerly, R. I., and from Mystic, Conn., until our highest number in attendance, including those living in Daytona was sixty persons.

You can imagine something of the good cheer that came to the Sabbath-keepers of Daytona, after their summer months of cottage Bible school meetings, to thus be re-enforced during the winter by friends and old acquaintances in Sabbath services; and that too in a regular house of worship.

There were four classes in the Sabbath school, taught by faithful teachers. The Bible class was large—sometimes nearly forty members—and we shall not soon forget the enthusiasm with which they entered into the lesson study.

Our worship was greatly blessed by the faithful services of a mixed quartet of singers who sometimes sang twice during a service. The way the congregation united in whole-hearted song-services gave a real spiritual uplift to the meetings.

We are more and more convinced that some arrangement should be made for Daytona to have a winter pastor year by year.

A Memorable Birthday In some way the good friends in Daytona learned that Sunday, April 15—the last day of the editor's stay in Florida—was to be his birthday! When on Sabbath Day, the fourteenth, Dr. and Mrs. Langworthy invited him to dine with them the next day at Mrs. Robinson's boarding house, he accepted without any misgivings just as he had done several times before.



The Birthday Group

Several New England and New York friends have made their home in this excellent place, and there was a genial company at the table. When the table had been cleared for the dessert, just as the door to the kitchen opened to let it in, friends as by one accord pulled down the curtains to darken the room, and the same instant our hostess passed a fine birthday cake over our head all lighted with many little candles and exclaimed: "We can't afford to let any birthdays pass without some notice!"

We don't need to write the rest of the story. Our friends know very well what is proper to be done on such an occasion. We can assure you that every one in that party came up to the standard, and left nothing undone or unsaid that would make the occasion one of the very happiest.

After we recovered from our surprise, and after each one had been given his "des-



The Rogers Family, Daytona, Fla.

serts," we invited the company outside into the sunshine where, with our kodak we secured the accompanying snapshot.

In the evening of this same day, at Dr. Josie Rogers' home, the dear young people of the Rogers family fixed up another cake-candle surprise, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

The accompanying cut was taken that afternoon. It shows Clarence Rogers and family, Dr. Josie and "Uncle Lou," taken in the yard of Clarence's home.

Homeward Bound We wonder some-
Old Memories Revived times, how travelers can ride hour after hour, for days together, without appearing to notice the historic scenes through which they pass. Sometimes the country we journey through seems like a veritable dreamland, and we love to cherish memories that are revived by the very names of the towns we approach and then leave behind.

This was the case on that bright afternoon as we rode on the Havana Special through Georgia; and on the morning following as we kept the northern trail through the Carolinas and old Virginia. Who among the older men of this generation could hear such names called as: Charleston, Savannah, Richmond, Petersburg, Fredericksburg, Manassas, and Alexandria, without falling into a reverie over the scenes of other days, when all these names were familiar as household words in connection with the dark tragedy of the Civil War?

All the way along memories of the tales told by our two school chums in Poughkeepsie who marched with the boys in blue "From Atlanta to the Sea." Little snatches of Holmes' war poem: "Sherman's in Savannah," would keep creeping in, and the memory of friends who were wounded in the battle of Petersburg, or who suffered in old Libby Prison, and of Colonel Elsworth who made the

extreme sacrifice in Alexandria, would keep crowding into mind as the hours went by.

We never pass through these historic places without thinking of dear boys of long ago who left us, in their homeland, never to return.

As the years go by, and we go and come in the places once made desolate by civil war, where old plantations, once well kept, have grown up to brush and timber, and the cabin homes have fallen into decay, we can but feel a deeper sympathy for those who suffered there; and there comes a deep-felt sense of sorrow with the memories of a war that marshalled a great host of brothers in deadly combat for four long years.

Then there comes a sense of gladness for the divine healing that has come to a wounded nation making it one—no north, no south; but a peaceful, happy and prosperous union.

Sabbath Rally Day No special program has
Read the Sermon been prepared for our Sabbath Rally Day this year. It comes on May 26. The Forward Movement director requested the associate editors to furnish material for this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER, which may be available for our church programs on May 26.

Dean Main's sermon: "Why a Seventh Day Baptist," is given in this RECORDER as being especially appropriate for Sabbath Rally Day. We hope that all lone Sabbath-keepers will read it, and that pastorless churches will use it in their services.

TO ANSWER MANY QUESTIONS

HATTIE E. WEST

Readers of the RECORDER have repeatedly shown their interest in the Russian Famine situation and perhaps like others have become confused by the conflicting reports that have during the past weeks been circulated in the daily press of the country.

While the American Friends Service Committee and other philanthropic associations have been making appeals for help reports have appeared in the papers from apparently reliable sources that the Russian famine is over. Other reports speak of the export of grain from Russia, and the people are bewildered not knowing what to believe.

To answer the many questions that arise because of this I am sending the following, which is compiled from the Information Sheet No. 10, sent out by the American Friends Service Committee, March, 1923.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

In New York City is an organization called the National Information Bureau whose aims are to protect the American contributing public and to standardize American philanthropic endeavor. They have sent investigators into Russia to make an impartial survey of conditions there. Their report was published in February, 1923.

They say: "The number of these people now needing foreign aid is certainly not less than 4,250,000."

On the question of export of grain they have this to say: "The announced intention of the Soviet Government to export grain is a complication in the foreign relief situation. Our only knowledge of actual export is from reports since our return indicating that small amounts have been sent into Finland and that considerable quantities have been stored in Petrograd, presumably for shipment.

"The position of the Soviet Government regarding exports is that they are imperatively necessary to break the vicious circle—underproduction because of lack of horses and plows, famine, further killing and eating of horses, continued underproduction. Quite frankly the authorities state that even at the cost of many deaths from starvation this year, exporting grain is the only way to secure work animals and implements needed to prevent many more deaths in the future."

The address of the National Information Bureau is One Madison Avenue, New York City.

ANNUAL MEETING OF PAWCATUCK CHURCH

The annual church meeting and supper of the members of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church was held last evening at the church on Main Street with more than 200 present. Supper was served at 6.30 o'clock by members of the Ladies' Aid society with members of the S. D. B. society having charge of the dining room. Dr. John Champlin was the toastmaster and remarks were made by Dr. Clayton A. Burdick, pastor of the church; George B. Utter, president; William H. Browning, and Mrs. Eugene F. Stillman, who read an interesting poem on her trip around the world. The speeches were interspersed with songs and cheers by the young ladies of the S. D. B. society. It was one of the most enthusiastic and congenial gatherings of members ever held on a similar occasion.

After the supper the annual meeting was held in the auditorium of the church, President G. B. Utter presiding. This was the ninety-third annual meeting of the church and the eighty-fifth annual gathering to be held in the same church. The reports of the various officers showed the church to be in splendid condition. Among the new business transacted was the voting of an increase in salary to the pastor and the appointment of Miss Elizabeth Hiscox as a deaconess, the office being created at last night's meeting.

The officers chosen were: George B. Utter, president; E. Howard Clark, treasurer; Allen C. Whitford, clerk; Charles P. Cottrell and Howard M. Barber, trustees; John H. Austin, collector; Mary L. Burdick, assistant collector; John H. Tanner, chorister; B. Frank Lake, auditor; William Healey and Charles Barker, ushers.—*The Westerly Sun.*

Speak gently of the erring,—oh, do not thou
forget,
However darkly stained by sin, he is thy brother
yet:
Heir of the selfsame heritage, child of the self-
same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast in
weakness trod.

—F. G. Lee.

THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT
AND
SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION

AHVA J. C. BOND, Director
207 West Sixth Street, Plainfield, N. J.

A RALLY DAY IN MAY

There are yet but three months to go in the present Conference year, but that is time enough to do great things for the denomination and for the work that Seventh Day Baptists are doing through the Forward Movement program.

The Presbyterians last year raised forty-five per cent of their total amount for the year during the last month of the year. That is, they raised almost as much money the last month of their fiscal year as was raised during the other eleven months.

Before this reaches SABBATH RECORDER readers the treasurer will have received all April remittances, and there will be but two months until the end of the Conference year. At the end of March there had been received just one-third of the total budget. If we do just a little better than we did last year the receipts for the last three months of the year will have to equal the amount received during the first nine months. We can do it, friends, and more too. Shall we? I hear certain ones saying, "Let's go." Can't we all say it together. Now, one, two, three — "Let's Go." How?

COLLECTIONS

One pastor has said that May would be better than June for "Pay-up Week." Another writes: "Why not make Sabbath Rally Day a rally day for the Forward Movement budget?" Why not?

Instead of waiting till June, therefore, let us make the week ending with Sabbath Day, May 26, "Pay-up Week." Collect as far as possible during this week all unpaid pledges for the year, and make Sabbath Rally Day the day to bring the tithes and offerings into the storehouse of the Lord.

REMITTANCES

In the second place, let every church treasurer in the denomination send in to Treasurer William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y., all money in his hands. Money sent im-

mediately after the last Sabbath in May will reach the treasurer before the end of the month. We shall then be able to see just where we are in our support of the work at the end of eleven months. This will give us light on the situation, so that we shall be able to finish the year with our eyes open.

May we not count on every one to cooperate? If every one will take this matter seriously, and do his best, the results will be encouraging, and we will be able to close the year true to our motto, "BETTER." This will bring us up to North Loup in a hopeful frame of mind, and will send us out into the fifth year of our Forward Movement to do bigger things than ever before.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST

NUMBER 2

The Pacific Coast Association continued in session ten days, as planned. But the people had not heard enough about the work of the denomination at the end of that time, so we met together for two more evening meetings at Riverside.

During the twelve days the present writer spoke ten times, and often some one would say: "We want to hear more about the denomination." The Pacific Coast Association is loyal to the Forward Movement. Although these churches have been paying ten dollars per member there was considerable sentiment in favor of increasing their gifts from fifteen to twenty-five per cent, if other associations would fall into line. Pastors Hills and Ballenger are both earnest supporters of the denominational program as represented in the Forward Movement, and the Pacific Coast affords some mighty fine laymen who are loyal to the denomination, and who are boosters.

Sabbath Day, April 14, was spent with the Los Angeles Church. The two previous days were spent very pleasantly with W. M. Davis and family in Hollywood. No, we didn't go to a "movie" show nor visit a studio. We did enjoy very much the Mission Play at San Gabriel, and also a community sing in the Hollywood public school building. Pastor Hills got the word around and the people brought their lunches Sabbath Day. We had services both in the forenoon and afternoon, and the noon hour was pleasantly spent in conversation, usually on denominational topics.

We saw many orange groves, lemon groves, and grapefruit groves, but it remained for our old-time friend, Frank Rose, of Whittier, to show us an oil derrick grove. Having some knowledge of the oil business we were convinced that the wells were planted too thick for the best results. About one hundred and fifty companies are trying each to get its well finished first. Two nights were spent at Berkeley. The Seventh Day Baptist group got together both nights and we had a pleasant and profitable time. We had the privilege also of seeing the "Golden Gate," the "Cliff House," and the "Twin Peaks" with Claire Muncy. We enjoyed them all, but if we were to say which had the most interest for us we should say, "Claire Muncy," just finished high school and ready for college.

California can show you the "biggest" or "best" or "greatest" or "smallest" something whichever way you turn. Other States have the habit of doing the same thing. Perhaps California has as much right to this boast as any of them. But if we had the time and the ability to do the subject justice we would write of her *people*, the people whom we met in three busy weeks spent in the State. We were in at least twenty-five different homes, by actual count. We would write of the old people from "back East," who in this sunset land are nearing life's sunset radiant with a glorious hope of a glad good morrow on a brighter shore. We would write of her men and women of middle life who are earnestly, faithfully, hopefully laboring to make the world a better place in which to live, and to build up the cause of Christ, and to promote the Sabbath truth.

We would write of her young people, active in Christian Endeavor, leaders in Christian work, loyal to the Sabbath. We know there are the other kind in California as elsewhere. Old people sitting in the shadows, men and women trapped by materialism and dead to the higher things, young people lost in worldliness and sin. But it was our privilege to meet and associate with the better type.

Seventh Day Baptist interests on the Pacific Coast present quite a different picture to us as we look in that direction, having been there. The picture is filled up with faces of friends. The possibilities of that field are seen in clear perspective, and its

needs are better appreciated. It is our hope that the cause has been strengthened by our brief visit, and that through a more intelligent and sympathetic co-operation greater things shall be accomplished in the future.

A. J. C. B.

Pueblo, Colo., April 24, 1923.

QUARTERLY MEETING IN CHICAGO

The April session of the quarterly meeting of the Chicago Church and the churches of southern Wisconsin met with the Chicago Church Friday evening, April 20. The opening sermon was given by Pastor Henry N. Jordan of the Milton Church. He took for his theme, "Be not Weary in Well Doing," basing his sermon on Galatians 6:10. Pastor Jordan gave it a local application. The conference meeting which was led by Carl U. Parker of the local church was enthusiastic, spiritual and optimistic.

On Sabbath morning about fifty people gathered in room 913 of the Capitol Building, the usual place of meeting of the Chicago Church. The room overlooks beautiful Lake Michigan. Two beautiful bouquets of dafodils furnished by Ethel Butterfield gave cheer to the room.

The morning hour was occupied by the young people. Harriet Belland who had prepared the program presided. The program opened with a song service of familiar hymns. The pastor, Carl A. Hansen, led the congregation in prayer. As the messages of the morning have been asked for publication in the Young People's department of the SABBATH RECORDER only a brief mention of the program will be made here.

"How may Jesus Christ be Made a Reality to Me," Mrs. Allison Burdick.

"How God Calls Men," Marion Coon.

"Will Christianity Stand the Test of Modern Education," Gladys Hulett.

"Is Christ a Power in the Professional Life," Dr. George W. Post, Jr.

The general theme of the meeting was "The Force of Christianity in Our Lives." Text, Galatians 2:20. "I live and yet not I; but Christ liveth in me." Appropriate special music was an enjoyable feature of the session. A quartet consisting of Dr. Allison Burdick, Dr. Arthur Platts, Dr. George W. Post, Jr., and Paul Davis, sang "Strong is the Lord." Miss Ann Post sang "There is a Green Hill Far Away."

The guests were served with both lunch and dinners by their hosts at the nearby Polly Tea Room.

The afternoon session was opened with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah was read by Pastor Jordan who also lead the congregation in prayer. The choir sang the anthem, "Dawn."

An offering of \$17.82 was taken for missionary purposes.

Isaiah 54: 10 and 11 was made the text of a strong sermon given by Pastor Carl A. Hansen of the Chicago Church. The sermon was optimistic and emphasized "The Certainty of the Triumph of Our Cause."

Dr. Platts then sang "Crossing the Bar."

The business meeting was called to order by Pastor Carl A. Hansen.

The secretary read the minutes of the Walworth meeting and the meeting of the Executive Committee. It was voted that the Executive Committee be empowered to use the funds of the quarterly meeting as in their judgment seems best.

The secretary-treasurer reported receiving from the ex-treasurer \$65.97 and that he has paid the expenses of Rev. E. M. Holston at the meeting of the Wisconsin Sunday School Association in Milwaukee as was authorized at the Walworth meeting, of \$4.04; leaving a balance of \$61.93.

The need of screening our buildings at Lieu-oo was presented by Dr. Bessie Sinclair. It was voted that \$25.00 be appropriated for that purpose. Pledges were then taken for the same purpose as follows: Young People's Sabbath School Class, \$5.00; The S. and C. society, \$10.00; Milton Junction Ladies' Aid, \$25.00. It was voted that these funds pass through the hands of the Woman's Board. The S. and C. society who started the movement volunteered to solicit other women's auxiliaries.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in visiting and in listening to Dr. Wolfram sing familiar hymns or in singing them with him. It was a very enjoyable hour as were all the hours of the day.

The evening session was opened with instrumental music with Dr. Post at the piano, assisted by Luther Hansen on the violin. Luther is the son of the new pastor. The song service was conducted by Pastor Carl A. Hansen closing with prayer.

Charles B. Hull then took charge of a

Good Fellowship meeting in which many took part, telling what good fellowship is, what it has done for the Chicago Church and the denomination and how it may be used to strengthen the cause.

Pastor Jordan gave a short talk at the close of the meeting, basing his remarks on the account of the Great Supper as recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Luke. The benediction was pronounced by Pastor Jordan.

Seventy-one were present on Sabbath afternoon. The general verdict is that the session was very enjoyable, very encouraging and one long to be remembered. It was a big family getting together, each interested in the other. Most of the congregation now live in Chicago but a goodly number came from the Miltons and perhaps from other places. ALLEN B. WEST,

Secretary.

A CORDIAL INVITATION

DEAR SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS:

The Verona Church invites you to attend the Central Association to be held June 14-17.

Easily reached from all parts of association, Verona anticipates a large attendance and enthusiastic sessions.

In order that preparations may be made for all who may attend please send us the names of each who anticipate coming. If coming by train please indicate the time of your arrival at Rome, if from the East; at Verona station if from the West.

Help us make this gathering efficient "for the King's business."

Cordially yours,

ORLO H. PERRY,

Chairman, Entertainment Committee.

Verona, N. Y., R. D. 1,

April 27, 1923.

"After that the Holy Ghost is come upon you . . . ye shall be witnesses unto me" (Acts 1:8).

See what we are! The church is never powerful unless she can produce her witnesses; not her preachers merely. If men and women are listening to preaching and are incarnating the thing preached, and are becoming living witnesses, concrete, incarnate documents, that is the way of the church's victory.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

MISSIONS

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK, ASHAWAY, R. I.
Contributing Editor

ZIG ZAGS ON THE PACIFIC COAST

MY DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

In response to your request for a "write-up" of the work and interests on this coast, I herewith forward a few paragraphs.

This field covers a wide area. It extends from the Canadian line on the north, to the Mexican border on the south. It includes all the Pacific Coast States, plus Idaho; and at times, calls from far beyond that boundary must receive attention.

Dotted here and there over this wide expanse of territory, are Seventh Day Baptists. Some are all alone, in utter isolation, as to faith; some are by twos, or threes, or in families. Some of the Lord's choicest children—"true and tried" "soldiers of the cross," are here, witnessing for Jesus in word and in life. They faithfully endure the test of the years and of the faith-destroying influences that environ them.

It is a great pleasure to meet them on the annual calls along the Zig Zag trail. It is reassuring to see their faces brighten, as their eyes, words and hand-shake express their emotions on meeting their "Roving Pastor." It is a blessed and inspiring experience to mingle with such people, who are hungry for the Divine Word of Life, and are true to the principles it teaches; who have received the personal enlargement and power, that is secured by transforming those principles into their own lives and service. To them it is a delight to tell of their implicit confidence in the Holy Book of God, and of the Jesus and the eternal realities it teaches.

They are not all rich in dollars and in acres; but they are much more than multimillionaires in the experiences of a faith-filled daily service and walk with God. They are looking in faith "for the city that hath the foundations whose builder and maker is God." In their service they endure, "as seeing him who is invisible." There is a magnetic power in such lives, arising from the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit

of power and comfort that animates their activities.

These scattered ones see their pastor but once each year; and the most of them see no one of their faith during the time between his calls.

A great cloud of bereavement and sorrow has fallen over the little band of faithful ones at Oregon City, Oregon. Brother S. L. R. Maine, one of their number, recently departed this life of service here below, and passed over into the great Beyond. For a long time he was our only representative in that city. But when others, with whom he was acquainted, accepted the Bible Sabbath and our views on Christian faith and life, they naturally looked to him as their leader, for which place he was eminently qualified by consecration of heart and long experience.

Last summer I baptized two of that company. They with others of "like faith," united in establishing a Sabbath afternoon service, consisting of Bible study, prayer and testimony, in which they all, even the children, have a part.

The strongest line of the work on this field is not in preaching, but in making calls and coming in touch with the inner life-purposes and hopes of these scattered ones, and in Bible studies. In such studies there is no time-limit as in preaching. Great freedom is exercised in asking questions, in making suggestions and in proposing topics of study.

Such studies are much on the order of prayerful heart to heart communings with one another and with God, in searching for instruction on the vital questions of life, of service and of eternal realities, that strengthen faith, comfort the heart, shed beams of sunshine upon life's path and brighten hope.

It is seldom that those studies continue less than two hours. Some continue for half a day. Last summer one began just after breakfast and closed only as we started for the evening service at the church.

That sounds like a long session, and it was. But they that hunger and thirst after the things of God, and see their pastor but once each year, and probably have not heard a gospel sermon since his last visit a year before, do not easily weary of drinking from the life-giving stream of the Holy Book. Never yet has one of those studies

closed without expressions of regret for the need of closing, by the students of the class.

A very delightful Sabbath was once spent with one of our families at a summer camp on the shore of a beautiful lake, fringed by a magnificent evergreen northern forest, on the summit of a broad-topped mountain. Neighbor-campers were invited to participate in a Bible study, which continued for fully half of a day. A careful consideration of the Bible Sabbath took a prominent place in the study.

In another State was found a "true and tried" Seventh Day Baptist, who lives in a densely populated section of the country, in the midst of one of the rankest communities of infidels I have ever found.

For a real preacher to come among them, so unexpectedly, was a rare and curious event, which appeared to be taken as a challenge for a "hot discussion" on the subject of the Bible, its reliability and worth, and we were soon in the midst of a real Bible study.

These people were very free with their remarks, doubts, objections and sharp criticisms; but always in a good-natured mood. They were very pleasant and courteous people to mingle with. They are quite familiar with the Bible, in the critical fashion of Bob Ingersoll, whose disciples they are.

Our Bible study was very peculiar, though it was an earnest, good-natured, "give and take" exercise. In it, sin, its origin, nature and deceptive power over heart and mind, with an off-set of the Bible teachings of Salvation by the atoning blood of the cross, that great expression of Divine Love, were the prominent features.

But this form of infidelity is not the most destructive on this coast, by any means. Repeatedly have I heard college and theological seminary professors and Protestant pastors, of what are called the "orthodox churches," publicly criticize the Bible, in all degrees of severity, some even denying every fundamental teaching, just as those men do, who call themselves infidels, and in the same unchristian spirit. These men in high places are lionized from one end of the land to the other.

These two destructive elements, one outside of the fold, the other within, where it does many times more damage to the flock, jointly create an atmosphere of doubt and unbelief in the Bible, in God and in all

sacred things, time and places. This influence is strongly felt wherever we go.

These destructive influences are largely responsible for the molding of the religious and moral conditions, and the lowering of religious and moral standards. They neutralize much of the real religious effort that is expended and greatly increase the difficulties and hardships of our people on the field.

Of course, all these destructionists combined can not harm the Bible in the least. God cares for his own Word. He so carefully guarded it, that it weathered the fierce storms of the Dark Ages. But they can and do destroy the faith of multitudes of precious ones for whom Christ died. In that alone is their success.

It really means much to continue to be true to the "Commandments of God and the faith of Jesus," under such conditions. But viewed from the point of outlook of those faithful ones, and along their angle of vision, with their faith in God and his Holy Book, that entertains no doubts or questions, life in the Master's service is a source of increasing personal strength, and it makes life much like a delightful and inspiring companionship with their Divine Lord. They, like Paul, can well say: "I know him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed unto him against that day" (2 Tim. 1: 12).

From these glimpses of the conditions and work here, it is easily seen that this is not only a great field in extent of territory, but is just as great in urgent needs, in possibility and in opportunity.

One of the pressing needs of the faithful ones on the field, as well as of the doubting and denying lost ones, is the earnest prayers of the true children of God. For such prayers I make a most earnest request. As the ancient Hebrew exile prayed "with his windows open toward Jerusalem," and his face turned toward his beloved home-city, may many pray, with the same unwavering faith in God, with their thoughts and sympathies turned toward the needy ones on this great western field!

GEORGE W. HILLS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Who seeks success must falter not, nor shirk;
The only road that leads to it is work.

—Edgar A. Guest.

PUNY ERRING HUMANS CAN NOT DESTROY THE BIBLE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RECORDER:

I am sure there are evidences enough in the world to prove the truth of the Bible, so that none of us need be long cast down or disquieted, as was the writer of "What do I have left?" on page 389 of the RECORDER. We can not escape the traces of these evidences. If critics, atheists and infidels should combine and separate us from our Bible, we have the whole terrestrial and celestial world to prove the existence of God. His power created the color in the ink that conveys these words, the metal of the pen that spreads it; the qualities in wood that make it possible for great mills to manufacture the paper that receives the ink; the ability in human brain and hand to use ink, pen and paper to his glory.

God's presence makes the iron strong that human skill has fashioned into engines and cars to carry these words by mail from writer to reader; his presence is making dependable the qualities of steam pressure which propels the carriers of mail, commerce and human travelers.

Each of the instruments of everyday and immediate convenience which I have mentioned, and millions which I have not, might be analyzed and the almost forgotten evidences of the divine presence amplified. Why are we so blind to the omnipresence and omnipotence of God that the despicable ebullitions of undevout tongues and unsanctified pens need to unsettle us? Why are supposed ministers of the gospel re-echoing the questions of the inexperienced and the doubts of the unsaved?

When miracles are set at nought because unscientifically plain to the unscientifically blind, why is there no one to point out the blindness, and affirm the almost constant instances in daily life when faith and not sight is our guiding star?

When the incarnation and resurrection of Christ are disputed, why is there no one to proclaim the continuous evidences of divinely incarnate wisdom, and supreme endurance, submission and self-sacrifice in the inanimate world?

Why are religious leaders so silent when this springtime of the year is trumpeting the good news of salvation through sacrifice and resurrection after law-abiding death?

These deplorable silences of our religious

leaders cause even the stones to cry out against the destroyer of souls and perverter of good, who magnifies the blare of human invention till we are blind and deaf to God's word. God is constantly near to us, and he ought to be so dear to us that, when evil men attempt to nullify our Bible, we recognize the natural and spiritual evidences which can never be taken from his chosen ones.

What have I left, then? I have the whole visible and invisible universe. The little handful of men on this little earth are as the flower of the grass, soon to pass away if they choose not to submit to the God of the universe, who holds unwritten volumes of information describing the wealth of evidence awaiting human recognition and acceptance. Those puny erring humans can never destroy the influence of the Bible, whatever they may do to material form; and the closer we cling to that influence, letting its germs of truth expand in our souls, the less blind we shall be to the omnipresent evidences of its endurance.

Let us praise him for his unspeakable gifts, and acquaint ourselves more closely with his mysteries of eternal life. This is what the Sabbath was given us for.

LOIS R. FAY.

*Princeton, Mass.,
April 4, 1923.*

FAITHFUL SERVICES APPRECIATED

Just seven and one half years ago Mr. Loofboro came to Little Genesee and assumed his duties as pastor of our church, and last Sabbath, April 14, preached his farewell sermon. A man of power, strength and ability, and filled with the Holy Spirit, an untiring worker, a lover of young people, and because of his genial disposition, he is much loved by those outside the church as well as by our own church people.

Very soon after coming to Little Genesee Mr. Loofboro perfected plans for forming the first organized class in our Sabbath school and has been teacher of this class until this year.

Because of his musical ability Mr. Loofboro has assisted evangelists in conducting special meetings in other churches in this association. He has also served for some time on the Executive Committee of the Western Association.

The work of the County Christian Endeavor and the Allegany County Bible School Association were dear to him, and he was always an interested worker.

We congratulate the Shiloh Church on having secured Mr. Loofboro as their pastor.

TRAINING THE CHILD TO BE SELF-RELIANT

The development of self-reliance is of vital importance in child training, and one can not begin too early to teach children to help themselves. Often, it is very much harder and may take more time to let them do something than to do it oneself; but, time and effort are not wasted when they are thus spent.

The best way to help a child to become self-reliant is to give him simple duties at first, adding more difficult ones as he grows older. At an early age, every baby will try to take off his shoes. Instead of scolding him for doing this, show him how to do it and also how to put them on again. After learning this, he will soon try to manage the rest of his clothing; before long, he will be able to dress and undress himself with very little help.

Self-reliance and orderliness may be developed in a child at the same time, for the little one who can take out and put away his own toys, may play with them when he will. If he has a place for everything and keeps everything in its place, he can have much more freedom for play, and will not have to wait for some one to come to his assistance.

Often a child asks for help in doing something which he could do for himself if he only knew how. Too often a busy or impatient mother will wait upon her child to save time, and then the next time he wants the same help, he will come to her again. If the mother had taken a few moments the first time to show him how to help himself, there would have been no second time. For example, not long ago a little three-year-old boy came to me and asked for a drink. I told him to go into the kitchen and get it, but he said he could not reach the glass. "Oh, yes, you can," I replied, "I will tell you how. Get a chair and push it near the table; then stand on it and see if you can't get the glass." He did as he was told and in a

few minutes came running to me with a beaming face saying, "I'm a big boy now; I can get a drink all by myself."

Self-reliance means confidence in oneself. If one can rely upon his own powers, he most certainly develops them. A child who is taught how to cross the street properly develops his hearing, seeing and reasoning powers.

Of course, we as mothers, must guide the child who is self-reliant in the right direction and the best way to do this is to put more faith in him. Let him realize that we expect him to do the right thing and in nearly every instance he will do it, because he feels his mother's confidence in him. In other words, we must always look for the best in our children instead of something with which to find faults and that if we would correct smaller faults, remembering that we are sometimes exasperating ourselves. A certain mother once complained that she did not know why her child was so naughty when she tried to punish him for every misdeed. His father told her that she saw too many faults, and that if she would correct the big evils, the little ones would disappear. Remember to praise the child whenever he accomplishes something new. Develop his initiative, by helping him to discover things for himself. Soon he will not only be helping himself, but others as well; he will grow more and more considerate.—*National Kindergarten Association.*

PLANS TO OFFSET DANCE CRAZE

The Alpha Delta Club, organized by Lucile Crites in Spokane, Washington, is probably the only anti-dancing club of its kind in existence. The idea of the club came to Miss Lucile Crites as she planned danceless amusements for a young sister and her high school friends. It proved popular from the start, and in four months the membership grew from seven to ninety-five. It is non-sectarian and has one purpose only—to provide wholesome good times for boys and girls of high school age, who do not dance.

"But are there any such young people?" exclaims the reading public, stoked with lurid newspaper and magazine articles on the subject of jazz. And Miss Crites re-

plies, "Certainly, there are. Dozens of them. My club represents the finest type of young people—eager, vivacious boys and girls seeking good fun. Only consider the number already members if you think such young people are hard to find."

Various reasons are given by those who have taken a stand against dancing. Some refrain because of home training; others object because they find it interferes with school work or leads to extravagances they can not afford; still others frankly admit that, though they like to dance, they consider it harmful, not helpful. These substantial young people, craving innocent fun, turn to their elders in real distress saying:

"We'd rather not dance, but what else is there for us to do? Nothing besides dancing is ever planned for us." Miss Crites has answered this question for the members of the Alpha Delta Club (anti-dancing) to their entire satisfaction.

The club has initiation ceremonies, a special pin, club songs, yells and colors. It is divided into chapters, each one with a leader who plans a wide variety of diversion for the members. Movie parties, tennis tournaments, swimming stunts, hikes to the woods, with breakfast cooked there, picnics and lawn parties are some of the many things the Alpha Deltas do for a good time. Recently a man interested in the organization gave a luncheon at Spokane's largest hotel for all the members and some of the best homes of Spokane have been offered to the club for its numerous parties. Those with musical talent have formed a glee club and an orchestra—two groups in constant demand at the various entertainments and dramatic productions sponsored by the club.

Miss Crites is a southern girl of ability and originality, a graduate of Southwestern University of Georgetown, Texas, a teacher of expression, in short, a person especially gifted to carry on successfully this work among the young people. She says: "All over the country a cry has gone up that the popular dance has been the principal cause for the laxity of morals among young people, especially among those of high school age. The Alpha Delta Club was formed to provide amusement with dancing eliminated. Whether or not one believes dancing is right or wrong, every thinking

person will agree that dancing has robbed young people of all originality in planning an evening's entertainment. Dancing requires little head work and the majority of boys and girls accustomed to that form of entertainment, when deprived of the dance, are at a complete loss as to how to entertain themselves or their friends. One young man said to me, 'It's nice to get into a crowd that can do something besides dance.'"—*From the Continent, by permission.*

THE MARBLES IN THE POCKETS

The committee was packing a box to send to war refugees. At Christmas the children had brought garments as gifts. Some brought clothes they had outgrown. Others who had two coats had decided they would give one to some boy or girl who had none.

As a member of the Committee folded a boy's coat she felt something hard in the pocket.

"Better turn these pockets inside out, I suppose," she said. "They may be full of chewing gum or even bread and jam."

She thrust her hand in the pocket and brought out a torn handkerchief in which were wrapped five marbles. A note scrawled in a boy's hand was in the pocket. She read:

"Dear boy who gets this coat,
I have eight marbles. First, I put in four for you. Then I put in another one. I hope you will like the coat—and the marbles.

From your little friend,

JOHN."

I looked at those four marbles, and at the fifth one that had been added after a struggle to be generous, and I thought of the marble-less pockets in the presents we give.

Any one can give away an outgrown coat. It's the marbles in the pockets, the personal thought, the sharing of treasures, the addition of something that isn't really necessary that makes the coat most precious. I fancied I saw some dear little chap who was hungry and cold getting that coat. He had suffered much and his eyes were tired and listless. I saw him put on the coat and suddenly, as his hand went into the pocket, I saw his eyes brighten. If you have a coat to give, put marbles in the pocket.—*Selected.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

Education is the preparation of the individual for the community, and his religious training is the core of that preparation.—H. G. Wells.

"THE GREAT CRISIS"

META GILSON

After troubles of her own, America fully realizes what a "crisis" means. Labor management and control, together with labor finance, have caused her great anxiety. How we shudder when we think of the West Virginia Coal Strike and the Herrin Riots! When we call to mind the present day unrest, one is filled with a vague terror of possible greater outbreaks. And yet this foreboding and these possibilities are slight compared with what Europe has undergone. But nevertheless America has not suffered thus without gaining some realization of what a "breaking point" or a "saving point" represents.

Let us study for a moment that picture entitled "The Doctor," which so characteristically portrays the American "home crisis." It will help us to feel more truly what a "world crisis" means. We see the doctor watching anxiously the little fevered body tossing and turning before him. The despairing mother prays for hope and safety, while she wearily rests her head in her hands. The father is waiting, hoping, praying, trying to believe in the doctor's skill. A life hangs in the balance. The doctor watches for the pulse-beats. All is at that quivering moment when no living soul can predict what is to follow. The result lies in the hands of the Great God alone. But the artist, I believe, did not propose to banish all hope, but rather to represent a turning point and to indicate hope.

Let us look at a similar picture: a war-torn world is turning and tossing in the throes of a raging fever. The great doctor, "Brotherhood of Man," is watching at the bedside. He anxiously leans toward his patient. Meanwhile a sad smile plays across

his countenance, and his gentle eyes are filled with the love and sympathy that only the "Highest Service" knows.

What remedies can be proposed which will successfully bring the health and vigor back to normalcy? First, let us recognize that there exists a relationship between the "causes" of this fever and the "remedies" to be applied. The Congress of Vienna in 1814 and 1815 which led to the rise of the "Concert of Europe," France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, was the occasion for the spread of thousands of these disease germs. And what a "Delightful Concert"! The intended harmonies of this "Concert" soon became discords, rattling forth from combinations of "Big Heads" until the nations about developed a serious brain fever.

With the causes, the character of the disease must be studied, Germany's case is one serious feature which causes the great doctor to shake his head. After the World War, Germany, who had formerly been a most important factor in the European system, had to undergo some very major operations. Her coal mines in the Saar Basin were hacked off, while some towns in Belgium, Denmark, Poland, some parts in Africa, and several islands were also sliced off. When we think that these comprise only a small part of her sufferings, we ask, "Does War count? Does War pay?" "No—but it must be paid for!"

Another characteristic of the great fever is Europe's Convulsions. Austria Hungary's people do not know how to use universal and proportional suffrage. Labor troubles are mounting to a high pitch. All Europe is an "Economic Mess." New economic units have sprung up and new boundaries have been established. Wilful and isolated groups need education in co-operation. The instability and uncertainty of Austria's voting system, the enumerated labor troubles, and the existing economic and social relations, are the convulsions from which Europe is suffering.

Does a physician study a fever merely to pass it by with a few thoughts? We should be angry with him if he did not propose and apply to the best of his ability, some reliable remedy.

Such causes of all international disagreements as "National Bigheadedness," the "International Disconcert," and "Selfishness"; and such characteristics of the inter-

national war fever as "Europe's Convulsions" and her "Uncertainty," cry aloud for a definite remedy.

When a broad, wide-reaching religion is accepted by the sufferers, the temperature will begin to descend, and the "great crisis" will pass quietly. A great big-hearted religion, embracing and maintaining the ideals of "Brotherhood," true "International Understanding and Love" through International Law, International Courts and Conference of Arbitration—a religion void of narrowness, but recognizing the true God of the nations—one Father, our Father, yours, mine, the Father of the German, the French and excluding no one; this is the one hope of solving the present situation.

Besides the Hague and other similar conferences, another instance forced itself suddenly upon the altar of the world. In 1900 Chile and Argentina were on the verge of war. As a result of the efforts of two bishops the issue was arbitrated. The enthusiasm of the people expressed itself in the erection of a statue, called "The Christ of the Andes." The cannon were melted to give the bronze needed for this monument. The very soldiers who had been ready to bayonet each other, dragged it to the top of the mountains.

In the address of dedication, Bishop Jard said: "Not alone to Argentina and Chile, do we dedicate this monument, but to the world, that from this it may learn its lesson of universal peace." What better monument of peace could exist?

The "Christ of the Andes" faces north. Its position has a significance. It sends a call to North America, a call to us in the United States to put a "Christ of the Andes" between our nation and every other. The statue itself is only representative of the great Christian Ideals: "Education," "Justice," "Brotherhood," and "Love." But these ideals, for which it stands, form a great part of that "broad religion" which is the hope of this war fevered world.

Are we going to fail, let our nation struggle needlessly, and let the world die because we do not accept and strengthen a "wide-viewed religion"? Is there any here, who in the very bottom of his heart, can not admire and cherish the Ideals of "Brotherhood" and "International Love"?

Shall we not apply such a religion in our individual, national, and world relationships?

Let us right here, who know and love the fraternal life, sow seeds of that greater and most perfect Brotherhood—the "Fraternity of All Mankind."

Mr. Rindge has said, "Understanding grows by personal contact, it lives on brotherhood; it culminates in peace! Men are very human but the spark of the Divine is still alive. Let us not lose hope What peace there is has come not through indifference but through conscious effort.

"'And on earth, peace?' Yes, and let us not forget the rest of it, regardless of race, color, creed or nationality—'Glory to God in the Highest,' 'Good Will to Men.' This is the message of Washington, of Lincoln, of America itself. Let us heed the message before it is too late—'And on earth—Peace!'"

TWO BOOKS ON THE MINISTRY

"The Attractions of the Ministry," James H. Snowden \$.90
"The Range Finders," Charles Frederick Wishart75
Published by The Westminster Press, Philadelphia

Two books may treat on the same subject, and still be widely different in their manner of treatment; such is the case with two which have come into the writer's hands, and which it may be helpful to discuss together.

The title of "The Attractions of the Ministry," by James H. Snowden, tells its own story. It is a book written for the purpose of leading young men into the Christian ministry as a life-work. He takes for what one might call his texts those words of Paul: "I glorify my ministry," and "We are fellow-workers with God." The aim of the book is to show, first, the divine call to all work, and then to apply it to the ministry in particular.

Among motives which do not apply to the ministry is a desire to make money. Do not preach for profit. Get untangled from your old boats and fishing-nets. It is not a place to gratify ambition, for the minister's business is to glorify Christ, not himself. And, lastly, it is not easy work. For the true minister the work can never be easy.

But the ministry is a glorious calling because it is based on truth and right. It is in the highest degree useful, and is an abso-

lutely unselfish work. Besides that, it is permanent; and it has the noble and lofty aim of building the kingdom of God on earth.

After reviewing several specific attractions of the ministry, the author proceeds to ask and answer a few questions. What is a call to the ministry? What preparation is necessary? Is there a special need for ministers today? In answering this last question, Dr. Snowden makes his final appeal to young men to consider this noblest of all callings.

Such is the book, with its strong points; its weak ones (for, unfortunately, it has some) we shall consider a little later.

The second book, "The Range Finders," by President Wishart, of Wooster, is, as its sub-title states, "A message to the ministry." It is significant that the book is dedicated to nine members of the author's immediate family, "all ministers of God here or beyond the veil." And this glorious "family line of sons of the Spirit" shows up all through the book, but most especially in the first chapter, "The Background." We all, as ministers, have a glorious family line—let us strive to live up to it.

In this spirit, the whole book is a ringing appeal to ministers to stand true, like the old prophets, the "mouths of God." The highest of calls is the call to the ministry. The prophets were not all great men, but they were all men of a little faith. And what a fellowship for the minister! Paul, "whose work-gnarled hand shook the world"; stern, majestic old John Calvin; John Knox, John Wesley, Martin Luther, and all the rest—"dare we be cowardly with these at our back?"

The preacher is a man who must work—and work hard; who must work against almost insurmountable difficulties, and still keep his lofty vision; for the minister, like the range finders in the air service, must see beyond the vision of the ordinary man, and point him his path.

The Inner Chamber—the minister must go to Jesus—often,—fervently, in every event of his life; for no man else has more need of such fellowship. Trials will come to the minister; his life is one of sacrifice, even as was his Lord's. Let him not shrink from them, for each has its compensation; and, oh, the reward is so much greater than the burden! The trials are in this day per-

haps greater than ever before—but so much greater the challenge, in the ringing trumpet-call to every son of God to stand by his colors, to go forward!

Oh, for a few more men like the prophets of old! Not, perhaps, men who are eloquent, but men who are Spirit-filled—"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!"

This book is not meant, like Dr. Snowden's, to attract young men into the ministry; but how can they escape its ringing challenge? Dr. Snowden offers a great challenge to the young men of this generation, but he weakens it in his enumeration of specific attractions. Think of one of the old prophets, or Paul, or the Master himself, putting a comfortable living and a fine social position first among attractions to God's work. The book is so good that one is sorry to see it weaken here at the very point where it needs to be strong.

But, oh, that our young men might read that ringing trumpet-call of God through President Wishart and respond for the Master's work!

CLIFFORD A. BEEBE.

MESSAGE TO THE FAITH AND ORDER MOVEMENT

The World Faith and Order Movement is planning to hold its first convention in Washington, D. C., in 1924.

Our General Conference is a part of this Movement through its commission or committee on Faith and Order, the members of which are Edwin Shaw, Boothe C. Davis, William L. Burdick, Moses H. Van Horn and Arthur E. Main.

At a recent meeting our committee on Denominational Literature recommended that Conference send to the above named Washington convention, through its committee on Faith and Order a communication essentially like the following; and also agreed that the right and privilege of presenting this address place us under moral obligation to make a moderate contribution toward the expenses of the Movement.

To the Members of the World Faith and Order Movement Convention, meeting in Washington, D. C., U. S. A., ———— 1924.

DEAR FRIENDS:

While we, Seventh Day Baptists, are one of the smallest bodies connected with this Movement; and while we believe that the Sabbath of the Creation narrative, of the Decalogue, of the fifty-eighth of Isaiah, and of Hebrew and Jewish

history, lifted out of mechanical legalism by the spiritual-mindedness of Jesus and St. Paul, should also be the Sabbath of the New Covenant, we have always, during our more than 300 years of history, been recognized as an Evangelical Church, whether in England, Holland, China, America, or in other lands. Our faith and order are Christian. We preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ your Savior and Lord, and ours.

We appreciate the great Christian courtesy that gives us a part in this Movement and thus receives us as Evangelical brethren.

Your fundamental aim is, without violating one another's conscience or trespassing upon one another's liberty in Christ, to find if possible some common ground of Faith and Order on which we can stand shoulder to shoulder in some organized way, in the common work of the Kingdom of God.

And we beg to be permitted to say to you that it is our deep and strong conviction that if the world-wide Church of God would return to the Sabbath of the Bible that return would be a long step toward realizing the Unity for which our Lord prayed and for which we work and pray.

We present this memorial in a cordial and fraternal spirit and with the interests of the Gospel in our hearts; and we feel sure that you will receive and consider it in the same Christian spirit.

Faithfully yours in Christ our Divine Master,
COMMITTEE.

CHANGE OF PASTORS AT LOST CREEK, W. VA.

The preamble and resolution below was adopted by a rising vote of the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church at the time Pastor M. G. Stillman presented his resignation to the church (December 17, 1922) of a pastorate beginning twenty-seven years ago, and serving nearly twenty years of that time at two different periods, the last period being twelve years. By vote of the church the clerk was requested to forward a copy to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

"Inasmuch as our pastor, Rev. M. G. Stillman, has come to the decision that after a second pastorate of twelve years with this the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church the time has arrived that a change should be made, and this day presented his resignation to take effect at the close of the twelfth year, May 1, 1923. And while we are sad to have him leave us, yet since he feels it is duty and for the best interest of themselves and the cause, we yield with all the Christian love and sympathy for him and his family and express our appreciation of their labors with and for us during the entire pastorate; therefore,

"Resolved, That we hereby accept his resignation praying the blessings of the Master to follow them to their new home, and the same blessing to rest and remain with us as a church, and

that we by a rising vote extend to him and his our appreciation of their labors with and for us."

Rev. H. C. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn., has been called to the pastorate of the Lost Creek Church and he has accepted the call to begin his labors the last Sabbath in August, 1923. We will anxiously look forward to his coming.

CLERK.

MAY IT EVER BE THUS

Salem is a co-educational college of over four hundred students, located in the busy little city of Salem (meaning peace), which is nestled down in a pretty valley walled in by sloping hills.

To its halls come the children of the hill land, who, for the most part, are earnest seekers after truth. Not all come here for work, but the larger number are here for that purpose. There are lads here who have plenty of money, more than is good for them, and they know how to spend it, but the greater number of boys are working their way through college and doing all in their power to help the institution grow and prosper. There are butterfly maidens on the campus, a few, but the larger number are true daughters of West Virginia, who in the near future will be worth much to the State.

There have been certain occasions when the city and college have failed to co-operate, but for the most part there has been a close harmony that has spelled success in many a venture. Among the citizenship there has sometimes been a knocker, but scores have led the way toward larger things.

The teachers during the thirty-five years of the school's existence have been truly worth while in influencing girls and boys to lives of service in the State, the nation and the wide, wide world. The college was founded by men and women with a vision. Theodore L. Gardiner, a beloved former president of the institution, spoke a mighty truth when he said, "Salem is a fountain of living waters, making the country round about like a well watered garden."—*Green and White.*

General Wood wants Filipinos taught higher respect for the law. After they graduate they might be brought over here as teachers.—*Toledo Blade.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and
weep:

I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from botted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell.
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.
—Walter Malone.

THE THREE "NESSES"

Once upon a time, long ago, before there were dictionaries, or grammars, or even the very simplest of printed books, numbers of little words roamed the earth in a hopeless, meaningless, unattached way.

It was almost in the beginning of this time that there lived a family of three words. Because they were a family they all had the same name or meaning (which at that time was almost no meaning). The name was Ness. Because the three words were just exactly alike in size and length and sound, folk never paused to give them an individuality or character of their own. Folk just ignored them and they were really very nice little words.

At last one morning, after a particularly uninteresting period of existence, one of these Nesses grew cross and in its crossness spoke out from the depths of its small and unhappy heart.

"Brothers," said the little Ness, "we must travel together no longer. No one ever knows either of you from me. If we were in different parts of the world we might be loved for the meaning we brought; but here we have no special meaning. People never even say us when they're talking. People never write us when they're writing. People just don't see us when we're in plain view!" The first Ness paused for breath.

The second Ness was just about as badly hurt by the neglect of the speaking public as the first Ness.

"I have heard," said the second Ness, "that humans have a way of earning forenames. I have heard how a cave man who kills a tiger is called 'The Strong Man'; how an Indian who kills a bear is called 'Grisley'; how a boy who shoots his first eagle is called, perhaps, 'The Black Feather.' Maybe, if we go in search of adventure, we, too, may earn names that will bring us the respect and love and *recognition* of all people."

The third Ness had been listening quietly but attentively to the speakers. Now its little face lighted up with a rare smile.

"Let us go at once," said the third little Ness, and his heart lost some of its sadness as he spoke. "Let us go at once, and perhaps we may find names and personalities and different meanings. Let us go at once, and in a year let us return again to this place and report on our new names."

In a year the Nesses came back to their meeting place. They came buoyantly, gaily dressed, happily. They came cheerfully and sweetly and—differently. They came with different expressions and different souls and different forenames. And after they had greeted each other affectionately, they told different stories.

"After I left you," said the first Ness as he folded his capable, characteristic hands in his lap, "after I left you, I flew far away, due north. I passed mountains. I flew over rivers, I left settlements and towns and cities behind me. I flew over barren plains and snowy forests and sparkling glaciers. And then at last, one day, when I was well-nigh tired, I came to a resting-place."

The two other Nesses were listening interestedly. "Where was that resting place?" they asked as the first Ness paused.

"That resting-place," was the answer, "could hardly be called a place of rest. It

was a little village built of snowy ice and icy snow—a little village where men and women fought for their existence—fought against blizzards and wild beasts and snow slides. But the spirit of the place made me linger on, near the men who tried to find food in the teeth of the stinging blast, near the women who struggled with numb fingers, to fashion warm clothing for their husbands and children. I lingered near the camp—sometimes helping dig through a drift—sometimes pulling a hard needle through a harsh bit of hide. And as I absorbed the spirit of the camp, I discovered that I had a name. Before long that name was the watchword of the camp."

The two other Nesses started to their feet.

"What is that name?" they questioned eagerly.

"That name—the name they call me by," answered the first Ness, and there was pride in his voice—"that name is *Helpful Ness*."

After a moment the second Ness began his story.

"After I left you," he began, "I flew far away, due south. I flew over mountains and hills. I flew over oceans and valleys and strange turbid streams. I flew over wild jungles and wilder deserts and at last I came to a little village built of sticks and dried leaves and sun-baked mud. It was a restless little village where folk prayed for an existence under the burning rays of an angry sun, with a pitifully small supply of cool water and refreshing breezes. And, though the village was a drowsy, uninspiring place, I stayed on in the home of a woman with a dying baby.

"Every morning and every evening the woman would creep to the thatched door of her hut and look long at the sky. It was blood-red in the morning with the flush of the crimson sunrise, blood-red in the evening with the glow of the sunset. And, as each calm day rolled into each calm night, the woman would say, 'Tomorrow it will rain. Tomorrow the heat will break. Tomorrow my baby will get well.'"

The second Ness paused for a moment and he brushed a tear drop from his eyes with a tired hand. "When the baby—died," he continued, "I left. But the spirit of the woman had given me my name."

"And what is your name?" chorused the

two other Nesses. "What is your name?" they questioned.

"My name and my meaning," the second Ness told them, and his voice was as gentle as the south wind, is *Hopeful Ness*!"

There was a pause for the space of four golden, sympathetic moments. And then the third Ness began his story.

"After you left me," began the third Ness, "I lingered here in my little home town. I felt contented and happy and loth to leave a place where I had lived all my life. And then at last one day, because I felt that I had not been ambitious, I started on my quest. I traveled up the side of the tall mountain in front of us, and I traveled slowly, for the day was fair and beautiful. When I was half way up, I came to a little cottage. And there I stayed.

"The cottage was a tiny one, but it was very neat. Flowers grew in the dooryard and vines clambered over the windows. Many tiny sunbeams danced on the hard earthen floor. And the owner of the cottage, a girl with a crooked back, smiled and sang as she did her household tasks.

"If a dish was broken in the course of the day, the smile never left the girl's face. She would say, 'I never liked it—very much, anyway.' If her best dress was torn, she would say, 'Well, there's still enough left to make a frock for some poor child!' If there was no food in the cupboard to eat (and oftentimes there was not) she would say, 'Well, too much to eat makes one lazy.' If her back pained her she would say, 'How fortunate that my arms and legs are whole!' And then she would brush the mistiness from her eyes and hum a snatch of song. During my whole year I stayed with her. And there, from her smiling face, I learned my meaning and my name."

"And what is that name?" questioned the brothers. "What is that name?"

"That name is *Happy Ness*!" answered the third Ness.

This is the story of how the three Nesses, faring off, alone, into the world, found names and meanings. And, if you don't believe it, remember that it all happened ages ago before there were grammars, or dictionaries, or even the very simplest of printed books. And no one can be *sure* of what happened then!—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in *Christian Herald*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRAM FOR SABBATH RALLY DAY

May 26, 1923

One definition of "rally" is "to collect and arrange." Another is "to recover wasted strength." Let us try in this Sabbath Rally Day program, then, to collect and arrange our knowledge of the Sabbath so that it will be available for use, to recover our strength and enthusiasm if we have lost or wasted it, and to plan for the future so that strength may not be wasted.

For a "Rally" program many short talks are usually more inspiring and productive of enthusiasm than one or two long talks. So limit the speakers to two minutes each; have a timekeeper with a warning bell if necessary.

PROGRAM

Song Service—using Sabbath or inspirational songs

Leader's introduction

Repeat in concert 2 Tim. 2: 15

Prayer

Song

Brief history of the Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists in two minute talks. Material for these talks may be found briefly in the booklet, "The Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists," and in more detail in "Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America."

- (1) The Sabbath before Seventh Day Baptist Organization (Two talks if desired)
- (2) Seventh Day Baptists in Great Britain
- (3) Seventh Day Baptists in America

Special Music

Sabbath-keeping—Read Isa. 58: 13, 14 (Two minute talks)

- (1) Ideal Sabbath-keeping
- (2) Some Hindrances to Sabbath-keeping
- (3) Some Helps to Sabbath-keeping

Special Music

Sabbath Reform—How? Read 2 Chron. 31: 20, 21 (Two minute talks)

- (1) By Preaching
- (2) By Tracts and the RECORDER
- (3) By Conversation
- (4) By Living

Song

What Can We Do? (General participation)

Repeat Fourth Commandment in concert

Sentence Prayers

Mizpah

MEDICAL MISSIONS

DR. BESSIE B. SINCLAIR

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
May 26, 1923

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Christ, the healer (Mark 1: 29-34)
Monday—Apostolic practice (Acts 3: 1-10)
Tuesday—Healing by faith (James 5: 13-20)
Wednesday—Moved by compassion (Matt. 9: 35-38)
Thursday—Healing opens the door (Matt. 5: 21-24; 35-43)
Friday—Healing minds (Mark 1: 23-28)
Sabbath Day, Topic—Medical missions at home and abroad (Matt. 4: 23-25; 10: 5-8)

MEDICAL MISSIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD

In Matthew's Gospel, chapter 28, verse 19, our Lord says to those who love him, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This was our Lord's farewell command. St. Mark says that our Lord added that the following "signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

How can any one who loves the Lord and claims to be a Christian ignore his last request? How can any Christian believe himself exempt from the obligation of carrying out his Lord's command? This command does not mean that every one must be either a preacher at home or a missionary abroad. It does mean that every Christian must do his share toward the spreading of the gospel at home and abroad. Yet in a sense every one is a preacher, whether he or she wishes to be so or not. In our actions, our conversation, we are constantly confessing or denying our Lord, constantly setting an example to our friends, and our family, and to every one with whom we have any dealings. Every true Christian is God's missionary whether he realizes it or not, and those who have learned some way of alleviating the physical sufferings of their friends and acquaintances may be called medical missionaries. But headache is often worse than headache and one needs no special training but only the grace of God, sympathy, to comfort the broken hearted.

"And Jesus went about all Galilee, teach-

ing in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. . . . And there followed him great multitudes of people. . . . " The healing of their diseases and relieving them of their distress, had prepared the hearts of the people to listen to hear what Jesus had to tell them. It's the same today all over this whole world.

As long as a man feels well and strong he feels very independent. It's when he knows he is ill, morally and physically, that he realizes the need of the Savior. It was very hard for the Christian missionaries to get an opportunity to work in China until they began to have doctors and hospitals. It is said of the first medical missionary to China that he opened the doors of China to missions with the point of a lancet. He has long since passed to his reward, but others have followed his example in ever increasing numbers. In James 5: 15 it says: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick?" Some of us may say, "Why then is any training necessary?" Yes, but it says, "Faith without works is dead." So we are commanded to pray, have faith, and to work for the sick. By studying and working we become trained. Also we know our Lord promises us our daily bread if we pray for it, but he does not plow the ground, sew the wheat, grind the flour, cook the dough, and put it into our mouths. He gives us the opportunity to do it. If you have faith to remove mountains, then get your pick and shovel and start working at it. For with pick and shovel and muscle grease, mountains have been removed and the soil brought down and dumped into a neighboring harbor and several blocks of city lots were added to a certain seacoast port—and the mover of the mountain has a fortune. He had the cooperation of his fellow-workers."

We as a denomination have our Lord's command, "Teach the gospel to all nations." We have a mountain to remove in the form of the Missionary Board debt of \$12,000.00. It is recorded that there are about 36,000 Seventh Day Baptist Christians in America. If each of us would send in just 50 cents to the Missionary Board for paying that debt, don't you think we would be carrying out some of our Lord's last command, besides paying our denominational debt? Let us pray and work at least 50 cents worth each

toward the building up of the kingdom of God and spreading the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Mary Thompson Hospital,
1712 Adams Street,
Chicago, Ill.*

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

Medical missions are an important branch of regular missionary work. Before the missionary can hope to heal the soul he must first heal the body, for the body is the temple of God, and it must be made a fit place for him to dwell in. Christ realized the importance of this fact, for in his instructions to the disciples, given in Matt. 10: 5-8, he says, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers."

The medical mission field is calling us, young people. Let us pray that some one may answer, "Here am I, send me."

"As an employer of labor, it has been my province to watch the effects of prohibition upon our twelve to fourteen hundred people, and we find that the laboring man and his family have directly benefited in large degree by prohibition, in fact, more than any other class in America. Better living, better clothing, cleaner and better social life, happier homes with more contentment, better and steadier workers, averaging more efficient and with less sickness and lost time, are some of the benefits to the workers and society in general.—J. J. Phoenix, Delavan, Wis., President, Knitting Company.

PRAYER

I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.

I know that he has given his word,
Which tells me prayer is always heard,

And will be answered, soon or late;
And so I pray and calmly wait.

I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the way I thought,

But leave my prayers with Him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own,

Assured that he will grant my quest,
Or send some answer far more blest!

—C. E. World.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

RUTH MARION CARPENTER, ALFRED, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

THE BIBLE

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath
Day, May 19, 1923

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A story (1 Sam. 17: 32)
Monday—A parable (Matt. 13: 3-9)
Tuesday—A warning (Heb. 2: 1-3)
Wednesday—A command (Luke 6: 27)
Thursday—A truth (John 14: 8-11)
Friday—An example (1 Sam. 3: 10)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Something in the Bible that has helped me (Ps. 19: 7-14) (Union meeting with the Senior and Intermediate societies)

We have in our homes three little things that we can use to illustrate our topic today. The first is the water pail. Perhaps our pets are thirsty and we want to carry them some water to drink so we rush for a pail, but when we try to fill it the water slowly drips through the bottom and by the time we have reached our pets the water is all gone—it has leaked out through a very small hole in the bottom of the pail. We boys and girls read our Bibles, study our Sabbath-school and Junior lessons, go to church, Sabbath school and Junior and learn the beautiful and helpful lessons God has given us to help make us better boys and girls, but some of us as soon as Sabbath Day is over forget all about it and do just as we want to all the week.

How many ever watched mother make a cake? After she has mixed the sugar, egg, etc., together she gets the flour ready by first putting it through a sieve. The good, fluffy flour goes through and the hard lumps stay in the sieve and are thrown away. I wonder how many of us are like this sieve? Do we remember out of all the good things we hear and learn only the part that is the easiest or will be easiest to follow? Perhaps we try to keep nine of the commandments as good as we can and yet we forget that God gave us ten to live by. Can we really love God as we should and yet treat each other like enemies? Jesus said that

we should love the Lord our God with all our heart and with all our soul and with all our mind and our neighbor as ourselves.

Last, but most important to us today, is the little white blotter we have in our desks at home or at school. This little blotter was made to absorb ink and how well it does its duty! So we should remember all the good things we read and hear and try to live as Jesus wants us to. When we put the blotter into blue ink, the ink turns the blotter a pretty blue and when we Juniors learn the great lessons from the Bible we should also show by our actions that we are trying to be "true blue" soldiers for Jesus. Our play-mates and friends watch the things we Junior boys and girls do and they will soon find out that they are missing something if they are not trying to follow Jesus, too, for that is the only happy way we can live.

Now for our union meeting—we Juniors want to have some part in the rainbow meeting (which you can read about on the Young People's page of the RECORDER for April 30) so that the Intermediates and Seniors will know that we are trying to be the "blotter" kind of boys and girls and not the "leaky pail" or "sieve" kind. Perhaps you could answer one of these questions or repeat one of these verses that tell about the things for which the colors in the rainbow stand.

Red stands for salvation. Why did Jesus die and rise again? How can we be saved? Repeat John 3: 16 or John 14: 6. Orange stands for hope. Who is our hope? What is the hope of every Christian? Repeat 1 Cor. 13: 13 or Ps. 146: 5. Yellow is for faith. Why should we believe that our prayers will be answered? Will Jesus ever fail us if we put our faith in him? Read Gal. 2: 20 or 1 Cor. 16: 13. Green is for life everlasting. How can we have everlasting life? Name several things that will help us be better boys and girls. Read John 3: 36 or Ps. 16: 11. Blue is for truth. Why should we always tell the truth? Why is it wicked to lie? Read Eph. 6: 14 or Ps. 15: 2. Indigo is for love. Why should we love God? Why should we love our neighbors and friends? Repeat John 15: 12 or John 14: 15. Violet stands for Jesus. How can we let Jesus be King of our lives? How should we treat our King? Read Ps. 24: 10 or Ps. 5: 2.

QUIET HOUR WORK *Alphabet of Bible People*

V—— was a beautiful queen (Esther 1: 12).
Z—— climbed a tree to see Jesus (Luke 19: 5).
A—— obeyed God's command (Gen. 22: 3).
J—— was swallowed by a whale (Jonah 1: 17).
C—— saw a vision (Acts 10: 3).
E—— was a great prophet (2 Kings 7: 1).
S—— was a great judge (1 Sam. 7: 15).

Answers to last week's work: Obadiah, Paul, Quartus, Rebekah, Solomon, Thomas, Uzziah.

BOB-TAIL'S JOKE

Claude came running in from school just as his big, black and white, bob-tail cat stretched up from his long nap.

"Bob-Tail wants a frolic, dear," Claude's mother remarked. "Can't you play hide and seek with him?"

"Sure, old Bob-Tail, come on," and Claude went to the pantry to get some scraps of meat. The game was a familiar one to both boy and cat. Claude would throw a bit of meat across the room and while Bob-Tail rushed after it, he would hide behind a door or under a table or some other good place. As soon as Bob-Tail had swallowed his meat he would hunt in all the familiar or ordinary places for his little master. If he didn't find him as soon as he thought he should, he would mew very pitifully and hunt some more. Thus the game would continue until the meat was all gone or both were tired.

This particular afternoon, the game proceeded in the usual way, though perhaps a bit longer. Claude was hiding under the sitting room couch and he was surprised that Bob-Tail did not find him or mew for him. Finally he crawled out.

"What's the matter with Bob-Tail, mother? Why doesn't he hunt me?" Claude asked, quite disappointed that the game was over.

"I think Bob-Tail has played a joke on you," replied mother with a twinkle in her eye.

"Why?"

"You look around a bit. Bob-Tail doesn't want to do all the hunting."

Claude then began to hunt behind doors, under the tables, in the cupboards and was about ready to give up when he happened to glance through the door into the kitchen. On the kitchen table lay his father's big, broad-brimmed, straw, garden hat, ragged and soiled; and curled up in just as small a ball as possible on the brim, behind the big crown, was Bob-Tail.

"Oh! Mother, Bob-Tail is hiding from me. He isn't curled up to go to sleep, cause look at his eyes; they've got mischief in them. You little rogue," hugging him, "you did play a joke on me, but, please sir, where is my piece of meat?"

R. M. C.

A MAY-DAY JINGLE

In New England

Trailing arbutus, the Mayflower true
Hides in the bleak, bare ledges.
Seek it on May Day, and love it too
For the sweet hope it pledges.

In New York

Through the dead leaves 'neath the trees
Blossoms pale are peeping.
Violet, hepatica
Here no longer sleeping.

In Minnesota

Winds across the prairie;
Meadow larks, a-winging,
Whistle from the fence post,
Set the children singing.

In Arkansas

The apple trees have cast their snowy bloom,
The school bells now are silent in their towers,
And busy children in the berry fields,
Pink-finger-tipped, toil thro' the long, hot hours.

(All sing)

O, May Day, happy May Day
With song and merry jest—
With baby chicks and baby cats,
Crisp gingham gowns and new spring hats,
Bright babbling brooks
And greening nooks—
O, north or south or east or west,
The children love May Day the best!

—Contributed.

ABOUT THE UNITED STATES

The United States has only six per cent of the population of the world, and only seven per cent of the land, and yet we produce:

20 per cent of the world's gold.
25 per cent of the world's wheat.
40 per cent of the world's iron.

40 per cent of the world's lead.
 40 per cent of the world's silver.
 50 per cent of the world's zinc.
 52 per cent of the world's coal.
 60 per cent of the world's cotton.
 60 per cent of the world's copper.
 60 per cent of the world's aluminum.
 66 per cent of the world's oil.
 75 per cent of the world's corn.
 85 per cent of the world's autos.
 We also refine 80 per cent of the copper
 and operate 40 per cent of the world's rail-
 roads.

Before the war, we owed nations five billion dollars. We have not only paid this debt, but foreign nations owe us ten billion dollars. We now hold the largest gold reserves of any nation in the world.—*Ex.*

THE CLOCK

The clock and I are real good friends,
 It is so kind to me,
 It tells me when to go to bed
 And when to come to tea.

But what I can not understand
 Is why it always should
 Tick slowly when I have been bad
 And faster when I'm good.
 —*Picture Story Paper.*

THE WISE GOAT

Did you count the goats when they came home earlier than usual this afternoon?" Tilly asked of her brother, Sammy.

"Naw," answered Sammy.

"You are lazy," scolded Tilly. "You should count them always, for if just once you don't do it, maybe that would be the time that one goat would be lost. I am going to count them myself."

Tilly went out of the little cabin to the pen where the half dozen goats were kept. It wasn't a minute until she came running back. "Sammy," she called, "Where is my Nanny Nell?"

"She is in the pen, I suppose," answered Sammy.

"She isn't," cried Tilly. "Oh, you've lost my Nanny Nell."

Sammy went out of doors and followed Tilly to the pen.

"You don't even have to count them," declared Tilly. "Anybody can see that Nanny Nell is gone. Come, you must help me find her."

Tilly and Sammy started out to hunt for

the goat, taking the little path that led up and down the hills until they came to where the goats had lain down at noon to rest.

"This is as far as the goats went today," said Sammy.

Tilly stood on the hill, calling for her pet. "We must look among the briers. Maybe she got her long, shaggy hair caught and can't get out."

Everywhere they looked, it was the same. There was no Nanny Nell there. So they followed the path down the other side of the hills.

"Let's not go down near the school," said Sammy.

Tilly and Sammy were mountaineer children. They lived far from any town and had never gone to school. One day a strange man came up into the hills. With some other men he built a schoolhouse, just a rough, log building. There every day he taught school, and on Sabbath he held church and Sabbath school. He was both a minister and a teacher.

Tilly and Sammy should have been very glad to have a chance to go to school and learn many things. But they were not—they were afraid to go. They did not know how badly they needed to learn things.

Tilly and Sammy went on over the hills, keeping away from the schoolhouse. But it was all very useless, for they could not find the goat. Then, as Tilly looked around over the country from the hill, she called to Sammy.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Look down there." Down by the schoolhouse was Nanny Nell.

The boy and girl ran down the hill and to the schoolhouse. And what do you think? There was a crack in the wall of the schoolhouse, and Nanny Nell had her horns caught in it! Nanny Nell was always getting her horns caught.

"What will we ever do?" asked Tilly. "We'll have to go inside the schoolhouse to get Nanny's horns loose."

"I'm brave," declared Sammy, standing up very straight. "I'll go into the school."

"Then I'm going, too," declared Tilly. "Something terrible might happen to you."

It was a warm day; so the schoolhouse door stood open. The pupil's were all standing with their backs toward the door, and they were singing a song. No one saw Tilly and Sammy as they crept to where Nanny's

horns were fast. Just then all the pupils took their seats. There in school, where everybody could see them, were Tilly and Sammy.

The teacher came forward and asked them what they wanted.

"Oh, please," cried the frightened Tilly, "our Nanny Nell got her horns fast in the wall."

"I think I can help you," smiled the teacher, and he loosed the horns. "School is nearly over for the day," he added, "Won't you stay and visit us?"

"But Nanny Nell will get away again," declared Sammy.

The teacher took a rope and tied the goat, and Tilly and Sammy stayed at school—that strange school that they had feared so much.

They listened to a mountain boy read from a book, and to a short story that the teacher told. Then the pupils sang a song.

After school Tilly and Sammy took Nanny Nell and went home. "Let's go to school tomorrow," said Tilly, as they came to their home.

"All right," answered Sammy. "I think it would be fine. We don't have to watch the goats, they always wander home. But I'll be sure to count them. Strange how Nanny Nell went to school."

"Yes," laughed Tilly. "If it hadn't been for Nanny Nell, we wouldn't know how nice school really is. I always told you my Nanny Nell was a very wise goat."—*Dew Drops.*

"NUMBER ONE"

"He is a Number One boy," said grandmother, proudly. "A great boy for his books. Indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of ten."

"It is, certainly," returned Uncle John; "but what a pity it is that he is blind!"

"Blind!" exclaimed grandmother. And the Number One boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John, what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the Number One boy himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy-chair in the room all forenoon, never seeing you nor his mother when she

came in for a few moments' rest. Then, when your glasses were mislaid and you had to climb upstairs to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh, he is so busy reading," apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. "If Number One is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish, indeed, to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands," said Number One.

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you are fond of books; but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing Number One, better run out and play with other boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."
 —*Church Progress.*

WHAT TO DO SABBATH AFTERNOON

"This afternoon," began mother, as Jack, Ethel and Rose looked expectantly to her for something to do, "you may take your Bibles and read carefully the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of John and with a bright colored pencil underline neatly all the 'love' words."

"And then shall we count them?" asked Rose.

"Yes, count them and in neat figures write your total number at the end of each chapter."

"Goody," exclaimed Ethel and the three hurried away for their pencils and Bibles.

R. M. C.

Miss Rose—What are the sister States?

Mabel—I am not sure, but I think they must be Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia, Louisa Anna, Dela Ware, Minne Sota, and Mrs. Sippi.—*Junior World.*

Father (entering greenhouse after loud smash)—Say, whatever have you been doing with that plant?

Willie—Well, dad, you told me it was a rubber plant, and I was trying to bounce it.—*Junior World.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR SABBATH SCHOOL SABBATH RALLY DAY

Four ten minute addresses or papers on the following subjects:

- (1) The Sabbath in Moses' Time
- (2) The Sabbath in Jesus' Time
- (3) The Sabbath in the Puritan Time
- (4) The Sabbath in Our Time—How Can We Make it a Blessing?

Hint—Select a hymn suitable to be sung at the close of each address. There are good standard Sabbath hymns in most hymn books. "Hymns for Family and Denominational Use" by our own publishing house might well be used.

Sabbath School. Lesson VIII.—May 19, 1923

ELIJAH, THE BRAVE REFORMER. 1 KINGS 17: 1—19: 21; 21: 1-29; 2 KINGS 1: 1-2: 12

Golden Text.—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Josh. 24: 15.

DAILY READINGS

- May 13—1 Kings 17: 1-7. Elijah Introduced.
May 14—1 Kings 17: 17-24. Elijah Raises the Widow's Son.
May 15—1 Kings 18: 30-39. Elijah at Mt. Carmel.
May 16—1 Kings 19: 1-8. Elijah under the Juniper Tree.
May 17—1 Kings 19: 13-18. Elijah at Mount Horeb.
May 18—2 Kings 2: 1-11. Elijah's Translation.
May 19—Psalm 2. Christ is King.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

TIME ENOUGH

Says a wise proverb, "time enough always proves little enough." I suppose there is always time enough to do the things that God requires. God is never a task-master. He asks nothing beyond our ability as augmented by him. He never lays upon us unreasonable demands: every divine requirement is rooted in fairness. 'Tis our fellows who confuse us with commandments. There is always time enough to do the thing which God requires—if only we could be sure what his asking is. Sometimes, the thing he asks looks smaller than the thing we want to do.

Sometimes, his errand seems an interruption of an important program. Sometimes, the face in which he comes to us is forbidding or unwelcome. Often we are so obsessed with the imperativeness of the programs we have built for ourselves, we can not raise our eyes to meet the look of a more important duty. We are too busy as we say: we have no time. But there is *always* time—plenty of time—for the thing which God requires.—*George Clarke Peck.*

After ten months' consideration the Supreme Court has decided that a Jap is not a white man. Wonder how long it would take them to decide that a bird-dog is not a rabbit.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

SABBATH HISTORY I.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF MODERN DENOMINATIONS

AHVA JOHN CLARENCE BOND

- CHAPTER ONE
A Growing Regard for Bible Authority
- CHAPTER TWO
The Sabbath in the Old Testament
- CHAPTER THREE
The Sabbath in the Gospels
- CHAPTER FOUR
The Sabbath in the Early Church
- CHAPTER FIVE
The No-Sabbath Theory of the Early Reformers
- CHAPTER SIX
The Sabbath in the Early English Reformation
- CHAPTER SEVEN
John Trask and the First Sabbatarian Church in England
- CHAPTER EIGHT
Theophilus Brabourne an Able Exponent of Sabbath Truth
- CHAPTER NINE
A Sabbath Creed of the Seventeenth Century

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OUR WEEKLY SERMON

WHY A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST

REV. ARTHUR E. MAIN

Contrary to what many seem to think the Sabbath question is not a dead or a settled one; it is a living and yet unsettled problem in belief and practice. Conventions, conferences, addresses, resolutions, books, countless articles in the papers, and appeals to legislatures, are full proof of this statement.

It is perfectly clear that multitudes believe that a religious rest day is very greatly needed; and in claiming that if there is to be a Sabbath at all it must be the Sabbath of the Bible and of Christ, we have no desire whatever to help divide still more the one great Church of God; indeed, it is our belief that a general return on the part of the Church to the Sabbath would greatly promote what multitudes desire, increasing Christian fellowship and unity.

This belief seems to us to be supported by the place given to the Sabbath in sacred scriptures.

THE OLD TESTAMENT

The first Creation story. The first verse of the first Book of the Bible is one of the most sublime of all human utterances,—“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.” This wonderful narrative of creation closes with the declaration that God blessed and sanctified the Seventh day; that is, he pronounced it a happy day and set it apart for special ends. This record beginning so sublimely and closing in such a significant way, is universal in its content and meaning; and this meaning is quite independent of any reverent and scholarly critical study and interpretation of the story as a whole.

Hebrew Legislation. Whatever in particular may be said or thought about the Decalogue, it remains a very remarkable and comprehensive statement of ancient religious thought about God and man and their relations. In the very midst of the Ten Commandments, as if essential to both parts, stands the Sabbath law. It is thus given a most honorable and significant place.

Hebrew History. That even in the days of bad kings the Sabbath was regarded, is

evident from the narrative found in 2 Kings 4: 17-25. Upon the death of a Shunamite woman's son she greatly desired to go to the prophet Elisha, the man of God, and prayed her husband to send her. He replied, “Why do you go today, it is neither New Moon nor Sabbath?”

According to 2 Kings 16: 18 there seems to have been a canopied seat or a covered way for the kings' use on the Sabbath day.

The good king Hezekiah honored the Sabbath and other sacred time by specially appointed sacrifices (2 Chron. 31: 2, 3).

Under the splendid leadership of Nehemiah, one of the wisest men of Bible times, the people of all classes covenanted not to buy wares on the Sabbath day, and to maintain Sabbath worship in the temple.

Such passages as these illustrate the significant place that the Sabbath held in Hebrew history.

Hebrew Psalmody. The heading of the ninety-second Psalm runs as follows: Praise for Jehovah. A Psalm, a Song for the Sabbath day. The opening words of praise are, “It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High; To shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning and thy faithfulness every night.”

Hebrew Prophecy. The prophet Amos says, in substance, to his contemporaries, “You are very particular to wait until sundown; but then you set about selling goods, weighing them and the purchase price in balances of deceit.” The prophet Amos condemns the greed, oppression, and dishonesty of his times (8: 4-10).

Prof. George Adam Smith says concerning this remarkable passage, in the Expositor's Bible: “The existence at this date of the New Moon and Sabbath as days of rest from business is interesting; but even more interesting is the peril to which they lie open. As in the case of the Nazarite and prophets, we see how the religious institutions of the people are threatened by worldliness and greed. And, as in every other relevant passage of the Old Testament we have the interests of the Sabbath bound up in the same cause with the interests of the poor. The Fourth Commandment enforces the day of rest on behalf of the servants and bondsmen. When a later prophet substitutes for religious fasts the ideals of social services, he weds with the latter the security of the Sabbath from all business

(see Isaiah 58). So here Amos emphasizes that the Sabbath is threatened by the same worldliness and love of money which tramples on the helpless. The interests of the Sabbath are the interests of the poor. The enemies of the Sabbath are the enemies of the poor. And all this illustrates our Savior's saying, that the Sabbath was made for man."

"The New Moon, however, subsequently lost in luster, while the Sabbath shone with ever-increasing brightness."

The prophet Hosea declares that a part of the consequences and punishment of Israel's sins shall be loss of the Sabbaths (2:11-13).

History and observation teach that an utter disregard of the Sabbath and that for which it stands, and spreading moral disaster, belong together.

Isaiah says to the people, Jehovah cares nothing for your Sabbath-keeping and your religious assemblies because you do not cease from evil and learn to do well, seeking justice, relieving the oppressed, judging the fatherless, pleading for the widow.

And the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah closes with these words, words that the nations of today would do well to heed: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Now it seems to us that a day, a principle, an institution, having such a place in the narrative of Creation, and in Hebrew Legislation, History, Psalmody and Prophecy, is lifted far above national and temporary meaning and value into the universality of spiritual and abiding truth and law.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

Under the New Covenant Jesus Christ is the supreme law-giver of the Church. The Mosaic legislation is of immense value as a part of the world's progressive religious history; but we go to our Lord in order to find out how much of that legislation is of universal authority and worth. Jesus Christ honored the Sabbath not according to the

literal teaching of Moses but according to the liberty of the Gospel. That is to say, in his frequent discussions with the Pharisees about the Sabbath, the question raised was not about the perpetuity of the Sabbath but concerning its right and wise use. He taught very plainly that the Sabbath was made for man, for the sake of benefiting him, not to increase his burdens. If we neglect to follow Christ in this estimate of the Sabbath principle and of the day that guards it, the loss will be ours. I am a Sabbath-keeper therefore by the authority of the great head of the Church.

The following quotations from histories of Apostolic times by McGiffert, and Ropes, and from articles on "Proselyte" in the Hastings Dictionaries, are valuable contributions to the understanding of the Book of Acts. They also suggest why the Sabbath remained in the church for centuries; why its holy light has never been altogether obscured; and why even now we may hope for its increase beyond anything hitherto known.

"It may be doubted whether the Jews ever secured a very large number of proselytes in the full sense, that is, of those who accepted circumcision and assumed the obligation to observe the law in all its parts; for the rite of circumcision was exceedingly repugnant to the world in general. But it is certain that they attached to themselves a large multitude of devout worshipers, who attended the services of the synagogue and served and honored their God. (These Gentile worshipers of the God of the Jews were commonly spoken of as devout and God-fearing men. See Acts 10:22, 35; 13:16, 26, and Josephus: Ant. XIV, 7, 2; B. J. II, 18, 2.) Many such adherents seem to have observed the Sabbath and some of the Jewish laws respecting food (Josephus: Contra Apionem, II, 30); while others contented themselves with conforming to the moral precepts of the Decalogue, or with the general practice of justice, holiness and mercy. It was among these Gentile adherents of Judaism that Christianity had its most rapid spread. They were prepared for it by their belief in the God who was worshiped both by the Jews and Christians, and by their acquaintance with the Old Testament, which they heard read in the synagogue week after week. . . . How much the existence of such circles of God-fearing

men and women in all the great cities of the empire must have meant to Paul, we can easily imagine, and we shall see that he was fully alive to the opportunity offered by them."

These people are commonly regarded as being "such non-Jews as held to the Jewish synagogue worship and observed the most elementary laws of foods and purity and Sabbath observance, without entering by circumcision into the Jewish community. . . . But surely Cornelius would have been found in the synagogue on the Sabbath (see Acts 10:2, 22), and he is not to be distinguished from the class of foreigners informally connected with Judaism, with whom the other passages acquaint us. Another such is the centurion who loved the Jewish nation and built them a synagogue (Luke 7:2-9); and another, the eunuch who came to Jerusalem to worship (Acts 8:27, 28). . . . Although there were among the heathen many who were attracted by the monotheism and morality of Judaism and attended the synagogue services, yet these were not in our sense proselytes. A heathen could become a Jew only by circumcision."

According to the Acts these non-Jews "often became converts to Christianity, and this was an important factor in the establishment of the Gentile Christian Church. The struggle between St. Paul and the Judaizers (Acts 15, and the Epistle to the Galatians) was an attempt on the part of Christian Pharisees to compel Gentile Christians to become 'proselytes of Righteousness' by circumcision and keeping the law of Moses." To keep the Ten Commandments did not make a Gentile a Jew; and the Sabbath was not a disputed question in the Jerusalem Conference.

Acts 13:16, 42, 44. (And Paul stood up, and beckoning with the hand said, Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, hearken, . . . And as they went out they besought that these words might be spoken to them the next Sabbath. . . . And the next Sabbath almost the whole city was gathered together to hear the word of God). This is in complete harmony with the statements of McGiffert, Ropes, and Hastings.

As New Testament Christians; as those who believe and teach that salvation comes by the grace of God, through faith, we agree, of course; with what Paul says in the following passages. We assume that

he was consistent with himself and with the teachings of Jesus Christ. Romans 14:5, —One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let each man be fully assured in his own mind.

In Romans 3:31 Paul states his view of Law in general: Do we then make (the) law of none effect through faith? God forbid; nay we establish (the) law.

In the seventh chapter he tells what he thinks about the Ten Commandments;—I had not known coveting except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. . . . The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and righteous, and good. . . . We know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal.

Now in the fourteenth chapter Paul is discussing such questions as vegetarianism, eating of flesh, drinking of wine, and outward regard for days; and if the Sabbath of the Creation story, of the Fourth Commandment, of the fifty-eighth of Isaiah, and of Christ, is on the same level of values as these questions then the apostle does teach that Sabbath-keeping is a matter of indifference. But Professor Moule, in his commentary on Romans, has something better to say; and other scholars are in essential agreement with him.

"The 'weak brother' spends much time in studying the traditional rules of fast and feast, and the code of permitted food. He is sure that the God who has accepted him will hide his face from him if he lets the new moon pass like a common day; or if the Sabbath is not kept by the rule, not of Scripture, but of the Rabbis. . . . He lives, but he moves like a man chained and in prison. . . . There seems to be a broad and intelligible difference between the Sabbath-keeping of the Jewish law and the Sabbath-keeping of man; the enjoyment and holy use of the primeval Rest for man and beast. We take it that that duty and privilege is not in question here at all. The 'weak' Christian was the anxious scholar of the Rabbis, not the man simply loyal to the Decalogue."

Galatians 4:10,—"Ye observe days and months, and seasons, and years."

The Galatians had been taught by false teachers that they must do this scrupulously in order to be saved; but Paul tells them that mere outward observances are worthless. The outward forms of religious wor-

ship are of real value when the understanding heart prompts them; and when they promote spirituality and character-building. We of today need to realize this as certainly as the believers of ancient Galatia.

Colossians 2: 16, 17,—“Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast day or a new moon or a sabbath day; which are a shadow of the things to come; but the body is Christ's.”

The one supreme fact is that God in Christ has forgiven our sins (v. 13).

In other words God has cancelled the handwriting of ordinances, that is, the Mosaic legislation, with the Decalogue as its heart, which was against us on account of sin, nailing it to the cross; and through the cross has won a victory over opposing powers. Believers in the Gospel are no longer held as by a *bond*.

The Old Covenant under Moses was based on commandments: the New is rooted in love. The Old was a shadow, a dim likeness, of the New Covenant in Christ. Therefore questions relating to eating, drinking, a religious feast, a new moon, or a Sabbath day,—questions in which Colossians, Galatians, and Christians in Rome, were interested,—had been transferred from the authority of Moses to that of Christ. Seventh Day Baptists have no cause to fear the results of such a change of authority in the sphere of religion and morals.

In conclusion let us notice briefly two other passages.

“I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day”; or, according to the translation in Modern Speech New Testament, “In the Spirit I found myself present on the day of the Lord” (Rev. 1: 10).

Revelation abounds in illustrative symbols of religious things. It gloriously exalts Christ; but the pictorial language does not readily lend itself to a literal interpretation. That Sunday came to be called Lord's Day is a fact of Church History; but proof is lacking that it was so named as early as Revelation was written. It is therefore more in harmony with the Book's general style of language and thought to understand by the “Lord's Day” of verse 10 the day or time described in verse 7: “Behold, he cometh with the clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they that pierced him; and all the tribes of the earth shall mourn over him. Even so, Amen.”

Hebrews 4: 9,—“There remaineth therefore a sabbath rest for the people of God.”

These words suggest the impressive and beautiful thought that our Sabbath-keeping may be of such a character as to symbolize, week by week, our rest of faith in God,—a rest that believers in Christ may experience forever.

The position of Seventh Day Baptists seems to me, therefore, to be historical, reasonable, Biblical and Christian.

Our Father who art in Heaven, we thank thee for the ancient Sabbath. In thy holy and loving purpose it is a blessing not a burden. Help us so to value and use it that it may more and more be a symbol of true religion and of our abiding and spiritual rest in God. Amen.

“I am not only in the banking business where I can observe the financial effects of prohibition, but I am in the manufacturing business where we employ large numbers of men. We used to be constantly annoyed and our business interfered with after pay day by drunkenness and absenteeism. Under prohibition we have none of either. The men are always on duty and ready for work. They hold their heads up, nearly all of them save money, they take pride in their families, and they get large enjoyment out of life.”—*F. N. Briggs, President Interstate Trust Company, Denver, Colo.*

If I could stand for one moment upon one of your high mountain tops, far above all the kingdoms of the civilized world, and there might see, coming up, one after another, the bravest and wisest of the ancient warriors, and statesmen, and kings, and monarchs, and priests; and if, as they came up, I might be permitted to ask from them an expression of opinion upon such a case as this, with a common voice, and in thunder tones, reverberating through a thousand valleys, and echoing down the ages, they would cry, *Liberty, Freedom, the Universal Brotherhood of Man!*—*Colonel Baker.*

For the world's sake, as well as your own, resolve, labor, strive to be zealous Christians! Beware of checking zeal. Seek it. Cultivate it. Try to blow up the fire in your own heart, and the hearts of others, but never, never check it!—*W. B. Riley.*

DEATHS

HENDERSON.—Flavius J. Henderson, was born April 4, 1834, near Brownville, Tenn., and died in soldier's home hospital, Quincy, Ill., February 10, 1923.

His father removed to Union County, Ill., when Flavius was three and one half years of age. He grew to manhood in a wild uncultivated land. There were no meeting houses and very few schoolhouses, but his father was a man of strong religious principles and often had preaching in his backwoods home. The father died when Flavius was only seventeen years of age and left a widowed mother and several smaller children to be cared for. When the Civil War broke out he rallied to his country's call leaving a wife and two small children at home. He enlisted on May 28, 1861, and served until the battle of Fort Donelson where he was captured and held as prisoner of war at Macon, Ga., for eight months and several days.

When exchanged he was kept in a hospital at Washington City before he was discharged and sent home. Southern Illinois was in such a ferment that the returned soldiers felt safer in the army than at home. Flavius was anxious to help his country, and while they would not accept him for active duty he was clerk in a military office at Springfield, Ill., for some time, and was there during Lincoln's funeral and was one of the singers at the funeral. His first army service was in Company I., Eighteenth Illinois Volunteers, later the One Hundred Forty-sixth.

He loved to read his Bible and to attend church and though for several years past he could hear but little he would go out of respect. He was a convert to the Sabbath and held his membership with the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Mr. Henderson was twice married, first to Rebecca Boswell. Four children from this union are still living: Ed, of Springfield, Mo.; Belle Calhoun, of Elgin, Ill.; Alice Hanks, of Long Beach, Cal.; Oscar W., of Kansas City, Mo. His last marriage was with Lavinia Williams September 19, 1881. They have one son living, Orville R. Henderson, of Rochester, N. Y.

He can not come to us but thank God we can go to him.

*

CHILDS.—Alice Lucy Childs was born April 3, 1887, near Farina, Ill., and died at the hospital at Anna, following a severe attack of influenza, March 15, 1923, at the age of 35 years, 11 months and 12 days.

Alice was the only child of Harmon A. and Lucy Dye Childs. In the year 1904 at the age of seventeen she gave her heart to Christ. She was baptized by Rev. L. D. Seager and united with the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church. She always had great love for her church and Sabbath school; even after her health failed and she was no longer able to attend, the church bell aroused a desire to be there. She had carefully

treasured during her last few years her nickels and pennies which she said were to go to the church and Sabbath school. The present pastor did not know her but she was always spoken of as a good Christian girl.

She leaves beside her mother, her grandmother, Thankful Childs, an uncle, Giles Dye, and several cousins.

Funeral services were conducted by the pastor at the church March 18, and the body laid to rest beside that of her father in the Farina cemetery. J. E. H.

BURDICK.—Lewis Grant Burdick, son of Lewis J. and Alzina Burdick Burdick, was born in Lincklaen Center, N. Y., September 1, 1852, and died at the Odd Fellows Home in Lockport, N. Y., March 22, 1923.

He was baptized by Rev. A. W. Coon April 24, 1869, and united with the Lincklaen Center Seventh Day Baptist Church. Later he was a member of the DeRuyter Seventh Day Baptist Church and at the time of his death he was a member of the West Edmeston Seventh Day Baptist Church.

On February 18, 1874, he was married to Arvilla J. Austin. To them were born two children—Benjamin L. and Mary Alzina. Mrs. Burdick died June 1, 1903.

On December 24, 1908, Mr. Burdick married Mrs. Abbie Millard Burdick who survives him, having tenderly cared for him during recent years of poor health. He was an affectionate husband and the family relationships with children and grandchildren were most happy.

His faith in God was firm. His hopes for the future were ever bright. He rejoiced in his last days in bringing a fellow sufferer in the Home into peace with God. Though a sufferer like Job, he too said, “I know that my Redeemer liveth”; and believing our Savior's words he added, “Because he lives, I shall live also.”

He is also survived by his stepmother Mrs. Sophronia B. Burdick; two brothers, Russel DeWitt and Erwin Phineas; one son Benjamin L.; and nine grandchildren.

Farewell services were conducted from the Seventh Day Baptist church of DeRuyter, N. Y., March 26, 1923, Pastor J. F. Randolph officiating. Interment was made in the Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery. I. O. O. F. services were held at the grave. J. F. R.

BOOTH.—Benjamin Booth was born in Potter County, Pa., June 11, 1837, and died at his home in Hammond, La., April 14, 1923, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

The years of his childhood and youth into early manhood were spent in Potter County, Pennsylvania. Here undoubtedly began a religious experience which continued with him through life. It is believed that he must have connected himself, in those days, by baptism, with one of the Hebron churches. In this period of his life he saw a few months' Civil War service, just previous to the close of the war. Here on December 3, 1863, he was married to Mary Elizabeth Greene, and here his eldest child was born, William Henry Booth.

About the year 1866 the family moved to Fa-

rina, Ill., where Edna Cordelia, now Mrs. T. M. Campbell, his second eldest child, was born. Here Mr. and Mrs. Booth became constituent members at the organization of the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church, residing opposite the edifice and taking continuous interest in its affairs. In Farina Mr. Booth practiced the trade of carpentering.

In 1877 the family moved to Nortonville, Kan. A farm was purchased there, which became their home, a short distance southwest of the "Seventh Day Baptist Lane." Here was born Elnoe J., the youngest child of the family. Here, too, their mother died, in 1884, and was buried in the Nortonville cemetery. On December 25, 1885, Mr. Booth was married the second time, to Ann Adelia Hull, née Potter.

In 1887 the family came to Hammond, La., arriving on New Year's Day. At that time Hammond was in its infancy as a community. Mr. Booth bought a small tract of woodland for a truck farm, cleared it, and with his own hands built him a home and outbuildings. Afterwards he built more centrally in the town.

Here, as in Farina, Mr. and Mrs. Booth became constituent members of the Hammond Seventh Day Church, he working with his own hands in helping to construct the present commodious edifice. Of this church Mr. Booth was always a faithful member. Until the infirmities of age prevented, he was always to be found in his place at church.

A valuable member of the community, a man of high principle, and beloved by all, has gone to his eternal reward.

The funeral was on Sunday, April 15, at 3 p. m., at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. T. M. Campbell, conducted by his pastor, and was largely attended. The body lies at rest in the beautiful Hammond cemetery between the graves of his devoted wife and eldest son. s. s. p.

MAINE.—Silas Le Roy Maine was born in the State of Pennsylvania, January 4, 1846, and died at Oregon City, Oregon, February 20, 1923.

He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Prentice Main. He was united in marriage with Miss Metta Cheesbrough. Of this union there were five children. Arthur and Lura died in early childhood. There still remain a daughter, Mrs. Lola McGhie, of Sheridan, Ore.; and two sons, Byron, of Canby, Ore., and Leo, of Portland, Ore. One brother survives him, Edward, of Portland. With these are two grandchildren, other relatives and many friends, both east and west, who remain in bereavement.

He became a Christian in early life and united with a Seventh Day Baptist Church, to which faith he was a loyal adherent at the time of his death.

Brother Maine was an unassuming, pleasant, friendly man and neighbor. He formed many close friendships. He had a smile, a kind word, a helping hand for those about him. He found great joy in explaining the Bible, in telling the story of Divine Love and Saving Grace, in visiting the sick and "shut-ins," and in going out on errands of sympathy and "comfort in Jesus."

These characteristics and kindly offices, cause

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him to be greatly missed from his wide circle of friends. He will be more especially missed from our little circle of Seventh Day Baptists of his home city, among whom he was an earnest, consistent worker. For years he had been the only one of that faith in the city. But when others accepted that faith, his noble life, manly bearing, consistent Christian living and clear-cut Bible teachings, along the lines of the "Commandments of God and the faith of Jesus," made him the natural leader of our little band in that northern city.

His funeral services were conducted by Pastor Willis Pettibone of the Baptist Church of Oregon City, as the nearest Seventh Day Baptist pastor was twelve hundred miles away. Interment was at Silverton, Ore., beside the remains of his departed companion who preceded him a few years.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

G. W. H.

BURCH.—In Leonardsville, N. Y., April 4, 1923, Mrs. Calvin H. Burch, aged 75 years, 6 months and 17 days.

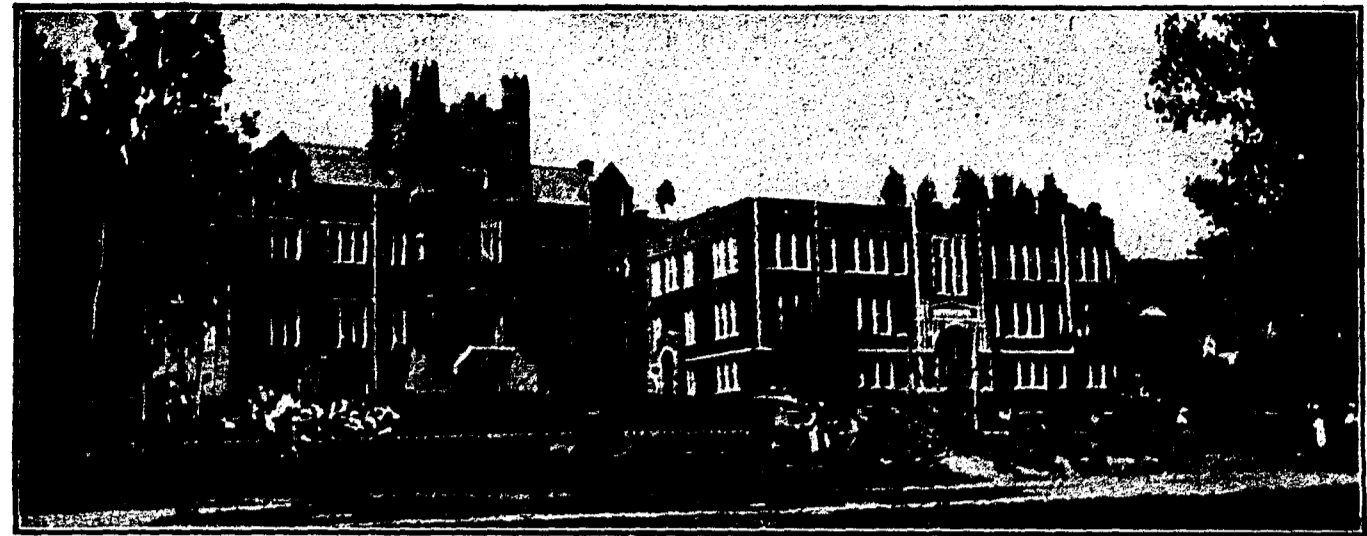
Mary L. Babcock Burch, daughter of Deacon William A., and Harriet Pelton Babcock, was born in Leonardsville, N. Y., September 17, 1847. She was married February 3, 1874, to Calvin H. Burch, who survives. She leaves also a sister, Mrs. M. H. Brown, of Leonardsville.

She united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Leonardsville, in 1866 during the ministry of Elder James Summerbell. Sister Burch has always been an active and conscientious Christian, and has served in a number of responsible positions. For many years she was secretary of the Women's Benevolent Society, and superintendent of the Home department of the Sabbath school.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. F. E. Peterson, on April 7, and interment made in the New Cemetery at Leonardsville. The high esteem in which she was held was attested by the many floral tributes that graced her casket. A good woman has gone to her eternal reward.

F. E. P.

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Soldiers say that shell-shock is produced only when they do not know when the shell is coming. If one hears the whine of the shell his nervous system prepares for the explosion. The Sabbath with its worship and with its call for the consideration of the things of the spirit, prepares the soul for the shell-shock of the week's experience in the work of life.

A PRAYER

"Give us thankful hearts today for thee, Lord Jesus—for thee, our choicest gift, our dearest guest.

"Let not our souls be busy inns that have no room for thee and thine, but quiet homes of prayer and praise where thou mayst find fit company; where the needful cares of life are wisely ordered and put away, and wide, sweet spaces kept for thee; where holy thoughts pass up and down, and fervent longings watch and wait for thy coming.

"So when thou comest again, Lord Jesus, mayst thou find all things ready, and thy servants waiting, not for a new master, but for one long loved and known."
—Amen.

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