

The Sabbath Recorder

The Revised Budget of the New Forward Movement

Participating Interest	Amount	Per cent
The Woman's Board.....	\$ 4,500.00	.0552
Sabbath School Board	2,900.00	.0368
Young People's Board	2,000.00	.0245
Georgetown Chapel	600.00	.0071
Boys' School Building in China	2,115.00	.0259
Girls' School Building in China	2,115.00	.0259
Missionary Society	17,790.00	.2182
Denominational Building	13,200.00	.1619
Tract Society	9,200.00	.1128
Ministerial Relief Fund	4,000.00	.0491
Historical Society	500.00	.0061
Theological Seminary	1,080.00	.0131
College Fund	10,500.00	.1288
Scholarships and Fellowships Fund ...	1,000.00	.0121
Supplementing Pastors' Salaries	2,500.00	.0305
General Conference	7,500.00	.0920
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	\$81,500.00	1.0000

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION, VERONA, N. Y., JUNE 14-17

HIS GARMENTS

God I have not seen
 Except in spirit:
 But his garments hung
 In the sky today,
 Patent to every one.

I knew they were his
 Because no human hand
 Could weave such fabrics—
 No mortal chemist
 Mix such dyes,
 In shades of gold and gray,
 Purple, rose and ivory.

Low they hung in the blue expanse
 When the rain was over
 And the sun had gone west
 To spend the night:
 And I knew,
 Though darkness gathered 'round,
 That God himself
 Was not far away.

—Lucie Gill Price.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 94, NO. 25

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 18, 1923

WHOLE NO. 4,085

**The Changeless
And the Changeable** We are often impressed with the variableness of fashions and with the changes that come in methods of thought and expression. Our changing world is full of variables that are only transient; but we must not allow these things to blind us to the *constants* that are all-abiding and that make life worth while.

From generation to generation the variable and changeable methods of living; the incidentals that surround the real substantial things of life; even the symbols of thought used to express and define men's ideals of God and of human relations, have had to be remodelled in order that ancient teachings can be understood and appreciated by men of any given age.

But these things are only the variables that change as necessity requires, in order that the invariable and changeless realities may not be lost sight of. The world would be the better if men would look beneath the variables and see the realities for which they only furnish the clothing. To see only the better is to miss the real thing. To fix all attention upon the clothing is to lose sight of the real man. To be all absorbed in the changing fashions or the amusements or the mere recreations of the world is to lose sight of the real and abiding life.

Far better would it be for us and for the generations to come, if those who are losing their footing in the shifting sands of life's changing and bewildering currents, in matters of religion as well as in other things, could find solid footing on the abiding rock of ages.

Then would we realize the changeless constancy of God's love and the compassion of a world's Redeemer. Then would love of home; parental affection; deep-seated patriotism; spontaneous admiration of noble deeds; natural and quick revulsion over any treachery, cruelty, or baseness be ever present in the heart of man. Then would man walk with God in conscious communion and enjoy companionship with his only begotten Son.

If we allow quarrelling theologians of ages past to clothe and define our Deity, and to express our ideals in language long since obsolete, if we cling to doctrines formulated by mere human councils of darker ages, we are likely to miss the real thing needed today.

**This Little Building
Was the Daytona Church** One of the places of much interest to us in Daytona was the little dwelling house on Magnolia Avenue, near the center of the city, which was once the Seventh Day Baptist meeting house, a "snapshot" of which is given here.



Daytona Church Building

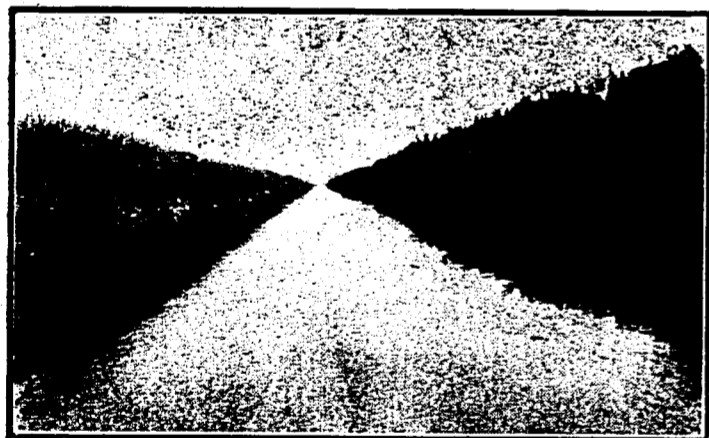
Close beside the church stands a larger building which was the parsonage some fifty years ago. Both buildings are now embowered in palmetto and oak trees, and almost hidden in Florida shrubbery. They would be of untold value to the little flock in Daytona if they still belonged to our people. Mr. Rogers, the original owner, evidently designed that they should; but by some oversight the deed was never recorded and the property went to the estate.

We remember of seeing a cut of this church when it was in use for services many years ago, taken during a visit by brethren Potter, Babcock and Hubbard. The burning of Mr. Rogers' ice plant, and the removals and death of members, have been severe blows to the little flock resulting in its disorganization as a church. The friends there are faithful, however, in their cottage meetings for Sabbath school.

Gliding Through Everglades Our readers will remember the story of the editor's visit to the Lake Okechobee country given in the RECORDER several weeks ago. Notwithstanding all the inconveniences of travel in that wilderness of the Everglades, sunny pictures of the scenery along its canals and waterways persist in coming to mind though months have intervened.

The last day of that trip was pleasant enough to give a charm to all the other days, and as the months go by, a spirit of warmth and sunshine pervades memory's lingering pictures of this land of the Seminoles, much of which is being redeemed from a wilderness of everglades to a veritable garden of fruits and grains and flowers.

From seven o'clock in the morning until nearly three in the afternoon our little motor mail boat purred its way through canal after canal, between black-soiled banks of vegetable mould, wonderful thickets of wild hyacinths, poinciana shrubs, and here and there rich garden lands surrounded by comfortable homes, until we found the fine asphalt road twenty-two miles from Miami. We saw enough of the splendid gardens and fields of grain to give some idea of the possibilities awaiting that country when the pioneer days of its sturdy settlers are over and their land is redeemed from the waters and subdued for service.



A Canal in the Everglades

We give our readers a little snapshot taken from the bow of our boat on one of the narrower canals.

There is "More Beyond" For many generations the Pillars of Hercules, at the Straits of Gibraltar, were regarded as earth's boundary line with "nothing more beyond" inscribed on the coins of the realm. Finally after years of discovery in which many new facts had been learned, the legend

on the coins was changed to, "More Beyond." New discoveries and careful investigation of facts had enlarged the world in the eyes of men until it was a much larger world than they had known in earlier days.

There was a time when the theory that the earth is a revolving ball was regarded as a *damning heresy*. Did not the Bible speak of the "ends of the earth"? And how could a revolving globe have *ends*? So science was supposed to be arrayed against the Bible!

God-fearing and devout people who study the truths of God revealed in the Bible, and who line up with the facts discovered in a study of his laws as revealed in the heavens and in the earth, can not be fighting a losing battle. It seems not only unwise, but fanatical, to class such men up with infidels.

The people who propose to expell all such students from the churches, will if they succeed, drive out the very best *practical Christian workers* of these times.

No one generation of men has been able to discover all truth. Each age has its limit. And no one is justified in thinking that there is nothing more beyond.

The grand truths of Christianity are not all in the distant past. In God's progressive work of his growing kingdom which at first was like a grain of mustard seed, there is always more beyond. New light, newly discovered truths, new ways of expressing kingdom problems, will be likely to come to future generations in proportion as God's people of today keep their hearts open to the Holy Spirit's leadings, and their eyes open to God's messages in his two books. Thus men may have all the laws of nature, the experience of history, and the promises of God working with them to lead them into the greater things which Christ promised should come. "He shall lead you into all truth."

Indeed, there will never be a time in the kingdom established by Jehovah and his Christ, when men can say, "There is nothing more beyond." The Holy Spirit is still leading men into all truth. There were truths in Christ's time which could not then be told because men were not able to receive them. His words: "Ye can not bear them now," were followed by the promise of the Spirit's guidance, and we suppose that promise still holds good.

Which Christianity Do You Admire? There is a Christianity of the lips that does not seem to take hold of the life enough to make it a living reality. On the other hand there is a kind that every one acknowledges to be a reality wherever it is seen. It is sad that so many who profess to be Christians come so far short of Christian living in reality, that no one who watches their lives would think they had been with Jesus.

In a certain business men's club one of its members made a speech in which he said: "Well, Christianity is a good thing to die by." Near by him sat another business man who, upon hearing the remark, winked at his neighbor and whispered: "That explains it. His Christianity is for dying, but not to live by."

Real Christianity is recognized wherever it is seen. It carries its message in the daily life of its possessor. The great need of our world today is more of the *real* thing which produces an atmosphere of love and shows itself in *service* rather than in quarrels over theories and doctrines.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE IN NORTH LOUP, NEB.

EDWIN J. BABCOCK

I

There is a charm about pioneer life. It is always full of hardships. It is also rich in incidents of interest. Many of these came to all early settlers. Very many more came to me due to my father's official position. My father was Eld. Oscar Babcock, a pastor of the church at Dakota, Wis., organizer and president of the colony, and first pastor and first postmaster at North Loup and in Valley County and in all this upper North Loup country. These positions and others of prominence that he held led to very many such incidents.

This is the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of our Seventh Day Baptist Church at North Loup, the first church of the county and of all this North Loup country, for many years the church home of all early settlers, First-day people as well as Seventh-day. On Thursday afternoon at Conference an historical program will be given. It is thought that a few preliminary items and a narration of some early incidents and anecdotes may further the interest

in Conference and in this historical session since nearly every church in our denomination was represented in this North Loup Church. As one of the remaining first settlers of 1872 I have been asked to furnish the RECORDER a few of these. They will be mostly personal incidents in my own and my father's life, but they will be characteristic of the experiences of all old settlers. I shall attempt no literary style or finish and will confine this preliminary item largely to a description of this new primitive country, as it appeared to me, a boy of twelve years of age as I now remember it. I had come from a small village and a thickly settled country where all the cultivated fields were enclosed with log fences. The houses and buildings were frame or log. There were no prairies. Nearly all the land had originally been covered by heavy forests of white oak, pine, tamarack and other large timber.

In the North Loup valley and in much of Nebraska all was strikingly different. As the first settlers forded Davis Creek and picked their way around and over the hills which at this point bordered the river and rounded the "Sugar Loaf" a vista of unexcelled loveliness opened before them. Here was a beautiful and fertile valley six miles wide, skirted by low hills or bluffs. In summer it was carpeted by green. But later when killing frosts had browned the green and prairie fires had burned the carpet of grass it was black and the charred blades of burned grass glistened like mirrors. Disagreeable and dread was the day when a strong wind or gale would pick up the fine ashes and seared blades and fill the air. This was known as a dust storm. It cut into the very flesh, filled one's ears, nose, eyes and clothing. So dense would be this cloud of ashes and grass cinders that it was blinding. No wonder the early explorers caught in such a dust storm reported the country a veritable Sahara Desert. Thanks to civilization these prairie fires and dust storms are now entirely a visitation of the past. Our children know them not, they have never seen one.

So, too, this North Loup country was in reality on the extreme border of civilization. When C. P. Rood, the leader of the first committee that spied out the land, and we early settlers climbed the "Sugar Loaf" and viewed the landscape o'er, all was virgin wilderness. Not a human being, not a

house, not a plowed furrow, not a road or fence met our view. Had the early settlers started north toward and through Canada, toward and over the Arctic Ocean, toward and into the great Pacific, to the borders of Mexico, he would not have seen any of these things, unless perchance some poor Indian. Yes, we were on the border land sure enough. The valley was almost as level as a house floor. As I stood on father's new claim on the present site of the town of North Loup waiting for him to stake off his new Dug Out only five trees or very small clumps of trees could be seen as far as the eye could reach. How different in this respect from my old Dakota home. How different from the North Loup of today, a veritable forest, the home of more birds on one forty acres than on any equal area in the State or in very many other States, a bird paradise as Rev. George B. Shaw and Dr. Burdick can testify.

Most of our early houses were either "Dug Outs" or sod. A very few were made of logs. None were frame. Mira Creek ran southeast through father's claim. Along its margin were flats about four and one-half feet lower than the regular plane of the valley. Near the center, just back of the present parsonage, was a draw or ravine of about the same depth running onto the flat and on into the creek. The north bank or side hill of this ravine was chosen as the site for our house, the first in the present town and later used as the first schoolhouse in this upper North Loup valley. It was a typical location. As it was made so were all the others. It was in this wise: Back about ten feet from the bottom of the ravine on the high land a hole was dug fourteen feet square and four and one-half feet deep. On the south side a door and passageway three feet wide was cut. On the same side a space about two feet square was leveled off, four boards were nailed into a square frame for a half sash, four-light window. Then the walls were raised about two feet higher by laying up willow logs. Another log was laid across the middle for a ridge pole. Then willow poles were laid from this ridge pole to each side wall for rafters. Across these rafters were laid small willows and on top of these long blue grass was spread. The side logs were covered the same. The dirt taken from the hole was then piled back against the side

logs and over the roof till all was completely covered. Not a vestige of anything could now be seen but a round smooth pile of earth and clay except on the door and window side. If a roof was desired to be extra good fresh sod was broken about three inches thick, cut into two-foot lengths and laid on top of the clay and enough more clay spread over the sod to fill well the cracks. The cash outlay for window, stove pipe, latch, nails and lumber for door and frames was \$2.78½.

In this dug out with no floor but mother earth, the president of the colony and first pastor and his family and the family of his brother, H. A. Babcock, afterwards prominent as sheriff, county clerk and auditor of public accounts, seven in all, lived the first winter. How we were buried for three days in the greatest "blizzard" which the West ever knew and how we were a few weeks later all drowned out like rats from a hole I will narrate in a future item.

It was while working on this dug out the first day after reaching North Loup that I found my first game. I had carried a new shot gun all the way from Wisconsin and had it with me that first morning. Toward noon John Sheldon, who was helping father with others, hailed me and said he had just seen a badger coming down the ravine. Grabbing my good gun to protect our workmen I hurried to a side depression a few rods up the ravine, cocked my gun and waited, lying flat upon my face for the badger to approach. The moment was tense. Wild animals were known to be fierce. Soon there came square upon me the Badger, sure enough. It was Miss Hettie Badger, daughter of Dr. Charles Badger, just from Milton with dainty dress and parasol, aristocratic as always in bearing, unmindful of her dire danger. Suffice it to say nerve failed the bold hunter and his quarry escape unscathed, but not so the brave hunter from the jests of the men for many a long day.

In going forward from year to year one of the secrets of a true life lies in cutting loose from the past. No year is good enough to be a standard for the one that comes after it. Each new year should be a step in the mountain climb, lifting our feet a little higher into clearer air and heavenlier atmosphere.—*J. R. Miller.*

THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT AND SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION

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

A FUTURE DENOMINATIONAL PROGRAM

In the issue of the SABBATH RECORDER for May 28 we published the findings of the Conference on Forward Movements held in Philadelphia in April. We felt that much that was contained in that report was worthy of our consideration as we look forward to the adoption of a new program at the Conference at North Loup.

The present Forward Movement period ends June 30, 1924. Two things must be carefully and prayerfully worked out at the coming sessions of Conference. (1) A very definite and well-defined objective must be decided upon for the last year of our Forward Movement. Much thought is being given to that matter at the present time. (2) With equal deliberation there must be presented and adopted a future program to take the place of the present one.

It will be helpful and suggestive and certainly interesting, to read the following items of a report made to the Northern Baptist Convention held at Atlantic City recently. These propositions do not come to us as something entirely new. The fact is, in almost every item they parallel the thinking of our own people as revealed in conversations and in conferences concerning our own future program. Rather than suggest something entirely new, therefore, they may serve to indicate the fact that we are perhaps thinking along right lines. Obviously not every recommendation is pertinent to our own case.

Following is the report:

1. The place and function of the local church should be emphasized anew. Promotion of its prosperity should be part of our united endeavor, and its verdict sought in determining denominational objectives.
2. A program of co-operation should be continued.
3. The co-operative plan should allow a larger measure of freedom to the participating organizations in the securing of funds.
4. While a comprehensive and far-reaching program of undertakings may be formu-

lated, financial objectives should be determined annually, and pledges regularly be for one year.

5. Budgets should be concreted, and indicate in separate classes askings for regular operating expenses, and for specifics. Askings should fall into three groups: The National Societies, State and City Missions, Schools and Colleges.

6. Churches and individuals should have entire freedom in the designation of their gifts.

7. Organization essential to effective co-operation ought to be maintained. The present organization should not be discarded, but modified as the experience of the past four years may suggest.

8. Schools and colleges, approved by the State conventions of the territory in which they are located, may be included in the co-operative program in the segregated budget.

GOVERNOR SMITH THINKS AGAIN

The signature of Governor Smith to the Mullan-Gage repeal bill will prove the most expensive autograph which has ever been acquired by the anti-prohibition forces in the United States. This is so inevitable that any one who feels inclined to make the statement may safely assume for once the omniscience of Mr. Whistler when he remarked, "I am not arguing, I am telling you." A correspondent to one of the New York papers asked, the other day, what was the difference between Mr. Smith and the men who occupied Harpers Ferry or fired on Fort Sumter. The principal difference is that the men of the Civil War era took their lives in their hands for their ideals. One of them, John Brown, actually gave his. Governor Smith took no such risk. There was no moment when he was driven to say to Tammany Hall, as Franklin said to congress, "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately." At the same time, the writer of the letter, who imagined he was putting up a sure defense for the governor, somehow completely shut his eyes to the pit into which his argument was bound to dump him. If there is no difference between Governor Smith and the men who seized Harpers Ferry or fired on Fort Sumter, then the governor is heading straight for civil war. It is just because every one knows that the action of the governor is not going to precipitate civil war that Al Smith is in no danger of a comparison with Robert Lee, and, because the risk he took was so different, that the pen with which he signed the repeal of the Mullan-

Gage act will never march with the soul of John Brown.

All the same, the situation which Mr. Smith has created is quite sufficiently difficult and dangerous. The governor has decided that a State is not compelled to support a federal law, which has not only been passed by an overwhelming number of States, but for which it has itself voted. This, from a purely legal point of view, may be true; but the least that is said about the decision, from a moral point of view, probably the better. As the student of history surveys the story of mankind's effort to progress and to improve itself, it may demand, What has the present age done to justify the labors of those great thinkers, reformers, and men of action, in the past, to lift it out of the depths of the stone age and the iron age into the coal age and the age of electricity; to substitute Fifth Avenue for the cave, freedom for the collar of the slave, and the "Leviathan" for the galley? History, it is to be imagined, will answer, These three things: first, the attempt to make the brotherhood of man less of a catch phrase, and more of a reality; second, the granting of equality to women; and, third, the passage of the prohibition act. To us today, the record may seem tame enough, to our grandfathers it would have seemed revolutionary. Fifty years ago, Stephen Decatur could still have swept an audience to its feet with the toast, "My country right or wrong"; fifty years ago, women's rights were still stupidly and vulgarly defined as "men's wrongs"; and fifty years ago a famous chancellor of the exchequer could declare, in London, that the country had drunk itself out of debt.

But "the moving finger writes," today the Palace of Peace stands, and the World Court sits, in The Hague; the civilized nations are fast extending suffrage to women; and the United States is under prohibition. Of all these changes, the most remarkable is the last. The human mind can more easily be persuaded into courses the ultimate consequences of which are obscure to it than into decisions the meanings of which are as plain as the nose on a man's face. There was nothing subtle about the prohibition act. It meant the end of John Barleycorn and the hiccoughing of Bacchus; it meant that the country was willing, in the interests of

the public good, for the sake of its weaker brethren, and in the cause of law and order, to sacrifice its appetites, and, with its eyes wide open, to pass an act of self-renunciation of a purely sensuous form of pleasure. But the prohibition victory was something more even than this. In it the United States lifted up a standard to the world, a standard to which the nations in time will all be forced to rally. Thus the passing of the prohibition act is, perhaps, the greatest triumph to which the country has ever risen. Wars may be victories over your neighbors: prohibition was a victory over itself.

It is this victory which Governor Smith is today all unconsciously striving to turn into defeat. He is taking the side of selfishness against unselfishness, and proving once again how many crimes can be committed in the name of liberty, Robespierre and St. Just, sending their victims to the guillotine, were assured with the conviction of doctrinaires that they were securing the liberties of France. Governor Smith is convinced that he is rescuing the liberties of the United States, and, in the struggle, his victims will go to the whiskey bottle, unless the federal authorities are strong enough and quick enough to rescue them. But the battle really was won the day the prohibition act went on the statute book. It will never come off again, not though the repealers rage, and the governor imagine a vain thing.—*Editorial from The International Interpreter, the world-wide news weekly, 268 West Fortieth Street, New York.*

PLENTY OF WORK IN DETROIT, MICH., FOR SEVENTH DAY SABBATH-KEEPERS

Certain of the first fifty letters of Detroit's Seventh Day Baptist Vocational Committee, sent out by secretaries May Bishop and Florence Rich, were answered by Detroit business people, and we have employment awaiting nearly a score, with full Sabbath time off. Carpenters, painters, bricklayers, chemists, dressmakers, plasterers and mechanics are applied for. There are 950 more letters to go out. Wages are good. Send in your names and qualifications immediately to Pastor R. B. St. Clair, 3446 Mack Avenue, Detroit, Mich., and you will be advised as to the exact situation.

R. B. ST. CLAIR.

ACTUAL CONDITIONS IN JAVA—SHOWING WHERE OUR INTERESTS REALLY ARE

DEAR BROTHER:

At the last meeting of the Council of our Seventh Day Baptist churches in Holland I was asked to write you this letter. So many things have changed lately, especially in Java, that the Council thought it advisable to give you a concise view of the actual situation. Will you be kind enough to communicate to the boards of the Missionary and Tract societies the contents of this letter and publish of this what you think right in the SABBATH RECORDER?

To explain for the changes in the work in Java we think it desirable to remember first how the situation was in the beginning of 1921.

There were then three little centers of Seventh Day Baptists in Java.

1. Pangoengsen. This refuge for indigent natives, founded by Sister Jansz is sufficiently known to every reader of the RECORDER. Her philanthropic work has been chiefly supported by gifts from Java people, occasionally, also by her friends in Holland. As to her gospel and church work, considered from our point of view as Seventh Day Baptists, it was principally supported by our Seventh Day Baptist friends in America, as it was agreed that the churches in Holland would send their gifts in behalf of the work at Gambong-Waloh.

2. Gambong Waloh. Gambong Waloh is a deserted coffee plantation, very isolated in the mountains. The grounds were granted years ago to Mr. John Van der Steur and intended for those boys of his big orphanage that could not be educated together with the other boys. This plan did not succeed and was given up. So when Sister Margaret Alt had left Pangoengsen Van der Steur willingly allowed Sister Alt to go there with the former feeble minded house-patients of his sister, Mrs. Graafstal, who had grown so weak and ill that everybody expected she would break down.

Under the good and loving care of Sister Alt the work of the feeble minded grew steadily in significance and the number of patients increased year by year. In her houses of charity were admitted separately native and European patients. Gradually Cornelia Slagter and Clara Keil, both diplomated nurses, and Brother Vizjak came to help her, after they had embraced the Lord's

Sabbath and had been baptized. So, as well at Pangoengsen as at Gambong Waloh, the Lord's Sabbath was honored, and regular meetings were held. Sister Jansz and Sister Alt both were well acquainted with the native language and led the services. They also loved to evangelize in the neighboring villages. The converted natives were baptized and some of them went into the neighboring villages to spread the gospel there. At Pangoengsen a native teacher was appointed who led the services in the absence of Sister Jansz.

The third center of Seventh Day Baptists in Java was the family of Brother Graafstal at Temanggoeng. Mrs. Graafstal has always been a loyal member of our church from early childhood. Their eldest son has just been baptized. A Christlike spirit is ruling in their family.

Such was the condition at the beginning of 1921.

The government, perfectly aware of the great significance of this work for feeble minded and other helpless people at Gambong Waloh, was inclined to support it by grants and to subsidize the building of new premises, which was very much needed, but the government judged the spot too isolated and building there, far in the mountains, too expensive. So the government required that they be removed to a more accessible place. Sister Alt, however, did not want to leave her native Christians. So in the early part of November, 1921, the European patients were removed at Temanggoeng where new premises had been occupied. Sister Keil took care of the female patients with the help of Paula Dellen (who had meanwhile joined the church), Brother Vizjak cared for the men. So there are six European Seventh Day Baptist members now at Temanggoeng. Three of them (Keil, Dellen and Vizjak) have their modest wages from the government, in view of their work for the feeble minded.

Brother Graafstal keeps a vanilla plantation, but they have always some unfortunate children in their home to care for.

Cornelia Slagter had stayed with Sister Alt to help her, but in the course of last year she received an urgent call from Sister Jansz to come over to Pangoengsen, to take over her work there, as she was no longer able to bear the stress of it.

Sister Slagter willingly lent her ear to

this calling as Pangoengsen had been her original destination when in 1906 she had been ordained for missionary work by my father.

Sister Jansz left Pangoengsen, and went to her family at Wonosobo, to find rest there. She took with her from Pangoengsen five native orphans and also a young man, a former employee at a sugar plantation, as she was convinced she had to be a mother for him. The philanthropic work at Pangoengsen has been continued as before under the management of Cornelia Slagter.

The government official there is quite contented and Brother Vizjak, who went to Pangoengsen recently, found there were no complaints among the people. A great pity, however, is, that Sister Slagter does not understand the difficult native language and will probably not be able to learn it.

On the Sabbath the native teacher leads the services. There is a prayer meeting on Sabbath eve, and the morning services are attended by about one hundred fifty people. In week time the teacher goes to see the people and to evangelize in the neighboring villages.

Sister Slagter wrote us recently: "The Lord makes everything well above all that we ask or think." We have not lacked anything. I took over the cash in June last, F. 195,90, and at December last there was at hand F. 84,48, though December had been a very expensive month as all people are used to getting new clothes then. At the departure of Sister Jansz there were one hundred seventy-five persons of which sixty were unable to work; at the end of the year there were one hundred eighty-nine, of whom sixty-four was incapable to work (ill, blind or helpless for other reason).

Sister Slagter is continually praying and longing for a helper, who may assist her in the spiritual leading of the work and who has a natural talent to learn the Javanese language. The present solution we consider as a *temporary* one, hoping there will be found a new helper there.

The government grants \$20.00 a month, three sugar mills each \$2.00 a month. The other income of Pangoengsen consists of voluntary contributions from the Java people. The gifts of our people here are used for the spiritual work. The general system is that the natives live on the products of the soil.

As the work at Temanggoeng has been supported by the government lately (it is quite uncertain if this will be continued as the government is economizing at every side) the Council here decided that the support of our churches in Holland will be reserved for Panggoengsen only. We asked advice of our friends at Temanggoeng and are sending our monthly contributions there that they may use them as they think best *in mutual agreement with Sister Slagter*.

We regret not to have been able to send more than \$20.00 a month owing to the needs of the work in Holland itself. This amount is to be partly used for the salary of the native teacher. We should be very glad if it would be possible to increase our support as it is very much needed.

As to the work at Gambong Waloh you know how deeply we were grieved by the sad news that soon after Cornelia Slagter had started for Pangoengsen, Sister Alt left the Sabbath. She seems to feel at home with a body of so-called Pentecost Brethren. She joined with them in Sunday-keeping and by her example led the native Christians in the same way. The Pentecost people sent a new help to her, a Danish sister. They are evangelizing now all around Gambong Waloh. Our people do not doubt the sincerity of Sister Alt's character and pray that the time may come that she see how much she erred in preferring Sunday above the Lord's Sabbath. All continue to love her.

I am sorry I must finish now, but soon I hope to write you more.

With fraternal greetings,
Yours in Christ,
G. VELTHUYSEN.

*Amsterdam, Holland,
April 2, 1923.*

"And after these things he went forth, and saw a publican named Levi sitting at the receipt of custom; and he said unto him, Follow me! And he left all, rose up, and followed him" (Luke 5:27, 28).

Not everybody was thus called on to leave the ordinary business of life. Christian character involves the willingness to answer such a call as this. The self-denial involved in it is sharply obvious. Only the loftiest motives can sustain men in such self-sacrifice.—*Harry Emerson Fosdick*.

MISSIONS

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

GOOD INTEREST IN OUR MISSIONARY WORK AT THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION

The interest in missions at the Eastern Association last week was good. The presence of Rev. H. Eugene Davis, who is home from China on a furlough, helped create a deeper interest in all missionary work. His address during the Missionary hour stirred our hearts and the exhibit of Chinese articles which he brought with him attracted much attention. He has promised the address for this department of the SABBATH RECORDER and it will doubtless appear next week.

THE PASTOR AND THE MISSIONARY

Very much depends on the support the missionary or pastor receives. It is the writer's conviction based on observation, his own experience and the promises of Christ that the industrious consecrated minister will bring results in due time in spite of adverse circumstances; but the support he receives has very much to do with the results, and it is possible that opposition of certain forms may entirely destroy his work. In this case he has done his duty and others are to blame. Those who oppose or hinder Christian workers assume very grave responsibilities. People oftentimes do this thoughtlessly or they may do it malignantly, but the result is the same. Christ experienced this in his work and ministers, whether pastors or missionaries have experienced the same. It is not true that "every man worthy a following will get every one to follow," as is sometimes asserted.

The Christian minister is not perfect and is sure to make mistakes the same as other people, but the best results will come where all support his leadership and overlook his imperfections. It is expected that a pastor or missionary formulate plans for the work. If his plans are at all tenable, they should be adopted, though others think some other way better. If his plans are not good they should be turned down, but if his plans are adopted all should support them.

Adverse criticism, particularly when behind the minister's back as it generally is, is worse than open opposition, its effects being more baneful. It is destructive and many times cruel. The minister's Sabbath morning sermon may not always charm or even help us, but the fault may be ours instead of his. Doubtless it has helped some one; and if it has helped another, we ought to be big enough and Christlike enough to approve instead of criticising it.

An editorial in the *Watchman-Examiner*, March 29, 1923, said some wise things on this subject. It is as follows:

The infelicities of the pastoral relationship are so frequently dwelt on in the public prints, and ministers themselves so inadvertently expose its seamy side, that it is wholesome to remember that scattered over the land are thousands of self-denying ministers who are glad to put up with narrow circumstances, with want of appreciation and of choice companionship, for the sake of ministering to the spiritual welfare of their congregations and of the community. Next to a mother's affection for her children and her devotion to their highest good, there is no devotion more deep and sincere than that of a true pastor for his flock. Paul could write to the Philippjans, "God is my witness, how I long after you all in the tender mercies of Christ Jesus." Many a Christian minister daily enters into sympathy with that declaration, and bears his congregation upon his heart as a precious care.

It is remarkable with what enthusiasm a congregation can be enlisted in promoting some social or philanthropic enterprise, but in the work of evangelizing the community, of soul-saving, and of deepening spiritual life the minister is too often left alone. The impression seems to be that these things are his exclusive work. He is paid to do them. If he can secure the co-operation of the members of the church, so much the better. Unfortunately, not all ministers are remarkable men. Nothing is more foolish than to quote the careers of men like Spurgeon and Moody as examples of what all ministers could accomplish. Spurgeon and Moody are singularly endowed. Men of quite as great spiritual attainments do not have their peculiar combination of qualities. The ministry is made up of men who are far above the average in natural endowments, but they are not all geniuses, even in the matter of eliciting the spiritual forces of their congregations. They are largely dependent upon the sympathy and co-operation of their people.

We have this word of counsel to the members of our churches: Your minister is probably a man who supremely desires the welfare of his people. He has the heart of a true pastor. Nothing with him is so central as the conversion of men and the edification of the church. He may not always manifest this

desire in the happiest ways. Sometimes he may rebuke when he should encourage; sometimes he may be timid when he should be brave. He is not a Solomon in wisdom or a Daniel or a Joseph in tact. But he is a good man with his heart set upon the best things. Believe this and act upon it. Show that you want to help toward making your church a spiritual power in the community. Come to the prayer meeting more gladly than to a social meeting or to a church bazaar. Give of your spiritual energies as well as of your money. Stand beside him, and counsel with him, and show that you are in earnest about making your church efficient in the best and holiest things.

We know something of the inner life of our pastors. We know what good, true, self-sacrificing men of God they are. We know how deeply they enter into the prayer of Paul for the Philippians. Let our church members strive to co-operate with this noble desire of their ministers, and they will be surprised to see how the whole life of their congregations respond as the earth responds to the sunshine and the rain.

WHAT NEED HAS THE WORLD FOR THE SABBATH FOR WHICH OUR DENOMINATION STANDS?

RALPH COON

(Read in the Christian Endeavor Meeting at Riverside, Cal.)

I am going to consider this question from the point of view of the Christian. Of course, all of the world needs Christ. When Christ is found why does the Christian need the Sabbath of God? God knows man needs the Sabbath. Jesus tells us the Sabbath was made for man. God knew man would need it and that should be enough for us. But like a little child we want to know why our Parent wants us to do this. May I suggest three reasons why I believe our Father thinks Christians today need the Sabbath?

First: We need to get away from the world. Jesus wants us to be "in the world" but not "of the world." Paul says: "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." God sees that it is next to impossible for a man to be in the world all of the time and not become conformed to it. He has given us a Sabbath which is not of the world but is sanctified and made holy by his own word. If it is to be a time we get away from the world it must be time set apart from the world by God, not by man. The modern attitude toward Sunday shows very well the result of trying to substitute

the man-appointed day. The modern idea is that Sunday is the one day in which man can do as he pleases. He can satisfy his worldly desires. This tendency is shown in the churches as well as everywhere else. This surely is not a sanctified day.

The second reason I think Christians need the Sabbath is that they need to submit to God. The trouble with the world is, men are trying to reform it, each in his own way. We need to come close to God in prayer and Bible study to find his way. If we do not submit to his Sabbath plan, we are holding out against him in one important thing. I do not believe we can get the blessing of complete submission unless we submit to his Sabbath plan also.

Third: If Christians realized the necessity of bearing crosses for Christ their lives would be more fruitful for him. And he said: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me can not be my disciple" (Luke 14:27). Try to think of the crosses Christians as a whole are bearing for the Master. There are not many are there when compared with those borne by the early disciples? Are there no sacrifices he would have us make? I think there are. One is the sacrificing of our worldly lives enough to observe his Sabbath. "If any man cometh after me and hateth not his own father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple" (Luke 14:26). The Christian who goes against home and family and friends to keep the Sabbath, has something intensely real in his religious life. Every one knows it, especially the Christian himself. Oh, so many need just such a radical change in their lives to make their religion real. If all Christians would accept the Sabbath think what changes in other lines of Christian work would result from such consecration.

In closing let me point out that those of us who have always kept the Sabbath need to look to ourselves. It is no cross for us if just our closest friends know about it. Let us be proud to tell others about our Christ and his Sabbath. Let it first mean just what it should to us. If we do not take this attitude we are in many ways no better than the First-day Christians who are merely doing as they were brought up to do.

ANNUAL PASSOVER SERVICES OF THE CHURCH OF GOD AND SAINTS OF CHRIST

ELD. R. B. ST. CLAIR

Deacon M. B. Beers and the writer attended, upon pressing invitation of Bishop Grove and Evangelist Isaiah Wilson, of the Church of God and Saints of Christ, the annual Passover Services of that people at Cleveland, Ohio, April 15, 1923. We both regretted that it was practically impossible for us to remain longer as the exercises were most interesting and the welcome all that could be desired. Deacon Beers desiring to visit his mother at Meadville, Pa., necessitated our leaving Cleveland early on the morning of April 16, breakfasting at the Disciple College town of Hiram, Ohio; dining near Niles, Ohio, where we hoped to meet a lone Sabbath-keeper and a subscriber of *The Voice*, and having our evening meal in the beautifully situated town of Conneaut Lake, Pa. We arrived at Meadville in due time, found the deacon's mother and aunt in good health, and left the following afternoon for Jackson Center, Ohio, expecting there to meet some of our dear Seventh Day Baptist people. We arrived at Jackson Center, Ohio, (after passing near to a Jackson Center, Pa.) but, unfortunately, neither of these was the Jackson Center of Seventh Day Baptist fame, both of them being located full two hundred miles east of Dr. Tickner's parish. We had supper at a Jackson Center home and reached Akron, Ohio, where we stopped over night. The next night we reached Detroit safely. We had been much interested in the college town of Oberlin, through which we passed on our east-bound trip, as we recalled the days of the famous Finney, also the days of the "Underground Railways" in which our own Jonathan Allen took such an interest, and at this particular point too, withstanding the Southern slave-holders from regaining their run-away slaves.

But we must not forget the Passover Services. The Founder of the Church of God and Saints of Christ instituted annual Passover Services to be held each April, beginning upon the fourteenth day of the month. Two good-sized halls were hired at Cleveland for the 1923 Passover and promptly on time the exercises began. Both halls were well filled. At the first one we

visited Bishop J. M. Grove of Manitou, Colo., was in charge. Bishop Grove is known to quite a number of our people, having been present at, and addressing the 1922 Northwestern Association on the principles for which his church stood. He has also addressed the Detroit Church and has been mentioned in the RECORDER a number of times. Bishop Abel S. Dickerson, of 2560 Vera Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Bishop John W. Dickerson, of 73 Plane Street, Newark, N. J., brothers in the Lord and in the flesh, also, were in charge of the other meeting.

We were invited to address the meetings in both halls and gladly did so, conveying the very best wishes of the old Seventh Day Baptist Church to the new Church of God and Saints of Christ. Altogether in both halls, there were upwards of five hundred delegates present, exclusive of visitors. The services in each hall Sunday night (the evening of the Second Day) began with the singing of "I Love Thy Church, O God," and this was rendered with such a holy enthusiasm as to leave no doubt but that the love was there in overflowing quantities. Testimony meetings quickly followed in both halls, and the only coaxing necessary was to keep too many from speaking. The discourses were very informing and decidedly pointed. No one had to guess what the speakers meant. There was no mincing of words. In Bishop Grove's meeting to which we returned after leaving that of the Bishops Dickerson, a most extraordinary scene took place at the later end of the service. The people certainly did praise the Lord with might and main. Never will we forget their happy faces as they walked, leaped, jumped and shouted hosannas to their Mighty Deliverer. The Children of the Lord, especially strict commandment-keeping children, as are the Church of God and Saints of Christ, have a right to shout and sing, and they certainly claimed that right on Sunday night, April 15.

For seven days and seven nights, the Church of God and Saints of Christ eat unleavened bread, and they seem to have a good time doing it. Their members are well disciplined; and as singers, they can not be excelled. No color line is drawn in their church, although the large majority of the members have African blood in their

veins. Bishop Grove is a white man, while Bishops Dickerson are colored. But to children of God, *this* makes no difference. God gave his Son for all. John 3:16, and as ministers of the altars of his church, we invite all for whom he died, else we shun to declare the whole counsel of God, and are unworthy of a place in the ambassadorial ranks of the King of all the earth and the Savior of mankind. This was the spirit in which we were received, and this is the spirit in which we receive others. We are thankful that our new Manual emphasizes "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of *All Men*." Our editors had the right idea.

It may interest our readers to know that the thousands of Church of God and Saints of Christ throughout the land spend nearly the entire Sabbath in their respective places of worship. Beginning on Sabbath evening, then again early on Sabbath morning and continuing until sunset, the sacred hours are spent in various exercises of religion. The time does not seem to drag upon the hands of these zealous people. They are all at it, and always at it, to use the words of the late John Wesley. They are instant in season and out of season, to use the words of the apostle. Let us go and do likewise!

We hope that Bishop Dickerson, of Newark, who resides so near to the publishing plant of our people, will meet our brethren some time in the not distant future.

Although bearing similar name, the Church of God and Saints of Christ is altogether a distinct body from the Seventh Day Baptist Church of God, with headquarters at Stanberry, Mo., and of which much has been said in the RECORDER.

"He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me" (Matthew 10:38).

The only meaning the disciples could attach to these words was from what they had often seen when an evildoer who had been sentenced to death by the cross was led out, bearing his cross, to the place of execution. In bearing the cross he acknowledged the sentence of death that was on him. And so Christ would have his disciples bear his cross, the sentence of death upon himself and his evil carnal nature.—*Andrew Murray*.

NEW LONDON IN THE PAST

MISS MARION WILLIAMS

(This is the fifth and last of the series of articles on Verona Seventh Day Baptist church and its vicinity, most of which were prepared for the sessions of the Young People's Club.)

New London, Oneida County, N. Y., was incorporated as a village in 1848 and is the only incorporated village in the township of Verona. Its limits are one half square mile. It was settled by Ambrose Jones who built the first building in 1824 which was located nearly on the ground now occupied by the Derrick Hotel.

New London owes its origin and a period of prosperity to the construction of the Erie canal, although at present it is in a rather dilapidated condition. It was at one time one of the most thrifty industrial and commercial villages along the line of the Erie canal.

Canal boat building, lumbering and shipping of freight were its principal industries. It was also the center of an extensive lumber and agricultural district.

Prior to the building of the Rome and Watertown railroad large quantities of freight destined for the northern counties were shipped here by canal and distributed by teams over a plank road which connected with Rome and Oswego plank roads.

There were two warehouses, three large general merchandise stores, several grocery stores, three hotels, four blacksmith shops, two wagon shops, four boot and shoemakers, one steam saw mill, two doctors, one lawyer, Odd Fellows and Masonic lodges, two school districts and two churches.

The business places were mostly built near the canal and where possible fronting both canal and streets which run parallel with it.

Wilson S. Bissel, postmaster general under President Grover Cleveland's first term, and Judge Herbert Bissel, justice of Supreme Court of Erie County, were born and spent their childhood days in this village. Judge Joseph D. Senn, of Oneida, was born on a farm adjoining the village. Many more who have achieved prominence and success claim their original home was in New London.

This little village which was at one time so promising and prosperous is situated about one and one-half mile from the Seventh Day Baptist church of Verona, N. Y.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

ACTIVITIES OF THE DORCAS SOCIETY OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH OF RIVERSIDE, CAL.

MRS. R. H. HOUSTON

(Paper read in the Woman's Hour at the Pacific Coast Association)

The Dorcas Society took its name from Acts 9:36. Our aim is to be full of good works and alms-deeds as was Dorcas. We have an enrolment of twenty-two although during the winter months our attendance is often larger. We are always glad to welcome these winter tourists and appreciate their help even though they do not usually care to enroll for so short a time.

On the third Wednesday of the month the ladies meet at one of the various homes for an all-day meeting. Except for a short time taken in the afternoon for the monthly business meeting this day is spent in sewing. A big per cent of the sewing is for the poor and needy. The Bible tells us the poor we shall always have with us and we are glad to be of service to any who come to our notice. One little motherless girl has been clothed for two years almost entirely by our ladies.

However we have some pay work, which, with our 10 cents per month dues, enables us to contribute to several worthy causes beside paying our own local expenses.

About a year ago we enjoyed having Sister Robinson with us for a few months before she left for South America. She gave us several interesting talks relating to the mission work in the South. We were glad to use one of our work meetings in helping her with her sewing before she left and also presented her with towels and bed linen of which she needed to lay in a supply before leaving. From time to time we have had letters from her which have been read at our meetings with much interest. A plan by which some one of the ladies sends a letter to the Robinsons once a month keeps them in touch with us.

On the fourth Tuesday of each month we take lunch and spend the day at the

Settlement House. Our work there is cutting and preparing garments for the sewing classes. Perhaps in passing, I should explain some about these classes. Four classes a week are held. One is a white woman's class and the rest are Mexican. Different ladies from the city volunteer their services in teaching these classes. Some of our ladies have helped at this. We have two representatives from our society on the Settlement Association Board which keeps in touch with the work.

The Red Cross shop is taken over for the month of July by the Settlement Association and the Dorcas ladies have contributed very liberally toward it. In June two all-day meetings were held to make garments and other articles for this sale, beside considerable being done by individuals in their homes. We turned in over one hundred fifty articles. Several of these were new. All garments which were not new were sent in, in perfect repair and freshly laundered. This appealed very much to the ladies in charge of the shop. In fact they remarked that the Dorcas Society ladies were their best supporters. We were glad to have a part in raising the \$618.00 which was netted from the shop that month.

In February we observed the day of prayer for missions, carrying out the program printed in the SABBATH RECORDER.

Our president, Mrs. P. B. Hurley, represented the Dorcas Society at the Interdenominational Woman's Missionary meeting held in Riverside in March. At Christmas time the ladies made up a box of food for a poor family. This is just a brief account of our activities and I'll leave it to you to judge as to whether we are justified in calling ourselves the Dorcas Society.

HOW WOMEN MAY HELP THE CHURCH PROGRESS

MISS ADELL SHUNK

(Read in the Woman's Hour at the Pacific Coast Association, Riverside, Cal.)

To truly progress we must keep a high moral and spiritual plane and increase our membership. We may increase our membership by adding new truth seekers to our numbers and training the children of the church to become its future pillars.

How can we interest those outside the church? This we must do by consistent Christian living. It was my pleasure to

see a neighbor of a dear Seventh Day Baptist friend of mine come to her to ask of her, her creed. This woman wanted to know the secret of this sweet tranquil life so manifestly full of the "Peace that passeth all understanding." This experience should be the rule, not the exception. If our lives are fully consecrated we can but be "different" to a degree that will attract attention. A sin-sick world will take cognizance of this fact.

In regard to the church's progress we must not be blind to the fact that we must have a full knowledge of the latest developments of science and politics. Without a knowledge of history there is much of the Bible that we could not understand and conversely without the prophecies we could not fathom present-day conditions.

Modern methods of teaching have changed entirely in the past twenty years. As women we are called on to teach not only in the Sabbath school but constantly in the home. For this reason it is our duty to know all that has been learned by experts about the child mind and child training. This is often considered for public school teachers only. Our Sabbath-school methods must be up to date if we expect to hold the interest of the young—the church of the future.

We can help solve the financial problems of the church. No doubt you smile and nod for it is a well-known fact that through woman's efforts a good share of our church funds are raised. But I do not mean that we are to furnish the money. We must teach the young that the Lord requires a tithe of our incomes for his work. If we could help raise up a church that would tithe no "Forward Movement Fund" would be necessary. We would be so far ahead financially that we would be compelled to increase the ministers' salaries and send more missionaries to foreign fields. The best way to interest others in tithing is by example. The Lord has promised to prosper those who tithe and he is not slack concerning his promises. We should not tithe for the material rewards but it is an unanswerable argument for those who say they can not afford to tithe.

A good friend of mine said we should take the "Lowly Jesus" with us when we go shopping. Then with the thought of the needs for his work in mind, we could

not spend our money foolishly. If we spend our money wisely we could give much more than a tithe to the Lord.

THE QUEST OF THE INDIAN GIRL

The Indian girl had sought long for the blue flower of happiness. Many a long day she searched for the rare blossom and often at night she dreamed of almost finding it. She seemed to catch a glimpse of it in the distance, yet was never quite able to touch it, nor to hold it in her own hands.

One day as she searched she saw through the bushes of the roadside the soft blue of some lovely blossom. Eagerly she tore aside the thorns and briars and picked the little blue flower. She held it close to her breast so that the soft fragrance came up to her and she almost cried aloud for joy. But when she looked more closely at the soft, dull blue of the outer petals she knew it was not the blue flower, but only the humble gentian of sweetness and patience. Slowly she made her way back through those briars and thorns of irritability but though she was not satisfied, yet she carried proudly that little gentian—the symbol of patient sweetness. She folded it into the soft whiteness of her kerchief that she might keep it with her all the day.

Further she searched for happiness, and after many weary steps climbed over the fence of snobbishness and hasty judgment and clapped her hands in pure joy to find a flower as blue as the ocean itself—a blue bell. She knew it was not the flower of happiness, yet it stood for sincerity and fairness, and she loved its graceful loveliness. She shook it softly and laughed to herself when she heard the little bells ringing like fairy music, sweet and clear.

On she went, still looking for that blue flower of happiness of which she had so often heard—she must find it somehow, if she were to know life at its fullest and best. At last she came to an open meadow where her feet almost tripped in the long grass of laziness. Very slowly she crossed the field until all at once she saw a flower of such radiant blue that her heart stopped still. With an eager cry she ran to it and plucking it quickly, looked deep into its open heart. It was only the common corn flower, yet so blue was it that she kept it as she had the others, and it seemed to speak to her of a love of the out-of-doors, of eagerness to

know life, of a happy willingness to do tasks, hard or dull.

She climbed a queer old stile over the hedge of ignorance and prejudice and came upon a real fairy garden. Yet she searched long through the beds of phlox and mignonette and nodding roses for one blue flower. At last in a sheltered corner she found a cluster of forget-me-nots, as dainty and alluring as heart could wish. She knelt questioningly before them—could it be that here were the blue flowers of happiness? They meant sweet courtesies and thoughtfulness for others—and that was enough to make them precious. So she took them, too, but still she had not found the flower she sought.

Beyond the garden an uncared-for field stretched away to the forest—surely not a happy place to search for her blue flower! Yet she must not pass by any place—who knew what might grow even there? So on she went, across unkempt acres, through weeds of selfishness to the dusty highway and there, close beside the road shone up a flower as blue as if a bit of the sky had fallen there by mistake. Very gently she uprooted it and held it in her hand thinking and smiling to herself. For she who sought the blue flower of happiness had plucked the dust flower of humility and self-forgetfulness.

She kept them all—the gentian, the blue-bell, the cornflower, the forget-me-not and the humble little dust flower. All were sweet and blue and each had its message for her heart, yet not one was the flower she had heard of and often dreamed of.

She was very weary, so when her tired feet led her to the shady wood she lay down upon the soft moss and slept.

In her dreams she saw a beautiful castle with the soft light of sunset upon its gray towers and a quiet hush on its gardens and encircling moat. Then the rosy light seemed to shine full upon the great door which opened slowly, and from the castle came a beautiful maiden all in soft garments of white and gold. In one hand she carried a great basket overflowing with blue flowers, and as she came nearer she beckoned the Indian girl to come and meet her. Very gladly the Indian girl came toward her, feasting her eyes on the wonderful color of the flowers in that basket—a blue deeper than that of the ocean, clearer than that of the skies. Suddenly in her dream she remem-

bered how she had been searching far for the blue flower of happiness and even before she reached the Dream Maiden she called to her.

"Have you the Blue Flower of Happiness?" she cried, and waited almost in fear for the answer.

But the eyes of the Dream Maiden looked sweetly back at her. "Yes, and I am bringing it to you!"

Very swiftly the Indian girl ran now and gathered the basket of glorious color in her arms and hid her face in its soft fragrance. How wonderful to have the Flower for her very own!

But when she raised her face she saw a whimsical smile on the face of the Dream Maiden and when she looked down again at the basket of flowers she saw that it was no strange blue flower at all but just a great armload of all the different blue flowers which she had known before. The gentian was there, and the bluebell and cornflower and forget-me-not—the very flowers that she had found before—even to the quiet little dust flower.

She lifted a puzzled face to the Dream Maiden.

"I don't understand," she said.

"No," answered the Dream Maiden, "but some day you will. Happiness is not one big, unusual, surprising thing. It is made up of all the sweet and common joys you have always known. It is only having the different ones together that gives this vivid and wonderful hue to my basket of flowers. But take them—for you have searched well."

A soft breeze blew through the forests and the Indian girl awoke to find herself near a dusty highway, a bunch of faded flowers in her lap—and in her heart the unfading flower of happiness.

THE SEARCH FOR THE BLUE FLOWERS OF HAPPINESS (A Study of the Letter of James)

As the Indian girl passes thru:—

1. The thorns and briars of irritability: James 1: 26-27; James 3: 5-8.
2. The fence of snobbishness and clique of spirit: James 2: 1-9; James 3: 18; James 4: 11; James 5: 9.
3. The long grass of laziness: James 1: 22; James 4: 17.
4. The hedge of ignorance and prejudice: James 1: 5; James 3: 17.
5. The weeds of selfishness: James 1: 21; James 2: 14-17; James 4: 8.

may she find:—

1. The gentian of sweetness and patience: James 1: 1-4; James 1: 19.

2. The bluebell of sincerity and fairness: James 3: 10; James 3: 17; James 5: 16.

3. The corn-flower of love of the out-of-doors and eagerness to find the best in life: James 1: 17.

4. The forget-me-not of thoughtfulness and courtesy: James 1: 27; James 3: 13.

5. The dust flower of humility and self-forgetfulness: James 4: 6; James 4: 10; James 5: 7-8: 10.

THE SCHOOLS OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

CHARLES F. SAUNDERS

After the people of any community have been sheltered, clothed and fed, there should be no greater problem to work out than the proper education of the children. Here we may ask, What shall be the standard or model from which we should work?

The late Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court said that "Christianity was part and parcel of our law." Quoting Ex-President Woodrow Wilson when a college president: "Education has always yielded its best fruit when associated with religion." These statements agree with such other leaders in education as President Dwight, formerly of Yale University, President W. O. Thompson of the Ohio State University, and Dr. Robert E. Speer for Foreign Missions.

Then comes the question, Are the schools of today being taught after the plan of those recognized leaders of education? It has been stated that there are 15,000,000 school children in the United States who have had no religious training. This shows that too few of them have been properly brought up. Is there no ground for national peril in this view?

How has it happened that we as a people are in this run-down condition? There are many reasons given. Certain thoughtful men who have at heart the welfare of our nation, have named some of them:

The church is honey-combed with the dry rot of rationalism. This disease in the pulpit has led to worldliness in the pew.

Schools have prospered materially but at a loss of their spirituality.

There are 21,000 dying churches in the country, whose down grade has been helped by the higher critics chipping away the "Rock of Ages."

Jealousy among the different creeds in the work of salvation.

Too many man-made plans and too little reliance on the Holy Ghost whom the Father

will send in Christ's name to teach all things.

Is it not true that so many people having gone the broad way and so few the narrow, accounts for the moral laxity in their down grade into the Laodicean age prophesied in Revelation? It is a little strange that where the two ways had been so plainly disclosed so few would see the triumph at the end. We must think the world is tired and for that reason it stumbles into the easiest path. Even in St. Paul's time the slide down had begun. "For the mystery of iniquity doth already work." "This is that spirit of anti-christ whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already it is in the world." Surely something should be done to save a larger number from the broad way.

What about the schools of tomorrow? Can we not begin with the children? Temperance taught in the public schools for the past fifty years helped grandly in the great strike for prohibition. Can not something be done? Many people wish religion taught again in the public schools. Theodore G. Soares has said, "Only a revival of religion can save us from the dangers that beset civilization. This revival must begin with the children in kindergartens, in sunny rooms, under religious leaders." The Bible was taken out of the public schools years ago, but note the Catholic plan of church schools to hold the children true to their creed up to their tenth year. Would such a plan for our children help build up our church? The old church of Westerly, R. I., in 1810 was said to have eleven hundred members. At the present time it does not seem to be growing. A little is being done in summer vacation church schools, but this is not enough.

"How shall I teach thy sacred word

To children dear, O Lord?

How train young soldiers of the cross

To wield the Spirit's sword?"

Teach Bible stories which contain some of the purest specimens of art, whether ancient or modern. Such stories as "The Prodigal Son" and the idyllic story of "Ruth" are models for modern art in stories. The children should be taught to see the principle of God's law and his love and care for those who keep the commandments. What we need most from the Bible are the living springs of water, not the dry desert places.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY SEMIANNUAL MEETING MICHIGAN SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCHES

The Michigan Seventh Day Baptists, in semiannual session assembled, express their deep regret at the death of Elder Alonzo T. Jones, an Independent Sabbath-keeping minister, editor of the *American Sentinel*, and an eminent Sabbath reformer, who passed away in Battle Creek, Mich., Sabbath morning, May 12, 1923, and extend to the members of his family and to his relatives and associates our sincere sympathy and prayers.

We commend to the attention of our brethren in Michigan and elsewhere, the opportunity of establishing industries in which Sabbath-keepers may find employment and urge that all of our churches appoint vocational committees which shall canvass their vicinities, ascertaining places of employment open to Sabbath-keeping Christians.

We urge upon our people a more aggressive policy in the work of the Gospel and Sabbath of Christ, suggesting that every available channel for the extension of the truth be used, and used frequently.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church has always stood for the liberty of both body and soul. Many years prior to the American Civil War, our people, through associational and Conference meetings, began to agitate for the freedom of the enslaved colored people in the southern portion of the United States. During the Civil War, many of our members made the supreme sacrifice, and immediately after that dread conflict, we took a strong position in favor of the education of the Freedmen. We still stand for the highest degree and freedom, and sincerely deplore the manifestations of racial prejudice, mob violence and unfair discrimination all too plainly evident in our country today.

As Michigan Seventh Day Baptists, we renew our allegiance to the Biblical and scientific teaching affirming the essential oneness of the human race. We promise more widely to proclaim the great truths of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of all men, and we call upon our members, and also upon the constituted authorities of this State and of its various counties, cities and other municipalities effectually to discourage any theatrical or other exhibition making for racial hatred, such as the unex-

purgated edition of "The Birth of a Nation," and to promote in every way better racial relationships.

We respectfully point out to the Legislature of the State of Michigan that while certain laws of the State of Michigan were enacted for the purpose of exempting from prosecution for laboring on the first day of the week, those who observe another day of the week as holy time, the said sections do not give them protection which it was doubtless intended to give them.

Those who are known as "Seventh Day people" observe as holy time the twenty-four hours commencing at sunset Friday and terminating at sunset Saturday, while the "seventh day of the week," of the Michigan statutes, extends from midnight Friday until midnight Saturday. The hours after sunset on Saturday, the "Seventh Day people" do not sanctify, therefore in not observing the entire day as defined in the statutes, are not entitled to the exemption provided in said statutes.

The Michigan Legislature is hereby respectfully petitioned to so amend the said sections of the statutes to provide that those who observe holy time from sunset Friday until sunset Saturday be exempted from prosecution for labor performed on the first day of the week, and if for any reason "sunset time" can not be recognized, we suggest that the hours from 5.00 p. m. Friday until 5.00 p. m. Saturday, Central Standard time, be substituted, as the hour closest to sunset throughout the year. We would, however, much prefer the sunset hour, and as sunset time does not vary more than eight minutes from the extreme eastern to the extreme western boundaries of the State, and is independent of "fast" time, or "slow" time, it would, in our opinion, be preferable to the other plan suggested.

It is the sense of this meeting that the federal, state and county officials be encouraged to strictly enforce all laws dealing with the prohibition of the illicit traffic in intoxicating liquors.

It is recommended that we hold a business session of the Michigan semiannual meeting at 4.30 p. m., Sixth Day, September 21, 1923, in Battle Creek, Mich.

R. B. ST. CLAIR,

Chairman, Committee on Petitions
and Resolutions.

Battle Creek, Mich.,
May 13, 1923.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD

REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
July 7, 1923

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Brotherhood means good will (Num. 12:1-13)

Monday—Love (1 John 4:15-21)

Tuesday—Service (Mark 2:1-12)

Wednesday—Peace (Isa. 65:17-25)

Thursday—Toleration (1 Pet. 4:8)

Friday—Co-operation (Exod. 17:8-16)

Sabbath Day—Topic, What does Christian brotherhood mean? (1 John 3:10-24) (A peace meeting)

The New Testament has much to say about the Kingdom of God. Jesus' teaching largely centers around this great theme. The heart of the Kingdom of God is found in brotherhood. Dr. Shailer Matthews in his *Christian Sociology* speaks of the Kingdom of God as "An ideal social order in which the relation of men to God is that of sons, and to each other as that of brothers." The time is past, when the idea of brotherhood is confined to our own yard. "All ye are brethren."

One of the finest examples of the spirit of brotherhood is found in the loyal service of the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and other civilian organizations during the war. Before America was drawn into the war, Dr. John R. Mott, while in Russia organizing for brotherhood service, received a plea from France for Y. M. C. A. aid in her Foyer du soldat. So sure of the American spirit was Dr. Mott that without consulting his Central Committee, he wired immediately, "America will do anything for France." Millions of money, thousands of men and immense quantities of all kinds of supplies were lavished to make good that promise of America's brotherly feeling. A most unselfish, self-sacrificing, unspectacular service was rendered.

When Jesus declared for the supreme love of God on the part of man, he forestalled any mere sentimentalism by tying that love up in a practical application of

"thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," making the brotherhood of Christianity the most practical religion in the world.

SUGGESTIONS

A five-minute talk on "Brotherhood in the Army," by a Legion man.

Two-minute talks on "My Buddy"; "Brotherhood among my Fellow Workmen"; "Brotherhood in our Schools"; "Brotherhood in the Sabbath school class."

Emphasize the great secret of brotherhood. Matt. 22:37-39.

Jesus was interested not in empty and futile religious talk but in "those emotions and professions which could get themselves translated into character and action."

Dodge Center, Minn.

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

Christian brotherhood is based on two things—love and co-operation. We must first have the love of Christ in our hearts, and this will enable us to love our brother for he loved every one, whether Jew or Gentile. We must not regard the foreigner as a "dago," a "chink," or a "sheeny," but as our brother for he is just as precious in the sight of God as we. This love for each other will help us forget our differences, and work together for the welfare of mankind. Thus there will be a spirit of co-operation among us. This is what the world in its chaotic condition today, needs more than anything else. Let us do our part in accomplishing this great task.

DID YOU READ THE MAY RECORDERS?

See if you can answer these questions:

1. What is the truth regarding the Russian relief situation?
2. Who is pastor of the Chicago Church? Of the White Cloud Church?
3. Who is soon to become pastor at Lost Creek?
4. What has a pastor a right to expect from a church?
5. What reasons does Mrs. Wardner give for lack of numerical growth among Seventh Day Baptists?
6. What is one of the greatest needs of the Georgetown Church?
7. Why is a "RECORDER Drive" necessary?

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST AND THE PRACTICABILITY OF HIS TEACHINGS

The majority of Protestant churches accept the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ; that he was the Son of God, that by virtue of his miraculous birth, as attested by the record of the four Gospels, and Christ's own testimony, he was God manifest in the flesh; that to him was imparted the Divine power to work miracles. Being thus of Divine parentage his teachings have been accepted by the Christian Church as of Divine authority, and its membership are supposed to live in conformity therewith.

The Protestant churches with some of the fundamental truths taught by Christ have been in accord, but on many points a wide difference of opinion and belief has always prevailed, hence the various denominations that exist. While the various denominations profess to accept *all* of Christ's teachings, yet there are some of his teachings they practically reject, declaring that they are impracticable and contrary to reason and common sense. The command to love your enemies, not to resist evil, whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; if any man sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also, etc.; "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy, but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them, which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven," etc.; also, Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, etc.; take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor for your body, what ye shall put on, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you; therefore take no thought for the morrow, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; and many other truths of a like nature Christ taught, the Christian Church seems to regard as impracticable. The church and the world at large from time immemorial have proceeded upon the principle that might makes right, hence conquest and greed have ruled in the hearts and conduct of men. Nations have risen against nation and kingdom against kingdom, war and

bloodshed have existed all down through the ages; the great principles of love and good-will to men have been lost sight of until all the great nations are armed to the teeth, prepared to defend themselves against their enemies. The old doctrine, in time of peace prepare for war, still prevails and consequently wars will continue. The golden era foretold by the prophet Isaiah, when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, when nations shall learn war no more, has no visible signs of being realized. As long as selfishness and love of money rule in the hearts and consciences of mankind wars will never cease.

*Mystic, Conn.,
May 20, 1923.*

G.

READINESS IN SERVICE

When Queen Victoria was a middle-aged woman she took great pleasure in going unknown through the streets of the village of Windsor.

On one such occasion, during a shower, she stepped into a peasant's cottage and asked the loan of an umbrella.

The peasant woman looked at the queen doubtfully. At last she said, "I have two umbrellas, one an old shabby one, and my Sunday umbrella. I shall give you the shabby one, for I never expect to see it again."

The next day a messenger wearing the royal livery brought back the shabby umbrella, with a handsome present in money.

The peasant woman was appalled. "Oh, sir, who was it borrowed my umbrella?"

"Madam, it was your queen."

"Oh, my queen, my queen, would I had known! I would gladly have given my best."

Her wailings were all in vain; she never had the opportunity again to do a personal favor to the queen.

Our King is daily calling upon us for the use of our talents and means. How do we respond?—*The King's Business.*

The year's at the spring!
And day's at the morn!
The lark's on the wing!
The snail's on the thorn!
God's in his heaven:
All's right with the world.—*Browning.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

A CRICKET

A cricket gay, went forth, one day,
To see the world so big,
He met a fly, and said, "Good-by,"
Then danced a merry jig;
And then a worm, which, with a squirm,
Inquired, "Why such haste?"
The cricket heard, but not a word
On worms, he cared to waste.
So on he strode, though rough the road,
And met a tortoise, slow,
Which passed him by with half-shut eye,
And drawled, "Why hurry so?"
He saw a cow, which bawled, "Where now?"
And scared him 'most to death;
The cricket then ran home again,
But cried, "I've lost my breath."

—Contributed—A. S. M.

THE GLUED WIG

Rena and Howard looked as though they had stepped right from the heart of a big valentine. They were going to a party and were dressed in old-fashioned costumes. Rena had on a lovely silk dress with a wide frilly skirt, and she wore a white wig of pretty curls on her head.

Howard was dressed very fine, too, for he had big silver buckles on his slippers, and rippy lace at the cuffs of his velvet suit. He, too, wore a powdered wig, and had a three-cornered hat.

Rena and Howard put on their wraps and started down the village street. They talked of the fun they were going to have, but when they came to the little town stores, Howard grew quiet.

"Oh, let's go in and show Petro, the wig-maker, how we look in our old-fashioned clothes, and how well our wigs fit," exclaimed Rena.

"No, we must hurry. We might be late to the party," said Howard. And as he passed the wig-maker's little shop, he pulled his three-cornered hat as far down over his wig as he could and, turning his head away, hurried passed the shop.

"Why, what is the trouble, Howard?" asked Rena.

"Nothing," answered her brother.

Rena felt sure that there was something

wrong, but soon she forgot it, for they had arrived in the house where the party was to be held.

When the party began, there were all manner of wonderful games and a big valentine box where everybody received valentines. Then there was a lovely valentine lunch, with cakes and ice cream and candies, all made heart shape. While they ate, the guests laughed and talked and told stories, all except Howard. He kept very quiet, for he had a strange feeling. He had gotten very warm playing games, and now he felt a queer trickle, trickle on his forehead. He went on eating a lovely little cake, and the strange trickle, trickle started from his forehead down onto his nose.

Howard looked about him as he slipped quietly from the table to get his dainty silk handkerchief that went with his velvet suit. No one seemed to notice him. He hurried to wipe his forehead, but soon the little kerchief was rolled into a sticky ball and his hands daubed up and his face very red and confused looking.

"What is the trouble, Howard?" asked Rena, for she noticed how queerly he acted.

"There is nothing the matter," insisted Howard, "that is, nothing much except—glue."

"Glue! Where did you get into any glue?" asked Rena.

"You see," said Howard in a very small voice, "it is from my wig. I glued it on the way Petro puts his dolls' wigs on."

How everybody did laugh! That is, everybody except Howard.

Later, when Rena and Howard were going home, Rena asked, "Why did you fasten your wig on with glue?"

"I thought that was the way to do," confessed Howard. "I didn't ask Petro anything about it, as I didn't rent mine the way the rest of you did. I just borrowed it."

"Did Petro say you needn't pay him any coins to take the wig?"

"You see," Howard tried to explain, "Petro was telling us a story, and I borrowed it when he wasn't looking."

"Oh, how terrible!" cried Rena. "So that's why you wouldn't stop to show Petro how nice our suits looked. Why, that's almost like stealing, even if you are going to take the wig back."

Howard hung his head. It hadn't seemed so bad when he took the wig, but now he

could see how wrong it was to borrow something without asking permission.

It was cold out of doors, and when the brother and sister reached home, the wig wouldn't come off Howard's head. What a terrible time they did have. Rena pulled on the wig, and Howard's own hair stood straight up. Finally they had to soak the wig off with warm water.

The wig was damaged; so Howard had to use the money he had saved to pay Petro for the spoiled wig.

The next year there was another nice valentine party, this time at the home of Rena and Howard. Everybody wore pretty wigs, but not a single wig was fastened on with glue like a doll's wig.—*Dew Drops.*

HOW THEY DO IT IN RUSSIA

In the receiving station of a Red Cross hospital in France, orderlies were "checking in" arriving wounded men. A Russian boy, upon being asked for his address handed the attendant a long slip of paper, bearing several lines written in Russian.

The orderly was baffled.

"Do you call this your address? Where do you live, anyway?"

Calling another Russian boy, who could speak English, the orderly was informed that the direction, half a page long, actually was the address of the wounded man. Many towns in Russia have no street and number system, and a man describes the location of his place of residence in some such house-that-Jack-built manner as this.

"Back of the cowshed, adjoining the mill on the left bank of the stream which runs past Mr. So-and-So's farm on the outskirts of the village of N—."—*Exchange.*

THE HARD THING FIRST

"Let's wash dishes the very first thing," suggested Laura.

"Oh, do you like to do dishes? I don't," replied Betty.

"I don't like to very much," said Laura with a laugh. "That's why I want to do them first. I always do the hard things first. We'll get the drudgery out of the way, as grandma says, then we can have our fun."

"I like this way," smiled Betty, when they sat down with their dolls. "Those dishes were like a game when we went at them first. I always used to leave my hard thing till

the last. Dishes get harder to wash when you wait. Besides, you keep thinking about them. That spoils half the good time of the play. I mean to do my hard thing first after this."

Laura and Betty have found the wise way. Do your hard thing the very first minute you can. Then it will not spoil your joy in anything else. You can do it easier, too, while you are fresh, and you will know that you have earned a good time by doing your work first.—*Dew Drops.*

WHAT TO DO ON SABBATH AFTERNOON

"Mother," asked Rose, "isn't this a good time to work on our scrap books? It is so rainy we can't go out."

"I think so, dear. Get your box and begin right away."

(For full direction refer to the SABBATH RECORDER for April 16, 1923.)

LITTLE PRAYERS

Upward float the little prayers,
Day by day;
Little prayers for little cares,
In work or play.
Every moment brings its trial
Or its pleasure;
Little prayers for self-denial
Yield rich treasure.

—*Children's Friend.*

WHEN MAISIE AND LELA WERE PATTERNS

Maisie Dean was so happy that bright Sabbath. She had had a letter the day before from grandmother, saying that she would be with them next week and besides, Maisie had a new dress to wear to Sabbath school—a dainty white organdie with a sash like peach-blossoms.

She ran out to call her special chum, Lela Burton, who lived across the street.

"Hoo-hoo!"

"Hoo-hoo!" came back the answer from the open door, and there came running out something that made Maisie stare. She looked down at herself and then at the little girl who was staring as hard at her.

"Whyee. It's just like seeing yourself in a looking glass!" cried Maisie, and both little girls broke into happy laughter, for there stood Lela, white organdie, fluffy ruffles, peach-blossom sash and all!

Lela's mamma peeped out of the door and waved to Maisie's mother on the porch.

"We thought you'd enjoy being twins," she told the little girls, "so we made your dresses just alike."

"Oh, have you got a hat with peach-blossoms on it, Leli-delie?"

"Yes, sir, I have, Maisie-daisie! Let's run and put them on."

When they got to Sabbath school, the new minister was there. They had never seen him. He came around to the class to speak to everybody.

"And whose twins are you?" he asked them.

The little girls beamed and giggled with glee as they told him the joke—that they were only near-twins.

"Well, you're each just the pattern of the other!" he laughed as he went on.

"I'm your pattern and you're mine," said Lela, just in fun; but a little bit after, the words set her to thinking. A new little girl came into the class and Lela watched her chum offer her a seat next to her and show her the memory verse. Then Maisie turned and said prettily, "Lela, this is a new member, Lassie Johnson. Lassie, Lela is my best friend and the best scholar in our class."

Lela shook hands and murmured that she was glad. She wondered how Maisie could introduce people so easily. It always embarrassed her.

Then she thought, "But if she's a pattern for me, I must try to be like her."

So when Sabbath school was over, she brought her cousin Celia and introduced her. Really it wasn't so very awful to say:

"This is my cousin Celia, Lassie. She wants to get acquainted with you."

When the near twins parted at Maisie's door, Lela said, "I'll be over after dinner, Maisie. I'll know my memory verse by that time."

Maisie went on in and instead of stopping to play with the kitten she went to daddy's library and studied too. Lela always learned her lesson and verse for next Sabbath that way, so she never had to say, "Oh, I forgot!"

"If Lela is my pattern, it's going to be a regular job to keep up with her," she said, "but I can try."

So in school she did her work promptly instead of waiting till the last minute and wrote her spelling as neatly as Lela always did.

Day by day the two "patterns" copied each other.

One day they were "letting the old cat die" in the big swing behind the wistaria arbor, and their two mothers came out to look at a new rose.

"I declare," said Mrs. Burton, "I'm so glad we got those twin dresses! It seems to have made Lela more like Maisie—so thoughtful and polite."

"Why!" cried Mrs. Dean in glad surprise, "I was thinking that very same thing—only that it had made Maisie more like Lela! She is getting A's in all her school work and is really studying her Sabbath-school lesson."

"O'ho!" cried Maisie and laughed merrily at the surprise of the two mothers, who had not seen the children in the swing.

"We're patterns—don't you know it?" laughed Lela and she told them what Mr. Benson had said.

The mothers laughed, too, but Mrs. Dean looked very much in earnest when she said:

"It's just lovely to have a good pattern to go by and I think it's just as lovely to be a good pattern to somebody else; so you little patterns ought to be twice happy.—*The Little Ones.*"

AND WHY NOT

One of our tiny little Seventh Day Baptists living in Battle Creek, recently noticed her grandmother combing out her hair switch. After watching the operation for a minute or two, she remarked, "Well, that is the way to do it! Take off your hair to comb it and then it will not pull; if it does get pulled, it wont holler."

GENEROSITY

"Don, did you give Bessie the best part of that apple, as you were told?"

"Yes, I gave her the seeds. She can plant them and have the whole orchard."—*School Century.*

A DEFINITION

Little Nell—"What's a widower?"

Little Bess—"Why, a widower is the husband of a widow, I suppose."

Pat—"Say, Mike, I almost sold by shoes yesterday."

Mike—"How did you do that?"

Pat—"Had them half-soled."

IT ALL AGREES SO WELL

A social evening was being held by the young people. As one of the games of the evening, a number of odd shaped blank cards were placed on a table, and the young people around the table were told to fit these together to make an object familiar to all.

Novel to most of the players, but neither very new nor very difficult, the game seemed hard enough to them until suddenly a former Illinosian fancied he saw in one card the familiar shape of his native State. In a moment Missouri and Iowa were discovered on another card, then California and Oregon, the great lakes, with Wisconsin and Michigan; and soon a complete map of the United States had been laid out on the table.

The map bore no printing to show that it was a map of the United States, yet no one had the faintest doubt that a map of the country it really was. The parts fitted perfectly together, and the result was absolutely convincing.

Some of our religious beliefs are like this puzzle map after it had been put together. For example, our belief that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. When we look at our belief in Jesus as God's Son, we see that its parts fit so perfectly into one another that there can be absolutely no doubt about the total; the net result for us in an invincible proof of the deity of Jesus.

Jesus himself said that he is the Son of God. His followers believed that he was God's Son, and they said so. Jesus' actions before his death were exactly what we should expect of a Son of God, and his resurrection and deeds between this event and his ascension only went farther to prove it. In other words, what Jesus said, and what he did, both alike and both together prove for all Christians that Jesus Christ is God's only begotten Son, the divine Savior of the world.

If any one could pick a flaw in the character of Christ, he might possibly persuade some of us that maybe Jesus is not God's Son. But as things are—as the Bible is, as Christian history is, as we are and as Christ himself is—we refuse to have a doubt. The words and life of Jesus form a perfect pattern, and this pattern for us all is a complete proof that Jesus is the Son of God.—*The Continent, by permission.*

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS NON-PARTISAN ASSOCIATION

The League of Nations Non-Partisan Association of which former Justice John H. Clarke of the United States Supreme Court and former Attorney General George W. Wickersham are presiding officers, has organized a Committee on Churches of which Dr. Charles S. Macfarland is chairman.

The committee plans to submit to the entire clergy of the United States in printed form a statement of the basis, aims and achievements of the League of Nations in an effort to enlist the aid of the church forces in developing an independent, non-partisan cultivation of public opinion on that very important subject—a public opinion which will "induce the present Administration, or if not this, the next one, to enter the League of Nations on such terms as to such Administration may seem wise, provided only that they be consistent with our Constitution and consonant with the dignity and honor, the moral responsibility and power of our Republic."

The statement issued by the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association points out that, in view of the advance of the means of destruction of life and property in war, the preservation of liberty and civilization requires that corresponding advance be made in governmental co-operation designed to make an end of war, and that some league, or union, or association of nations is the only form of international organization yet proposed that is adequate to accomplish this end.

The committee consists of prominent churchmen throughout the country, among them being: Rev. James L. Barton, Rabbi Edward N. Calisch, Rev. Charles F. Carter, Bishop James Cannon, Jr., Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, Rev. William Pierson Merrill, Rev. Lewis S. Mudge, Rev. R. C. Reed, Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, Bishop Luther B. Wilson, and about seventy-five other representative church officials and pastors.

ALL'S RIGHT

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails,
I will believe the Hand which never fails,
From seeming evil, worketh good for me.

—*Writer Unknown*

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

LETTER FROM A LONE SABBATH KEEPER IN THE SOUTH TO ONE IN THE NORTH

DEAR FRIEND:

You asked me about unleavened bread for communion services. As a child I do not remember seeing any but unleavened bread made of wheat flour used in any church where my parents communed, either before or after becoming Seventh Day Baptists. After I was married and living with my mother-in-law, I saw her making leavened bread to be used at the communion service to be held at the Presbyterian church the next Sunday. She was asked to do it because she was skilled in making the "light loaf" good enough for communion bread, and though not the wife of a deacon or an elder, she continued to make it. So after I went to live at her house, I saw her often making "light" bread for Presbyterian communion.

From the time I saw the making of that first "light loaf" after my marriage, the question of the right kind of bread for communion became an interesting one to me, and after moving back to a place nearer my father's home, I asked him about the right kind of bread to be used for communion. He said he believed unleavened bread made of wheat flour was the only scriptural kind, because that was the kind used by our Savior at the institution of communion. That answer was not entirely satisfactory to me and I asked my uncle, who was a pastor, and he said that the kind of bread was a matter of indifference to him, because there was no written command calling for any special kind of bread, and I have never yet been able to find any such command. I believe every institution God requires men to obey is plainly stated. If God had intended Sunday to be the day of rest, he would have made a plain statement of it in his Word, for he has declared, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets." This declaration in Amos 3:7 completely knocks the false foundation from under every institution borrowed from paganism, Roman Catholicism or other source outside the Bible. It effectually removes obligation

from such institutions as Christmas, Easter and Hallowe'en, which draw away our young people from God's holy institutions. They lead back through Roman Catholicism to the abominations of pagan mysticism, and blind our eyes to the spiritual glory of God's kingdom, by the deceptions of necromancy, palmistry, spiritism, and every species of fortune telling known to gypsy bands.

If Christ had considered the date of his earthly birth worthy of commemoration, it would have been perfectly easy for him to have made it known to the writers of the New Testament. And Easter can not be found in the Greek New Testament. Where it occurs in the English it is a mistranslation of the word pascha.

Can you take time to look up in the Hebrew the word for enlarge in Gen. 9:27, and Deut. 12:20, and let me know if it is the same word. Also which do you think is the right translation, for Gen. 9:27, enlarge or persuade as in the margin?

By the last of April I expect to be back again in my old home, so address me there next time you write.

As ever,

YOUR FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.

A REPLY FROM THE NORTH

Your narrative of your own experience in the observance of making of communion bread is very interesting. The expression "light loaf" is a term not habitually much used here; we say "raised bread." From my own study of the subject of Easter and communion, I agree with you that the observances which come to us through Roman Catholicism are leading us back to paganism; but as to the right kind of bread to use at the passover service, I must confess my idea is more in line with your father's than with your uncle's. The New Testament makes not explicit command about the kind of bread to be used, as you say; but by comparing scriptural things in the Old Testament with scriptural things in the New, I believe the kind of bread is plainly indicated. Acts 13:42 does not explicitly say the Seventh Day Sabbath, but by comparing spiritual things with spiritual you and I both know which day is meant. And I believe, on similar evidences, that when Jesus took bread and blessed and brake, and

then said, "This do in remembrance of me," it was unleavened bread.

Now for your inquiry about Japheth. It is not the same Hebrew word translated "enlarge" in both Gen. 9:27 and Deut. 12:20. The one used in the last reference is the more frequent word, occurring in Ex. 34:24; Deut. 19:8; Ps. 119:32; Amos 1:13. The one used in the former reference is from the same Hebrew root as the name Japheth. The verb "enlarge" from this root occurs only twice in the Old Testament, in Gen. 9:27, referring to Japheth, and in Prov. 24:28. In referring to Japheth, it is an attachment of special significance to the man's name, as often occurred in the making of Hebrew proper names. The prophecy that God should enlarge Japheth, has been proven true, for the descendants of that family have possessed an extended border. Prov. 24:28, the other reference containing this Hebrew word, has a deeper meaning given it, when one knows the meaning of the original word. This word is translated deceive in the authorized version, but it has the fuller, deeper meaning of open wide in the Hebrew, giving us very sound advice against open-wide-lips when there is temptation to utter false things about our neighbors.

Do you recall in my last letter I mentioned a paragraph in a recent farm paper deploring the operation of roadside home markets on Sunday in a certain locality in the middle west? I sent a few leaflets on the Sabbath question to the editor of that paper, and wrote a short letter mentioning that it is perfectly legitimate and not Sabbath-breaking for Seventh Day people to operate Sunday roadside markets. It was gratifying to receive a very courteous reply saying the editor was glad to hear all side of the Sabbath question.

The public is at present very tolerant toward Sabbath-keepers, and this roadside market way of selling things is an open door for a good living for any one who can raise anything for sale. I do not mean setting butter, eggs or fruit out to spoil in the heat or cold; but putting out a sign every day except Sabbath, telling what one has for sale, and keeping the products in a place where they will *taste good* when sold. There is an oft-repeated saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and sometimes I think the way to reach the

spiritual life of humanity is nearly the same route. If a worker for the spiritual uplift of humanity can place on the market a healthful, creditable food-stuff, his religious belief will acquire respect. But if such a worker is improvident in essentials, extravagant in non-essentials, and careless of God's laws of health, tracts and talk on religious subjects will carry little weight. Truly we are living epistles, known and read by our contemporaries.

Well, we rejoice at the departure of winter, not presumptuously, as there are a few drifts left here, yet, and for a month more snow is likely to fall unexpectedly; but we may rejoice prayerfully and praisefully, because God's promise concerning recurring seasons are true and faithful. One of our neighbors said in February, "This has been a winter that set every one's nerves on edge." I suppose in every community there have been persons of this type, nervous, fretted, irritable, because the elements prevented their doing as they planned this winter. In the same communities have been cheerful, happy souls who cheerfully endured what prevailed, finding useful occupation indoors while inclement weather lasted, admitting that perhaps the Lord knew civilization was getting into too much of a rush. So he sent those persistent penetrating winds and soft billowy drifts to remind us our little globe is but an infinitesimal part of the universe, and that it is as presumptuous for human beings to rebel at the weather as it would be for an ant to fret because a human foot obstructed its plans.

I must bring this letter to a close, hoping you are not unprotected from this keen north wind. I feel quite sure you will not wait as long as I have before replying to

YOUR FRIEND IN THE NORTH.

We may have the Holy Spirit, and yet not be filled with all his fulness in all the circumstances, conditions and seasons of our life. Literally it is, "Be being filled." It is an attitude, a habit, a contact continuous, perennial, like the exercise of breathing, like the circulation of the blood, like the oil that flowed automatically from the two living olive trees into the lamps of the Lord, and kept them ever burning and shining.—*A. B. Simpson.*

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

ONE THING

REV. HAROLD R. CRANDALL

(Sermon preached at the Eastern Association)

Text: "This one thing I do" (Phil. 3: 13).

The theme of our association, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord," suggested to me this text and theme, "One thing," the dominating purpose of life, the main business, if you please.

Paul's life, to express it mildly, was a strenuous one. As Saul the Pharisee he was very busy going from place to place persecuting the followers of Jesus, and doing his best to put an end to the teachings of the lowly Nazarene. The dominating purpose of his life was to destroy this peculiar and hated sect which was of such lowly origin, and whose preachers and leaders were from the unlearned class. (And we find in the world today business men, politicians,—even religious leaders, who seek to build up themselves, their business or their organization by tearing down others rather than by strictly constructive work.) But can we blame Saul so much when we consider that he was a victim of the narrow teachings of Judaism, considering himself of the chosen and peculiarly blessed people who looked to their rabbis for every word concerning him whom they considered exclusively their God; believing that none should teach religion but the rabbis? And the other people round about had their various sects and cults which were even more exclusive than Judaism; regarding the blessings and privileges of their religion as for the initiated only Saul could not see that Christianity was an outgrowth of Judaism. It was hard for Saul to see any good in Christianity, which unlike other religions revealed truths to all. Even the poorest and slaves might aspire to its every blessing and privilege. It was a startling thing to note this radical departure from the customs of the day. But Christianity was a channel for truth which superseded Judaism, and it will continue to be a channel for truth as long as the earth shall stand. Saul experienced a startling revelation of truth and from that time on Paul, with the

zeal and enthusiasm of Saul for one thing, pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. His zeal for one thing was not changed, but it was directed in right lines.

Paul had been taught what the rabbis knew about God, but he had a revelation of God which could never have come to him from any human source. Some there are today who think that all we know or can know about God, he himself revealed many centuries ago. Others believe that we are learning more about him every day and that sooner or later a knowledge of him will fill the earth as the waters fill the seas and that this knowledge of him is coming, as it always has come, by the illumination of the human understanding.

Jesus told Martha that one thing was needful and Mary had chosen that good part. Martha's service was in temporal things while Mary was getting the eternal truths which shall endure. Should not service and worship combine for the single purpose of God's kingdom?

There was the rich young man who came to Jesus, seemingly anxious to do the one right thing and seeking his advice, and the Master advised him to sell all that he had and give to the poor. It was not that the young man needed poverty, but unity of life. His affections were divided between religion and his riches. No man can serve two masters. The young man had to rid himself of that which interfered with his duty toward God and his fellow-men. His life had to be dominated by the single purpose.

Recall, if you please, the story of the prodigal son. Here was a young man whose interests in life were divided. No doubt he wavered between filial duty and self interests with the inclination toward selfishness, and selfishness won out and held sway for a time—until he had learned his lesson, and had drunk the dregs of bitterness until he came to himself—until the dormant spark of manhood was fanned into flame, and he resolved, "I will arise and go to my father, I'll confess my wrong doing and seek a lowly place of service with him whom I have wronged. I'll do everything I can to make right the wrongs I have done." When his life was dominated by the one thing he found peace and joy and satisfaction and abundant welcome to the home he had de-

serted and realized as never before the affection of the father which had never grown cold.

The Bible, especially the New Testament, is the "book of the one thing." All its interests are incidental to the one thing, the revelation of himself that God has given in Jesus Christ. How hard it was for man to understand the character of God. It seemed impossible for them, yes, it was impossible for them to realize his fatherly love and individual interest until he revealed himself in and through Christ. Religious ideals and ethical standards were raised higher and higher as the years and centuries passed by until perfection was reached in the life and teachings of Jesus. When we wish to show God to man we lift up Jesus, his sinless life, his perfect ideals, his limitless love,—the highest characteristics we can imagine and say, "God is most like that." His love reaches every individual, his care extends even to the sparrows.

For Jesus' life was one thing—the kingdom of God. His one purpose was that men might let the kingdom of God begin in the heart like the seed in the good ground, like the leaven in the meal. All that he hears tells of God; all that he sees is a revelation of God. Life is never right for anybody until it becomes one thing. Regardless of what one's occupation may be, his supreme purpose, his single aim, the one thing that dominates his life should be to try to spread the kingdom of God. Will Hays says, "Religion is the one essential industry of the world."

The religious life is a life of daily service to men, lived in a personal relationship with a personal God. Such a life has its difficulties, but they are healthy ones, and its rewards are above all computation. It is not narrow, but broad; not gloomy, but supremely happy. It forbids no really good thing, even in this world, while developing as they can be developed in no other way, the soul's capacities for eternal happiness in that life for which our brief adventure here is but a training and a preparation.

There are those today, as there have been in the past, who insist that God alone is conducting the affairs of the world, and that man is only a puppet. There are those today, more of them perhaps than in the past, who insist that man alone is conducting the affairs of the world, and that God

is only a dream. But the truth is that everywhere the right result can be worked out only in an absolute and thorough partnership between God and man.

Religious convictions are not a power which is diminishing, but a power which is increasing. The standard of conduct which they require was never before so universally recognized and accepted. It sanctifies every place of worship, it is revealed in every institution of learning, it supports every activity of government, it sustains every economic structure. In domestic affairs, in international affairs, it is more and more the reliance of mankind. The evidences of it are increasing, the results of it are accumulating. More and more the people are living under the conviction that it is righteousness alone which exalteth the nation.

The kingdom of God can prevail in the world only as it rules in individual hearts. And the greatest business in the world today is to spread the kingdom from heart to heart until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and Master. And remember that we are not alone in this business, but serve in partnership with God himself. Press forward toward the one thing.

ANOTHER'S BURDEN

"My burden is too heavy, Lord,"
I tremblingly said,
"I can no further carry it!"
And tears I shed.

Then came a sudden cry for help
From one sore pressed;
I ran to seek him, gladly gave
Him of my best.

Then thought I of my heavy burden—
But, lo, 'twas gone!
The gloom and doubt had vanished quite
And love's light shone.

When we another's burden lift
Or try to bear,
Love's gentle hand removeth swift
Our load of care.

—The Baptist.

Is it nothing to have God continually at our right hand? Is it a small thing to walk in the light of the divine countenance? Is it a trifle to be able to hide oneself in the cleft rock until the calamities of life be overpast?—Joseph Parker.

MARRIAGES

ECCLESTON-WELLS.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage at Rockville, R. I., on April 13, Hugh Chace Eccleston and Sylvia Amelia Wells, Rev. Paul S. Burdick officiating.

GILCHRIST-POWELL.—At the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Miriam G. Jones, Covington, Ky., May 23, 1923, Mr. Earl G. Gilchrist, of Waynesburg, Pa., and Miss Olive M. Powell, by the Rev. S. S. Powell, her father, of Hammond, La. Their future home will be Sheridan, Wyo.

ARCHARD-RICHMOND.—In Christ Episcopal Church, Greenwich, Conn., Thursday, September 14, 1922, by Rev. M. George Thompson, Mr. Howell Osborn Archard and Miss Rachel Richmond both of Yonkers, N. Y.

DEATHS

GREENE.—Huldah P. Greene, widow of the late Maxson J. Greene, of Alfred, and a daughter of Eli and Fanny Merriman LaSuer, was born in Bolivar, N. Y., July 16, 1833, and died April 28, 1923, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. DeWitt G. Wilcox, in Newton Center, Mass.

On September 28, 1853, she was married to Maxson J. Greene who died in Alfred in 1895. For more than forty years of their married life they resided in Alfred where Mr. Greene was engaged in the mercantile business with his father and brothers. Throughout these years Mr. and Mrs. Greene were pillars in the church and in the community.

It was in the home of Luke Greene, the father of Maxson Greene, that Bethuel Church organized, in 1836, the select school out of which Alfred University grew. Mr. and Mrs. Maxson Greene established their home in Alfred while the school was still an academy, four years before the charter was granted. Prominent in the business life of the community, their home was an important one in the fortunes of the struggling school and college.

Mrs. Greene possessed a wealth of cheerfulness and optimism which for many years made her home a center of social life and pleasure for students and teachers. She was among the very few left of that generation to whom Alfred owes so much in those years of its infancy and poverty. Mrs. Greene was a charter member and always a loyal worker in the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Alfred Church.

In the years since her husband's death Mrs. Greene, though absent much of the time with her daughters, has retained a very deep and abiding interest in the church and university and in the

community as a whole. In recent years, when age and infirmity bore heavily upon her, the cheery spirit which dominated her whole life, was most pronounced. Never complaining and never wanting a cheery smile, she radiated sunshine wherever she was. Her children brought back her body for burial at Alfred, May 1. The services at the grave were conducted by Pastor Ehret and President Davis.

She is survived by two children, Mrs. Dr. DeWitt G. Wilcox, of Newton Center, Mass., and Mrs. Frank Hill, of Ashaway, R. I., and by seven grandchildren and eleven great grandchildren; also by one brother, Cyrus LaSuer, of Bolivar, N. Y., who is ninety-three years of age.

B. C. W.

SWEET.—Emma Vernetta Curtis, daughter of D. P. and Cordelia A. Clarke Curtis, was born January 4, 1856, in Verona, N. Y., and passed from this life May 12, 1923, at her home near Alden, Minn.

She was one of seven children born to Eld. D. P. Curtis, an early Seventh Day Baptist minister, and came with the family as a pioneer to Freeborn County, Minn., in 1861. Early in life during a revival conducted by Eld. H. B. Lewis, she was converted and became a member of the Carlston, later the Alden Seventh Day Baptist Church. When this church became extinct she became a member of the Dodge Center Seventh Day Baptist Church of which she remained a loyal and faithful member until her death.

On the sixteenth of September, 1876, she was united in marriage to Levi Chandler Sweet. To this union were born three children: Jessie Mabel, who died in infancy, Lucius Chandler, of Alden, and Mrs. Belva M. Stockman, of Cannon Falls.

Besides these two children, the husband, and one grandchild, there remains to mourn their loss three brothers and one sister: Mrs. Carrie Babcock, Eld. E. A. Curtis, and Lucius Curtis, all of California, and Albert Curtis, of Michigan, and many other friends.

For more than thirty-eight years Mrs. Sweet was a paralytic invalid, and in February last suffered an attack of influenza from which she never recovered. During all these years she has cheerfully maintained a firm belief in God and loyalty to Christ and the Sabbath. During this time she has been most tenderly cared for by her devoted husband, son and daughter. None can wish her back since the heavenly Father has called her to a better home where pain and sorrow are not known and where all tears are wiped away.

Farewell services were conducted by her pastor, H. C. Van Horn, who spoke on the theme "The Glorified Body," from the text found in 1 Cor. 15: 35. Burial was in Alden Cemetery.

H. C. V. H.

DAVIS.—At the home of her daughter, in Great Cacepheon, W. Va., May 12, 1923, Clarinda L. Davis in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

She was the daughter of Catherine Maxson and Joshua Davis. She had been a member of the Middle Island Seventh Day Baptist Church for about seventy years.

On November 3, 1858, she was married to Benjamin L. Davis, who died twenty-one years

ago. Clarinda Davis was the last of her generation. She is survived by three daughters and three sons. Others have gone before their mother. There are also grandchildren and great grandchildren.

The remains were brought to Salem and the funeral and burial were at the Seventh Day Baptist church at Greenbrier.

G. B. S.

AYARS.—Hattie E., daughter of Ephraim and Roxena Emerson, was born in the town of Hornellsville, Steuben County, N. Y., October 17, 1855, and died at Alfred Station, N. Y., June 2, 1923.

When she was about twelve years old she moved with her parents to the town of Hebron, Potter County, Pa. In young womanhood she was baptized by Eld. Stephen Burdick, and united with the First Hebron Seventh Day Baptist Church where she spent the active years of her church life. She was for some time a teacher in the Sabbath school.

November 17, 1873, she was united in marriage with Freeman Ayars, of Hebron, Eld. Walter B. Gillette officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Ayars loved young people, and as they had no children of their own, they were glad to make a home for Olga Everett, who is now Mrs. Bert Palmiter, of Alfred Station, N. Y.

For one year Mr. and Mrs. Ayars lived at Oswayo, Pa., and for twenty-five years at Coudersport, Pa. For the last seven years they have lived at Alfred Station to be near to the family of Mrs. Bert Palmiter.

Mrs. Ayars has long been in poor health. Tuesday morning, May 29, she suffered a paralytic stroke from which she did not recover.

She died Sabbath morning, June 2, in her sixty-eighth year.

Memorial services were held at the home Tuesday morning and at the First Hebron church in the afternoon, and the body was laid to rest in the cemetery by that church.

W. M. S.

WENTZEL.—John Wentzel was born in Holland January 18, 1847, and died at White Cloud, Mich., February 24, 1923.

At the age of twenty-five he with his parents came to the United States and settled near Zeeland, Mich. November 28, 1881, he was united in marriage to Miss Jane Lankhorst, of East Saugatuck, Mich., after which they settled on a farm south of Fremont, Mich. To this union were born five sons and one daughter. One son Albert died at the age of two years, and the mother died in March, 1893. Two other sons preceded their father in death, Bert in March, 1914, and Henry in September, 1918.

After the death of his wife he stayed with and reared his children and not until they were grown up did he take another wife. In May, 1910, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Emma Berger, of White Cloud, Mich. They moved onto his farm near Fremont where they lived until three years ago when they moved onto a farm near White Cloud. There they lived until his death.

Brother Wentzel began to serve the Master early in life and more than thirty-five years ago he embraced the Sabbath truth together with the doctrine of the second personal coming of Christ to this earth. He had always been a most zealous and faithful follower of the Master, and in all his life's work he had sought to seek first the

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Kingdom of God and to keep his commandments. His Bible was a great companion to him; he aimed to read it through each year. He was strict with reference to the keeping of the Sabbath.

He leaves besides his wife, two sons and one daughter, two grandsons and two brothers and one sister. He will be missed by his neighbors but especially in the home will they feel the loss of a companion and father.

We feel that his life has been such that though he be dead yet he speaketh. Words of comfort were spoken by the writer from 1 Cor. 15: 19—"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." J. C. B.

SEVERANCE.—At the St. Thomas hospital in Marshalltown, Iowa, November 27, 1922, Ilo, the youngest child of Deacon E. A. Severance, aged seven years, nine months and two days.

A deep gloom was cast over the whole community by the death of Ilo, who was a bright, pleasant boy and a general favorite not only in school but in the village as well.

Funeral services were conducted in the Seventh Day Baptist church in Garwin by Rev. Mr. Fillmore, pastor of the Christian church. Five little girls, pupils in Ilo's grade in school, acted as flower bearers. The pupils of all the lower grades in the school attended the funeral in a body, the teachers and the entire school were dismissed for the afternoon. The floral tributes were beautiful. E. H. S.

BECKER.—At White Cloud, Mich., February 12, 1923, Herman H. Becker.

Herman H. Becker was born in Germany May 7, 1849. When he was about eighteen months old his parents came to Newark, N. J., where they lived until Herman was nine or ten years old. Then they moved to a farm near Appleton, Wis., where Herman secured an education in the public school. Later he finished his education in the Lawrence University of Appleton City, Wis.

At the age of thirty-five he was married to Catherine Werking. With his wife he moved to Milwaukee, Wis., where they lived for a period of five years, and then moved to Fort Washington, Wis. After a brief stay they returned to Appleton, where they resided for about nineteen years. For nearly six years he conducted a news department here, and then, in 1908, moved to Michigan, making White Cloud his home most of the time. Four children were born to this union, two boys and two girls. Charles J. and Fred W. Becker are well known in the village.

Early in life Brother Becker heard the gospel message and embraced the Christian religion. In 1915 he and his wife united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church here. He was an earnest student of the Bible, a splendid writer, and composed and wrote some good tracts which were published and will be preserved in remembrance of him. Brother Becker will be greatly missed in the churches of White Cloud.

He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his departure and all who knew him will join in sympathizing with the family in this their great loss and sorrow. He was laid to rest Feb-

ruary 16 to wait the trumpet's call when his life's work will be rewarded. Words of comfort were spoken by the writer from 1 Cor. 2: 9-10.

J. C. B.

MILLARD.—Ralph Millard, son of John H. and Isabel Millard, was born at Berlin, N. Y., January 7, 1903, and died at home the morning of May 12, 1923, having entered his twenty-first year.

Ralph was an only child. For the last six years he has been suffering more or less from throat trouble. Something like a year and a half ago the doctors took him from the school and had him keep in the open as much as possible. In April, 1922, he had a severe hemorrhage and since that time has been a constant sufferer, gradually wasting away.

He was baptized by Rev. Herbert Cottrell and united with the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church October 24, 1914. His faith in his Divine Lord was a sheet anchor that kept him patient through the long time of suffering. He was not demonstrative but many said of him that he lived his religion among them.

Burial services were conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. Mr. Whitehouse and Rev. Mr. Larsen. E. A. W.

LOWTHER.—Near New Milton, W. Va., May 13, 1923, Helen Magdalene, daughter of Varnun Baily and Eva Elizabeth Lowther, aged 10 years, 3 months, and 21 days.

Seldom has our community received such a shock as it did Sunday morning, May 13, when it realized that Helen, our dear Helen, had been snatched from us in a moment. Just a few hours previous she had left her home in company with two older sisters and a brother, all on horseback. It was a cheery, happy group on their way to their uncle's birthday surprise. It was one of those dear occasions that young people especially enjoy so much. But on their way home Helen's pony lost its footing on the road, and horse and rider went over a very dangerous precipice. One plea for her brother to help was the only word she ever spoke. Life was instantly crushed out of her mortal body.

Helen was a dear, sweet spirited, loving and beloved child. How she did love to do the kind, helpful, useful little things that so many of us forget to do! And she did so love the Sabbath school and church services!

But we hear the Master saying again, "Telitha cumi," "Dear little damsel, come with us."

G. H. F. R.

REYNOLDS.—Almira Sherrer Reynolds was born at Bangor, Pa., October 17, 1843, and died at her home in Albion, Wis., March 21, 1923, aged 79 years, 5 months, 4 days.

She was the second of three children born to Philip and Sarah Ann Sherrer. The oldest, Mary, died February 10, 1923. The youngest, Mrs. Margaret Shuman, of Verona, is still living. Her mother died when the children were very young, and the father came West to Wisconsin, bringing them and his mother with him. They drove from Milwaukee in a covered wagon and settled near the village of Verona where he built a home.

Here she spent the years of her young womanhood. She joined the Methodist Church when eighteen years of age and was a devoted member for many years.

In 1868 she was united in marriage with Nathan Reynolds, a veteran of the Civil War. To this union one child was born, Nellie Rosella Green, deceased. In 1895 they moved to Albion where they have spent their remaining years. Her husband preceded her in death five years ago.

In 1900 she was baptized by Eld. Simeon Babcock and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a member at the time of her death.

She leaves to mourn her loss a granddaughter, Mrs. Adelaide Stillman, who as an eight months-old child was left to her, and to whom she has given a mother's loving care; also one sister, Mrs. Margaret Shuman, of Verona, and several nieces and nephews.

The funeral was conducted by Pastor L. D. Seager and interment was in Evergreen Cemetery. L. D. S.

THE SON OF GOD

All the early "church fathers," from Polycarp, the pupil of the apostle John, to Augustine the great, were perfectly sure that Jesus is God's Son. And this was in spite of the fact that from time to time great philosophers arose all over the known world to try to disprove the deity of Jesus. They argued, they ridiculed, they mocked; yet the Christian world's belief in Jesus as the Son of God was not shaken.

Study the life of Jesus, and you see that he was the Son of God. Study the history of the world since "B. C." was transformed into "A. D.," and you see with all clearness that Jesus Christ the Righteous is God's Son. What mere man ever has influenced the history of the world as Jesus our Lord has influenced it? Every century since the year 1 is nothing less than a well rounded and limitless proof that the "Son of Man" is the Son of God.

Nearly 2,000 years of assaults against the Christian belief in the divine being of Jesus have proved completely unavailing. For 1,900 years men have trusted in Jesus as the Son of God, endured persecution, conquered temptation, overcome tremendous opposition, carried the gospel into all corners of the earth, passed on their faith to their children, died in complete assurance, and gone on to an eternity of service and glory with the Son of God. For nineteen centuries men have known that Jesus is God's Son, and we know it today.—*The Continent*, by permission.

Care is not a burden that will fall off by chance; the active hand of faith must lay it on the strong shoulders of the Son of God.—*W. M. Statham*.

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SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.

FRANK J. HUBBARD, *Treasurer*, Plainfield, N. J.

The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society will be glad to receive contributions for the work of Miss Marie Jansz, of Java, to be sent to her quarterly by the treasurer, S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

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

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

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

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

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. E. S. Ballenger, Pastor, 438 Denton St., Riverside, Cal.

Minneapolis Seventh Day Baptists hold regular weekly services at the homes, at 2.30 p. m., each Sabbath. Rev. Angeline Abbey, 1601 Third Avenue, south, 'phone Main 3446, leader. Mrs. Wm. Saunders Robbinsdale, S. S. Superintendent. Visitors cordially welcomed.

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

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

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

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

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

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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Sabbath School. Lesson I—June 30, 1923

JOHN THE BAPTIST. Matt. 3: 1-17; 11: 2-15; Mark 6: 14-29; Luke 1: 5-80; John 1: 6-37.

Golden Text.—"Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel:

For he hath visited and wrought redemption for his people." Luke 1: 68.

DAILY READINGS

June 24—Luke 3: 1-8. A Voice in the Wilderness.

June 25—Luke 1: 5-17. The Parents of John.

June 26—Luke 1: 67-80. The "Benedictus."

June 27—John 1: 19-34. The Witness of John.

June 28—Luke 7: 24-28. Jesus' Estimate of John.

June 29—Mark 6: 14-29. The Death of John the Baptist.

June 30—Isaiah 40: 1-8. Revealing the Glory of Jehovah.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

We can not afford to leave out the Word in the processes of our cleansing. Picture its scenes, and let them hang about the chamber of the imagination to hallow and adorn it! Let its precepts purify our principles! Let its promises inspire us with deeper and more ardent desires! Let its revelations of glory lift up and sanctify our aims and ambitions, and set the affections firmly on things above!—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted and advertisements of a like nature will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

FOR SALE—Excellent farm, well watered, equipped or not. Near S. D. B. church. Good location for Seventh Day Baptists. Ira A. Newey, R. D. 1, Verona, N. Y. 6-18-2w

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

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Alfred, N. Y.

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

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WHOLE NO. 4,086

A Delightful Morning In a Lovely Country

The morning of June 8, the first day of the Eastern Association, was a most delightful and refreshing morning. The rain storm of last evening, after a sweltering day, had cleared and cooled the air until the night was ideal for sleep and rest. It was our good fortune to find a home with Brother Eber Davis and wife on the old Salem Turnpike not far from the Marlboro church. They live in the old homestead built many years ago, by Mr. Davis' grandfather, Elder David Clawson, who served as pastor here, and who died in West Virginia while serving as missionary in that State, and whose grave is in the old cemetery at Lost Creek, W. Va. This old home was built in a grove of oaks and hickories, many of which are still standing to shelter it from the heat of summer and to protect it from the winds of winter.



The Old Elder David Clawson Home

We know that many friends of "Aunt Jane" Titsworth Clawson, as well as those of "Uncle David" will enjoy seeing a picture of the place as it now looks.

It was in this quiet country home that we opened our eyes after a most restful night of refreshing sleep. The morning sun was just peeping over the eastern ridges, sending his horizontal beams of light

through the trees whose long shadows were stretching away across the near-by fields, and whose leaves as yet were scarcely stirred by the gentle breath of morning.

Oh! the restful stillness of such a morning in the country! How it does bring back the memories of happy childhood days! The world comes creeping back from the shades of night into the light of a new day. One after another the sounds of country life greet the ear. Bobwhites are calling across the distant meadow, the merry "cheer up, cheer up, cheer up" of the robins in the grove; the clarion challenge of the cock in a distant farm yard quickly taken up by another nearer by; the excited cackle of a hen over the nest in which she had tried to hide an egg; the cluck of a mother hen leading forth her brood; the call of a calf who begins to want his breakfast; the barking of the dog who thinks people should begin to stir around, and finally the rustling music of rising breezes through the oak trees—these all combine to assure one that the world is awake and ready to begin a new day.

We pity the one who never sees the country in early morning! The one who has to spend days and months and years amid the nerve-racking, distracting jargon; the rattle and bang and jarring sounds of the city without ever seeing the groves and meadows and orchards of God's open country.

The Opening Day At Marlboro

Amid the cheering sunshine and refreshing breezes of an ideal June morning, the people of the surrounding country and the delegates from other churches came gathering in for the Eastern Association, until a good sized audience was ready for the opening service. The number of automobiles outside—some from northern Jersey, some from New York State, and others from the homes here, gave to the old Marlboro Church sure evidences of a deep and abiding interest in the hearts of a loyal people for the success of the causes we love.

The president, Thomas M. Davis, called upon the editor for an opening prayer;