

# The Sabbath Recorder

THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE  
NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT

BEGAN  
JULY 1, 1923

## MY PRAYER

Hear my cry, O Lord, be gracious unto me,  
Let my prayer arise importunate to thee.

Let thine ear attend and listen while I pray  
For thy hand, dear Lord, to guide me every day.

Teach me all thy will, lead me in thy way,  
Make me wholly thine, teach me what to say;

Give me of thyself, word and deed and power;  
Help me grow like thee more and more each hour.

Let my life reflect daily more of thine,  
Until thou shalt dwell in this heart of mine.

Keep me close to thee, guided by thine eye  
Let me live in thee, by thy love brought nigh.

Every day and hour help me, Lord, to be,  
Until life shall end, growing more like thee.

—Emma G. Dietrick.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 95, No. 2

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JULY 9, 1923

WHOLE No. 4,088

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.

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

**Days of Dreaming in the Old Homeland** The Western Association was held in Little Genesee, Allegany County, N. Y., in the old church where as a little boy, I first attended Sabbath school; and where memory-pictures of the people of more than seventy years ago abide with me still.

Today, wherever I go in this beautiful valley and over the hills, at every step, the scenes of other days are revived; but the changes wrought by time make it seem like walking in dreamland. Again I see these hills covered with splendid forests of white pine towering above the beech, maple and ash trees that grew beneath their green boughs; again this valley is covered with a thick growth of thrifty hemlocks, beneath which ran the clear, gurgling waters of trout brooks; and once more in memory the town seems alive with the hustling teams of busy lumbermen rushing their logs toward the saw-mills, and hauling their lumber to the "creek" for rafting. Today as I pass the old homes along the way, the forms and faces of those who once lived in them will crowd into my memory-pictures until an unspeakable longing fills my heart. There were the Langworthies, the Wellses, the Ennises, the Edwardses, the Bowlers, the Burdicks, the Bosses, the Crandalls, the Maxsons, the Kenyons, the Greens, the Potters, the Blisses and the Tanners—they are gone but some of their homes are still here, grown smaller and worn with age, and in a valley where the hills seem to have crowded closer together than in other days.

Here is the "Big Store" of the Ennises, built by Uncles Frank and Joe Hubbard in the days of Elder Bailey's pastorate of the church near by. Yonder is a brushy flat where once was the millpond, and where stood the mill, with the deep "swimming hole" near by where the boys vied with one another in diving and swimming. The pond and mill and swimming hole are all gone, and it is difficult to locate the spot where we played seventy years ago—and *where are the boys?*

Here I am amid the scenes of my boyhood; but practically in a land of strangers!

Do you wonder that I am living in dreamland today? All up and down this beautiful vale, steam cars and trolleys and automobiles go rushing and roaring along. The tides of trade for these parts have turned northward to Bolivar and southward toward Olean. Oil interests that once stirred the community have declined; fires have wiped out several homes and stores; the very streams have dried up since the forests were destroyed; and as I trolleyed up from Olean, there were no traces of the once famous "Plank Road" or of the famous old mills the names of which were familiar as household words when I was a boy!

I went into the forest—second growth as thick as it could stand—not far from where my father "lumbered" for years. Scattered all through the timber were the great old pine stumps, blackened with age and decay, all that are left of the magnificent pines felled by the fathers to feed the hungry mills waiting to consume them.

The dear old meeting house stands in the same old place; but it has given up its galleries, taken on one row of long windows in place of the two rows it once had. The inside has been transformed, pews and pulpit changed about, modern decorations have made it beautiful, and a modern organ fills it with music. Back of the pulpit hangs a fine picture of Rev. Thomas B. Brown, pastor here from 1854-1877.

**The Association At Little Genesee** On the evening of June 21, the Western Association was called to order by Rev. Eli F. Loofboro, president, and a praise service of familiar songs reminding one of old time meetings in this country, made a good beginning. After a formal introduction of the delegates from other bodies, and the song, "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," the president preached from 2 Tim. 2: 15. "Study to show thyself approved unto God."

It is worth while to ask what is our great purpose in life? Do we study to be approved by God? Or are we thinking more about what our neighbors think of us? Many are travelling a hard road be-

cause they are not doing God's will. We can drift and satisfy men, but can not please God in that way. Careful earnest thought is essential if we have peace with God. Men do not think enough about these things.

A good workman seeking to be approved need not be ashamed. Many are depressed because they do not please God; it has not been good work. Paul, when he came to the end of his work was not ashamed. He had fought a good fight and was ready to meet his God.

On Friday morning a little company of friends had come in from the churches, who repeated the shepherd psalm together. When President Davis began the Education Society's program, less than twenty-five persons were there to hear. The young people were over to the hall at work, and the president faced quite a house full of empty seats.

Brother Thorngate spoke of Salem College and its needs. Its enrolment during the year was 836. There were 152 graduates in all departments, 25 of whom took college degrees.

Claude Hill spoke for Milton College as the friend of the community, the church and the home, and giving practical education for service.

The faculty's decision and ruling against liquor, card-playing, tobacco and dancing showed genuine efforts to keep out those things that injure student life.

Dean Main was encouraged by the prospects of several students for the ministry next fall. He feels that spiritual energy is the dynamic most needed in these days. Education means: information, knowledge, discipline, training. It means to know things and to know where to find them when needed. It helps direct the powers and forces of man; gives power of expression, so one is not only able to think but to tell what he thinks. It gives ability to teach.

The supreme purpose of the ministry is to take God into the homes and to men—to link up the mind and heart of men with God. Many men fail for lack of balance, and education helps to give proper balance to men.

In the afternoon all visiting delegates told of conditions in their respective associations. The messages were similar to those delivered in the other two associa-

tions, and were listened to with much interest.

The growing interest in religious day schools was set forth by Rev. Walter L. Greene, and Rev. W. C. Whitford spoke of our need of lessons on the Sabbath question, and advocated a three months' course. There are too many among us who lack a Sabbath conscience. It is too easy to forget the real meaning of the Sabbath.

The Sabbath School Board desires suggestions from the people regarding the matter. Let us not be in too great a hurry, but take time enough to secure sufficient suggestions to have it right when done.

Claude Hill from the Sabbath School Board, Northwestern Association, and S. P. Lester, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, were the speakers on religious education. They both illustrated their address by use of blackboard and crayon. The development of child life and the steps in educating for service ran through this program. Rev. Walter L. Greene had charge.

We neglect the children in childhood and then blame them in their teens for living out what they have absorbed from their surroundings in the formative period of their early years.

**The People Begin to Come** As the evening shadows began to gather, the spirit of sociability was in the air; for people from other churches began to arrive for the Sabbath meetings. The promise of a better audience had a cheering effect. All day long the attendance had been discouragingly small. Speakers who come long distances with messages regarding important matters belonging to our denominational life and work, find it difficult to become enthusiastic talking to empty seats in a large room. The little handful of men and women, numbering less than twenty-five, made too small a hearing for President Davis, Dean Main, and their helpers, in the first half of the important program of the Education Society's hour on Friday morning. When the annual time for associational meetings has been well known for months, it would seem that the churches, if really interested, might plan to attend and so make such meetings count for more good to our great causes. Addresses on denominational matters must come far short of their purposes if they can not reach the ears of those who so

much need to hear them. The report of the Committee on Education appears elsewhere in this issue. So, when the house on Sabbath eve began to fill up, everybody seemed to take heart and the young people's consecration meeting was an excellent one. A fine company came marching, double file down the center singing: "Onward Christian Soldiers," and took possession of the platform for the service. Their first song was: "In the service of the king," a very appropriate one for the occasion. Then came: "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus," followed by: "He leadeth me, oh, blessed thought," which ended an inspiring praise service.

Vida Wells had charge of the program. The word "Consecration" was the slogan of the hour. Reports from the societies had the first place, and were full of interesting things. Here are some sayings gathered from the speakers: "There are several kinds of consecration. Some are consecrated to money-getting; some to pleasure, and some to show, and some are consecrated to Christ."

"Let Christ have his way with us whether it is our way or not."

"Who then is willing to consecrate his service to the Lord? Service means everyday living for the Master."

"Our consecration pledge calls for faithful life service." "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much."

An uplifting conference meeting followed in which several took part.

**A Good Sabbath** Sabbath morning of the In Little Genesee Western Association was bright, hot, and dry. The looked-for relief from heat and drought had not come, but the people came, in autos from Alfred, Friendship, Independence, Andover, Richburg and Ceres, until the church yard was well filled with cars, and audience room was crowded.

The audiences of seventy years ago would hardly feel at home in their old house so transformed by modern improvements. And what would those who came to church with horses and oxen in other days think if they could see the church this morning in the center of a great crowd of up-to-date automobiles!

Could the families who gathered here in the fifties, look in upon this Sabbath service, they would still find a good company

of young people in the choir, singing the songs of Zion with even greater zeal and life than of old; and they could but feel that the organ or piano excels the old tuning fork as a help in church music.

They would also find the modern open seats far more inviting than the old box pews with closed doors, so suggestive of exclusiveness and so stiff and formal.

In the pulpit they would see the fine picture of their old pastor Elder Thomas B. Brown, still cherished by their children and kept before the people as a sacred inspiration. But they would find as workers this morning, two North Loup boys and one West Virginian—Claude L. Hill, of Iowa, H. Eugene Davis, of Shanghai, China, and Alva L. Davis, of Ashaway, R. I., ready to conduct the services.

The sermon by Claude L. Hill, from the words: "Other foundation can no man lay" was a strong earnest plea for the enduring foundation upon which good character must be built. In building a house the foundation is the first essential. Then there must be good work done in the super-structure, or the building can not be good. If the foundation is not right all efforts to do good building upon it must prove of no avail. There is no foundation like the Rock of Ages upon which to build a Christian character.

The work of the Missionary and Tract societies occupied Sabbath afternoon. People were much impressed with Brother Eugene Davis' presentation of the work in China and of the great needs in that field.

The Forward Movement and the work of the Tract Society were set forth by Brother Bond, and the editor presented the claims of the SABBATH RECORDER.

In the evening Rev. Alva L. Davis took the text: "There go the ships" and preached on the "voyage of life." He made good points on the "Destination" or port; and the need of "chart" and "compass," and a safe "Pilot."

Nothing should be allowed to deflect our compass, and bring us to the rocks.

After this sermon the quartet sang: "We are going home."

On Sunday the question of the future policy of the Forward Movement was the theme of the morning. The discussion was led by Director Bond, others taking part.

In the business session the resolution in regard to co-operating with our colored friends which was passed at the Eastern and Central associations, was carefully considered and approved.

The Committee on Petitions reported that the Nile Church was to celebrate its one hundredth anniversary next year, and it had asked for the association in 1924 to meet with that church, which request was granted. John Canfield, of Friendship, was chosen moderator.

In the Woman's hour, Elizabeth F. Randolph had charge, and H. Eugene Davis read an interesting mission story written by his wife, May Ross Davis, for the Woman's program. We hope to receive it for the RECORDER.

**Ordination Service** On Sunday afternoon **Western Association** at the close of the Woman's program there was an ordination service in charge of the Ordination Committee of the Western Association. The Genesee Church had called Mr. Mark Sanford to serve it as deacon and Mrs. Edna Burdick Sanford and Amy S. Crandall to the office of deaconess, and after listening to their Christian experiences, the association, organized as a council, proceeded to ordain them.

The ordination sermon was preached by the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, the charge to the candidates by Rev. A. L. Davis and charge to the church by Claude L. Hill.

After this service was over a large number of the congregation came forward and gave the hand of fellowship to the three candidates, welcoming them to the larger service to which they had been called.

**The Closing Service** Nearly all the delegates had gone home before the last service in Genesee. But the work of the entertainers at the hall was done and those who had been kept busy serving meals for three days had a chance to attend; so there was a good audience.

Every one enjoyed Claude Hill's singing: "Since Jesus came into my soul," and "Have thine own way, Lord"; and the closing address by H. Eugene Davis, summing up the matters of interest in these three days of meetings, was listened to with close attention.

He asked some pertinent questions: "Has this association been a success?" "That depends on what we do from now on. We now understand the needs of the work better. Can we not hold our heads a little higher and feel that God has a great work for us as a people? Will the blessings enjoyed here make us all better and more in earnest? If not then these meetings will be failures."

Within the sound of this church bell there are those who are hungry for the gospel if it could be brought to them in the right way.

Would that all could say: "I know in whom I have believed." Is not Christ able to clean up the schools, the homes, the churches and the communities in this land? The world needs Peters who can say: "Thou art the Christ of God." We all need the light of conviction in our eye and the voice of God in our soul.

At the close of this appeal, nearly every one in the house stood up to pledge a renewed loyalty to Christ and his service. Christ is trying to rebuild the world and we will help.

After the benediction was pronounced Claude Hill started the song: "Nearer my God to thee," and the congregation stood quietly before leaving and united in the singing. Then the good-bys were said and the Western Association of 1923 was a thing of the past.

**After Three Associations** As we look back **What of the Outlook?** upon the three annual meetings described in this issue of the RECORDER, we can but feel greatly encouraged over the promises of good for our future as a people. We do not remember any better associations in all the years of our work. A splendid spirit of unanimity prevailed. In each one there was a strong spiritual power that even the most inactive ones could not help feeling. The interest manifested in the New Forward Movement was marked, and the work of both old and young upon the various programs was excellent. The spirit of missions was strong, and every plea for practical evangelism found responsive hearts in the listeners. There was a manifest desire for a stronger Sabbath conscience in our churches. We regret that all our people—especially those who fear we are going backward instead of forward, could not have had the privilege

of attending the meetings. Never was there a time when our people were doing better or more practical Christian work than in these passing years.

### SOME IMPRESSIONS LEFT BY THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION

#### ONE IN THE PEWS

The Western Association has come and gone but not the impressions made by it. From the first session on Thursday evening to the last one on Sunday evening it was full of deep feeling and spirituality. In Rev. Mr. Loofboro's introductory sermon from the text 2 Timothy 2:15, "Study to show thyself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," he made a strong plea to all to live better, more consecrated lives. On Friday evening during Young People's hour Editor Gardiner gave a vivid and interesting account of his first appearance in Sabbath school in this old historic church, when the galleries ran around three sides of it. Sabbath morning Claude L. Hill delivered a wonderful sermon on building on the true foundation, and in the evening after the Sabbath Rev. A. L. Davis' sermon on embarking on the sea of life bound for the true port left nothing unsaid.

Sunday afternoon three of our members were set aside for deacon and deaconesses. It was indeed a blessing to participate in this service and to be reminded that while two of these had been reared here the third was a granddaughter of our beloved Deacon Franklin Burdick and wife.

The climax was reached on Sunday evening when Rev. H. Eugene Davis held the consecration service. Whether the Western Association had been a success rested with the members of this church. He said, "If I did not believe that I would know my God better in the year to come than I have in the past I would feel like giving up my chosen life-work in China, and calling my life a failure." He urged upon us the need of living nearer our God each day, and when he asked us to consecrate our lives anew nearly the whole audience rose as one body and pledged reconsecration.

Surely our forefathers builded well when they made a place in the wilderness and settled this village and built this church, and

it rests with us, their descendants, to "carry on."

These are some of the impressions left with us after the guests are gone. And along with these impressions we have borne the loss of our most popular young business man, who "radiated good cheer wherever he went." Truly the community has been stirred to its depths. May the all-wise, infinite Father have mercy and compassion upon us if we do not receive the inspiration given us, and pass it on to others.

*Bolivar, N. Y., June 28, 1923.*

### THE SABBATH IN OUR TIME—HOW CAN WE MAKE IT A BLESSING?

ELVA SCOUTEN

(Read on Sabbath Rally Day at Fouke, Ark.)

Mark 2:27, "And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."

Why does man need a Sabbath? The first Sabbath was observed as a day of rest. God ended his work in six days and rested on the seventh day. He "blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work." This is the first Sabbath: and it was established at the creation. The first impression of Sabbath observance is rest. It is impossible for any one to work every day; even for one year, without a day now and then for rest. To rest, we do not necessarily need to sit in a large easy chair and hold our hands. Rest is a release from exertion or action. Take the farmer, for example, after he has worked in the field for six long dreary days, walking mile after mile in the soft plowed ground; it is a rest for him to go to church.

The Sabbath by its weekly return, does for us what we would not do for ourselves; it sets a regular time of rest from the pursuit of worldly things, that there may be time in our lives for things that are of greater importance, things pertaining to character, to home, to worship and to religious instructions. We must not forget that there are other days in which to study "God's Word" aside from the Sabbath. We should read his Holy Word and commune with him each day if our Sabbaths are to mean all they should to us.

We would not know very much about the Bible, could not repeat chapter after chap-

ter and verse after verse if we did not have one day in every seven, set apart by God for the special study of his word. The children coming to Junior do not realize the value of committing to memory so many verses, but when they grow older and meet people who can not repeat any of the Bible verses, they will appreciate the early training that they have received every Sabbath Day.

The next question that stares us in the face is: "How shall we spend the Sabbath Day? Shall we go to church Sabbath morning, go home and prepare an elaborate dinner for visitors, then spend the remainder of the day sitting around gossiping, or perhaps car riding, and let the day end in a worthless good-for-nothing way? Or, shall we attend all the church services of the day, taking our part as best we can and try to build up, not only our church, but the entire community in which we live? I am sure you will all agree with me that the latter is the most profitable way to spend the Sabbath Day.

We should be prepared for the Sabbath when it comes. In Exodus 16:22-23, the children of Israel were commanded to gather twice as much manna on the sixth day as they gathered any other day of the week and keep it for the Sabbath. "All of the rulers of the congregation came and told Moses. And he said unto them, This is that which the Lord hath said, Tomorrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake today, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning." Reading a little farther on we find that no manna fell on the Sabbath Day.

A well-kept Sabbath is a nation's best bulwark against immorality and vice; and if in all the families of our land there could be a proper Sabbath observance, we would soon rank foremost of the nations of the world in national strength and material prosperity. But when the Sabbath is given up to business or worldly pleasures it shows the selfishness and greed of a people who are on the wrong road. Isaiah 58:13-14, "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, . . . not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure . . . Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high

places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

The original idea of the Sabbath seems to be rest. In the commandment it says, "Thou shalt not do any work." Our modern idea of a proper observance of the Sabbath Day has in it the additional thought of public worship. The time has long passed when children are compelled to sit down, keep still, and do nothing, because it is Sabbath Day. Children will have their play regardless of what day it is and they should have the privilege of playing. I do not mean that they should be allowed to do as they please or "run wild" as we sometimes express it; but they should remember that it is a holy day and reverence it. A Sabbath made pleasant and joyous, in which parents promote the religious instructions of their families by taking the children to church, is a day for Seventh Day Baptists to be proud of. It will strengthen the moral instincts of the children and do more than anything else for the triumph of religion.

Exodus 20:8, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." May we observe the Sabbath as we should so that we may receive the blessings that Christ has in store for us.

**HALF CHRISTIANS**

There are many who realize that full surrender means more of suffering than they are ready to endure. They do not wish to listen to Christ's call to duty, because the performance of that duty will involve loss, not only of cherished purposes, but also of the world's good opinion. They bear the name of Christians; in many instances they share the joys of Christians to a degree. But they do not know the joys of those who are being made perfect through suffering. Neither do they retain the good opinion of the world, for, while the world hates the name of Christ, it despises the man who is a half-Christian. The world likes earnestness and whole-heartedness; and earnest service commands the world's respect, even when observed in the life of a Christian. Of course opposition will increase as earnestness increases, but the world's respect is more surely won by the strenuous life of a Paul than by the fear and suffering that today are holding back many from occupying their true places in the church's activities.—*Paris.*

**THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT  
AND  
SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION**

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

**THE HONOR ROLL OF THE CHURCHES**

To publish an honor roll of the churches is rather a precarious undertaking. There are many standards by which success may be measured. And there are many features of church work that can not be measured by any visible standard of measure.

This "Honor Roll," as published here, has reference only to the financial support given by the churches to the denominational budget for the year which closed June 30. With all due allowance for financial burdens being carried by certain churches, there is no doubt that the financial showing ought to be better in many cases. As a denomination we have failed to live up to our motto for the year, which was "Better." This is due to the fact that some of the churches failed to do as well as they did last year. Just half of the churches did "better." It is true that some of these had not done very well in the past, and therefore it was rather easy to do better. But in some instances it meant real labor and sacrifice.

The amount raised for the Conference year 1921-1922 was \$49,482.14. The total amount for the year just closing is \$47,185.76.

Following is the Honor Roll:

Churches doing better than last year, and making more than their quota: Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Waterford, Second Westerly.

Churches not doing better than last year, but more than their quota: Hammond, Plainfield, Riverside.

Churches making their quota, as usual: Battle Creek, Pawcatuck, Welton.

Churches doing better than last year, but not making their quota: Attalla, Adams Center, Second Alfred, Albion, Andover, Second Brookfield, Cosmos, Detroit, Dodge Center, Farina, Fouke, First Genesee, Greenbrier, Second Hebron, Hartsville, Independence, Marlboro, Milton Junction,

Nortonville, North Loup, Rockville, Richburg, Shiloh, Southampton, West Edmeston, Walworth, White Cloud.

**BAPTISTS PRAY ALL DAY FOR MONEY**

Kansas City Baptists observed June 8 as a day of prayer in all the churches. Representatives of the various churches came to Calvary church to conduct services that lasted all day. The occasion of this outpouring of petition was the special campaign of the Southern Baptist convention for funds for their missionary projects. A great effort is being made to wipe out alarming deficits, and to go forward in new enterprises.—*The Christian Century.*

**GENERAL CONFERENCE  
Receipts for June, 1923**

Forward Movement:	
Adams Center .....	\$ 128 20
Albion .....	5 00
First Alfred .....	660 37
Second Alfred .....	520 05
Andover .....	60 00
Battle Creek .....	1,180 00
Berlin .....	120 00
Boulder .....	20 00
First Brookfield .....	199 13
Second Brookfield .....	172 59
Carlton .....	34 50
Chicago .....	150 50
Cosmos .....	37 00
De Ruyter .....	308 00
Dodge Center .....	102 85
Farina .....	322 00
Fouke .....	52 00
Friendship .....	74 00
First Genesee .....	101 00
Greenbrier .....	50 00
Hammond .....	268 50
Second Hebron .....	56 00
First Hopkinton .....	273 50
Second Hopkinton .....	44 99
Hartsville .....	10 00
Independence .....	250 00
Lieu-oo .....	16 30
Marlboro .....	105 00
Milton .....	826 24
Milton Junction .....	400 00
Minneapolis Sabbath School .....	8 50
Muskegon .....	20 00
New York .....	139 75
North Loup .....	655 00
Nortonville .....	250 00
Piscataway .....	59 50
Plainfield .....	641 74
Riverside .....	497 21
Richburg .....	120 00
Ritchie .....	20 00
Rockville .....	127 00
Salem .....	233 80
Southampton .....	30 00

(Continued on page 41)

THE STANDING OF THE CHURCHES

June 30, 1923

Churches	Quota	1919-20	1920-21	1921-22	1922-23
Attalla	\$ 340	\$ 17.00	\$ .00	\$ .00	\$ 5.00
Adams Center	1,530	1,230.98	708.00	710.85	816.58
First Alfred	5,890	3,335.61	3,876.42	4,121.00	2,957.00
Second Alfred	2,940	768.34	1,145.90	1,358.13	1,577.43
Albion	1,870	622.27	279.83	95.00	327.07
Andover	620	148.49	201.25	63.35	206.87
Battle Creek	1,880	1,893.00	2,487.87	1,880.00	1,880.00
Boulder	920	460.00	920.00	460.00	220.00
Berlin	970	.....	308.37	541.01	436.86
First Brookfield	1,490	769.60	1,550.58	1,072.34	1,054.93
Second Brookfield	1,240	987.56	1,157.50	613.63	801.81
Cartwright	770	400.00	258.65	211.28	45.25
Chicago	830	1,009.60	926.60	884.16	1,059.50
Cosmos	220	46.00	88.00	40.00	77.00
Carlton	960	352.97	247.39	182.88	129.28
DeRuyter	910	910.00	677.00	814.50	708.00
Detroit	.....	(Joined Conference 1921)	140.00	225.00	.....
Dodge Center	1,240	1,250.00	458.45	275.58	398.92
Exeland	220	45.00	20.00	50.00	20.00
Farina	1,650	1,650.00	1,019.95	1,161.64	1,336.02
Fouke	720	664.38	88.00	115.00	157.00
Friendship	1,200	430.00	679.83	536.00	232.50
First Genesee	1,970	985.00	1,895.79	1,197.17	1,211.00
Gentry	650	480.50	355.66	167.50	37.50
Grand Marsh	280	.....	98.01	25.00	16.00
Greenbrier	340	.....	70.00	50.00	100.00
Hammond	460	703.00	619.54	575.01	568.50
First Hopkinton	2,860	114.53	1,178.68	1,351.29	1,255.11
Second Hopkinton	880	132.15	75.00	184.23	153.63
First Hebron	520	.....	150.00	520.00	232.00
Second Hebron	370	.....	67.00	22.00	56.00
Hartsville	700	80.00	110.10	62.00	145.00
Independence	1,070	1,360.00	1,100.00	565.00	855.00
Jackson Center	1,180	200.00	95.00	160.00	96.59
Lost Creek	910	910.00	910.00	910.04	409.73
Little Prairie	370	.....	150.00	66.00	46.00
Los Angeles	240	275.00	240.00	240.00	345.00
Middle Island	730	90.00	100.00	190.25	60.00
Marlboro	990	1,030.00	1,004.51	443.77	455.00
Milton	4,460	2,300.00	3,501.24	3,345.00	2,949.00
Milton Junction	1,990	1,138.74	2,240.00	1,202.00	1,562.75
Muskegon	.....	(Joined Conference 1921)	25.00	20.00	.....
New York	660	1,075.00	948.06	1,077.41	1,167.41
Nortonville	2,240	2,240.00	1,440.00	749.00	1,250.00
North Loup	4,180	4,180.00	4,180.00	2,850.00	3,190.00
Piscataway	930	571.62	412.20	931.16	714.69
Plainfield	2,440	2,071.62	2,975.30	2,884.91	2,656.24
Pawcatuck	3,840	3,483.29	3,993.17	3,902.01	3,840.00
Portville	210	210.00	210.00	210.00	.....
Roanoke	400	97.00	114.00	75.00	50.00
Rockville	1,340	172.00	135.00	245.00	261.00
Richburg	390	293.00	390.00	192.10	195.00
Riverside	1,030	925.00	820.05	1,216.61	1,158.34
Ritchie	900	650.00	69.50	271.52	173.00
Rock Creek	.....	(Joined Conference 1921)	13.00	10.00	.....
Salem	3,220	3,213.50	2,634.55	3,309.20	1,850.30
Salemville	580	80.46	290.00	142.50	.....
Shiloh	3,550	1,344.04	3,674.30	1,637.01	1,873.26
Scott	490	.....	1.00	33.00	24.00
Syracuse	270	88.99	107.72	78.22	76.00
Southampton	90	120.00	40.00	20.00	30.00
Stonefort	350	107.00	100.00	159.00	.....
Scio	180	7.71	.....	5.00	.....
First Verona	820	800.00	827.12	820.00	665.86
Waterford	490	540.00	512.25	428.67	611.33
Second Westerly	220	275.00	230.00	230.00	235.00
West Edmeston	550	550.00	345.00	300.00	360.00
Walworth	880	248.60	499.56	248.50	294.75
Welton	700	610.00	700.00	700.00	700.00
White Cloud	1,020	185.00	26.73	203.25	250.00

(Continued from page 39)

Syracuse	15 00
First Verona	330 30
Walworth	180 00
Waterford	194 50
Welton	175 00
West Edmeston	84 00
Second Westerly	82 25
White Cloud	50 00
L. S. K., Mystic	5 00
Dr. Grace Crandall	40 00
Dr. W. H. Tassell	5 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$10,511 27</b>

Java:	
Battle Creek	35 00
Education Society:	
Rockville	1 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>1,301 81</b>
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$11,813 08</b>

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD,  
Treasurer.

Alfred, N. Y., July 1, 1923.

OVER THE HILL

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Two frogs once started out from two different towns to seek their fortunes. The first from Kyoto, the second from Osaka. After trudging up the long hill that separates the two towns, they finally met at the top of the hill.

"How do you do," said the frog from Kyoto, "Is that a good place to seek one's fortune, down there at Osaka?"

"Yes, it might be for some people," answered the frog from Osaka, "but I'm tired of living in the same place all the time. How is it at Kyoto?"

And the other frog answered, "Oh, Kyoto is a pretty good place to live in, for some people, but I just took a notion that I wanted to look around a bit before settling down, and I thought I'd try Osaka."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the frog from Osaka, "we'll help each other up on our tip-toes so that we can each take a good look over the hill; you at Osaka and I at Kyoto."

Now you know, a frog's eyes are on the top of his head, so when these two frogs helped each other up, their eyes were pointed right back along the road each had just traveled.

"Thank you, that's fine," said the frog from Osaka. "Kyoto looks like a beautiful place. I can hardly wait till I get down there."

"Well, Osaka looks as if it would just suit me," replied the frog from Kyoto. "I must hurry and get there before dark. Good-by."

"Good-by," replied the frog from Osaka. Then both of these frogs hurried away, along the roads they had just come up, back to the towns they had left, and which looked so beautiful from a distance. And each probably thinks to this day that he made a change for the better, when he went, as he thought, "over the hill."

For all but Alfred and Denominational Building with share of those funds added to Georgetown:	
Milton	43 00
For all but Young People's Board, Sabbath School Board and Woman's Board:	
Shiloh	343 73
Ministerial Relief:	
Milton	10 00
Riverside Sabbath School	12 00
First Brookfield	100 00
Woman's Board:	
Hartsville Ladies Aid	25 00
Lost Creek	50 23
Albion Willing Workers	35 00
Albion Home Benefit	33 33
Mrs. A. A. Almy	10 00
Riverside Dorcas Society	25 00
Young People's Board:	
Adams Center	32 00
Shiloh	38 00
Sabbath School Board:	
Rockville Sabbath School	5 00
Ritchie Sabbath School	17 00
Denominational Building:	
West Edmeston	10 00
Tract Society:	
Rockville	1 00
Milton	10 00
First Hopkinton	5 00
Dodge Center Sabbath School	3 96
Georgetown:	
Walworth	6 60
First Hopkinton	40 00
Marlboro	20 00
Battle Creek	60 00
Boys' School:	
First Genesee	5 00
Girls' School:	
First Genesee	5 00
Missionary Society:	
Rockville	1 00
Los Angeles, debt	105 00
Rockville Sabbath School	10 00
Milton	30 00
First Hopkinton	9 00
Detroit	100 00
New York	50 00
Battle Creek, Home Missions	5 00
West Edmeston, debt	6 00
Dodge Center, Sabbath School	3 96

How many boys and girls there are who think that just "over the hill" is a better place to live, a better place to make money, or to see beautiful and interesting things. Just over the hill there are many people ready to understand our worth and tell us how wonderful we are. There are riches all ready for a person of our great ability to reach out and take. The home town may be a pretty good place in which to live, for some folks, but we must try our fortunes over the hill.

I have known a great many young men and women who sought their fortunes over the hill, and I have known some who were willing to stay at home, and it seems to me that the stay-at-homes came out just as well or better in the end. The city calls a great many of our young people. But most of them are willing to come back to the country as soon as they can. A few years of living in the city teaches them that its advantages are not so great as they thought. There may be more money to be earned, but there are more things that must be paid for. There may be more people to meet, but there are fewer real friends. Let's learn the blessings of staying at home.

People in the East always think the West offers great opportunities, but the folks out West are already turning their eyes at the cheap land in some parts of the East, and even coming back to settle. A few years ago, a caravan of 100 automobiles started from around New York City, carrying 100 families toward the west. They had been told that out in the great State of Idaho, there was land which could be had very cheaply, and that they would soon become rich by working that land. They went. Each family must have an automobile and \$5,000 or \$10,000, I do not remember exactly. Now, we are told, all of the 100 families have left the farms that they traveled two-thirds of the way across the continent to buy. They found that they would have been much better off if they had stayed at home and saved their money, instead of going "over the hill."

Most often, greatness, or happiness, or opportunity seeks out the person who is doing his own work in his own home place. A boy named David once stayed at home so that his older brothers could go and meet the prophet Samuel. But the prophet sent for David and anointed him king over Israel and Judah. David was later willing to stay

at home and take care of the old folks and let his brothers win glory in Saul's armies. But when he went to carry them food and heard the challenge of the giant on the enemy's side, and saw all Saul's men cowering in their tents, it was the stay-at-home boy, David, who was ready to say, "God will fight on my side," and go out against Goliath with his sling and stones. And you know how that battle came out. David had learned to trust God and make the best of what he had, and the place he was in, instead of seeking his fortune over the hill. And that is just what we all need to learn, I think.

"Each, content in his place should dwell,  
And envy not his brother,  
For any part that is acted well  
Is just as good as another;  
For we all have our proper sphere below,  
And this is a truth worth knowing,  
You will come to grief if you try to go  
Where you never were meant for going."

*Children's Day, 1923.*

#### CHURCH MANUAL

One way that advertisers do is to tell people that their goods are what they have really wanted for a long time. Whether this Manual will meet a long-felt want or not it is well fitted to meet a need. Only the other day one of our younger pastors asked if there was any source of information concerning the duties of deacons. As many are aware, these and other duties have often been determined by the local church. But now it would be well if pastors, deacons, other officers, and all those interested in church affairs, would read carefully this new book. It is my purpose to make use of it in connection with our study in the Seminary of pastoral theology.

The book has been compiled by William Lewis Burdick and Corliss Fitz Randolph which names are a good guarantee of the value of the book.

It is published for our General Conference by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, New Jersey.

A. E. MAIN.

Moses might have been living in the luxury of Pharaoh's palace. He was an exile because he loved justice. Better to be a fugitive with God than to prove unfriendly to an attribute of God.—*Francis Wayland Pattison.*

## MISSIONS

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

#### THE MISSIONARY MOTIVE

There are two things, among others, of which we should not lose sight. One is that Christianity is a missionary religion. This feature was especially marked in the first century and has always been an outstanding characteristic of the religion of our Savior whenever it has had an opportunity to show its true nature. This fact was well stated by the late Dr. William N. Clarke in the opening paragraph of his book entitled, *A Study of Christian Missions*. He says:

"The religion of Christ is a missionary religion. The work and example of its founder destined it to be such, its early spirit was missionary, and its history is a missionary history. Whenever it has lost its missionary quality it has so far lost its character and ceased to be itself. Its characteristic temper has always been missionary, its revival of life and power has been attended by quickening of missionary energy, and missionary activity is one of the truest signs of loyalty to its character and its Lord."

Another thing which should not be lost sight of is that which has prompted missionary activity. Three or four generations past it was the general belief, that all who died without having heard of Christ and his salvation were eternally lost. Then the prime, if not the sole, motive pressed to forward missions was to save men from a lake of fire. It was said that if we abandoned the belief that all who never heard of Christ are forever lost we "cut the nerve of missions," and there is no longer any motive for missionary activity. This doctrine, however, is no longer pressed by any considerable number of people, and instead of its "cutting the nerve of missions" missionary enterprises have advanced by leaps and bounds.

What then is the motive back of modern missions? It is to carry to men, flounder-

ing in sin and the miseries of sin, the priceless blessings we have through Christ, or to be more accurate, it is to carry to them the blessedness we might have if we were faithful to our baptismal vows and promises. It is, in the words of another, to lead men to "forgiveness of sins, fellowship with God, the warmth of love, the glow of hope, the beauty of holiness, the joy of usefulness." This is not saying that missions do not save men from a real hell; psychology as well as the Bible teach us that there is such a thing as hell; but the emphasis is no longer placed on this as a missionary motive.

It is God's purpose, through his Son, that all men should enjoy "the riches of his grace" and that his followers shall be the instruments by which this is accomplished. "This is the purpose that is purposed upon the whole earth, and this is the hand that is stretched out to all nations. For the Lord has purposed and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out and who shall turn it back?"

It is the desire of those in whose hearts the love of Christ reigns that all others shall have the good things—material, intellectual, social and spiritual—which Christians enjoy coming from the cross of the Lamb of God. Love is that in man by virtue of which he highly values all men, however lowly or polluted, and desires to do them good though it be at a great cost to himself. If we really love we will desire to carry the gospel to all men, and we will rejoice in the privilege of making great sacrifices to accomplish this end. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "For their sakes I sanctify myself."

Love therefore, both on God's part and man's, is the motive impelling the missionary enterprises of Christianity. Love has impelled God to stretch out his hand to man at an infinite cost and refuse to turn it back. Love impells Christ's followers to give their time, strength, money and, best of all, themselves to the greatest task of the ages. "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge that one died for all, therefore all died; and he died for all that they that live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died and rose again."

## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR MR. BURDICK:

The interest in our Sabbath service keeps up, and I enjoy the work, but feel that I can not do it justice while giving so much of my time and strength to earning a living outside.

I have recently been called to other fields where I can devote full time to the work, and have my living at the same time. An evangelist is needed here in Minneapolis, some one with the spirit and zeal of C. A. Hansen, whom I had hoped would come, but instead he went on to Chicago.

There are some Seventh Day Adventists here who are not satisfied with that doctrine. There are some former Seventh Day Baptists who came to the city years ago and left the Sabbath, but who can never be whole-hearted Christians in any other church. There are nine members here of the old New Auburn (Minn.) Church, ten or more who belong to the Dodge Center (Minn.) Church, one who is a member at Alfred, N. Y., besides a nice group of children and young people. Another family is coming soon.

I hope some strong man can be found for this place at Conference time, or before, as I consider it a promising field for our cause. I can stay until the first week in August, and hope I may be a blessing while I stay.

There was a slight mistake in the printed report of my last quarter's work in the RECORDER. "prayer meetings, 45," visits, 0," should be, "visits, 45," "prayer meetings, 0." We are so scattered that it is almost impossible to get together for an evening prayer service, but I do get about among the people somewhat. Also there was a mistake in the annual report of my work in the *Year Book*, page 203, which evidently gave report for one quarter instead of the year, and on page 201, "She preaches occasionally." I have addressed the Seventh Day Baptists here nearly every Sabbath since April, 1921, except of course, when away from the city. During the month of August, 1921, I was excused from preaching on account of the hot weather and my strenuous work of nursing in the hospital. Last year during August we met only each alternate Sabbath on account of the very warm weather.

I have worked very hard on this field, trying to be faithful to my duties, though

greatly handicapped by lack of time and strength to devote to the work. I shall leave the field with a feeling of sadness and regret, appreciating the loving consideration and hearty co-operation of the dear people here. It is like severing family ties. But I believe God has called me to other work. Let us pray earnestly, and seek diligently that a worker for this field may come soon.

Yours for the Kingdom,

ANGELINE PRENTICE ABBEY.

June 10, 1923.

P. S.—We think it a very promising field now. If a few more are gathered in, a church of twenty or more members could be organized. You know a lot has been donated for a church building, and some money promised when we are ready to build.

Perhaps some one may attend the university and help the people here, or maybe some one could come here for a month or so of special effort.

Yours in the work,

ANGELINE P. ABBEY.

June 23, 1923.

**HOW ENLARGE SPIRITUAL LIFE IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL?**

CHARLES A. PIERCE

(Read on Sabbath Rally Day in Milton Junction)

Our superintendent asked me to write something on the spiritual life in our Sabbath school. This is a very broad subject, but one most vital to us as a people. Therefore we must do all in our power to *increase* our spiritual life.

One of the things that I think would strengthen and build up the spiritual life in our Sabbath schools and churches, as well as a people, is to read our Bible and go to God in prayer each and every day of our life. We need very much to talk to our heavenly Father more and more, to tell him of our needs and to praise him for his great blessings and wonderful care over us. We read of how often Christ went to his heavenly Father in prayer, and if he felt this great need of prayer how much more we should pray and study his blessed Word to know and do his will. In the Bible we find the way of true life. God in his great love has given us his holy word, the Bible, that we might study it and know his will. And I believe that if we should do this as

a people more and more we would see our spiritual life grow by leaps and bounds. Therefore how necessary it is that we should teach our children the importance of prayer and Bible study in the Sabbath school as well as the home. We can not neglect the cultivation of our spiritual life and still retain it any more than we can neglect to cultivate our garden. We know that if we should plant our garden and neglect to cultivate it we would get nothing from it to sustain our physical life; the same holds true in our spiritual life. We must cultivate it by doing the will of God not one day in the week, but every day. So, boys and girls, make it the rule of your life to read your Bible and pray each day, asking God to guide you; and if you do this father and mother will have no need of worry for fear you will go astray for God will surely keep you.

And another way I would suggest for our Sabbath school to grow spiritually is by scattering sunshine. Now we can do this in many different ways. For example the Friendly Gleaners have chosen for their project to provide a means for carrying the old people to church each Sabbath. And in one of the Sabbath schools where we once attended, the girls' class furnished flowers for the pulpit each Sabbath and after the services they were carried to the sick or some shut-ins. In this way sunshine was scattered and a blessing received by the class as well as by the ones who were shut in.

One of the things that impressed me very much when we were in Riverside, was the fact that nearly every one stayed to Sabbath school. And their Sabbath school certainly was a spiritual uplift to the church. They had something like twenty or twenty-five young people in the Sabbath school and Young People's society besides the children. These young people often went to the county house and sang to the poor unfortunate people. They also made it a practice to go around to the homes of our people early on Christmas morning and sing beautiful Christmas carols which brought gladness to the hearts of all who heard those lusty young voices. Now friends, we have a spiritual Sabbath school right here and good equipment but we do need more of you in it. Stay and gain a blessing and help make it a large part of our Sabbath service.

And again there is the question of the Sabbath which is most vital to us as a people. God has given us a mission in life of bringing the whole truth to the world. If we fail he will surely give it to someone else. Therefore let us teach our children more and more the necessity of keeping all of God's commandments, in the Sabbath school as well as in the home, for we have seen it demonstrated over and over that the person who leaves the Sabbath usually loses his spiritual life.

Again there is the question of our social life. We need to have more social activities. We should have some amusement for our young people that is pure and wholesome. They must have it and if we do not furnish it, they will find it elsewhere. It seems to me that we need more church socials, and I would suggest that each social be started by a short Bible study. I was once in a church where this was practiced with good success. Let us seek more and more the guiding spirit of God and he will lead us to all paths of righteousness.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear,  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

"O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer."

**HOME NEWS**

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.—About seventy pupils are enrolled in our Daily Vacation Bible School. Ten of these come from Alfred. Pastor Ehret, of Alfred, is teaching seventh and eighth grades. Mrs. W. D. Burdick, of Dunellen, N. J., is the training teacher; and her five pupils teach kindergarten, first three grades, and missions under Mrs. Burdick's direction. Pastor Simpson teaches fourth, fifth and sixth grades as usual. Simpson and Ehret exchanged pulpits Sabbath morning, June 30. July 1 the teacher training girls visited two Sunday schools in Wellsville to observe methods. Our church is not asking financial aid from the denomination for our school this year. The two pastors have their salaries from their churches and the Second Alfred Church employs Mrs. Burdick.

COMMITTEE.



## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

To be scientifically minded is one of the supreme achievements of mankind. To love truth, as science loves it, to seek truth tirelessly, as science seeks it, to reveal the latent resources of the universe in hope that men will use them for good and not for evil, as science does, is one of the chief glories of our race. When, however, we have taken everything that science gives, it is not enough for life. When we have facts, we still need a spiritual interpretation of facts; when we have all the scientific forces that we can get our hands upon, we still need spiritual mastery over their use; and, beyond all the power that science gives, we need that inward power which comes from spiritual fellowships alone. Religion is indispensable. To build human life upon another basis is to erect civilization upon sand, where the rain descends and the floods come and the winds blow and beat upon the house and it falls and great is the fall thereof.—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

### THE NEW INSURANCE COMPANY

LYLE CADY

(Oration in Dr. Thomas World Peace Prize Contest, Alfred University)

Eons ago when that flaming mass which we now call earth was sent whirling through space it gradually contracted with mighty rumblings or earthquakes. Yesterday we heard the rumblings of a gigantic "man-quake." Out of the stench of rotting human flesh and gore there arose anew those three gaunt grey harbingers of death, vengeance, hatred and selfishness, to stalk forth from nation to nation, scattering far and wide the seeds for another and more ghastly harvest. Today, shouldn't we pierce the mists of forgetfulness to gaze on those hideous countenances and ask ourselves with Kipling, solemnly and thoughtfully, "Must war breed war forever?"

If war is not to breed war forever, then the world must formulate a new insurance company for peace. Preparation for war is no prevention of war. The old com-

pany, working on that basis, has gone to smash. Under that policy man met each installment by tightening his war shield on his back, polishing his dagger, gnashing his teeth, and boasting, "My trusty sword will bring me peace." But as he staggered along, under an ever-increasing burden, worrying for fear his brother's helmet be stronger than his own, yet swaggering and bluffing, hoping to terrorize his brothers more than he himself was terrorized, there came a day when his bluff was called and the mad folly was uncovered of an armed world as an insurance of peace. What resource, then, will secure our new insurance company in order to promise permanent peace? There is but one, equality of opportunity. With a company founded on this security, the world can safely look forward to a glorious future of uninterrupted progress.

Dares America to quibble over the nominal price of such a policy, responsibility? Will she again grip tight the penny of independence and pay the pound of sacrifice and suffering? After that terrible conflagration in which inventors more famous than Edison and scientists more brilliant than Darwin sacrificed their great blessing to posterity, sadder still, in which millions of souls vanished from this earth, and saddest of all, in which the sacred bonds of love were shattered and torn, will America hesitate to sign her name? Why should America hesitate to post in bold letters on the bulletin board of the world those principles for which she has always stood? Any other course is bound to lead weaker peoples, still in the clutches of fear, into intrigue and secret diplomacy, that intrigue and secret diplomacy which was the spark in the kindling under the beams of the old structure. It is only with this solemn pledge on the part of the several powerful nations that all can come forth from the darkness of fear and superstition into the clear light of unfettered freedom. America's pledge for the protection of the weak is her first premium in responsibility on her new insurance policy for peace.

America must also be responsible for her foreign, commercial and economic program. We must advance a trustful, sympathetic spirit in our international relations if we are to sign the new insurance policy for peace. Can we in the present crisis tightly bolt our gates against those products of indus-

try which represent the honest efforts of our debtors to meet their obligations, keeping them in perpetual slavery? Do we want to be the Shylock of today, demanding the pound of flesh from the heart of Europe, because her coffers are void of gold? Let us keep clearly before us in all such commercial relations the ideal of a once more financially stabilized world. This must be America's second premium on her policy for peace. But is this her final payment in responsibility? *No!*

America is also responsible for her example of democracy. The rows of white crosses in Flanders fields mark the resting place of those who gave their last full measure of devotion that the world might be made safe for democracy. Today it is our job to keep democracy safe for the world. If we believe that under democratic government initiative is best fostered, ambition justly rewarded, and the happiest, most abundant life enjoyed by all, then we must keep the torch of excellency brightly burning in that government. We must strive for finer teamwork between capital and labor, giving our sincerest attention to the problems of each. We must root out those organizations which instigate race hatred and breed war, whose activity overrules law and order and makes justice the toy of might. We must assimilate the foreigner who comes to our shores, giving him a square meal of American hospitality, and inspiring him with our ideals of world citizenship. We must promote in our educational system, not an aristocracy of learning, but facilities whereby every earnest seeker after the fruits of knowledge can develop a character according to his ability. In short, we must further in all our institutions respect for law and order, a spirit of sympathy and tolerance for our fellowmen, and the life of service for others. If we can keep the gears of industry smoothly meshing, the crew respectful and cheerfully obedient to the captain, the radio picking up the news and disseminating it freely, then, with a clear eye and steady hand at the bridge, driven onward by the strong currents of love and fraternalism, America can safely assume her responsibility as flagship of democracy, guiding the newer ships of state past the rocks of internal strife onto the calm waters of national peace. This, then, must be America's third and

final premium on her insurance policy for peace.

When we shall agree on the final price, responsibility, then we must also agree to turn from that old rutted road of aloofness and strike out on the broader highway of co-operation. We can no longer say to our sister nations, "Your troubles are yours to solve; ours are ours." A man is a part of all whom he has met. America, her power, her wealth, is just as truly the inheritance of the world. America's business and moral interests cry out against the following further in that old rut of isolation. Inventions in communication and transportation have reduced miles to inches. Yet today America's agricultural industry lies paralyzed from glutted markets while Europe starves. The corn that furnished the sparks of heat in Kansas furnaces should have furnished the sparks of life for Russia's famishing babes. The world's tears are our tears; its joys our joys.

And now when we shall choose the wider way of co-operation and friendship, we shall soon be granted a vision of that glorious temple with the golden inscription over the gate, which only America, with eyes undimmed by the hot dust of hatred and revenge, can see, "Lead, America, lead!" *L-E-A-D! Love erases all difficulties!* Heeding that call to duty, she must guide all nations straight past Mars' alluring signs, "Short cuts to the altar of peace," roads mined with the powder of selfishness and greed, roads strewn with the brambles of suspicion and malice; she must guide all straight on to that chapel in the land of contentment. There, around the table, with all agreed as to the fundamental terms of the new insurance company, they must arrange the details, organization. They must form an organization through which the common problems may be solved, commercial difficulties adjusted so that industry may center around those points to which it is geographically adapted, natural resources harmoniously developed for the common need and under which man may migrate and choose his own habitation regardless of race, color or creed. The leadership in this organization is the work for America today.

But now we want to realize that even after the world has decided on the security for its new insurance company, equality of opportunity, and America has agreed to the

three premiums in responsibility; first, responsibility for her example of national peace in a democracy; second, responsibility for the protection of weaker people; and third, responsibility for her foreign program, even after she has led all to that altar of peace and arranged the details of the policy, organization, even then, we want to realize that we have symbolized all by the word "America." But we are America—we are America! Can not we see that every act of selfishness, every slur that we cast on a rival or enemy, every deed of unkindness is a vitamine for which the war god craves, is a seed which those gaunt, grey harbingers of death, vengeance, hatred and selfishness, are sowing in our hearts for that new and hellish harvest. Can not we see, too, that every word of encouragement and cheer, every sacrifice we make for others, is a step down that broad smooth highway to the altar of peace.

We thrill with pride as we picture a little hamlet in the heart of war-weary France, its narrow, cobblestone streets, vacant and still but for here and there a grey-haired sire or a group of straggling children. The sun of France is slowly sinking, sending its last lingering rays over closely cropped acres. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. The mothers of France are kneeling before their lonely cottages, eyes on the ground, with forms bent from ceaseless toil in the fields, and faces saddened with grief from the loss of dear ones—they are kneeling and bravely asking the Father for strength to carry on their work and faith in the salvation of their country. Hark! Is that the booming of distant cannon? The sound grows steadily louder and louder. Then from around the bend there appear staunch columns of khaki. The sweet, inspiring strains of the Marseillaise swell every mother's heart. The Stars and Stripes carried proudly aloft bring the message that the immeasurable wealth, the boundless resources, all the dauntless courage and faith of a great liberty-loving nation is pouring into that blood-soaked land to champion once more the cause of justice. Intoxicated with ecstasy, eyes streaming with mingled tears of joy and sorrow, the mothers of France run to kiss those sunburned hands and smile up at the resolute faces. Their prayers have been answered—the saviors of France have come.

America was glorious in war. Let our life's work carry that flag to the more glorious heights in a new era of freedom and insure the realization of that noble dream of brotherhood and peace.

"O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years!  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!"

#### DR. W. L. BURDICK TALKS IN CHAPEL FRIDAY

Friday morning, June 1, Dr. W. L. Burdick, of Ashaway, R. I., addressed the students of Milton College at the morning chapel services. He spoke of some of his experiences while he was in school, and pointed out some mistakes that he made, so that the students could profit by his experiences. He also told of some things that he learned. He emphasized the fact that every young man should choose his life work early and work toward the end of educating himself for it. He also emphasized the fact that hard work pays and that it never pays to lie down on the job.—*Milton Review*.

#### HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Our Sabbath Rally Day program followed the usual order of church services with a few additions. Mr. Robert Green, our Sabbath school superintendent, had charge of it and there was a paper read by Mr. Charles Pierce and the poem, "A Dream," read by Miss Ruth Dangerfield; then one of the interesting sermons Mr. M. G. Stillman knows so well how to give and several of which we are enjoying while our church is pastorless. In the choir that day we saw some of the faces seen there in "the years gone by," and though their voices may not be what they were then, the singing was good enough so Mrs. Edward Hull, who is the choir leader, says she wants them to sing regularly once a month. Also the Sabbath school requested Mr. Pierce's paper for the SABBATH RECORDER. We expect to have a Children's Day program on June 23 and the following Sabbath the installation services for our new pastor, Rev. E. E. Sutton, and family, whom we hope will be with us by that time.

CORRESPONDENT.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

#### A WISH

Make me as quick as the swift water dashing,  
To serve my day and do my bit of good;  
To smooth the road for feet which struggle upward

To faith, to peace, and human brotherhood.

Make me as clean as mountain torrents falling  
Down ancient pathways to the waiting sea.  
That in my heart no treasured thing shall linger,  
But what is pleasing and a praise to thee.

I would be patient as the waters warring  
'Gainst rocks which dash them into mist and spray;

To set brave fight to impulse and to folly,  
To set firm fight and sweep them from my way.

To be a part of all life's bordering beauty,  
Obedient as the currents swift and strong;  
And like the streams with their unfailing voices  
Rift sorrow through with an unchanging song.  
—*Guy Fitch Phelps*.

#### RUSSIAN STUDENTS EN ROUTE TO AMERICA

The *China* docked at Honolulu at 2.30 on a February Saturday afternoon, five hours late from Shanghai. As her black hull with its yellow stripe slid noiselessly up to the pier and made fast, our small party of men and women waiting on the pier moved sternward, for we were not interested in the fashionable tourists en route from the Orient to San Francisco who were about to descend the gang-plank. Let them come from their first class cabins! Let waiting taxis honk and swallow their victims, whirling them off on sight-seeing trips at fabulous prices per hour, landing them at the fashionable beach hotels which ever extend smiling welcome to globe trotters.

Eagerly we took our places at the end of the rear gang-plank connected with the steerage and strained our eyes to catch sight of the eighty Russian students who, according to a radio message, were to be our honored guests for several hours. Bound for the land of their dreams, eighty of them, refined and cultured people traveling in the *China* steerage, had, after passing through many difficult experiences in Rus-

sia during the revolution, escaped to Harbin, China, the capital of Manchuria, from which place they finally secured passage to America. With them, traveling only one class better than steerage, were twenty others, who although quartered below decks for days, showed traces of their former comfortable circumstances in Russia.

Among this little band of refugees who will start life over again in America were government officials, artists and a grand opera singer. A tall blond old gentleman, who said that he had been in the Russian navy for more than forty years and had the rank of Admiral when the Great War was on, in his limited command of the English language, made us understand that he and his wife were going to start life anew in America. Another member of the group was the wife of the former Minister of Education in Russia and she was the leading soprano in grand opera in Petrograd; she hopes to secure engagements in New York City.

Our waiting group had a mental picture of eighty young girls and boys. Were they properly chaperoned? Would they be starving? What would they wear? Suddenly we were greeted by a company of men, women and children—stalwart young men, none under twenty-five, some well over that age. Some came with wives and children, others with a sister or mother—a few young women, clinging together under the kindly care of a motherly woman—and one typical Russian peasant, bearded and old, for father could not be left behind. Eagerly their shining faces responded to our greeting—a blond youth in Russian smock and impossible gray suede shoes, women in all sorts of wool suits of ancient European cut, most of them with French heels, probably the only shoes available—others in comfortable cotton frocks, but all shining clean even after many days in the steerage.

Between half past two and nine in the evening our party of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. secretaries gave them a continual good time, showing them the wonders which only Hawaii can produce of mountain and sea views, loading them with flowers and finally depositing them at the two Association buildings which stand in friendly proximity, hungry for a good supper. How they loved the shower baths! "Good, so good!" said the delicate girl with the speak-

ing brown eyes and white teeth, while the jolly fat mother came up from the depths of the basement throwing kisses to all as her only means of expressing gratitude for the refreshing shower.

An impressive sight they were at the two long tables in the dining room, the white smocked youth, the bearded peasant and the pretty girls all in a row with children in high chairs between. Evidently the supper tasted good, but the special delicacy, in the shape of dainty baking powder biscuits, two on each bread and butter plate, was unknown to them. Few were touched until one venturesome youth speared one with his fork and swallowed it whole and others followed. The staff of life was soon hurried onto the table and met with no uncertain response.

After an unintelligible jabber from our interpreter, their chairs were pulled into a circle and speeches were in order. What could we say to them? How could we let them know that we loved them, that we in America suffered in sympathy with Russia and, most important of all, how could we dare to promise that the land of their dreams would fulfil all of their eager hopes?

Yes, they would entertain us. The blond Russian girl went to the piano, ambition sounding in every note, the brown-eyed girl played her classic bit, confiding to me later that she had never studied (did I think she could play?)—the others with guitar and mandolin in contributing a Sousa march in no uncertain tones. Rollicking group songs, a tiny child reciting her nursery rhyme, twirling a rose in embarrassment—and best of all the omnipresent accordion. Was there ever a ship's group without an accordion? The modern gymnasium girl may well learn the Russian dances from the two young girls who danced it well to this squeaky accompaniment. I ventured to whisper to the brown-eyed girl as the group-singing ceased, "Was that a national Russian song?" After concentrated listening, she said, "Our national songs were to our Emperor. We have no Emperor now. We have no song. The others, they have a new song." Sadness gave way to a light in her eyes as she said, "You have a national song?"

But the clock pointed at half past eight and the ship sailed at nine. Reluctantly the group broke up and eagerly gathered

in their precious parcels of bread, bananas and *more* bread for the seven long, steerage days ahead to San Francisco. Mothers with sleepy babies and bulky packages were tucked in waiting autos, others followed on foot, until all were crawling up the gang-plank to be swallowed up behind the dimly lighted port holes, the men lining up on the deck to make their last profound bows of gratitude and silence.

Who shall say that Russians and Americans can not understand each other?

"May I hear your name?" said the brown-eyed girl in my ear as she clasped my hand in good-by. "You are my first friend in America. I will write to you." Who will be her next American friend, and the next, and the next, and the next?—*The Woman's Press*.

#### THIS IS THE LETTER THEY WROTE

*Steamship China*

*At Sea, February 28, 1923.*

To the Young Women's Christian Association of Honolulu.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Allow us to express to you in a few words our sincere and heartfelt gratitude. By the will of God we appeared on your famous Island where your sincere and frank reception and beautiful hospitality to us Russians obliged us to believe in the broad and kind hearted American Nation, to believe that in your personality we have found sincere and amiable friends.

The chaotic condition of our great native land and the impossibility of receiving higher education in Russia compelled us to come to your great country, and as we are left without country or family we believe that the United States of America will be to us a second mother and will always help us in the grave moments of life.

Wherever we may happen to be the memory of you and your beautiful reception of us will be among the most treasured memories of our lives.

From the bottom of our hearts we send to you our cordial Russian thanks.

The grateful students of the sixth group, second party.

Signed by twenty-five Russian students.

#### WORKER'S EXCHANGE

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

The Battle Creek Ladies' Aid observed Sabbath Rally Day in connection with the regular June meeting, following, as nearly as we were able, the outline given in the RECORDER.

The devotional service was in charge of the president, Mrs. Martha Wardner, who read the concluding portion of Isaiah 58

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

III

*The Great Floods of the Spring of 1873*

EDWIN J. BABCOCK

Old settlers are often asked why the storms and the floods of pioneer days were more serious and more tragic than in later years. Great storms and floods, they tell us, are nothing uncommon, even in these later days. Why the interest then, in these early ones? I answer, that now we are prepared for them, with better buildings and improvements, and built in safer locations. Now we know what to expect, then we did not. Now we have near neighbors, and good roads and bridges, then we had none. Now we have telephones, then they were unknown. Now we have other property, goods and effects with which to repair and replace. Then we often had none left. Now we have railroads and near towns, where all kinds of supplies can be had. Then the nearest railroad and city was Grand Island, fifty miles away, with no public road for most of the distance, and not a single bridge, except one over the South Loup River near St. Paul.

These conditions often made an unexpected storm a real and living calamity, long to be remembered.

In the new settlement, winter had gone, the big blizzard was past. Now, we said to ourselves, we have nothing more to fear, except Indians. After all, our good old dugout, even if it could be buried in absolute darkness for three long days and nights by snow, was now light and safe. Nothing more could trouble our night's rest, nor our work by day. Even during the blizzard, we had kept warm and dry. Now we knew our sturdy neighbors had chosen for their pastor, a warm and dry abode. The weather was warm and dry. If Nebraska was not a dry country, if it could only rain and start the new grass, all would be merry as a wedding bell. And sure enough, all things come to those who wait. It had commenced to rain this spring afternoon. Light at first, then harder and harder all the afternoon; but we were dry and safe for once, and all rejoiced in the needed rain. Toward night, the creek, a few rods away, commenced to rise. By dark, the

and related how, in her study of the Sabbath question and feeling deeply her need of strength and wisdom, these words had come to her as a heaven-sent personal promise. Several prayers were offered for the promotion of Sabbath truth.

Selections from the tract, "Bible Reading on Sabbath and Sunday" were read by Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Mrs. Evans read the poem "A Dream," and Mrs. F. E. Tappan read "A Statement concerning Faith and Order of Seventh Day Baptist Churches."

Informal testimonies on the value of the Sabbath were given, two members telling of their experience in coming to the Sabbath, while another told of an experience often related to her by her mother. This mother, a member of the Methodist church married into a Sabbath-keeping family, but with no thought of ever giving up the observance of Sunday. One day she picked up a copy of the SABBATH RECORDER intending to use it in kindling a fire. Her eye fell on the heading of a sermon on the Sabbath, written by Rev. N. Wardner, and becoming interested she laid the paper aside. In her first leisure time she read it carefully and taking her Bible followed up his line of thought, saying nothing to any one. At last one Sunday morning she began working, saying to her astonished and delighted husband: "I shall never keep another Sunday." So that sermon in that particular issue of the RECORDER did indeed kindle a fire that lighted and cheered one life till its earthly close.

This story is repeated here at the request of a lover of the cause, in the hope that it may encourage the faithful workers who are now sowing the seeds of truth "beside all waters."

MARY V. EVANS,

*Press Committee.*

*Battle Creek, Mich.,*

*June 13, 1923.*

How shall we enter heaven? . . . We begin heaven here on earth, not by taking a journey from this world up through the air, but by taking a journey from a bad state of mind to a good state of mind. . . . Heaven has to begin in ourselves.—*J. Paterson-Smyth, in the Gospel of the Hereafter.*

banks four or five rods wide at the top, and about twenty feet deep; were half full and the water still rising. It was great fun to run out through the rain and watch the black whirling and eddying water.

At bedtime the banks were full, but we were surely safe because, even if it continued to rise, it would soon spread out over the entire flat or first bottom, which was ten or fifteen rods wide. Soon this happened and water trickled into the three-foot trench, cut for a doorway into the dugout. So father told me to take a spade and make a low dam across the narrow passageway. I threw up a few inches of dirt, packing and tramping it down. Very soon the water was up to the top of my little dam, and taking my spade, I built the dam still higher. But, the water still rising, father came and soon had built a good wide substantial dam about two feet high, tamping and tramping it well. The water had now spread out over the entire flat and was running with a strong current, which father said must soon carry it away. Harder and harder, however, came the rain, and still the water rose, and with it father also raised the dam. Now he was becoming uneasy and worried. It was nearly eleven o'clock. Our team, which after the blizzard had been kept at John Sheldon's, was three and a half miles away. Our two nearest neighbors, Dr. Bodger and Bert Davis, both lived across the creek, and could under no possibility be reached.

We were now surrounded by this flood of water, the draw or ravine in front of the dugout being also filled with water. Hurriedly we built the dam up a foot higher till father could take the table, and a straw tick filled with straw out over the dam to where a big dry goods box stood, placing the straw tick on top of the table and box for a roof. Coming back, he feverishly placed two heavy board trunks on top of the bed, one on top of the other, and placed sister Myra, three years old, on top of the trunk. Then telling me to watch her, he took baby George, about a year and a half old, in his arms, stepped onto a chair, from the chair to the top of the dam, and from the dam to the solid bank, and, followed by Aunt Retta, went through the pouring rain to the box and left them. He got back just as the dam gave way, and the water poured into the dugout. The lamp had been set on a high shelf, and I remem-

ber yet very distinctly how Myra screamed as the water broke through, before father returned, and how we waded and slipped and fell, and finally crawled out over the slippery bank, and how I saw the two trunks, then turned bottom side up, with all their contents, whirling around in a mad eddy of water, mud and debris.

When father went back the water was just up to his upper vest pocket. For nearly an hour more he worked gathering up first his most valuable legal, business and family papers and records, old day books, ledgers and legislative documents from the water, then clothing, bedding, provisions and other personal effects, carrying and towing some to our rendezvous on the bank and piling some on shelves and on tops of boxes placed on the bedsteads and stove.

All the long night the rain fell in torrents. Aunt Retta, baby George and Myra sat in the dry goods box under the straw tick. Father and I sat under the table. Brother Art happened to be staying at grandfather Bristol's for the night and did not get home till morning, missing a part of the experience. All night long, however, vivid flashes of lightning would disclose the dark, ominous and raging water about twenty feet away as we sat in silence, since the incessant roar of the waters drowned our voices if we assayed to talk. Even when daylight at last came, no escape or fire or food was available till father had gone to John Sheldon's, three and one half miles away, and back for a team.

But what was then a rather strenuous and somewhat dangerous experience comes back to me now as a very pleasant and agreeable remembrance of pioneer days. Such floods were much more common in earlier days than now, due to the fact that our prairie would burn over in the fall and winter leaving nothing to absorb or check the flow of water. Now grass, crops, shrubs, trees, forests and plowed fields take up and absorb the water and check its flow until much of it settles into the soil.

#### TRUST GOD

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:  
Our times are in His hand

Who saith "A whole I planned."

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor  
be afraid.

#### MORE BIBLES FOR SHIPS

Some time ago the daily papers published an account of the death and burial at sea of the captain of the *S. S. Hatteras*, one of the vessels of the United States Shipping Board, stating that the ship was without a Bible from which the burial service could be read. The service was sent by wireless from a sister ship, and the New York Bible Society, learning of the fact, supplied Bibles to every one of the vessels of the Shipping Board. Word has just come to the office of the society, 5 East Forty-eighth Street, that these Bibles which were placed in the main cabin of each ship, could not be easily available to the crew. The society has therefore offered to donate Bibles for both the sailors' and stewards' quarters on all the vessels of the Shipping Board and the offer has been accepted from the department at Washington in a letter, as follows:

"New York Bible Society—Dear Sirs: We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of June 1, and thank you very much indeed for your kind offer to furnish another Bible to each one of our ships, to be placed in a small rack in the crews' quarters. We are issuing instructions today to our District Agents that they notify the operators that your representative be allowed to put up these racks for the Bibles. I believe you have a full list of our operators sent you some months ago when you very kindly subscribed to each library aboard every ship one Bible, and you can use this same list in the distribution of the Bibles for the sailors. We wish to thank you again for your very kind offer, which is more than appreciated by the officials of the Shipping Board here in Washington.

Very truly yours,

"United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation."

A million portions of the Bible in twenty-seven languages were recently ordered by the New York Bible Society. This is the largest single order ever given by the society. The leaves of these books, put end to end, would reach a distance of twenty-five thousand miles, or completely girdle the earth. Consignments of this order are arriving daily at the New York Bible House. One portion of this order was for attractively bound New Testaments, and more than one hundred thousand of these have already been sold at actual cost, or 10 cents per copy. Half a million copies of the English Gospel Portions, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, illustrated with colored pictures, will retail at 1 cent per copy. A large number of the entire order will be distributed

free, as the free distribution of the Bible is the object of the society. The New York Bible Society is regularly publishing and distributing the Bible in fifty-three languages and in the raised type for the blind.

#### REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION —WESTERN ASSOCIATION

Your Committee on Education would report and recommend the adoption of the following Minute:

We are glad to recognize the fact, and to emphasize the importance, of a growing interest, in schools and colleges, in the things of religion.

We recommend to the sympathetic and practical consideration of our entire denomination the multiplying tasks, privileges and needs, of our schools in Fouke, Ark., Salem, W. Va., Milton, Wis., and Alfred, N. Y.

The governing authorities of our public schools, and the teachers, ought to recognize more and more, it seems to us, the surpassingly great opportunity and duty of those who teach to lay foundations, in young minds and hearts, of a true and ennobling philosophy of life.

It would be well, we believe, if the churches of a given community could have the boys and girls of their congregations and homes one period a day, say the last in the forenoon, for instruction in religion, which is the supremely high aspect of human life and experience.

We are encouraged by the increasing numbers of young men who have in view the Christian ministry. And we commend to the prayerful attention of young men and women the essential value of this holy calling to society, to the state and to the kingdom of God.

We recommend to our denomination occasional gatherings of boys and girls, in suitable places and at fit times, for the purpose of having placed before them by wise speakers, for example, the nature and opportunities of manual labor, business, good citizenship, the practice of medicine, teaching and the Christian ministry.

Respectfully submitted,

ARTHUR E. MAIN,

O. M. BURDICK,

J. F. WHITFORD.

Committee.

Little Genesee, N. Y.,  
June 24, 1923.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS

MRS. SARAH WARDNER

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
July 28, 1923

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Industry in Eden (Gen. 2: 4-17)  
Monday—The law of labor (Exod. 20: 9-11)  
Tuesday—Providing jobs (Matt. 20: 1-15)  
Wednesday—Teaching independence (Eph. 4: 28)  
Thursday—Teaching honesty (1 Thes. 4: 11, 12)  
Friday—The curse of idleness (1 Tim. 5: 13)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, Industrial missions at home and abroad (2 Thes. 3: 6-13)

Idleness is a condition—a cessation of activities—physical, mental or spiritual.

Every condition has its causes. Industrial idleness has causes many and varied. The factors bringing about the condition are mainly demand and supply, employee and employer, and missionary work is needed at both ends of the latter string.

While the employer willingly admits the need of this in case of wage-earners he is loath to admit a suggestion of imperfection on his part, and too often, as the exigencies of his business drive him he forgets that men are not mere machines; that they are human beings with minds and sensibilities and ought to be considered as such.

The problem of the employee is one that we are learning to face. Sixty years ago the foreign element in this country was just beginning to be noticeable. Facilities for immigration were fewer and more expensive than in these days; but with increase of inventions and development of our agricultural and mineral possibilities the demand for laborers created the host of steamer lines needed to transport to us the cosmopolitan alien population which today floods our cities, crowding to the suburbs many whose former homes of elegance have been transformed into apartment houses or tenements.

Segregating in flocks of their several nationalities, they not only shut themselves off from intercourse with us, but impede us in our efforts to familiarize them with the life and customs of the new country. When

our community workers first attempted to show the women in their homes how to better conditions of cleanliness and health their efforts were resented; but as the children from these homes entered our public schools they not only learned of our customs by association but rivaled our American-born pupils in the strife for education. This unconsciously stirred the parents to a desire to place themselves on a higher, more American level.

Then we, on our part, made an advance step by opening Evening schools for the Americanization of the men who toiled in our shops and industrial plants and of the women whose time and energy are spent for us as they serve us in factory, as clerks in our stores or as help in our homes.

Here lay a new and broad field for missionary work—not a work of religious creed, but an opportunity for teachers, young as well as old, to win the hearts of many to love and obedience to God, our All-Father, and by their tactful help to aid them to understand what fraternal sympathy and the citizenship of our country means.

Tract is a most desirable requisite for a teacher who stands before large classes of men and women differing not only in nationality, intelligence and education, but in ideas as to liberty, law and government. From the illiterate and non-English-speaking and from those who have received an education in their homeland they come seeking entrance to the classes for which they are fitted.

Why do these, who are wearied with long hours of toil choose the classroom rather than the places of amusement which offer them ease and pleasure? Why do they sigh as the time for closing approaches and plead for longer hours?

Not only are they acquiring a knowledge of our spoken and written language, but they are recognizing that in this new land they have met a feeling of interest in their needs, a sympathy for them in their struggles.

Above all they are finding that the remedy for industrial idleness is not a resort to strikes and anarchy but that by education they may fit themselves to become law-abiding citizens and intelligent, independent voters and men and women fitted to hold positions of trust and honor.

Plainfield, N. J.

### A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

Idleness is a curse in many ways. The idle person never has time to do anything else. When asked to help in some part of church work, or to aid some other organization, he "never has the time." He simply drifts through life, without any aim or ambition, thinking only of himself and his welfare. But the truly busy person is the one who can always do a little more and has the time to help others. To which class do you belong?

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRAM AT THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

Song, "C. E. Foursquare," composed by Mrs. Howard Davis, Verona, N. Y.  
Scripture Reading and Prayer, Miss Helen Brown, Leonardsville, N. Y.  
Duet, Misses Marion and Jennie Williams, Verona, N. Y.  
Paper, "Life of Fannie Crosby," Alice Langworthy, Adams Center, N. Y.  
Song, Congregation  
Paper, "Ways in which Christian Endeavorers Can Be Witnesses," Craig Sholtz, Verona, N. Y.  
Trio, "The Beautiful Garden of Prayer," Mrs. Howard Davis, Miss Ruby Davis, Miss Sylvia Babcock, Verona, N. Y.  
Paper, "To our Young People," Mrs. Jennie Seamon, Syracuse, N. Y.  
Men's Chorus, "Keep Rank"  
Story, Mrs. Eva Horton, Adams Center, N. Y.  
Closing Prayer, Miss Ruby Clark, Scott, N. Y.

### WAYS IN WHICH CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS CAN BE WITNESSES

CRAIG SHOLTZ

(Paper given in Young People's Hour, Central Association)

In considering the topic of Christian Endeavorers as witnesses for Christ, let us determine who are witnesses and what their purpose is. The dictionary gives as a definition of the word witness, "One who has personal knowledge of anything." Therefore every one who knows of Christ is capable of being a witness for him. Young people, the fact that we are members of the Christian Endeavor society marks us as witnesses, to all who know us. It is because we are witnesses, because we do have a personal knowledge of Christ, that we are banded together in Christian Endeavor societies for the purpose of studying his life and teachings.

It is often easier for us to be witnesses for Christ in the Christian Endeavor society or when we are among those whom we know to be witnesses themselves, than when we are with those who have no knowledge of Christ. Let us be encouraged by this example. In a South Coast town some years ago, a business girl who was having a hard time among her friends and suffering much persecution for her Christian testimony, came to a minister who was holding meetings in that town. She told him she was afraid she would have to give it all up. He said to her, "Tell me, where do we put the lights?" She looked puzzled at his question, so he answered, "We put the lights in a dark place." In a moment she saw his meaning and realized that God had put her in these difficult surroundings that she might shine for Jesus in the midst of darkness. Thus encouraged she returned to her work and in a short time had won several of her friends to Christ. It is the same with Christian Endeavorers, we must be strong witnesses in difficult places.

It is the purpose of every witness for Christ to tell others of him in words and deeds. Since every young person who is a member of the Christian Endeavor society is a witness, the problem is how may we become better witnesses. By attending the meetings of our society, by studying the life of Christ and his teachings we add to our personal knowledge of him and become better witnesses. To be better witnesses we must put this additional knowledge of him into our lives, into our dealings with others; it must be expressed in some manner to be of its greatest value.

At one end of the campus of the West Point Military School there is a large flag pole. From this pole, on stormy days flies a small flag eight by ten feet, on fair days a flag ten by twenty feet is unfurled, while on holidays a flag twenty by thirty feet is displayed. We do in a like manner display our colors to the world as witnesses. We determine whether we shall be small or great witnesses. Christ wants us to get out our biggest flag and fly it before the world.

As Christian Endeavorers, let us ever be ready to say with Paul, "Having therefore obtained the help of God, I continue unto this day witnessing unto great and small."

Verona, N. Y.

## A STORY

MRS. EVA HORTON

(Given in the Young People's Hour, Central Association)

He was only a boy to his mother, yet he was going away from the home to live and work in this district city. He was glad to go, eager to leave the watchful care of the home, but his mother felt as if she could not let him go alone, not even sure that he was consciously taking God with him, though she tried, as best she could, to lead the boy to him. 'Twas only a day or two before he was to go and the mother longed to find the right message to give him before he should leave her.

One day when he came in toward evening, his mother said to him, "John, down in the H— store there is hung a wonderful picture that I should like much to have you see. Will you go down tomorrow and see it?" "Oh, mother," said the boy, "what do I want with a picture? I don't care about it and I don't want to take the time to go."

"Son," said the mother, "in a little while you will be where I shall not be asking you to do things to please me. I should like you to do this for me."

"Well," answered the boy, "if you put it in that way, I suppose I must go." And so he went.

He was directed to the room where the picture was hung and opened the door to enter. But he stepped back. On the platform at the front of the room was a man praying. He waited for a time and then opened the door again, but still he was at prayer. When he opened it the third time and found it still the same, he decided to enter and investigate. Then he found that the man at prayer was the picture he had come to see. It was the Christ in Gethsemane, a very large, life-size picture, wonderfully lighted and framed in black velvet. Eagerly he went forward and studied the picture which could then mislead him. That was a fine face! But it seemed very full of care. Why? His mother had told him that the Christ was not afraid to die, that he had done no wrong. Why then did he look so worried?

After a time he went out but he wanted to see the picture again and he wanted to ask some questions about it. So he said to his mother, "I should like to see that picture again. Will you come down with me

tomorrow?" And with a glad heart the mother went to the gallery with the boy. This time he went toward the picture with his hat off and with quiet step. Silently they stood and looked at it, and then he asked the question which seemed to him so important, "Why does his face look so worried and why do his hands seem to be pleading?" "Son," said the mother, with a silent prayer, "he had only been a teacher for three years and there was so much he wanted to teach and to do. But now he was to die and leave it all undone. I think he was worried for fear the work would not be done, for even the men whom he loved and trusted were asleep when he needed them. I think he wondered if people all down the years would do the work that he could not do. He was thinking of that, I am sure, as he prayed.

For a long time the boy stood there, his hands moving one over the other and his face sinking lower and lower as his eyes looked steadily into the face of the man at prayer. Then he straightened his shoulders and quietly said, "Oh, Man of Galilee, if there is anything that you have left undone that I can do, you can count on me."

And he went out to live for the Christ.

Adams Center, N. Y.

## FOUKE'S COMMENCEMENT

DEAR RECORDER FOLKS:

Our school at Fouke closed the year May 29, with a final registration of forty-five. We graduated three from the eighth grade, all of whom belong to our church.

The Sabbath before commencement Mr. Beebe preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduates, taking as his text Hebrews 2:1, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."

On the Monday before commencement all of us went for a picnic on Chicken Creek. Every one put his lunch in with everyone else's and what a feast we had! After dinner every one wanted to go in swimming right away, but Miss Fucia was inexorable, every one had to wait an hour. What a splashing there was when every one hopped in! Some of the bigger ones went on to the Round Hole, on Beech Creek. But the little folks had just as much fun on Chicken Creek.

(Continued on page 60)

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

## JOHNNY

He can scamper a mile to the baseball field,  
And he never feels the heat;  
But, oh! it's so far to the corner store—  
So far for his aching feet!

He can run to see the circus come in,  
And stand and watch by the hour;  
But the post-office building is so far away,  
And there might come up a shower!

He can get up at five on the Fourth of July,  
It's really no trouble at all;  
But eight is too early on all other days  
And his mother may call and call!

He can sit up all hours to frolic, and not  
Get sleepy or tired a bit;  
But if there's a lesson or problem to do,  
He goes fast to sleep over it!

O Johnny, dear Johnny, how funny you are!  
And when will grown-ups understand  
That hard things seem easy, and easy ones hard,  
To youngsters all over the land?

—Selected.

## THE UMBRELLA SURPRISE

It was Friday and the day before "Bring-a-New-Member Day" in Sabbath school. Betty was discouraged, for she would be the only one in her class, she felt sure, to fail in what their teacher had asked them to do.

"There are ever so many boys and girls in this neighborhood," Miss Barnes had said, "who would be glad to come to our class if they only knew about it, and if they knew the way. So many big buildings have been built down here that they have almost hidden our church. Can't you see your friends in the neighborhood and each one of you bring one to Sabbath school next week? If once they come to visit, I am sure they will come again."

All through the week Betty had been hearing of the success of her friends in carrying out the plan. It seemed as if every one but herself had at least one new member. Why, they would have to enlarge their building if all these new Sabbath-school pupils stayed!

But it was Friday and she had no new member for her Sabbath school.

Betty's mother was ill; so Betty kept house and took care of little Bruce. She had made her father's toast, mother's toast and tea, and had tried to amuse little Bruce who was fretful at not being able to go out for his play. Betty had wondered many times how she could bring a new member for Sabbath school when she couldn't leave mother. It had rained all day, and now it was time to set the table for supper.

Between the housework, rubbing mother's head, and building block houses for little Bruce, Betty had worked out a plan. She cut a large piece of cardboard, and drew and painted at the top of it a picture of their little white church. Underneath the picture she lettered in large print this message:

"Do come to our Sabbath school. We want you!

The Bring-a-New-Member-Class."

She planned to slip out-of-doors late in the afternoon and leave the card at the door of a girl she knew in the next block. Then, when her friend had been surprised by it, Betty would telephone to tell her who had left it and offer to call for her on Sabbath Day.

It was a good plan but Betty had not been able to carry it out. The supper table was set, little Bruce had eaten his porridge and had been tucked into bed, there was just time, before father came, to deliver the card, but Betty could not find it. She looked everywhere in the apartment, but it was gone! Betty felt like crying.

The next morning it was still raining. Mother was up, little Bruce was as happy as a lark. Betty tried to be brave, as she opened the large family umbrella and started for Sabbath school.

As she made her way through the quiet streets, Betty noticed that people were looking at her. She wondered why. Then she felt as if she were being followed. Betty was a brave girl. Not once did she look back, although the footsteps seemed to increase. Patter, patter, on they came, as if a whole band of tramps were coming after the bright ten-cent piece that Betty held in her shaking hand. How glad she was when she reached the church.

It had been a fearsome trip. Now, of course, the strange footsteps would end. But they kept right on behind Betty and

her big umbrella. They even went with her up the steps of the church.

Luckily Miss Barnes met her at the door, or Betty was sure she would have dropped right down under the umbrella to hide. Her courage was nearly gone. The odd thing about it was that Miss Barnes was smiling. She looked wonderfully pleased.

"How ever did you manage to bring all these new members to class?" she asked Betty. "You have done more for our class than any of the others."

Betty gasped. Then she set down the umbrella and looked. Behind her was the busy newsboy who stood at the street corner with his papers in rain or shine. There was the apple lady's girl, too, her cheeks as rosy as the red-cheeked apples she helped her mother sell at the fruit stand and there were several other followers, all boys and girls who were Sabbath school neighbors, but who had not as yet found their way to Sabbath school. They all looked happy and expectant, but how had they happened to follow Betty?

Just then she found out. No wonder they had come. Hung from the back of Betty's umbrella, where she would have seen it if she had looked around, was the invitation she had so carefully painted and lettered. It was tied to one of the ribs of the umbrella.

At last Betty explained it to herself. Little Bruce loved to play under the umbrella. He often opened it, put his toy car underneath, and then hung up a scribbled sign. This time Bruce had borrowed her invitation. Then he had forgotten it and had shut it up inside the umbrella. That was why Betty had not been able to find it. Betty had not seen it when she opened the umbrella.

"It all goes to show," said Miss Barnes, "that even discouragement and rain can sometimes bring a surprise."—*Dew Drops*.

### THE SPIDER'S BUNDLE

One day I was out in the field picking wild strawberries when I met a big, black spider carrying a bundle. No, this isn't a make-believe story. The big bundle was as round as a marble. It was larger than the spider's own body, and it was wrapped in brown, silky threads that the spider had made herself. She was carrying it in such a queer way. Instead of using her front

legs to carry the bundle, as you and I would use our arms, she was holding it behind her with her back legs. Of course since she had eight legs, she really didn't need that last pair to walk with.

The spider was very careful of that bundle, for snugly packed away inside of it were ever and ever so many spider eggs. Some day, if she took good care that nothing happened to them, those eggs which she had laid would hatch into tiny, baby spiders. No wonder the mother spider was careful of that bundle!

While I watched her she ran down into her nest, a cob-web tunnel in the grass.—*The Sunbeam*.

### WHAT TO DO SABBATH AFTERNOON

"Children," called mother, "get your little baskets, we are going to the woods."

"Oh, jolly," they cried. In the woods daddy and mother helped them to find specimens of as many different kinds of flowers as possible. Then they sat under a tree and mother took from her basket a small Bible concordance. Together they tried to learn how many of their flowers could be found in the Bible. They found the lily, thistle, mallow, spikenard, mandrake, rose, millet, nettles, mustard, myrtle, etc., etc.

R. M. C.

### THE SHELVES THAT DISAPPEARED

"Oh, Clifford, come quick! Mary Elizabeth's gone!"

Clifford came running into the kitchen where his sister Ellen was standing, her hands clasped tightly together.

"I put her on some shelves in that little cupboard when we went down in the elevator. I didn't want the dog to get her, and that seemed such a safe place. The shelves were quite empty; so I laid Mary Elizabeth ever so carefully on one, and now she's gone—and so are the shelves," wailed Ellen.

"Why," puzzled Clifford, "who could have done such a thing? I haven't heard any one here, nor any hammering, nor sawing. But the shelves are gone as sure as can be."

"I didn't think any one would take a girl's doll," sobbed Ellen. "Oh, I do want Mary Elizabeth back."

"Don't worry, Ellen, I'll get her back for you," said Clifford. He felt very sorry for Ellen and meant just what he said, but

he was very much puzzled. He walked over to the corner and threw open the little door that seemed to hide a cupboard. But there was no cupboard there; only an empty space which went up and up and up, and down and down. There was a rope in it but that was all.

"It looks as if whoever took the shelves, let himself down by the rope," decided Clifford. "Let's ask grandmother about it."

"Grandmother's gone to the store," replied Ellen. "Oh, Clifford, I think this is the strangest house."

Clifford was silent. He, too, thought it the strangest house he had ever seen. He and Ellen had come to the city to visit grandmother a few days. Ellen had brought her best doll Mary Elizabeth along. But they had been very much surprised in the house which, as Ellen said, held a great many homes each with a family in it. Grandmother explained that it was called an apartment house. But the strangest part of all, was the disappearing shelves.

As brother and sister stood trying to puzzle it out, a little bell buzzed noisily in the corner above the shelves. There was also a noise down in the deep, dark hole where they had disappeared. The bell buzzed and buzzed so loudly that finally Clifford went over and opened the cupboard door again. From somewhere below a voice called up through the dark, "Groceries! Groceries!"

Clifford looked at Ellen, and Ellen looked at Clifford. Then the voice called again.

"Hello, up there. Your groceries are down here. And there's a lady who wants to come home," called the voice.

"Shall I come down?" asked Clifford. But there was no answer. Whoever owned the voice had gone.

Clifford was more puzzled than ever. What did the voice mean? He glanced at Ellen, who was watching anxiously. Then he peered down into the hole again. How dark it was. And the voice had said that there was a young lady who wanted to come home. Suddenly he smiled. He knew who the lady was. The rope was hanging just in front of him. It made him think of the time when he had the measles, and when he was getting better, he let a rope out of the window, and Ellen sent things up by it. Perhaps this was a rope like that. He took hold of it and gave a little pull. It began to move as easily as

could be. He pulled again. Again the rope moved easily. Then he took both hands and began hauling it up. It was not quite so easy now, but he kept pulling the rope.

All at once Ellen gave a little squeal. The disappearing shelves had come into view, and on them mixed in with some packages of groceries, lay Mary Elizabeth!

"Oh, oh!" cried she. "The shelves have come back. How did you know how to get them, Clifford?"

"When the voice said that Mary Elizabeth was down there, I knew there must be some way to get her back," he explained. "So I tried the only way I knew."

"I didn't think he meant Mary Elizabeth when he said a lady was down there," replied Ellen. "But how glad I am that you thought of it. Mary Elizabeth, you must never take a ride again on those funny shelves."

"Those shelves are called a 'dumb waiter,'" said grandmother's voice from the door. "They are a sort of elevator to save steps when we live up so high."

"Well, Mary Elizabeth must never ride on them again," repeated Ellen, hugging her doll tightly.—*Dew Drops*.

### LITTLE PUSSY

O little pussy  
With soft, maltese fur,  
Always contented,  
How softly you purr;  
Following closely  
As out-doors we go,  
Rubbing against us,  
Your fondness to show;  
Often, how often,  
You roll on the ground,  
Wait to be petted,  
Then up, with a bound.  
"Contributed," A. S. M.

### BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one stumbled and, though not badly hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—a little cry or whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine, it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you can, Charlie," he said; "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet," said Charlie, "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—*Selected.*

#### JUMBO'S BAGGAGE

"What's that long snaky thing he swings around in front of him?" she wanted to know.

"That's his trunk," explained her father.

"Then, I s'pose that little one behind him is his suit-case!"

Little Margaret was watching the elephant at the zoo.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"If an S and an I, and an O and an U,  
With an X at the end spell 'Su,'

And an E and an Y and an E spell I,  
What can a speller do?

For if an S and an I and a G and Hed spell  
'side,'

There's naught for the speller to do,  
But commit '*Sioureyesighed*'."

#### SOME FISH

Young Lady (on first visit to Western ranch)—"For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?"

Cowpuncher—"That line, you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses."

Young Lady—"Oh, indeed! Now may I ask you, what do you use for bait?"—*Los Angeles Times.*

#### FOUKE'S COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 56)

Commencement day of course was mostly given up to practicing and decorating the schoolhouse for our program. The bigger boys and Mr. Beebe went in the afternoon for ferns. And what a search they had.

At 8 p. m. our program began. Our schoolhouse was crowded so that people even sat on the window sills, and many had to stand. Instead of conventional salutatory, valedictory, and address we arranged a program in which the whole school could share. Here it is:

Song by primary room, "Can a Little Child Like Me?"

Invocation Mr. Beebe  
Song by whole school, "America the Beautiful"  
Flag Salute  
Song by whole school "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Exercise by first grade, "Busy Bees"  
Exercise by third and fourth grade girls, "Our Work"

Recitation by Monroe Brown "A Fellow's Mother"

Exercise by second grade, "Vacation Plans"  
Recitation by Minnie Brown, "Did You Pass?"  
Pianolog by Irma Longino, "Summer Vacation"  
Exercise and drill by five girls, "The Message of the Roses"

Song-dialog, "Going A-Maying"  
Sextet, "Voices of the Woods"

Song by primary room, "Off to the Woods"  
Song by eight older girls, "Those Evening Bells"  
Two plays by upper grades:

"Studying for a Test"

"Rehearsing the Program"

Recitation by Don Jones, "The Over-Confident Pollywog"

Recitation by Mary Catherine Goodson, "When Teacher Gets Cross"

Recitation by Mantie Longino, "Jane's Graduation"

Play by upper grades, "The Land of Vacation"  
Class play, "The Country Cousin"

Awarding of Certificates Miss Randolph  
Graduation Song

Song by whole school, "To Fouke Academy"  
Dismissal Mr. Beebe

"The Land of Vacation" was our big play. A school girl rejoices that she is through with study for three long months. But Old Man Study visits her, and with the aid of Violet and the Imp of Mischief, takes her to the Land of Vacation, where she learns that one uses study even in this play. The Work Fairy, the Joy Fairies, the Imp, and the Queen of Vacation Land all show her that study isn't so frightful after all.

The school song is one written by Mr. Beebe, and set to the tune of the "Young People's Rally Song" in *Seventh Day Baptist Hymns and Songs.*

Away in the Arkansas pine woods,  
The cotton-fields blooming around,  
With its bell pealing out every morning,  
The Seventh-Day school may be found.  
The students from first grade to high school,  
The teachers who live at the Hall,  
Sing the green and the yellow forever,  
Our colors we'll never let fall.

CHORUS:  
Come, give a rousing cheer  
For the school we love most dear,  
For Fouke Academy.

Yours in His service,

CLARA L. BEEBE.

*Fouke, Ark., June 28, 1923.*

#### THE BOOK OF BOOKS

ARTHUR E. MAIN

#### XVIII

There is of course no *historical path* back to the beginning of the world. Faith and reason do take us to God the World-Maker.

Beyond Hebrew history are Arabia, Egypt, and Babylon, and farther still the pre-historic time. That ideas and customs came from the remote past, and that nation influenced nation, there can be no reasonable doubt.

A sublime Ethical Monotheism, that is, the doctrine of One Great and Holy God, became rooted in Hebrew thought and belief as the people slowly yielded to the Divine Discipline. This religious truth, developed in the midst of abounding idolatry, is the glory of Israel. "Hear, O Israel: Jehovah our God is one Jehovah; and thou shalt love Jehovah thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

Religion, a recognition of God, was of individual experience, and the foundation of family and clan life; and the head of family or clan led in worship. When Abram and a few kinsfolk arrived in Canaan he builded an altar unto Jehovah and called upon his Name (Gen. 12:5-8). Again after separating from Lot he built an altar unto Jehovah in Hebron (Gen. 13:18). Jacob worshiped at Bethel on his journey to the East (Gen. 28:18-22); and again on his return, at Schechem (Gen. 33:18-20). And it was the instruction of Moses that Israel should be a worshiping people (Exo. 20:22-26). We Christians do not believe in their forms of worship; but I have long felt that we are not worshipful enough.

The ancestors of Israel, 3,000 years ago, were not in utter spiritual, moral and social darkness. Polygamy, slavery, and other social evils, as we think, existed. Divinities and religion of some sort were everywhere. Their ideas of God, of the world, and of their relation, were very unlike ours. But they had ideas of life, and of human and divine relationships, that were on their way toward the ideas of the great Hebrew prophets, and of Jesus the greatest of them all.

The rite of circumcision has a long history. It was practiced among many nations. Among the Hebrews it was adopted

as a sign that one belonged to the Chosen People (Gen. 17:9-14).

In the study of these ancient times we need to keep in mind that we are dealing with the many-sided thought and life of men. As Professor Jordan says, "The Mosaic period is not a blank space upon which a new revelation is written in a mechanical fashion; the Israelites do not come into an empty land free from history and destitute of customs. The new must relate itself to the old in the way of conflict or absorption. Different types of thought and different modes of worship meet and mingle, but the religion of Yahweh (Jehovah) shows its originality and strength by its power to live and conquer."

It was generations however before Isaiah and Paul could say that idols are nothing.

Abraham represents one great turning point in the history and religious experience of mankind (Gen. 12:1-3); but the real history of Israel and its religion begins with the work of one of the world's greatest leaders, Moses. If the tribes were to follow Moses as their political guide and religious teacher a large measure of unity and fellowship was necessary; and this unity was brought about by a common faith in Jehovah as deliverer and guide. A similar faith is a supreme need of the whole world today. Moses witnessed the birth of a nation and a religion, an event of infinitely great importance to the spiritual history of men. In a very real sense Jehovah, who loved righteousness and purposed human salvation, took the leadership and care of his chosen people. A new chapter in the history of religion began; and Moses brought to the people from the eternal God messages of life and power. When Israel was a child God loved him and called him out of Egypt (Hosea 11:1).

The ethical and social material was not of the highest kind; but by the grace and might of a Savior-God this was one of the world's greatest religious and social movements.

After the entrance of the tribes into Canaan the record is of inward conflict, outward struggles, and partial conquest. So far as there existed purity, unity, and national strength, they were due to the influence of a common religious faith. The books of *Joshua* and *Judges* tell us of a rude religious and social life, hindered in its development by surrounding heathen and



degrading customs. But the Divine Providence saw the Holy Spirit lifting the people up, though slowly, toward higher spiritual ideas and purer practices. The Spirit, revealing himself in nature, history, and moral reason, enkindled faith in a great God, and the hope of a nobler future. And he had the help of a few superior souls who, with deeper insight than many had, saw more clearly the meanings of history and experience. Such were Joshua, Deborah, Barak, Gideon and Samuel.

David was a warrior and statesman; and intended to be a true servant and worshiper of the God of Israel. He united the tribes, and gave to his capital, Jerusalem, a profound religious significance for his day and for all time.

Like us David was in a measure the product of his environment. He was impulsive, rough, and cruel; but strong in leadership, frank, magnanimous, and open to rebuke for his sins. With purposed loyalty he takes his place in a great religious movement whose source and end is Jehovah God. One great contribution of his to religious and social history was the creation of a sense and a degree of national unity in Israel, which was essential to a national religion. This feeling of unity was greatly weakened by religious, political, and economic causes under Solomon's outwardly brilliant reign; but it never perished.

That Elijah left such impressions as he did upon the minds of later generations shows that he must have possessed wonderful physical and religious energy. He thus began his message to King Ahab: "As Jehovah, the God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand."

The qualities of Elijah made him a mighty defender of Jehovah against Baal; a champion of true religion, moral purity, and social justice. The Hebrew religion, appointed to continued expansion through the Christian faith, can tolerate no rival worship. There might be many Baals; but there could be only one Jehovah. True science, psychology, philosophy, and religion can not be satisfied unless, under, in, and over all existence, there is a God of unity. Jehovah, or Baal; not both! The God revealed in Christ, who is Spirit or atheistic materialism; not both! Elijah, though not in the temper and method of Jesus, represented this fundamental religious exclusiveness.

### THE PROPHETS

Isaiah to Malachi

These great preachers and teachers of righteousness built their ideas both upon the past, that is, upon history and experience; and upon the conditions of society existing when they wrote or spoke. They looked backward and upward; but they also studied their day and generation.

They faced great religious, moral, social, and political problems; and believed that God was the one only solution of them. Therefore they spoke in the name of Jehovah; and felt that they were called by him to proclaim a message from him. With inner eye and inner ear they saw and heard the word of the Lord. The truth of, and faith in, one God, was the necessary and inspiring basis of the entire Prophetic ministry.

They beheld such evils as greed; injustice; oppression of the poor and needy by the rich and powerful; false and idol worship; immorality; adultery; drunkenness; robbery; murder; and a general moral and social decay.

They plead for honesty; justice between man and man; the ethical unity of family life; purity in men and women; temperance; care for the destitute; the Divine holiness; a deeper sense of human sinfulness; and penitent confession of guilt.

Their discourses differed in forms of speech and modes of thinking; but they were in fundamental and essential harmony. In varying measures we find in them intellectual power; eloquence; knowledge of affairs; wonderful insight,—their prophetic endowment; sternness; tenderness of sympathy; statesmanship; and a sense of the need of reigning individual goodness and social fairness.

They were hopefully forward-looking,—an attitude toward the future that we call Messianic. And their messages are sources for our day because they are grounded in universal principles.

Isaiah, the great evangelical prophet, built his hope on the strong assurance of an indestructible "remnant" of the good. If only a stump shall be left, the roots will send up sprouts. In the words of Professor Jordan: "The nation might perish, but God and righteousness must rule. What sublime faith is this! How far it soars above all small ritualism and narrow patriotism!"

### DEUTERONOMY

This book is so unique in thought, aim, and style, that it seems to belong to a class of religious writings different from Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers. Its chief emphasis is not on history or legislation, but on great practical principles; practical because religious, moral, and social. The spirit is earnestly persuasive.

In content, meaning, and temper the book is a guide toward a spiritual and ethical understanding of history, law, and ceremony. To forget the one God of Israel who teaches men and nations in their history and experience is perilous.

Literary critics say that a comparison of the addresses ascribed to Moses with the orations of Demosthenes bring no discredit to the ability and power of the former. One would find profit in reading the entire book at a single sitting. Jesus was acquainted with it; for he answered the arch-tempter three times with words from this book of Deuteronomy.

About 620 B. C., in the time of King Josiah, in connection with the repairing of the temple after the religiously dark, wicked, and ruinous reign of Manasseh, a "book of the law," a "book of the covenant," was discovered in the house of Jehovah. The story of this discovery, and how it mightily moved the consciences of king and people is told in the twenty-second and twenty-third chapters of Second Kings. Many think that this Book of the Law was our Deuteronomy. This story suggests that preaching, teaching, and legislation in wisely balanced parts, are still essential to social goodwill and kindness.

One regulating principle in all these studies will be that not much time is to be given to questions of dates and authorship. These are matters of interest, and sometimes of considerable value. Not infrequently they relate to a better understanding of the given document. And it is fair to all concerned for me to say here that I am in sympathy with the general direction in which modern, Christian, and critical Biblical scholarship would lead us. Historical backgrounds; literary forms; modern science, psychology, and philosophy, illuminate the revealing and inspired pages of the Book of books, and religious experiences based upon them; and increase my

faith in the guiding Spirit of God and Truth.

Who put the earlier contents of Deuteronomy into their present form; and when this was done, we may not know with certainty. In no wise am I indifferent to such problems. But my own mind and heart are best satisfied in a feeling of gratitude for this noble gift of a watchful Providence; and in the privilege of studying its divine teachings.

### JEREMIAH

Born about 650 B. C., he prophesied before and after many of his fellow Jews were carried as captives to Babylon in 597 and 586.

Until we come to a closer study of this great prophet no words of my own could take us so near the heart of the man and of his discourses than the following passages: 1:4, 5, 10; 7:1-11; 9:1; 22:1-5; 26:1-9; 30:1-3; 31:31-34; 38:17, 18; 42:7-17; 43:1-7; 51:5.

Beyond 43:7 there is no Biblical account of the closing years of our saint and prophet, of whom Professor Peake says: "Unlike other prophets, he has written down for us his emotions, his heartbroken appeals to God. Thus he became the prophet of personal religion because he had learnt the deepest meaning of religion in his own personal fellowship with God. So he rose to his conception of the New Covenant, and anticipated in that great prophecy the central truth of Christianity."

(To be continued)

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

WHEREAS, We the members of the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Aid Society deeply mourn the departure of our loved and loyal sister Mrs. Delana Chambers, therefore be it,

Resolved, That as the All-wise Father has called her to the heavenly home, we bow in submission to his will knowing that our loss is her eternal gain.

Resolved, That the husband, brother and niece have our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions to the afflicted ones, one to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication, and one to be placed on the records of the society.

MRS. MATTIE BURDICK,  
MRS. NETTIE COON,  
MRS. ESTHER CLARKE,  
Committee.

How on a rock they stand  
Who watch God's eye, and hold his guiding hand.  
—Keble.

## THE FIRST EVENT OF THE HUGUENOT-WALLOON NEW NETHERLAND TERCENTENARY

The initial celebration in connection with the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Huguenots, which will be officially commemorated in 1924, took place on the afternoon of Sunday, June 24, at Huguenot Park, Staten Island, N. Y., where the corner stone was laid for the Huguenot Church, to be erected as a national memorial of the Huguenot-Walloon New Netherland Tercentenary. The dedication of the church, when it is finished, will be one of the events of the tercentenary next year.

The impressive ceremonies connected with the corner-stone laying, and the historic significance of the event, had drawn many visitors from the neighborhood and from some distance as well. The Huguenot societies were officially represented, and the Huguenot-Walloon New Netherland Commission had delegated the chairman of its Executive Committee, Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, and its director, Rev. John Baer Stouidt, to bring the greetings of the Commission.

After a word of greeting by the pastor, Rev. Henry D. Frost, addresses were made by Rev. J. H. Brinckerhoff on "The Reformed Church and the Huguenots," the Hon. William J. Schieffelin, president of the Huguenot Society of America and vice chairman of the Huguenot-Walloon New Netherland Commission, on "The Huguenot Influence in America"; Rev. John Baer Stouidt on "The Huguenot-Walloon Tercentenary"; and Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, general secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches, on "The International Obligations of the Churches of Christ."

The church building, designed by Mr. Ernest Flagg, is to be in the Norman style, and will be entirely constructed of the famous Dongan Hills flagstone, which is quarried not far away from the site of the church. An interesting feature is to be the fact that "memorial pillars" will carry the names of donors of Huguenot descent. A number of descendants of those early Huguenot families have taken great interest in the church and will have their family history thus perpetuated in it.—*Federal Council.*

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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

Terms of Subscription  
Per Year .....\$2.50  
Six Months ..... 1.25  
Per Month ..... .25  
Per Copy ..... .05

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

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### Sabbath School. Lesson IV.—July 21, 1923

JOHN THE APOSTLE. Mark 1: 16-20; 3: 17; Luke 9: 49-56; John 13: 21-25; 19: 26, 27; 21: 20-23; Acts 4: 13-20; Rev. 1: 9.

*Golden Text.*—"God is love, and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." 1 John 4: 16.

#### DAILY READINGS

July 15—Mark 1: 16-20. The Call of John the Apostle.

July 16—Matt. 17: 1-8. John at the Transfiguration.

July 17—Luke 9: 49-56. The Intolerance of John.  
July 18—John 13: 21-30. John the Beloved Disciple.

July 19—Acts 4: 13-22. The Boldness of John.

July 20—Rev. 1: 1-11. The Revelation of John.

July 21—1 John 4: 11-21. John's Message of Love.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

### MARRIAGE

LANGWORTHY-HYDE.—In the First Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church at noon, June 20, 1923, by Rev. William M. Simpson, of Alfred Station, N. Y., assisted by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, of Verona, N. Y., and Rev. A. L. Davis, of Ashaway, R. I., Miss Artheda M. Hyde, of Verona, N. Y., and Mr. Lynn L. Langworthy, of Alfred Station, N. Y.

They are slaves, who dare not be,  
In the right with two or three.

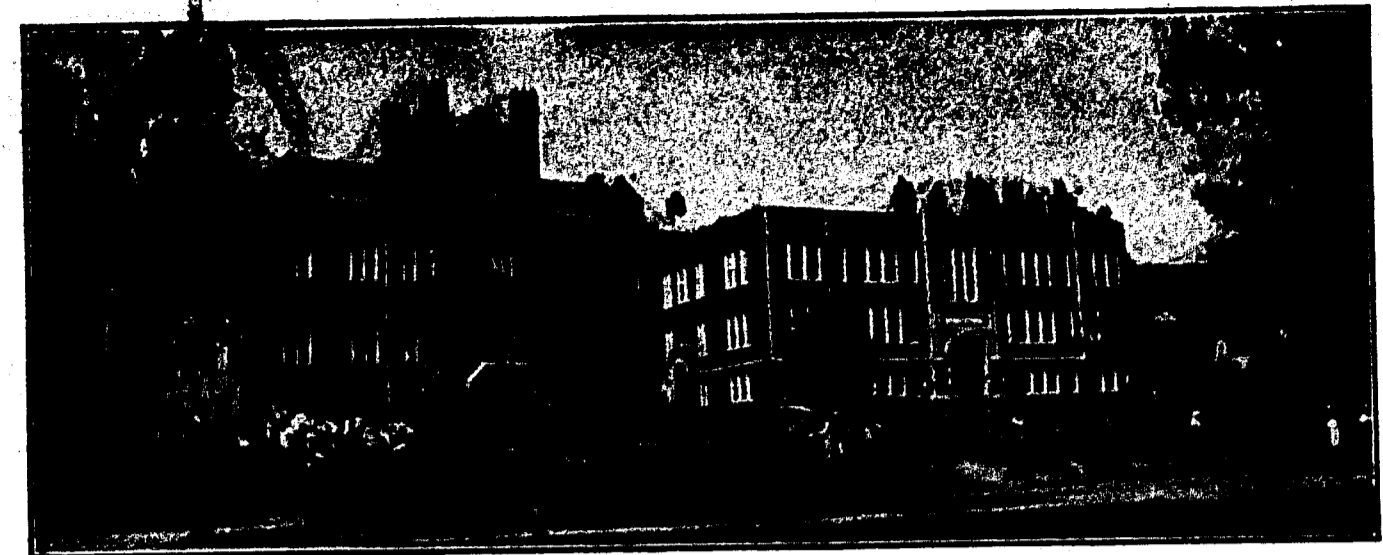
—Lowell.

### RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

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# The Sabbath Recorder

THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE  
NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT  
BEGAN  
JULY 1, 1923

### MEETING HIS NEED

I shall not count my life as vain  
If only in some quiet way  
I find my chance to serve my Lord,  
My debt of love for him to pay.

An unnamed man supplied the beast  
Whereon the lowly Savior passed,  
Along the way triumphantly,  
Acclaimed the promised King at last.

An unnamed man supplied the room  
Where once the Savior broke the bread  
And gave the wine—his flesh and blood—  
His life—by which our lives are fed.

And unnamed crosses mark the spot  
Where common soldiers chance to lie,  
Who for the world's true brotherhood  
A Sacrifice, feared not to die.

O grant me, Lord, the grace I pray,  
If I the quiet paths must lead,  
To give my humble gift to thee,  
And know I, too, have met thy need.

—Philip H. Ralph, "British Weekly."

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