

The Sabbath Recorder

JUNE

THE LAST MONTH OF THE
LAST YEAR OF THE

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST
NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT

The tale will soon be told, the story finished, the record closed. Have you done your best? Have you done all that you should?

The opportunity is still yours to

Pay your pledge.

Pay when you have not pledged.

Pay in addition to your regular pledge.

Make a free-will offering to the Parallel Program.

BEFORE JUNE 30

A GOLDEN RULE VERSE

When I see another bending
Beneath a heavy load,
Before I glance away, or pass him by,
May I ask what I would have
The other person do
If I were he, and he himself were I?

Would I have him just ignore me
And leave me to myself,
Or to help me lift my heavy burden try?
Would I have him leave me helpless,
Or do a neighbor's part,
If I were he, and he himself were I?
—Lutheran Young Folks.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial. —Where Shall We Begin? Will the People Come to the Rescue?—Some Excellent Work Being Done in This Line.—Senior Classes Beautifying the Campus.—Two Little Poems That Touch the Heart 737-739	What and Where is Heaven? 749
The Endowment Program for Salem College 739	Woman's Work. —Dreams.—The Little Chap's Mother 751-753
Michigan Sabbath Keepers Meet in Detroit 740	A Plea for Association Minutes 753
Ordination of Deacons at New Market, N. J. 741	Seventh Day Baptist Western Association, Nile, N. Y. 754
The New Forward Movement. —The Standing of the Churches..... 743	Young People's Work. —How Jesus Treated Friends. — Intermediate Topic for Sabbath Day, July 5, 1924. —Junior Work.—A Correction.—An Invitation to the Consecration Meeting.—Accidental Death of Deacon David Madison Bottoms..... 755-758
Missions. —Yearly Meeting, Stonefort, Ill. Dedication of a New Church.—Sketch of the Stonefort Church.—Monthly Statement 744-747	Children's Page. —Janey's Part in Children's Day 759-761
Dr. Gardiner Gives Annual "Y" Sermon 747	Sabbath School. —Minutes of the Sabbath School Board.—Lesson for June 28, 1924 762
Education Society's Page. —Evidence vs. Blind Faith.—Alfred Theological Seminary: Annual Report; Commencement Exercises 748, 749	Home News 763
	The Invitation 763
	Deaths 765-767
	My Brother 767
	The Last Testimony 767

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Milton, Wis., Aug. 19-24, 1924.

President—Rev. Alva L. Davis, Ashaway, R. I.
First Vice President—Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.
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Director of New Forward Movement—Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, Plainfield, N. J.
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Terms Expire in 1924—Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn, Verona, N. Y.; Paul E. Titsworth, Chestertown, Md.; M. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va.
Terms Expire in 1925—Esle F. Randolph, Great Kills, Staten Island, N. Y.; George W. Post, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Henry Ring, Nortonville, Kan.
Terms Expire 1926—Rev. Alva L. Davis, Ashaway, R. I.; Rev. James L. Skaggs, Plainfield, N. J.; D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.

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Recording Secretary—Arthur L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
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 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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 The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

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 Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.
 The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.
 Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
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Field Secretary—E. M. Holston, Dodge Center, Minn.
 Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

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Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.
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Southeastern—Mrs. Clara Beebe, Salemville, Pa.
Southwestern—Miss Fucia Randolph, Fouke, Ark.
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General Field Secretary—G. M. Cottrell, Topeka, Kan.
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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 96, No. 24

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 16, 1924

WHOLE No. 4,137

Where Shall We Begin? Will the People Come to the Rescue? Where, one has been permitted to attend the splendid exercises of Commencement week in Salem College, and takes up his pen to write it all up, the one question that presses upon him with bewildering force is: "Where shall I begin?"

The next question is: "How can I do justice to it, in a way to make people realize the wonderful gains that have come to the school within the last few years?"

Then comes the subject in which all central West Virginia should be most deeply interested; and upon which no family in several surrounding counties can afford to be ignorant: Salem College is doing more to bring rich blessings to all that country than all other interests combined.

When I think of the hundreds of capable and efficient teachers who for the last twenty years have been faithfully molding character and shaping the destiny of West Virginia's thousands who are to soon assume the responsibilities of loyal and worthy citizens; and when a long vision of more than thirty years reveals to me the almost unbelievable forward movement in all lines of work, both social and civic, among the West Virginia Hills, naturally traceable to Salem College, I am deeply impressed with the thought, that every home in all that land should be today, not only a friend to Salem, but a liberal and generous supporter of that school in this its day of dire distress for financial help and proper endowment.

One week spent with the hundreds of fine young people, exhibiting the results of their two to four years of training and excellent culture, in session after session of literary programs, wherein more than one hundred and thirty received diplomas and certificates, must be enough to convince any sane, generous-hearted person, that money put into that institution makes the best possible investment for the good of the home, the Church and the State.

Many a man who has given money to endow such a college, if alive today, can

truly say: "What I gave away I have kept, and what I kept for self I have lost!" The money given for endowment of some school, by people who died years ago, is the only money of their estates that can be found today. All that they kept has been scattered to the winds, and what they gave is still doing the very work they would like to do if they were alive. And that which was given will stand and serve for them a thousand years to come.

Let me ask you again: If you desire to place some of your money where you can be sure it will represent you in the generations to come; doing for your children's children just such good work as you would like to do if you could live on, where could you find a better investment than in the endowment of a good college?

Some Excellent Work Being Done in This Line If I did not know where to begin in the preceding editorial, my beginning has led to a point where there is no misgivings as to what to say next. I am not going to try to write up the entire program of Commencement week. Some things will be sent on from Salem with certain cuts to appear later; but it is my purpose to write of certain impressions regarding conditions, and activities for improvement, some of which are almost pathetic in their appeal for sympathetic helpers.

All through the wonderful week of work, on every hand there was evidence of heart-burdens and anxiety on the part of everybody, regarding the future of Salem College. The terrible financial pressure, and the deep-seated conviction that something must be done to save the college from bankruptcy and death, has evidently been the one problem Salem people have been facing and trying to find a remedy for during much of the year just passed. The deficit *must be met*. Endowment must be secured or the school is doomed.

By thorough propaganda, by public demonstrations, by pageants and parades, and by faithful work of Salem's alumni for three or four months, the entire community

is awakening for the general drive in which careful team-work is being inaugurated to lay the burden upon the hearts of the citizens of several counties, hoping that they will arouse and save Salem College for their children, and for many generations to come.

So then, in view of what was written at the close of my last editorial, I have no hesitancy in emphasizing the matter of finances as the most essential to look after just now.

Read the "Endowment Program" that follows the editorials in order to get some idea of the strenuous effort to save Salem College. It tells you of a wonderful movement among the alumni that has already brought pledges for fifty thousand dollars.

It also appeals to the people outside the small alumni association, to get behind the alumni in a movement for permanent endowment. When I learned that several of my old students whom Salem College had helped in years gone by, had given pledges as high as five hundred and one thousand dollars each, to meet the deficits—some of whom are earning it by teaching school—I could not avoid the feeling that the fathers and mothers in a thousand homes among the hills, and many business men in nearby towns and villages will certainly be moved to unite with the young people in pushing the glorious movement to complete victory. And in some way it all gives me the assurance that Salem College will be saved for its blessed work throughout many generations.

Again, the way the Board of Managers has placed itself under these burdens by pledges for financial help, should make a strong incentive moving all the people of the surrounding country to get under the burdens and lighten them from the shoulders of the few who are being crushed by them. When the many get under the load—when there is hearty co-operative team-work—in such a movement, the burdens are heavy on no one, and all feel happier over victories they have helped to gain.

Now, friends, please stop here and read the article from the college paper mentioned above. It follows the editorials. It speaks of an effort once for all, assuring you that the college does not wish to bother this generation again, and pleads for the movement as a blessing to generations to

come. It offers a golden opportunity, and when the solicitors call upon you, please do not turn them down, but give them a glad welcome.

Senior Classes Beautifying the Campus One thing that impressed me on Commencement week at Salem is the movement on the part of senior classes to beautify the college campus. In recent years something has been done by classes toward fine concrete walks, and flower boxes for the door ways.

This year the seniors of various departments have secured from a landscape artist, a fine blue print of the campus as it should be, so that the classes year by year can be true to the system, which has been adopted by the trustees.

This year a fine lot of evergreen plants and trees in harmony with the system, were planted around the entrance to Huffman Hall.

One of the beautiful exercises of the week was conducted by the senior class on Wednesday morning at 9.30. By a happily worded address the class president made the gift, which was accepted by the president of the college. The gift was a beautiful one, and the spirit of the large class was indeed most cheering. The farewell address by President Lesch, of the class, was full of tender pathos, and the way all united in singing the *Ode to Salem College* was most inspiring.

Two Little Poems That Touch the Heart Elsewhere in this RECORDER two short poems appear on the same page that will have special interest to many of our older readers. One is entitled, "My Brother," evidently written in view of a brother's death, and the other is a hymn, entitled, "The Last Testimony." Both poems are composed by the SABBATH RECORDER's aged, blind friend of many years standing, Mrs. M. E. H. Everett, of Coudersport, Pa.

For several years since blindness came upon this loyal sister the RECORDER has missed the little gems of poetry such as she used to send. In her old age she is evidently looking toward the sunset and longing for her home in the better land.

The poem about her brother and the one called "The Last Testimony" coming together as they do will touch the hearts of

friends who knew her as a student in Alfred many years ago. The students of Alfred fifty or sixty years ago are getting very scarce in these days, but they will cherish the memories of school friends while life shall last. RECORDER readers of forty years ago will be glad to see the familiar name, "M. E. H. Everett" in our pages once again. May her sunset days indeed be golden.

THE ENDOWMENT PROGRAM FOR SALEM COLLEGE

Since this is the last issue of the college paper for this year many will doubtless wish to know something of the present status of the endowment program. The solicitors wish to say that there is everything to encourage those interested and very little to discourage. However, duties incident to the close of the year have made intensive work impossible for the past two weeks.

It is no small accomplishment to have \$50,000 on the dotted line after less than three months of active work, done largely by two solicitors. This amount has been subscribed by approximately one hundred and fifty of the alumni. There are more than five hundred other alumni yet to be counted on. Many of these are able to do as well as those who have already promised.

Even the alumni wondered at first if a half million dollars could be raised to endow a college for West Virginia boys and girls. It is common to do such a thing for Massachusetts or New York young people, but only a few thought it possible to do so for the youth in our home community. Slowly, but surely they are beginning to ask, "How much should I be willing to give if my giving would help bring Salem College one half million dollars?" When they face it like that and give according to their answers to this question, the subscriptions mount up very rapidly. Others outside of the alumni are beginning to ask themselves this same question. A few hundred dollars or a few thousand dollars paid over a period of years is *not an impossible thing for almost anyone*, and it means the endowment of this college for all time to come.

Our fathers thrust out a dare to this generation when they established a college thirty-six years ago in what was then a

small, unpromising village surrounded by many honest but very poor country folk. This generation has cashed in on their gift and realized a fullness of life totally unknown to them. Our gifts now, in providing for the permanence of this college, are the measure of our appreciation for what was done for us and of our desire to do our duty by those who are to come after us.

Remember, the college never expects to carry on another intensive endowment campaign during the active life of this generation but is looking to the success of this one. Surely no cause can appear more worthy to those who will read this article. If the men and women who should be interested in this institution will put their shoulders to the wheel, the job will be done and none will be the poorer but all will be the richer.

The program to be put over needs ten men who will give \$10,000 each, and twenty men who will give \$5,000 each. It needs many who will give as much as \$1,000, and many more who will give \$500 each. The latter sums are within the reach of a large number if we really mean to put this splendid program across.

Many who can not give five or ten thousand themselves can help the committee to find those who are able and willing to give such sums.

There are those, too, who can not give more than one hundred dollars. Many such will get the same blessing and certainly deserve the same honor as those who give larger sums. The widow's mite was magnified because it represented a great sacrifice.

The solicitors will soon call on you if they have not already done so. Please do unto them as you would that they should do unto you if you were the solicitors and they the solicited.—*The Green and White, Salem College.*

He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe, to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we can not render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much staying in your hand.—*Emerson.*

MICHIGAN SABBATH KEEPERS MEET IN DETROIT

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Michigan Sabbath Keepers' Association was held with the church in Detroit May 31 to June 1. Pastor St. Clair had widened the usefulness of this meeting by extending invitations to the Sabbath keepers not only of Michigan but of Indiana and Ohio, as well. Delegates to the number of about twenty-five responded to this invitation. Ushers from the Detroit Church greeted the friends from away with a smile, a hearty handshake and carried them in automobiles to convention headquarters at Hotel Lavoy. It was evident at once that the good people of Detroit had taken careful thought for the welfare and happiness of their guests while in the city. Meal tickets were issued to every one, which were honored at a nearby restaurant.

The sessions of the association were held in the Y. M. C. A. building, corner Cass and Witherill Streets, at the meeting place of the Reform Seventh Day Adventists and at the home of Pastor St. Clair.

The opening session was held in the Y. M. C. A. building Friday night with Pastor St. Clair in charge. Elder J. J. Scott of the Detroit Church was introduced, who in appropriate words welcomed the delegates and spoke of the blessings which he believed the meeting would bring to the Detroit Church as well as to others attending.

The main feature of this session was the pageant which had been arranged by the Young People's Board and presented by a number of the young people in attendance. This will be reported in the Young People's Department. The thought of service for the Master was impressively presented and the lesson will not soon be forgotten by those who attended this meeting.

The session of Sabbath morning was held jointly with the Reform Seventh Day Adventists and Dr. Tickner who had been sent by the Jackson Center, Ohio, Church at the invitation of the Detroit Church preached the morning sermon. It was a beautiful morning, the congregation was large and appreciative of the very interesting and inspiring sermon delivered by Dr. Tickner.

After lunch, the people assembled in the Y. M. C. A. for the Sabbath school hour.

As the room was limited, it did not seem wise to break up into classes, so the audience listened to two addresses. Pastor Van Horn of White Cloud, representing the Sabbath School Board, spoke of the need of religious education and what the Sabbath School Board was attempting along that line, especially in the goodly number of Daily Vacation Bible Schools that are being so successfully conducted during the summer vacations. He urged upon the churches of Michigan the value of these religious schools in training for citizenship and more efficient work along denominational lines.

Pastor Fifield of Battle Creek, in a very interesting address called attention to the very important lessons to be gained from the series of Sabbath school lessons now being studied on the Babylonian captivity. Pastor Fifield's address was a striking illustration of the value of a deeper understanding and appreciation of Biblical history and its message for our times.

In the evening friends and delegates gathered at the home of Pastor and Mrs. St. Clair on Mack Avenue. The program was in the hands of the local Endeavor society. Doctor George Thorngate, of Cleveland, Ohio, who will enter China soon as a medical missionary, led in singing a number of the missionary hymns in which all joined most heartily. Following these he spoke of the open doors in all lands and especially the reasons why he and his wife were choosing China as their future field of labor.

Pastor St. Clair who carries on an extensive correspondence with Sabbath keepers in many lands and who is constantly establishing new points of contact through the far reaching influence of *The Voice*, had prepared the historical statements appearing below. These sketches reveal the doors that are swinging open to Seventh Day Baptists and constitute a challenge to thoughtful young people who are looking for fields of great service. The statements concerning the various countries were read by the young people whose names appear in connection therewith.

Following this intensely interesting program the members of the Detroit Christian Endeavor society served the company with light refreshments consisting of delicious ice cream and cake. This informal service

ORDINATION OF DEACONS AT NEW MARKET, N. J.

For some time the Piscataway Church has felt the need of calling one or two more members to the office of deacon, since Brother I. F. Randolph is at present caring for his father in West Virginia, and Brother Ferris Whitford has returned to Little Genesee, N. Y., where he expects to locate permanently.

Accordingly, at a recent meeting the church chose Brother G. R. Crandall and Brother Jesse G. Burdick to the deacon's office, and gave over the morning services May 31, 1924, to their ordination. We were favored with ideal weather, and a good attendance. The Plainfield Church, together with delegates from the New York Church, united with us in a most impressive service, representatives from the three churches forming a council with Pastor W. D. Burdick as moderator, and Deacon C. E. Rogers as clerk.

The candidates then made clear and satisfactory statements of their Christian experiences, and, after the sermon by Rev. Harold R. Crandall, they were set apart for their new office by laying on of hands, and a consecrating prayer offered by Rev. H. Eugene Davis.

The charge to the church was given by Rev. J. L. Skaggs, and the charge to the deacons by Rev. W. L. Burdick.

Deacon E. E. Whitford extended to them the right hand of fellowship, and, with all other deacons present, welcomed them to their new services and duties.

During the morning, special music was rendered by the choir. The ordination was brought to a fitting close by a communion service led by Pastors W. D. Burdick and J. L. Skaggs. Nine deacons took part in serving on this occasion, two from Plainfield, two from New York City, one from Little Genesee, and four from the New Market Church.

It seemed very fitting that Little Genesee be represented at this time by Deacon Mark Sanford and wife, as both Brother Crandall and Brother Burdick have come to us in previous years from the Little Genesee Church.

R.

brought into closer fellowship the visiting delegates and the good people of Detroit.

Sunday morning the Detroit friends came to the hotel with their cars and took the delegates on a delightful drive to Belle Isle, Detroit's great municipal playground, with its botanical and zoological gardens. This drive through the parks and beautiful boulevards gave a better appreciation of the wealth and beauty of this great city.

The afternoon session was taken up mostly with business in which the welfare of the churches of Michigan and Ohio were considered in a thoughtful and prayerful manner. The missionary spirit of the Detroit Church runs deep and wide. Pastor St. Clair keeps them in touch with the opportunities and needs of other fields and their liberality is constantly finding expression in their encouragement with generous gifts. The afternoon session closed with an inspiring sermon by Dr. J. C. Branch of White Cloud.

Since a goodly number of the delegates had felt it was necessary to return home Sunday afternoon some fear was felt that the last session would wane in interest as well as attendance, but these fears proved groundless for the last session by many was said to be the best of the convention. After a few belated items of business had been attended to and devotions had been conducted by Deacon Beers, Pastor Van Horn of White Cloud preached on "Prayer and Missions." Dr. Branch closed the meeting with a fellowship meeting in which many took part in testimony and discussion. At the close of this service another collection was taken which amounted to \$28, which brought the total raised at the different sessions up to \$85. Part of this money will be used to supplement the missionary work undertaken by the Detroit Church.

The next session of this association will be held with the church at White Cloud in the fall. Owing to its isolated situation, Jackson Center has been invited to unite with the Michigan churches in this semi-annual gathering.

R. B. ST. C.

How many try to shift burdens to the shoulders of others! The true Christian by thought, sympathy, influence, and substantial aid tries to lighten the burdens of others.—*W. L. Watkinson.*

"Those who are themselves living at their best are the ones who are quick to see the best in others."

THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT

\$17,000!

Seventeen thousand dollars must be raised on our Forward Movement budget during the month of June if our total receipts for the year shall equal the amount raised last year. Last year in June the churches raised twelve thousand dollars, or rather that amount was paid in during that month.

Unless the churches do better than that this month by five thousand dollars our great Forward Movement will close with a thud instead of with a bang. This must not be. Every Seventh Day Baptist should awake to the situation and should face it squarely, and with honest heart and purpose, during the next ten days. Get out the Sabbath Recorder for last week and look up the "Standing of the Church." No, we must not ask you to do that; time is too short and the matter too urgent. The table is presented again in this issue for your convenience. What is the record of your church for the year thus far? Look it up. Is it what it ought to be? Is it what you want it to be?

More than sixty churches will have to do something in June if their record shall equal the record of last year. If your church fails to do its part, then the denomination fails. Friends, we must not fail!

Everyone who reads this should ask his neighbor, Seventh Day Baptist neighbor, of course, if he knows just what the denomination is facing in these closing days of the five year New Forward Movement. Pastors should preach and pray and talk about nothing else from now to the last day of June. Forward Movement committees, finance committees, church treasurers should be on the job with earnestness and devotion from this moment to the end of the month. Church members everywhere should give this matter thoughtful and prayerful consideration during the next several days. An earnest, united effort will bring success even yet.

\$17,000 IN JUNE—IT CAN BE DONE!

THE STANDING OF THE CHURCHES

MAY 31, 1924

Churches	Quota	1919-20	1920-21	1921-22	1922-23	1923-24
Attalla	\$ 340	\$ 17.00	\$.....	\$.....	\$ 5.00
Adams Center	1,530	1,230.98	708.00	710.85	816.58	\$ 995.02
First Alfred	5,890	3,835.61	3,876.42	4,121.00	2,957.00	2,268.67
Second Alfred	2,940	768.34	1,145.90	1,358.13	1,577.43	632.25
Albion	1,870	622.27	279.83	95.00	327.07	105.85
Andover	620	148.49	201.25	63.35	206.87	92.20
Battle Creek	1,880	1,893.00	2,487.87	1,880.00	1,880.00	380.00
Boulder	920	460.00	920.00	460.00	220.00
Berlin	970	308.37	541.01	436.86	348.00
First Brookfield	1,490	769.60	1,550.58	1,072.34	1,054.93	613.12
Second Brookfield	1,240	987.56	1,157.50	613.63	801.81	421.85
Chicago	830	1,009.60	926.60	884.16	1,059.50	511.25
Cosmos	220	46.00	88.00	40.00	77.00
Carlton	960	352.97	247.39	182.88	129.28	75.00
DeRuyter	910	910.00	677.00	814.50	708.00	330.00
Detroit	(Joined Conference 1921)	140.00	225.00	150.00	150.00
Dodge Center	1,240	1,250.00	458.45	275.58	501.77	222.05
Exeland	220	45.00	20.00	50.00	20.00	10.00
Farina	1,650	1,650.00	1,019.95	1,161.64	1,336.02	646.93
Fouke	720	664.38	88.00	115.90	157.00	167.00
Friendship	1,200	430.00	679.83	536.00	232.50	165.00
First Genesee	1,970	985.00	1,895.79	1,197.17	1,211.00	647.00
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	347.00
First Hopkinton	2,860	114.53	1,178.68	1,351.29	1,255.11	999.35
Second Hopkinton	880	132.15	75.00	184.23	153.63	124.30
First Hebron	520	150.00	520.00	232.90	65.25
Second Hebron	370	67.00	22.00	56.00
Hartsville	700	80.00	110.10	62.00	145.00	40.00
Independence	1,070	1,360.00	1,100.00	565.00	855.00	475.00
Jackson Center	1,180	200.00	95.00	160.00	96.59	65.00
Lost Creek	910	910.00	910.00	910.04	409.73	951.52
Little Prairie	370	150.00	66.60	46.00	52.15
Los Angeles	240	275.00	240.00	240.00	345.00	135.00
Middle Island	730	90.00	100.00	190.25	60.00	15.00
Marlboro	990	1,030.00	1,084.51	443.77	455.00	319.00
Milton	4,460	2,300.00	3,501.24	3,345.00	2,949.00	3,025.00
Milton Junction	1,990	1,138.74	2,240.00	1,202.00	1,562.75	700.00
Muskegon	(Joined Conference 1921)	25.00	20.00	30.00
New Auburn	770	400.00	258.65	211.28	45.25	5.00
New York	660	1,075.00	948.06	1,077.41	1,167.41	1,024.43
Nortonville	2,240	2,240.00	1,440.00	749.00	1,250.00	345.00
North Loup	4,180	4,180.00	4,180.00	2,350.00	3,190.00	900.00
Piscataway	930	571.62	412.20	931.16	714.69	456.25
Plainfield	2,440	2,071.62	2,975.30	2,884.91	2,656.24	1,184.25
Pawcatuck	3,840	3,483.29	3,993.17	3,902.01	3,840.00	3,840.00
Portville	210	210.00	210.00	210.00
Roanoke	400	97.00	114.00	75.00	50.00	21.00
Rockville	1,340	172.00	135.00	245.00	261.00	138.00
Richburg	390	293.00	390.00	192.10	195.00	132.00
Riverside	1,030	925.00	820.05	1,216.61	1,158.34	383.37
Ritchie	900	650.00	69.50	271.52	173.00	85.00
Rock Creek	(Joined Conference 1921)	13.00	10.00
Salem	3,220	3,213.50	2,634.55	3,309.20	1,850.30	1,521.60
Salemville	580	80.46	290.00	142.50	48.50
Shiloh	3,550	1,344.04	3,674.30	1,637.01	1,873.26	1,474.94
Scott	490	1.00	33.00	24.00
Syracuse	270	88.99	107.72	78.22	76.00	59.50
Southampton	90	120.00	40.00	20.00	30.00
Stonefort	350	107.00	100.00	159.00
Scio	180	7.71	5.00	10.00
First Verona	820	800.00	827.12	820.00	665.86	739.75
Waterford	490	540.00	512.25	428.67	611.33	383.00
Second Westerly	220	275.00	230.00	230.00	235.00	290.00
West Edmeston	550	550.00	345.99	300.00	360.00	150.00
Walworth	880	248.69	499.56	248.50	294.75	143.72
Welton	700	610.00	700.00	700.00	700.00	525.00
White Cloud	1,020	185.00	26.73	203.25	250.00	125.00

MISSIONS

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

YEARLY MEETING, STONEFORT, ILL. DEDICATION OF A NEW CHURCH

Sabbath and Sunday, May 17 and 18, were great days for our church at Stonefort, Ill. It was the time of their yearly meeting and the dedication of their fine new church.

This church is removed from all other churches of like faith, Farina, Ill., about one hundred miles distant, being the nearest. It is the custom of the church to hold a yearly meeting in May each year. At this time many absent members come home, the Lord's Supper is celebrated, and a two-days' meeting is held. The occasion is made more marked and impressive by the fact that it is the only time during the year when the church celebrates the Lord's Supper. It is more than fifty years since the church was organized, and these years have been full of stress, struggle and sacrificing on the part of many, a number of whom have passed to their reward; but no one could witness this yearly meeting, this year, without feeling that all the money spent and efforts made here by the denomination and those living here, have been well repaid.

The church, a picture of which will be found in this issue, is a neat, well arranged house with a basement under the entire building. The basement is concrete and the rest of the building is of wood. The audience room has a seating capacity of about two hundred fifty, and the basement is planned for the serving of meals at the time of the yearly meeting and other church occasions, and as a place for socials and community gatherings. The building is costing between \$7,000 and \$8,000, the most of which is already raised. The Memorial Board appropriated \$2,000 and the rest has been raised by the church and community and the friends of the church. It speaks well for a church of forty members that it has enthusiasm and consecration sufficient to build a church like the one that now adorns this country side and blesses a large rural community. While great credit is

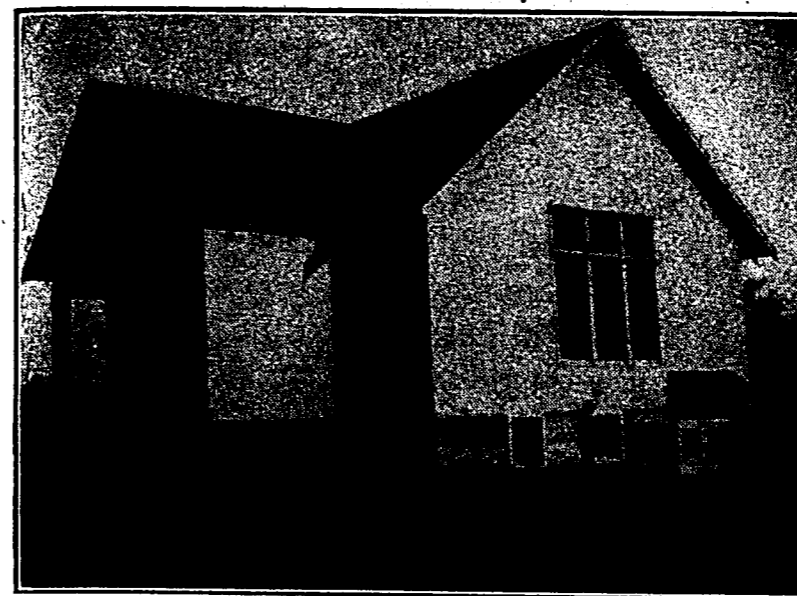
due the church for its united and sacrificial effort, the building would not have materialized, had it not been for the wise planning, untiring efforts and consecrated giving of the pastor, Ellis R. Lewis, who is a product of this church. Three years ago, as he was entering the work of the ministry I was sent here by the Missionary Board and it is gratifying to note the development that has taken place and the work he has accomplished.

The missionary secretary had been invited to participate in the services of the yearly meeting and the dedication. The yearly meeting opened Sabbath morning, May 17, and the services were well attended and impressive throughout. On Sabbath afternoon was the yearly Communion, and it was especially impressive and helpful. Sunday morning, after a brief business session, the dedicating exercises were held. The sermon was preached by the missionary secretary and the dedicatory prayer was offered by the pastor. The house was filled to overflowing; some estimated four or five hundred were present; a more conservative estimate placed the number at about three hundred. Between the morning and afternoon sessions the entire company was fed in the basement by the families of the church.

The afternoon session was unique. It opened with a concert given by a band lead by Frank Johnson. Following the concert was a history of the church by Deacon Howell Lewis, whose eyes have beheld the entire history of the church. This paper, which is given below, was followed by a conference meeting in which many took part.

The Stonefort church is located in the Old Town of Stonefort. When the railroad was built fifty years ago, the business places were moved to the new Stonefort on the railroad, one and three-fourths miles distant. The new church is in a prosperous rural community and is now well equipped to render very valuable service to a section untouched by other churches. Its prospects were never brighter and no mission field now occupied by Seventh Day Baptists is more promising.

By request of the pastor the secretary remained eleven days after the close of the yearly meeting to assist in some extra meetings. A deep interest was manifest through-



New Church at Stonefort, Ill.

out, notwithstanding constant rains and bad roads. A goodly number expressed a determination to begin the Christian life, and doubtless a number will join the church. It seemed too bad to close the meetings, but the incessant rain and pressure of other appointments and work on the part of the missionary secretary made it seem wise to close.

SKETCH OF THE STONEFORT CHURCH

DEACON HOWELL LEWIS

On the first page of an old record in the handwriting of Deacon Matthew Bracewell is found the following:

COVENANT OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH OF STONEFORT, SALINE CO., ILL.

We whose names are hereunto added, believing in the Lord Jesus Christ as our Savior, and trusting that we have been born of God into the spiritual life do hereby covenant with each other to keep the commandments of God and faith of Jesus Christ our Lord and to enter into church relationship with each other, according to the Articles of Faith hereunto prefixed.

We covenant and agree to love each other as Christians, to pray for each other and to watch over each other for our mutual edification and comfort. We also covenant and agree to be faithful in our attendance on Sabbath worship, and all meetings of the church, and to sustain the church's spiritual interests and the ministry of the Word as our circumstances shall admit and God shall give us ability.

Covenant Members of the Stonefort Seventh Day Baptist Church, 1871.

Matthew Bracewell
James H. McSparin
Pleasant Kirby
Robert Lewis
Eliza Wood
Jane Cook
Narcissa Kirby
Minerva Lewis

The preceding covenant having been adopted by the brethren and sisters whose names are signed to it, Elders James Baily and M. B. Kelly, ministers of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and lecturing agents of the Sabbath Tract Society, together with Rev. W. F. VanCleve, organized them into a Seventh Day Baptist Church, March 5, 1871.

Robert Lewis was received and recognized by the council and church as a minister of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, W. F. Van Cleve was chosen pastor.

Signed:

JAMES BAILY,
M. B. KELLY,
W. F. VAN CLEVE.

Through the earnest and efficient work of Pastor Van Cleve and Elder Robert Lewis there was from the beginning a healthy and steady growth in membership and spirituality. In the summer of 1879, Elder M. B. Kelly held a series of evangelistic meetings assisted by Elders Robert Lewis and F. F. Johnson, which resulted in an ingathering of the young people of the society. Fifteen were baptized and received into the church. It was indeed one of the high points in the history of the church.

In April, 1881, Dr. F. F. Johnson and wife of the Raleigh Seventh Day Baptist Church were received into the church and remained faithful and efficient until called to the reward reserved for the people of God.

In 1881, Dr. F. F. Johnson was sent to Rock Springs, Ky., where, after a series of meetings, he organized a band of Sabbath keepers which was received as an arm of the Stonefort Church, with Rev. C. W. Threlkeld as local pastor.

For several years during the early history of the church the records, for various reasons, were imperfectly kept, and many events of great importance to the church passed without being recorded. Some time in 1881, through the labors of F. F. Johnson and Robert Lewis, a company of Sabbath keepers was organized at the Parks Schoolhouse in Williamson County, Ill., and was received by the Stonefort Church as an arm of the church. This nucleus was the beginning of the Bethel Church who built their house of worship on the Craborchard Road about seven miles northwest from Stonefort. Rev. W. F. Van Cleve faithfully served the church as pastor for a number of years, then owing to the infirmities of age, he was compelled to retire. Rev. Robert Lewis was chosen pastor, who remained pastor until July, 1904. In the meantime

Dr. F. F. Johnson continued a faithful helper when he was not doing missionary work elsewhere. In 1904 Dr. F. F. Johnson was elected pastor. From that time on, as long as they lived, by mutual agreement and the entire approval of the church they alternated yearly as pastor.

The Stonefort Church and the community at large sustained irreparable loss in the death of these two soldiers of the cross, who had served the Master long and so faithfully. Dr. Johnson passed away in 1918, Elder Lewis in 1919. The church was now indeed a flock without a shepherd. The regular weekly appointments, however, were sustained through the faithful endeavors of the membership, the courtesy of the Farina Church, whose pastor came from time to time, and the financial help rendered by the Missionary Society. The ministers supplied by the Farina Church were: Reverends L. O. Greene, L. D. Seager, James H. Hurley, John T. Davis and Jesse E. Hutchins.

On March 5, 1921, at a special meeting, resolutions were adopted that E. R. Lewis be licensed to preach the gospel, to administer the ordinance of baptism and to officiate at the Communion table, Rev. William L. Burdick, missionary for the Western Association, conducting the ordination exercises. Brother E. R. Lewis was then elected pastor of the church. The Lord certainly heard the cry of the helpless little church at Stonefort and raised up a preacher from our midst. May he guide and strengthen him in the work that he has so nobly begun, to the glory of God and the advancement of his kingdom.

There are many things important to the church which can not be spoken of in this brief sketch. It would be well to state that the little church of eight members was at first served by a single deacon, Matthew Bracewell. Then Deacon D. B. Grace and Dr. F. F. Johnson soon came into the church. The church has ordained four deacons, namely: Pierce Bracewell, S. H. Stucker, Howell Lewis and Oliver Lewis. It would be interesting to tell of the labors of the many consecrated self-sacrificing servants of God, who have worked in this field. The Missionary Board have sent to us from time to time many of the best men they had. Beginning in 1871 with James

Bailey and M. B. Kelly, Sr., who were followed by W. C. Threlkeld, J. L. Huffman, J. G. Burdick, T. J. Van Horn, L. D. Seager, E. B. Saunders, W. D. Burdick, C. S. Sayre, D. B. Coon, M. B. Kelly, Jr., E. D. Van Horn, Edwin Shaw, J. A. Davidson, D. C. Lippincott.

But I can not here take time and space even to mention the names of all the noble laborers who have worked faithfully at Stonefort. Many of them have heard the Master say, "It is enough," and now rest from their labors. Others still remain at their posts—the very salt of the earth—still laboring in the cause which grows dearer to them as the years roll on; and may the Lord bless their labors, to the winning of many souls for his name's sake.

Last but not least the church in this year of our Lord 1924 through the mercies of God, the help of the Memorial Board and the willing hands and liberality of God's people, have erected a new church building, praying God that it may be a blessing to the community for this and future generations. A light to lead many to Christ.

At the beginning and for a number of years the church met in the old brick schoolhouse at Stonefort. This was about five years before the building of the Cairo and Vincennes Railroad. The village of Stonefort was then where "The Old Town" is today. The building of the railroad which missed the village about one and one-half miles resulted in the removal of the village. Hence the church is located at Old Town. About 1879, the doors of the schoolhouse were closed to the church. The weekly meetings, however, were maintained, being held from house to house until about 1881, when a house was bought for \$25 that had been used for a drug store where whiskey had been sold. It was said that during a revival which soon followed, "the old house was converted to Christ." This building was twenty-four feet wide and thirty feet long, and served very well for a place of worship until torn down in 1923. December 1, 1923, the church met in the basement of the new church until May 17, 1924. A Sabbath school was organized early in the history of the church. There were no records kept. The Sabbath school has been maintained without a break and with ever increasing interest.

MONTHLY STATEMENT

May-1, 1924-June 1, 1924

S. H. Davis,
In account with
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

Dr.	
Balance on hand May 1, 1924.....	\$5,484 34
Conference Treasurer:	
Georgetown Chapel	22 02
Boys' School	82 61
Girls' School	81 71
Missionary Society	700 29
Parallel Budget:	
Missionary Society	300 14
Boys' School	210 00
Girls' School	221 28
Georgetown Chapel	43 24
Grand Marsh Church:	
Georgetown Chapel	25 00
Missionary Society Debt Fund.....	32 00
Stonefort Church, Georgetown Chapel.	15 00
Alfred Church, expenses Rev. Davis	
and Doctor Thorngate to China.....	100 00
S. S. Powell, return of April salary...	25 00
Dr. W. H. Tassell:	
Missionary Society	10 00
Work of Cornella Slagter.....	5 00
Washington Trust Company:	
Interest credit	2 64
Interest credit	93
	\$7,361 20

Cr.	
Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, May salary....	\$ 83 33
R. J. Severance, April salary.....	83 33
William L. Burdick, April salary, trav-	
elling expenses, postage	149 55
L. J. Branch, April salary.....	25 00
C. C. Van Horn, April salary.....	41 66
Robert B. St. Clair, April salary.....	50 00
George W. Hills, April salary and trav-	
elling expenses	58 66
G. H. F. Randolph, April salary.....	25 00
S. S. Powell, April salary.....	25 00
Angeline P. Allen, April salary.....	25 00
H. Louie Mignott, April salary.....	35 00
William L. Burdick, advanced on trip	
to Stonefort, etc.	50 00
William L. Burdick, clerk hire.....	25 00
Treasurer's expenses	35 00
	\$ 711 53
Balance on hand.....	6,649 67
	\$7,361 20

Bills payable in June, about.....\$2,200 00
Special funds referred to in last month's report now amount to \$14,037.52, bank balance \$6,649.67, net indebtedness \$7,387.85.
S. H. Davis,
Treasurer.

DR. GARDINER GIVES ANNUAL "Y" SERMON

Before a good audience of college students and township people, Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner, of Plainfield, N. J., delivered the annual sermon to the Christian Associations of Salem College on the morning of Sunday, June 1. A better speaker or an address more appropriate to the occasion could not have been secured. It is impossible to think much of Salem College with-

out associating with it the name of Dr. Gardiner. Being president of the institution between the years 1893 and 1906, he did more to make it what it is today than perhaps any other man. His incumbency was during the most critical period in the life of the school, a period when it was often thought impossible for it to continue its existence.

Through this period of turmoil and of doubt Dr. Gardiner toiled as only those who are closely connected with the institution know, and the fruit of his labors is to a large degree the Salem College which we know today. The host of friends which he has here gives ample proof of the love which the people of Salem bear for him.

The texts of his sermon were: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

He spoke of the necessity of taking in God in all our enterprises. Many clubs and cultural schemes have been tried in order to better the moral standards of the race, but the results of these are not what was hoped. Dr. Gardiner expressed his conviction that the reason for this failure is in not making God first in the enterprise. No one, he said, was ever made worse or lost anything by placing God first in his life, but the rather gains all true good.

The idea that God can be left out of the transactions of every-day life is too common, and is responsible for the present ill state of affairs. As an example of the need of God in business life he pointed out that when seeking employment a young man secures as references the most religious men of the community, for he knows that their judgment of him will count when that of those who leave God out of their lives will not.

The complete program of the morning follows:

- ProcessionalFay Boord
 - Scripture ReadingDr. E. J. Woofter
 - PrayerPresident S. O. Bond
 - Vocal SoloElla Gareth
 - MusicY. M. C. A. Sextette
 - SermonDr. Theodore L. Gardiner
 - Hymn
 - BenedictionDr. E. J. Woofter
- The Green and White.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
Contributing Editor

EVIDENCE VS. BLIND FAITH

We are sometimes apt to think that absolute proof of any thing must be found before we can accept it. On the other hand, we are sometimes told that we must not look for proof, and we must overlook evidence of things, and must believe previously accepted truths with a blind and unwavering faith. It is quite evident that neither extreme is valid. Absolute proof of any fact or theory is seldom to be found, and if we were to require absolute proof we should hardly believe anything but our own existence, and perhaps not that. On the other hand, it is equally fallacious to deny the evidence of certain facts because of a preconceived idea, and demand blind faith in an idea, which has no evidence to uphold it and much to disprove it. The first is ignorance, the last is slavery.

We ought to weigh carefully the evidence which we find concerning anything, and when the preponderance of the evidence indicates a truth, accept it provisionally. There is some truth in everything. We accepted for years the Newtonian theory of gravitation, and it served our purpose pretty well, in spite of the fact that it is not entirely correct, as has now been proved by the Einstein theory of relativity. The Einstein theory may not be absolutely correct, but so far the evidence indicates that it is true. But just because we never proved the theory of gravitation, and have not now proved absolutely the theory of relativity, it does not follow that we should deny that there is any truth in either theory. We may find part or all of the theory wrong some day, but so long as the evidence points to its truth, we must accept it.

The evolution hypothesis has not perhaps been positively proved, but so far all the evidence which science has been able to gather indicates the truth of that hypothesis. Practically no evidence has been found to substantiate any other theory or to disprove the evolutionary theory. It

may be wrong, in whole or in part, but we have no right to deny it just because our proof is not absolute. Have we not as much right to accept this theory which has an abundance of evidence to substantiate it, as some other theory which has no evidence to prove it, but which we are told we must accept on faith, because no other theory has been proved, and because it is the orthodox, and previously believed theory?

If we are confronted with two courses of action, two beliefs, or two theories, it is our duty to study them carefully, examine the proof for and against, and determine the truth or the best course as nearly as possible, and then accept it, not blindly, of course, but with an open mind, subject to change if different facts are found to change the situation.

We mortals are given a mind, conscience, an intellect, a reasoning power which has been denied other animals. Should we not use it? Why should we deny the proofs which appeal to our God-given minds, and accept blindly something for which we have no proof. We should not. We claim the right to think things out for ourselves, with our own minds. At least give us credit for being honest in our beliefs, when they come as a result of thought, reasoning and research.—*Milton College Review.*

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

ANNUAL REPORT

The following is essentially the report given to the president of Alfred University.

Nine students registered with the Seminary; nineteen college students. Total twenty-eight, — twenty men, and eight women. These students earned one hundred and ninety-five semester-hours credits.

The subjects taught have been: The Hebrew of the Old Testament; Interpretation of the Greek New Testament; The English Bible, including The Life of Christ and the Apostolic Age; Theological Survey; Biblical Religion and Morals; History of Religions; The Psychology of Religion; Christian Sociology; and Homiletics.

We have had seven more students this year than last, including more students for the ministry; and there have been forty-eight more semester hours of work done.

The class in Hebrew has been larger than

WHAT AND WHERE IS HEAVEN?

REV. C. A. HANSEN

In the human soul, or mind, there is a capacity to understand and appreciate a final reward, which we generally call heaven. We associate it with the highest ideals we have, and from time to time men have given their lives to fulfill the requirements to enter heaven. Moses refused the honors of Egypt, choosing rather the home in heaven, because he knew he could not have both. Others refused deliverance from cruel treatment in order to be entitled to a home beyond.

Most people think too little of this wonderful end of the true child of God. We talk too much of this world; we think too much of it; and too often try to make a heaven here below, as though this present state of things were the real goal of a Christian. The facts are we are now in a state of probation, that is we are on trial, and if we crucify self and hate the things of this world, we shall be counted worthy of a home in the next world, which will be given to us at Jesus' coming.

IT'S A CITY

From the earliest times heaven has been associated with a great city. Of Abraham we read, "For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Heb. 11:10-16. Abraham did not look in vain, for we read in verse 16, "But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God for he hath prepared for them a city."

The sweet singer of Israel could not write his psalms without referring to the city of the great King; and John the beloved, wrapt in holy vision, saw the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. In the twenty-first chapter of the Revelation he gives considerable time to describing the actual structures of the city, and speaks of its size and of the requirements of entering the pearly gates.

Thinking of the final reward Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:1-3.

in any year since the reorganization of the seminary in 1901.

In the variety of subjects offered we have tried to have our students intelligently interested in the historical, scientific, and philosophical scholarship of today; and also in existing religious, moral and social problems,—community, national, and international.

We appreciate the willingness of the president, the trustees, and other university faculties, to co-operate with us in making it possible for us to give to our students a fairly wide range of living subjects.

For the financial condition and the need of the seminary, you are referred to the "Report of the Treasurer."

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ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 6, 1924, AT 8 O'CLOCK

Reverend H. Eugene Davis, one of our honored missionaries in China, is a member of the class of 1907. It seemed best for him to go to China before quite completing the requirements for graduation. But in the address named below he met all requirements for graduation and now receives the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

Organ Prelude—"Adoration" from Holy City *Gaul*

Reading of Scripture and Prayer
Rev. A. Clyde Ehret

Vocal Solo—"Life Eternal" *Fox*
R. W. Stickney

Graduating Address—"A Study in Religious Values"

Rev. H. Eugene Davis

His carefully prepared study was a brief account of the evolution of religion, from lowest to highest forms, that is to say, from animism to the Christian Religion.

Dean's Address
Rev. Arthur E. Main

The subject of Dean Main's address was "The Task and Privilege of the Ministry." After this address the dean handed Mr. Davis a diploma giving him his well earned degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

Vocal Solo—"The Call to Worship" *Barbour*
Eleanor M. Prentice

Benediction
Rev. William C. Whitford

Organ Postlude—"Great and Marvelous Are Thy Works" *Gaul*

Ray Winthrop Wingate, Organist

THIS EARTH OUR FUTURE HOME

Much is said in God's Word about the restoration, and restitution of this world to the Edenic state. This earth was originally man's God-given abode, but through sin we have lost our dominion to quite an extent, and are considered as pilgrims and strangers here below. Heb. 11:13. This condition is not to last forever; there is to be a real reconstruction such as will never come about by this world's cleverest planning; but it will be accomplished when Jesus comes and purifies the earth and plants his redeemed host in it, and destroys the wicked.

I like to study the words of Peter, who associated with the Master, and no doubt heard him explain how it would come about, or it may have been a direct revelation to Peter, but in any case, he says:

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." 2 Pet. 3:10.

The atmospheric heavens will be a factor in the final conflagration and would naturally produce a great noise, and the earth and the elements are to melt (not be destroyed), and the works that man has built will be reduced to ashes. Then this planet will be ready for its re-creation which is promised in verse 13 of the same chapter, "Nevertheless we according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The first destruction of the world or age was by the flood, and the second and last one is by fire. There is no reason to doubt that it is literal fire, and that it will thoroughly cleanse the earth from every taint of disease and reminder of sin. It is in the earth, in its renewed state, that the new Jerusalem will descend from God out of heaven. It is very likely now on some other planet, where God has his throne.

The city is well supplied with water, fruit and residences, and lighted with God's presence, and will be safe from burglars and disease, and will have no cemeteries, prisons or asylums. It will be a nice place to spend the millions of years as they come and go.

THE PEOPLE

Jesus is a type of what we are to become

after our translation or resurrection. He took on our flesh, and passed through death, and took our flesh with him to heaven, and will return as he went away. Jesus in his glorified body, is a type of what the saints will be. We shall have real bodies, we shall know each other, we shall eat, sing, and praise God, and have a real existence through a long happy eternity. To this agree the words of John when he says, ". . . . It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." 1 John 3:2.

The mind of a child of God in the redeemed state will be one of peace and free from the worry and cares of this life. The sins that have made his misery here will not enter there. In this life we often fail to live up to our ideals; but in the next world, clad in immortality, made like the son of God, we shall be able to do even better than our highest ideals of this life.

ARE WE GOING TO THAT COUNTRY?

This question becomes real, when that world itself becomes a reality. Heaven is a place, its center is a city; its king is our Lord of glory. Its subjects are the people of this world glorified, and made immortal. It will be worth all the sacrifice we are asked to make to hear our names called on that memorable morning, when God's people pass in review before his throne. Of this the poet sang:

"When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

It is the hope of the writer that we may "Love not the world neither the things that are in the world" that we may prepare for entrance into the kingdom of light and glory. To Sabbath keepers there is a special promise which others can only claim through ignorance, that is an entrance into the city, because they keep his (God's) commandments. These are the exact words of Jesus:

"Blessed are they that do his (God's) commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

DREAMS

How can I who love the wind-swept grasses
Ever shut myself within this narrow street,
Where every vagrant wind that lilt and passes
Brings dreams of far blue hills and meadows
sweet?

How can I who love the lure of open spaces
Content myself within this little room,
When in lines of light the golden sunshine traces
A far-off country lane where roses bloom?

How can I who love the water's lyric laughter,
The rustle of the wind among the trees,
Let four gray walls, a room with low-hung rafter
Shut me away from life and all of these?

I have my dreams—and dreams they live forever;
My four gray walls can not be prison bars;
While I have dreams this little room can never
Shut me from radiant sunlight and the stars.
—Blaine Bigler in *People's Popular Monthly*.

THE LITTLE CHAP'S MOTHER

"It's so hard to decide. The Taylors are going to the sea and the Rockwell Allyns are going to the mountains. I like the Taylors—and I like the Rockwell Allyns."

Little Mrs. Moffat scowled in gentle perplexity. The baby began to fret, and she jogged it absently.

"You see, it's so important, Jim. First I think I'll go to the sea with Marie Taylor, and then I decide to go to the mountains with the Allyns. They've both been teasing me. There, baby, do stop fretting. You make me nervous! I wish you'd call Olympia, Jim. She can quiet him.

A tall man held out his arms.

"Let me try, Julia. The little chap's teeth bother him terribly. There's one almost through and another—"

"I'll tell you what I think I shall do, Jim. It's just come to me,—one of my inspirations. I'll go to both places—divide the time between them, you know. I shall have to get a bathing-suit and a mountain dress of some sort, to climb in. I thought I wouldn't need but one, but it doesn't matter."

The man, who was gently swaying the baby on his big hands, winced. He was

thinking it mattered to him. So many things mattered to him. Lately it had been the little things that "mattered"—the lunches at noon in the great, hot city, and the car-fares home. How far he had travelled, up and down, hunting for the right place, where the tea would not be boiled and the cups not be unendurably thick—and the price not be too high. How many times lately he had walked the long distance home.

"Hush, hush, little chap,—sh!" he crooned unsteadily.

"I shall get a green and white bathing-suit—Jim, I really wish you'd carry that crying baby out to Olympia. My nerves are so worn out I can't endure the noise. It's fortunate I'm going to have a change. I was shut up in the city all last summer, and only got out a few times all winter."

"Yes, I'm glad you're going to have a change, Julia. It will do the little chap good, too. I—I was rather hoping you'd choose some quiet little country place near here, but I don't know but the sea air will be better for the little—"

"Jim, what are you talking about? The baby? Did you think I was going to take him with me? If that isn't exactly like a man! Did you think I could rest with a teething child in my arms all summer? The baby will stay right here. Olympia can take him out into the park every day. That's country, and it will be nice and quiet with so many of the other babies out of town. I shall tell Olympia to keep him out there most all day."

James Moffat drew the crumpled little pink face up against his cheek and rubbed it softly. His big forefinger was clutched tightly in the little chap's pink fist. They were both quiet awhile, while the other absorbed, intent voice ran on. The little "castle" James Moffat had built—in some quiet country place near by, where he could go sometimes,—had fallen round him in ruins. The summer stretched before him—and the little chap—hot, and endless, and monotonous. But it was for the little chap he cared.

"The Allyns are going next week. I shall have to hurry to get my things ready, and there are a few little things I'd like to make for the baby before I go. Olympia could make them, of course, if I don't get time. She'll want something to sew on, out in the park all day. Look, Jim, he's gone

to sleep on your neck! Doesn't he look sweet? I think he's going to look like you, Jim."

She took the little warm limp bundle out of his arms carefully and kept it for a moment against her breast. The frivolousness melted out of her pretty, girlish face and, for the minute, a hint of motherhood, like that of the Holy Mother's, was born in it. Jim watched her eagerly.

"It's there," he muttered to himself. "If it would only burst into beautiful, sweet life!"

But the little chap frowned and fretted in his sleep, and the mother-look in little Julia Moffat's face faded out. She was so young, and a petted, pampered girlhood had sent her into her womanhood unprepared.

The work of getting ready was absorbing, and little Mrs. Moffat's days flew by swiftly. Olympia kept the baby out of the way. There was scarcely time at the end to bid him good-by. He was asleep when his little mother stole hurriedly in to kiss him. She stood over his cradle, looking at him with a sudden queer tugging at her heartstrings. She was sorry she was going away from him.

"He looks so sweet, Jim!" she whispered. "See how his little lips move, as if he were talking to some one in his sleep. Jim, you must take care of him, you and Olympia! You must be good to my little baby, Jim—Jim, Jim, do you hear? When I come home, I'm going to hug him all day!"

She had to hurry away, but in the hack with Jim, rattling over the pavements, she wished she had gone back for another kiss.

"You must give it to him for me, Jim," she said, "the minute you get home! Tell him mamma sent it back to him—her little baby boy! And Jim, tell him—remember—that mamma's going to hug her boy all day, when she gets home."

At the station she kissed Jim tenderly. "Good-by, you dear, tall boy. How high up you are above me!" she said gaily. Then with a little jolt in her voice, she reached up to whisper something in his ear.

"Jim—dear old Jim, it's true. You *are* high up above me," was what Jim heard. Then she was gone. He went back alone to the little chap. He dismissed the hack and walked. That was one of the little things that "mattered."

The Rockwell Allyn's were gay company.

Julia was soon laughing and chattering with them, care-free again. Mr. Rockwell Allyn—his old father spelled it Allen—was a young physician with little practice, and much money. Nothing "mattered" to Rockwell Allyn.

For the next few weeks little Julia Moffat was in a whirl of excitement and gaiety. She wrote to Jim, and sent her love to the little chap, and Jim wrote back to her, with little moist spots in his letters, that he explained were the little chap's kisses. Julia nearly always remembered to press her lips to them.

It was a terrible summer in the great cities. Poor people gasped for breath, and poor people's babies died. Jim worried incessantly about the little chap. He hurried home at night to see him, and all the breathless hours till daylight hovered over him wakefully. He and the baby grew thin together. He did not write his fears to Julia. Once, when he had hinted at them in his letter, she had not answered or taken heed, and it hurt him. He set his lips, and hovered yet more faithfully over the little chap.

That was a terrible summer for babies to cut their teeth. Even in the park it was terrible. Olympia sweltered on the hot, hard benches.

In early August Julia went to the sea. The Rockwell Allyn's went, too. She had coaxed them in her gay, alluring way. It was hot and terrible on the train, and the little children in velvet-cushioned seats whined and fretted.

"They ought to be at home—that's where children belong in hot weather," Mrs. Rockwell Allyn said with an air of experience. There were no little Rockwell Allyn's.

"Yes," agreed Julia. She was thinking of the little chap at home,—where he belonged. The door opened and a baby's wail was wafted in to them, freighted with pain. "Hear that baby cry! Poor little thing! Why won't people leave them at home?" Mrs. Allyn said, but Julia started nervously. That was just the way the little chap cried, when his teeth hurt him dreadfully.

"I wish some one would shut the door," she exclaimed impatiently. What was it Jim had said about the baby's teeth in his last letter?

The conductor suddenly appeared in the door, and she noticed with relief that the baby's wail had ceased.

"Is there a doctor in this car?" the conductor was saying in a loud voice. "There's a sick baby in the coach ahead—it's in spasms."

Young Dr. Rockwell Allyn got on his feet importantly. "I'm a doctor," he called, and they went ahead together.

"Poor little baby!" murmured Julia Moffat. She was glad the little chap was at home—out in the park, with Olympia. She felt a sudden hungry ache to see him. She had not felt that way since she kissed him good-by in his sleep.

Dr. Rockwell Allyn came back by and by.

"He's out of that one," he said briefly. "Poor little chap! Been stived up in the city, and it's come pretty near killing him. His father's taking him to the seashore at this late hour. Well, he may be in time—and he may not. You can't bank on teething babies. Mrs. Moffat," he added lightly, "it would amuse you to see the father handle him!"

"Where's the child's mother?"

"There doesn't seem to be any handy. It's likely she's dead. The father does his best, poor man, but a man can't handle a baby."

"No," she said. "You'd laugh to see Jim do it! He's so big and the baby's so little! Do you know, I'm going ahead and look at that man, just for old time's sake?"

At the next stop she went ahead. The baby was not crying. In the forward part of the car a tall man was rocking it back and forth in his arms. His curved back and awkward movements made Julia smile. The baby lay in a little tumbled heap asleep. Then the man looked up, and, in the glass at the car's end, Julia Moffat saw Jim "handling" her baby. She saw his worn, troubled face,—she saw how hot and tired he was, and how soiled the little chap's white dress looked against his black coat. She saw everything. She uttered one low cry and hurried down the narrow aisle.

"Jim,—Jim!" she cried in his ear, "O, Jim!"

He turned his head in astonishment, to look at her, but the steady rocking did not stop. The baby's face was pitifully white.

"Jim—tell me—quick!—is he dead?" she cried in anguish. He put a big forefinger to his lips, and shook his head.

"Sit down, Julia,—sh!" he whispered. Don't wake the little chap up, for goodness' sake! He's sleeping easy now—the last attack was shorter. They're getting shorter, Julia,—it's a good sign. The doctor said so. He told me to take him to the sea right off. There wasn't time to write you. There wasn't time for anything. The spasms only came on night before last. It was terrible in the city, Julia!—You couldn't walk home at night without seeing hearses with little coffins in them. Dear Lord, such *little* ones! I couldn't bear it. I sent Olympia home—I couldn't afford to bring her."

He spoke in rapid whispers, always rocking back and forth steadily. Julia sat and sobbed beside him, rocking too. Her eyes never left the baby's little white face. She put out a finger and reverently touched the soiled little dress. The look of the mother, Mary, was in her face again—to stay.

She did not ask to hold the little chap in her arms,—but how she longed to! It was keen pain to sit and rock with Jim—with empty arms. It was her punishment. She tried to bear it patiently.

"Jim," she whispered, "sometime—when he wakes up,—I can hold him? And, Jim, there's something I want to say, but first—O, Jim, you think he will get well?"

"They grow shorter—it's a good sign."

"Yes, O yes,—the doctor said so, Jim. It's a good sign—And Jim, they said they thought his mother must be dead—Jim, I think she's just come to life—"

"Yes, dear, I know it," whispered Jim.—*Anna Hamilton Donnell, in Christian Endeavor World.*

A PLEA FOR ASSOCIATION MINUTES

Professor Cortez R. Clawson, librarian of Alfred University, is having trouble in his efforts to secure complete files of all association minutes. He does not know where to look for missing copies.

You will render good service in a good cause, if you will ransack your closets and attics for old copies of minutes of any one of the associations and mail all you find to Cortez R. Clawson, librarian, Alfred, N. Y.

T. L. G.

"If eternity comes at birth it will not harm the wee ones to hear of it."

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST WESTERN
ASSOCIATION, NILE, N. Y.

June 26-29, 1924

OUTLINE PROGRAM

Thursday Evening, 8 o'clock

Called to order by the Moderator John J. Canfield
Praise and Devotional Service Rev. Geo. B. Shaw
Messages from the visiting delegates
Sermon Rev. H. L. Cottrell

Friday Morning, 10.00 o'clock

Praise and Devotional Service Rev. Geo. B. Shaw
"Agencies for Religious Education"

1. The Home, Mrs. B. C. Davis
2. Community Forces, Rev. J. L. Skaggs
3. The Church, Rev. T. J. Van Horn

Open Forum

Appointment of Committees

Friday Afternoon, 1.30 o'clock

Praise and Devotional Service Rev. Geo. B. Shaw
"Some Factors in the Program of Religious Edu-
cation"

1. Lesson Material, Rev. H. L. Cottrell
2. Objectives and Standards, Rev. A. C. Ehret
3. Leadership Training, Miss Ruth M. Car-
penter
4. Daily Vacation Bible School, Rev. W. M.
Simpson
5. Interdenominational Co-operation, Rev. W.
C. Whitford

Round Table Discussion

Business—

Sabbath Eve, 8 o'clock

Song Service

Sermon—Rev. J. L. Skaggs

Testimony and Consecration Service

Rev. Geo. B. Shaw

Sabbath Morning, 10.30 o'clock

Morning Worship—Pastor Lester G. Osborn

Sermon—Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond

Children Service, conducted by Rev. W. M. Simp-
son

Sabbath Afternoon, 2.00 o'clock

Missionary Interest—Rev. W. L. Burdick

Tract and Publishing Interests—Rev. W. D. Bur-
dick

Evening After the Sabbath, 8.00 o'clock

Praise and Devotional Service Rev. Geo. B. Shaw

Young People's Program, arranged by Miss Vida

F. Randolph and Duane Ogden

Address—Mrs. Eugene Davis.

Sunday Morning, 9.30 o'clock

Conference on Denominational Interests, con-
ducted by Director A. J. C. Bond, Sec-
retary W. L. Burdick and Secretary

W. D. Burdick.

Business

Centennial Session, program provided by the Nile

Church

Sunday Afternoon, 2.00 o'clock

Centennial Session

Messages from former Pastors of the Nile

Church

Unfinished Business

Sunday Evening, 8 o'clock
Centennial Session
Historical Pageant

CUTTING THE FAMILY FRIEND

Who, among Christians, cuts off his
church paper?

The father who says: "It's no use. No-
body has time to read it." And that man's
family is the one which has time to read all
the crime and scandal which can be dug
out of twenty pages of the daily newspaper.
That family may have no time to read the
truth here. But it will have eternity—for
remorse.

The mother who says: "I've tried to in-
terest the children in it. But it bores them.
And I guess they're right, for it's deadly
dull." And that's the family where the
girl wants to read about "sheiks" and the
boys don't read anything except the sports.
Nothing dull about that family. Its mem-
bers are all so sharp that soon they will be
cutting all ties of love and safety.

The man who says: "We can't afford it."
And every week, he sees three times the
price of the church paper going for gasoline
or candy or the movies or the devil's lip
sticks or cigarettes or a hip flash and the
other lures of hell. In that man's family,
they may have to afford the price of a law-
yer for the defense, or a wrecked car and
a hospital bill, or a suicide's funeral.

What ails these so-called Christians any-
way?

Has worldliness robbed them of even
their worldly sense?

Can't they realize that the church paper
is an insurance policy?

No husband and father was ever induced
by his church paper to desert his wife and
children.

No wife and mother was ever led to neg-
lect her home responsibilities.

No boy was ever led to drink and ban-
dity and murder.

No girl was ever led to the bagnio.

Can't afford it! And nobody reads it,
anyway!

These are old Satan's promptings. He
wants to take the family to perdition. And
he starts by getting father and mother to
cut off the church paper.—*The Christian
Statesman.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

HOW JESUS TREATED FRIENDS

CLARA L. BEEBE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
July 5, 1924

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—When friends interfere (Matt. 16: 21-
28)

Monday—Teaching for friends (Matt. 13: 36-43)

Tuesday—An inner circle (Matt. 17: 1-8)

Wednesday—Service for friends (John 13: 1-15)

Thursday—Protection for friends (John 18: 1-9)

Friday—A promise to friends (Luke 22: 24-30)

Sabbath Day—Topic: In his steps. VII. How
Jesus treated friends (John 15: 13-15;
Luke 10: 38-42) (Consecration Meet-
ing)

Jesus was eager to have all men, but
especially his *friends*, view life from the
divine rather than from the merely human
point of view. When his disciples protested
against his facing death at Jerusalem, he
declared unto them, "You think not the
thoughts of God, but of men." With his
greater knowledge of the universe, facts
which, in the narrow vision of his disci-
ples, seemed to challenge the justice and
goodness of God's purpose, did not disturb
him, but rather seemed just and right. He
showed men whereby they, too, might par-
take of this insight into the *greater pur-
pose*, in a worthy relationship with the
Father. And that way is by the humbling
of one's stubborn will to that of the Ruler
of the universe, and serving mankind under
his direction.

Jesus treated his friends as *friends*. He
partook of their life and encouraged them
to partake of his. It was only to those of
the intimate, tender group to whom he most
clearly revealed himself and his purpose.
To those of the "inner circle" only, he re-
vealed his glory at the Transfiguration. In
this way he strove to lead them on to the
full stature of "sons of God," who like
himself, having partaken of the passion for
social redemption, would strive after wel-
fare, peace, prosperity, harmony with God
for all mankind.

The Master went among his friends as

"one that serveth." He could see, as they
seemed to be unable, the beauty of service
rather than sacrifice. He stressed the spirit
of loving and serving one's fellow men. In
driving home this lesson he adapted his
method to the friend. And what more com-
pelling example of his purpose could he
have given than the washing of the disci-
ples' feet in the upper room, that memora-
ble night? He taught his friends that they
were not merely garments cleansed from
spot, to be hung up in the Lord's wardrobe,
where no dust could get at them. They
were to be cloaks for service, for a "cloak
not used, the moths eat it." So Jesus used
himself for the service of his Father and
of mankind; each one of all the world he
counted a friend, and willingly gave him-
self up to a cruel death to show them the
way to God.

When the Master takes possession of a
man, at once he becomes his friend, at once
the principle of service begins to flower
within that man. He learns that all men
can be treated as friends, in a just and
kindly manner. His scope enlarges to take
in his enemies; his motives become more
nearly divine, as Christ desired those of his
friends to be. At last a real Christian
stands unfolded with the spirit of service
grown greatly in his heart. He is a true
friend to Christ, and as such, Jesus can
treat him in the most friendly manner. Are
we true friends of Christ? Ought we not,
like Mary, to sit at his feet, to learn of
him?

Alfred, N. Y.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC FOR SABBATH
DAY, JULY 5, 1924

VII. Build up: Character building.
Matt. 7: 24-29. (Consecration meeting.)

Four things a man must learn to do

If he would make his record true;

To think without confusion clearly;

To love his fellowmen sincerely;

To act from honest motives purely;

And trust in God and heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

The topic for July 5 is "How Jesus
Showed His Love," and the objects we
might use for this lesson are a magnet and
some needles.

What was it that caused Jesus to come to this earth, suffer many temptations and hardships and finally die on the cruel cross for us? Yes, it was love. A wonderful love that draws all hearts to him. As we pass the magnet over these needles let us watch them. They yield to the power of the magnet just as Jesus yielded to the power of his heavenly Father. When we move the magnet along, the needles move along, too. When God spoke to Jesus, Jesus obeyed and thus helped God to carry on his work here on earth. Now we will rub one of these needles up and down on the magnet until it is well magnetized, now it in turn can attract other needles to it. In order to keep close to God so that he might know what God's will was, Jesus was always in prayer, sometimes for long hours at a time; in this way he received power to carry on his Father's work and teach others to help spread the good tidings, too. We can all be little magnets for God, by following the example of his Son in all that we do. But if Jesus hadn't used the power that was given him, he would have been unable to do his work, and if we fail to use the power God gives us, we, too, will lose the power just as a magnet loses its power when not in use.

Now let us name some of the ways in which Jesus showed his love, so that we can learn how we can use the power that God gives us. As we name them, Richard may write them on the board so that we can look at them real hard. By his courtesy, sacrifice, kind words, comforting words, deeds of mercy, sympathy, encouragement, unselfishness, etc.

Then let us remember that the greatest power from the magnet was right near it, so if we would have greater love and power from God we must keep close to him in prayer.

Canonchet, R. I.

A CORRECTION

In the RECORDER of May 26, p. 666, in the Report of the Corresponding Secretary, the first clause of the last paragraph reads: "The following is the standing, reported, of individuals with ratings over 100 per cent." It should have read, "The following is the standing, reported, of individuals with ratings over 1,000 points." These

names, as well as those of the societies in the paragraph above, are arranged in order, those with the highest ratings being given first.

R. C. B.

AN INVITATION TO THE CONSECRATION MEETING

C-onsecration meeting in Christian Endeavor

O-n Sabbath,

N-ever miss this

S-ervice, as Christian

E-ndeavorers are pledged to attend, or if obliged

C-onscientiously to be absent, a

R-esponse should be sent to be read

A-t the roll-call.

T-heretofore, do not neglect this, for

I-t is the duty

O-f every endeavorer

N-ever to forget the consecration meeting.

—*Christian Endeavor World.*

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF DEACON DAVID MADISON BOTTOMS

[In the sudden death of Deacon D. M. Bottoms, of Battle Creek, the church, the sanitarium, the Young People's Board, the Sabbath school, and the denomination, have met with a most serious loss. In the very prime of life he is removed from various interests to which he seemed so essential, and from the home that needs the husband and father so much. Only God knows why such losses are permitted; and he alone can make all things work together for good to those who love him.

We give here some items from the Battle Creek daily papers concerning the accident, and showing something of the estimation in which Brother Bottoms was held in that city.—T. L. G.]

David Madison Bottoms, thirty-four, superintendent of men nurses at the sanitarium, died last night at the sanitarium hospital, a few minutes after he had arrived after having been found on the roadside near Sonoma suffering from a shotgun wound which had torn a large hole into his right side.

Nearby, when he was found, was his automobile which was against an embankment. It is thought that he had been there, suffering, too weak to make outcry, for an hour

and that hundreds had passed by not knowing that he was injured.

USE BLOOD TRANSFUSION

Blood transfusion at the hospital, the blood given by one of the women nurses, failed in its mission.

A twelve gauge shotgun, exploded at close range, had sent a charge of shot into his body, puncturing his lungs and some of the shot actually entered his heart. That he lived more than a few minutes was considered remarkable. He never lost consciousness while alive.

Investigation of the incident by Coroner Carl Gray and members of the sheriff's department indicated that beyond question it was an accident. Mr. Bottoms had been crow shooting, and was returning home. The assumption is that he saw crows, got out to get his gun, which was in the rear seat and pulled the gun, barrel first, towards him. The trigger evidently caught.

The accident happened a half mile west and a quarter mile south of Sonoma. Mr. Bottoms had been to the Covert farm a few miles beyond what is known as Paradise corners. When found he was leaning against an embankment on the east side of the road. One man says the gun was leaning against the running board of the automobile and another told Coroner Gray the gun was near Mr. Bottoms' side.

When he left the Covert farm, according to those who were at the farm at the time, the shotgun had been placed in the rear seat of the automobile, the muzzle pointing over the right rear door. Hunting clothes, worn by him while crow shooting had been thrown in the rear of the car.

The deduction of the coroner is that Mr. Bottoms, driving home, saw something, either beside the road or in the field, that attracted his notice either for a shot with his gun or something warranting investigation. It is thought he drew the car up to the east side of the road, got out and took hold of the muzzle of the gun. In attempting to drag the weapon from the rear of the car, it is thought, the gun was discharged. The gun was of the hammer variety which makes this theory all the more plausible.

After having been injured, Mr. Bottoms, a man of great vitality, is believed to have crawled up the embankment and sat down to await for someone to pass.

NOTED BY PASSERBY

Earl Clark, who lives in the Sonoma vicinity, must have passed by soon after the shot. He saw Mr. Bottoms, stopped and went to him.

"I'm shot," Mr. Bottoms told Clark, "get me to the sanitarium."

Mr. Clark, who was alone, drove to the Shunt farmhouse twenty rods south and obtained Mr. Shunt to help him. While Clark was gone Mr. and Mrs. Willis Sweet, 294 North Kendall, who had been out hunting mushrooms, drove up to the Bottoms' automobile. They saw the man lying on the bank. At first they thought it was a person intoxicated and started to drive on.

"I believe that man is in agony," Sweet told his wife. "I'm going back."

They went back. Bottoms, gasping, told them he was shot and asked to be taken to the sanitarium hospital. By this time Clark and Shunt returned and Bottoms was lifted into an automobile and taken to Sonoma where L. H. Bowen, proprietor of a store there, taking his machine, brought him to the sanitarium hospital. Doctors were summoned but the man died within ten minutes.

Coroner Carl S. Gray was called and went to the scene of the accident, investigating from the time Mr. Bottoms left the Covert farm until he reached the place where the fatal accident took place.

WAS LEADING MAN IN PLAY

Mr. Bottoms was head of the sanitarium amusement troupe and was to take the leading part in the play, "Make Daddy Behave," which was scheduled to be given June 3. There was to have been rehearsal last night and other members were waiting as the man was brought in dying.

Mrs. Bottoms, not knowing who it was, stood opposite the sanitarium hospital as Mr. Bottoms was lifted to the stretcher and borne inside. She with her three children had started for the main building of the sanitarium to see if the husband and father had arrived. Upon being told that the wounded man was her husband, she went at once to his bedside where doctors made a futile effort to save his life.

During the war, Mr. Bottoms worked in the government secret service, although this, at the time, was little known.

Active in many of the affairs at the sanitarium, Mr. Bottoms, known to his closest

friends as "Mat," was an ardent lover of all animal and bird life. He was secretary of the National Sportsmen's League, a nature student, and wrote articles for nature magazines. He was deeply interested in the Boy Scout movement and often spoke before the boys on nature subjects. He waged a campaign against crows in both Ohio and Indiana and just lately had been competing in a contest among huntsmen for the greatest number of crow-feet. He just recently attended the State Audubon Society Convention at Kalamazoo, being a member of that organization. He was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Mr. Bottoms was born in Georgia. The family moved to Athens, Ala., early in his life. He came here in 1912 and graduated from the nurses' training school at the sanitarium in 1914. He became superintendent of the men's nurse department in which capacity he has served except for four years. In those four years he was at Connorsville, Ind., where he was superintendent of the Fayette Memorial Hospital. From there he went to Dayton, Ohio, where he and his brother-in-law, Paul Kolvoord, brother of Doctor Theodore Kolvoord, of Battle Creek, operated treatment parlors. He returned to the sanitarium last August.

Mr. Bottoms, who was thirty-four years old, is survived by his wife, Mrs. Alice J. Bottoms; two daughters, Margaret Ruth and Anna Lou, and one son, George D., all at home, 22 Buckeye; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Bottoms, of Athens, Ala.; five brothers, Lieut. Roger B., of Lockwood, N. J., in the aviation service; Ary, Gilbert, Burley and Emmett, all of Athens, Ala., and two sisters, Mollie R., of Florence, Ala., and Mrs. Robert L. Butler, of Woodville, Ala.

IMPORTANT WORK IN THE SANITARIUM

Mr. Bottoms was one of the most active members of the sanitarium family. He was committeeman for Troop 15, Boy Scouts, and took much interest in their work. He was president of the Class B Baseball League and organized the Bears, one of the teams. He organized the sanitarium amusement troupe.

A peculiar feature of the incident was that, while Mr. Bottoms talked somewhat

freely, he never explained how he had been shot. He did not seem to know what had happened to him. On the operating table he said he had been crow hunting.

"What happened," he was asked.

He fell back dead.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

A memorial service for the late D. M. Bottoms, former superintendent of the men's nurse department at the sanitarium, who was accidentally shot and killed last week after a hunting trip, was held by his co-workers in that department this morning at 8.30. "Living Above the Average" was the topic of the brief address given by Rev. Henry N. Jordan, sanitarium chaplain. A number of his former associates talked quite informally on the fairness with which the late Mr. Bottoms dealt with the nurses, and of his ambitions for them to excel in their work and in their contact with the patients. A committee was appointed this morning to consider the planting of a tree on the sanitarium grounds in memory of Mr. Bottoms.

PARENTAL DEPRAVITY

The most exasperating story of recent weeks which comes out of the inferno of lawbreaking, is told in the newspapers concerning a family of foreign birth resident in one of our large cities.

The father was a policeman and the mother kept a confectionery store. The child of the house, a little girl eight years of age, waited on customers.

And behind the confectionery counter were bottles of moonshine whiskey which this little girl served to customers at the direction of her parents.

The whole case was made plain when the mother and father were prosecuted in the state courts; and upon the infamous showing the court fined the mother \$200 and the policeman father \$100.

Here were two demons who deliberately violated the Constitution and the law, risked the murder of fools who bought their vile poison, and dedicated their own child to physical and moral destruction—and the court let them off with fines about equal to the amount which would be imposed as a penalty upon a hungry wretch who had stolen a loaf of bread.—*The Christian Statesman.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

To-day, I'm in Grade One,
But listen! This is true:
When school begins again, next year,
I'll be up in Grade Two.
—Normal Instructor—Primary Plans.

JANEY'S PART IN CHILDREN'S DAY

The little brown church back of the factory was to have a "children's day." Nothing like it had ever been heard of in the neighborhood before. Janey Anderson was called upon to explain it so many times that one might have expected her to be tired of the subject. But Janey was glad to explain as long as she could find willing listeners.

"There's going to be flowers and green things everywhere; flowers in vases, and plants a-growing in pots, and wreaths hanging on the wall. It'll be just like a garden in the summer-time. And there'll be birds in cages singing just the same as if they were out of doors. And the minister ain't a-going to talk to grown folks, but just to the children. And there's the nicest songs you ever heard. They make you feel happy just practicing 'em."

"Well, you have a good year for it," said Janey's mother. "Seems to me I never saw so much in bloom at this season. It's been a forward spring. Old Mrs. Cator stopped in the other day and said her garden was two weeks ahead of any year she could remember."

"I'm going to ask her for some flowers," said Janey happily. "I know she'll like to give 'em for children's day. We're going to get up early the day before and go to every place where we can get flowers. I'm going to borrow Annie Kent's geranium, and Mrs. Bennet has an azalia with two blossoms on it. She says she's afraid they're going to drop off pretty soon, but it'll be nice and green, anyway."

"It'll be a sight of work," commented Janey's father mildly. He was a gentle little man, always tired, and invariably surprised that people should exert themselves more than was absolutely necessary. He

had worked so hard when he was a boy that Janey supposed he had never felt rested since. Janey herself hardly knew what it was to be tired. Her wiry little body tingled with unused energy.

"Oh, it's work, but it's nice work; and then there are so many of us. The teachers are all on the committee, and they've picked out six of us girls to help 'em." Janey looked modestly down lest her eyes should betray her pride in the honor.

"Well, I think they did well when they chose you," said Janey's mother. "You're always willing; and, besides, you have a tasty way of fixing things, though I do say it. She's the youngest on the committee," said Mrs. Anderson, looking proudly at her husband. "They appreciate our Janey over at that Sabbath school."

Mrs. Vicare in the next cottage heard much of the coming children's day. She was a frail, pale little creature, who had been a beauty at sixteen, and she looked like an old woman at twenty-six. There were six of the Vicare children, brown-eyed cherubs with olive skins and glossy curls. Janey had made arrangements with their mother to escort the whole half dozen to church on the morning of children's day. "It would be too bad for them to miss it," she explained. "They never saw anything so nice in their whole lives. I'm one of the decorating committee," added Janey importantly. "And that's how I know how nice it's going to be."

Mrs. Vicare did not have any idea what a decorating committee might be, but she readily promised that her little brood should attend the children's day exercises. As for the children themselves, they were in a state of intense excitement for eight-year-old Antonio down to the twins who were only three, and they surrounded Janey every time she came in sight, to beg her to tell them more about the flowers and the birds that were going to church.

One member of the decorating committee wakened early on the day before children's day. There were several long walks she had to take to get the plants and flowers that had been promised her. Besides, she was responsible for more than her usual share of the home duties. Mrs. Judson, whose big house was filled with company, had sent for Mrs. Anderson as soon as her laundress was taken ill. The extra dollars

were highly appreciated, but the day bade fair to be a very busy day for the Anderson family.

Janey had not finished the breakfast dishes when one of the Vicare twins made his appearance. His pinafore was not buttoned. His dimpled cheeks were streaked with tears. This twin, whose name was Constantine, spoke a peculiar dialect of his own invention, which was a little like Italian and a little like English, but not much like either. It was not easy to understand him, but Janey gathered from his remarks that he was hungry. She looked at the clock and decided she could spare five minutes to run over to the next cottage and see what had happened.

Very little had happened in the Vicare household that morning. There was no fire in the stove, and nothing had been done toward preparing breakfast. Poor Mrs. Vicare lay on her bed, too ill to be greatly disturbed by the fretting of the hungry children. After one glance at her pale face and half-shut eyes, Janey forgot all about the five minutes she had allotted herself. The June day was long. There would be time enough for the duties of the decorating committee after attending to other things.

Soon a fire was rumbling cheerfully in the stove under a kettle of mush which gave promise of breakfast. The children stopped whimpering, and their faces beamed with anticipation. Meanwhile Janey worked briskly away, washing soiled dishes and setting things to rights. Plain and bare as the Anderson cottage was, it nevertheless was exquisitely neat, and the disorder of her surroundings was painful to Janey. The untidy kitchen had taken on a little semblance of order when the sputtering of the steaming mush told that breakfast was ready. After the kettle had been scraped clean, Janey carried Mrs. Vicare a cup of tea, but she only shook her head without opening her eyes.

It was no wonder her head ached in that room, Janey decided. The closed window that kept out the refreshing breeze did not check the heat of the June sun. Janey opened the window, closed the shutters, and then smoothed the hard pillow on which Mrs. Vicare lay. When she brought cold water and bathed the feverish cheeks, the heavy eyes opened for a minute and a faint smile flickered across the pale face.

"I guess I must go now." The words had been on Janey's lips half a dozen times that morning. Now they just missed being spoken, yet somehow Janey found herself tiptoeing out of the room without a word. Mrs. Vicare seemed so unlike herself. Apparently she had forgotten that this was the day before children's day, and that Janey was on the decorating committee. Janey resolved to explain to Antonio.

But Antonio was not in sight. As she stepped to the back door, strange, stifled wails greeted her ears. Antonio was coming into view, holding at arm's length Constantine, who had undergone a strange transformation. From head to toe he was a deep brown color, and brown drops were spattering from him in every direction as if he were made of chocolate and were melting in the sun.

"He thinks himself a fish," explained Antonio, whose English was a matter of family pride. "He swim in the puddle." He deposited the chocolate image at Janey's feet, and Janey's heart melted.

"You poor little thing; don't cry so. I'll find you some clean clothes. But you'll have to go into the washtub, Constantine. That's the only way."

In her search to repair the disaster, Janey made a discovery. There were no clean clothes in the Vicare establishment. She was so overwhelmed by the importance of this fact that she sat down beside the tub and gasped. No clean clothes, a sick mother, and tomorrow children's day!

"They can't go, not one of them," thought Janey. "And they've looked forward to it so." Her heart was so full of pity for the disappointed half-dozen that she hardly knew whether the new thought that suddenly flashed into her mind was pleasant or painful. She scrubbed Constantine with an abstraction that called forth occasional howls of protest from that enterprising cherub. But when Constantine was spotless and arrayed in a gingham pinafore two sizes too large, Janey turned toward Antonio.

"Tony," she said, finding the words anything but easy to speak, "I want you to go to the church and tell Miss Lina—that's my teacher—that they'll have to put somebody else on that committee. Tell her I've got some very important things to do getting ready for children's day."

Antonio departed, and Janey threw herself into her self-imposed task. They would ask Flora Harris to help in her place, she was very sure of that. Flora would arrange the flowers and help make the wreaths. She hoped that some one would remember to go to the little cove beyond the railroad tracks where the ferns grew in such abundance—oh, the cool, pretty, feathery things! How she loved them and posies and the pleasant, dainty work of a decorating committee! How she hated the hot, hard task awaiting her!

When she felt a tear rolling down her cheek, Janey knew it was time to go to work. First there was a rubbing and scrubbing with a great deal of yellow soap, and a steaming, sudsy, penetrating smell that spoke encouragingly of cleanliness. Then the Vicare's clothesline sagged under the weight of many little garments. While they dried, Janey inspected the family footwear, and sent Antonio flying for her shoeblacking. Such a polishing had never been known in the household, and Janey's way of concealing holes by patches of black court-plaster aroused general admiration. By the time the six pairs of shoes were ready, the irons were hot, and the little garments on the line were transferred one by one to the ironing-board.

What with washing and ironing and polishing and patching, the afternoon was none too long. Indeed, it was a race between Janey and the sun. But Janey won, and when it was time to get supper, a neatly folded pile of clean clothing was in readiness for children's day. As for Janey, for once in her life she knew quite what it was to be tired. Her head ached, her back ached, there was a blister on her wrist where a hot flatiron had touched it, and she had rubbed the skin off three knuckles in her long and energetic encounter with the washboard.

Mrs. Anderson stayed to finish the dinner dishes at the big house on the other side of the river, and it was late when she reached home. "Well, dearie," she said cheerfully as she came in, "how have you gotten along? Does the church look nice?"

"I don't know," said Janey, and before she could explain further the tears came. But, after all, a girl is not so badly off who can sob out her disappointment against her mother's shoulder.

She wondered at these tears the next morning. Children's day dawned beautiful, with a cloudless sky. A cool breeze brought whiffs from opening-rose gardens, and the birds were practicing their choruses from sunrise. Mrs. Vicare was better, and able to smile languidly at Janey when she hurried over to dress the children for church.

Oh, those six little faces aglow with wonder and delight! Somehow Janey's eyes kept wandering to them as they sat beside her in the long pew. What if she had missed the touch of those ferns and flowers? These little folks surely had a right to children's day. "I'm glad I did it," Janey told herself suddenly. She supposed they would never put her on a committee again, but somehow that did not matter now.

The minister talked to the children that morning, though strangely enough the older people seemed to listen with quite as much interest as if it had been meant for them. The Sabbath school children sang again and again, and the song birds among the flowers added their voices to the chorus, and at the close every child present was given a little plant in a tiny pot. It was worth a journey to see the faces of the Vicare twins as they hugged their treasures to their hearts.

As the people thronged out, Janey's Sabbath school teacher put her hand on the girl's shoulder. "My dear," she said, and Janey turned, "I want to thank you for your part in decorating the church."

Janey stared. What did Miss Lina mean? Had she forgotten? Didn't she understand? She began to explain falteringly, but Miss Lina stopped her.

"Yes, Janey, I know," she said. "Antonio told me. The flowers are all very well, dear; but I think in all the gardens of heaven there is nothing so beautiful in our Father's sight as the faces of little children."

Janey understood. And with the understanding the sore spot in her heart disappeared, and she was satisfied with her part in children's day.—*The Girl's Friend.*

Sun and show'r-time,
Song-bird and flow'r-time,
Why, June is *our* time—
Little girl and boy time
Joy-time, joy-time, joy-time!

—*Primary Education.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

MINUTES OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

The regular quarterly meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in the Davis room of Milton College, Sunday afternoon, June 1, 1924, at 2.30 o'clock. President A. E. Whitford presided and the following trustees were present: A. E. Whitford, D. N. Inglis, E. E. Sutton, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, W. D. Burdick, G. M. Ellis and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Pastor E. E. Sutton.

The minutes of the two previous meetings were read.

The Committee on Finance reported, recommending that the president and secretary be authorized to make the necessary loans to meet the expenses connected with the coming Vacation Religious Day Schools and such other board expenses as are not covered by the receipts from the New Forward Movement. Upon motion the report was adopted.

The report of the Committee on Field Work was read by the chairman, E. E. Sutton and by vote of the Board was made an order of special business for an adjourned meeting to be held in July.

The treasurer's report was presented and adopted as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT

L. A. BABCOCK,	
in account with	
THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD	
Dr.	
To balance	\$271 10
Mar. 17—E. H. Clarke for Young People's Board	33 33
Interest on \$300.00 Bond	6 36
Apr. 2—Wm. C. Whitford, Parallel budget	12 93
Apr. 2—Wm. C. Whitford, Forward Movement	81 36
May 3—Wm. C. Whitford, Parallel budget	11 88
May 3—Wm. C. Whitford, Forward Movement	106 41
May 16—Interest on \$500.00 Bond	10 63
May 16—Interest on Cheesebrough Bond	15 00
Total	\$548 40

Cr.	
Mar. 17—Hugh S. Magill, 1/2 assessment International Sunday School Council of Religious Education	\$ 25 00
Mar. 17—Amanda Johnson note	100 00
Mar. 17—Amanda Johnson, interest on same	5 25
Mar. 25—E. M. Holston, salary	100 00
Apr. 29—Mrs. Harriett C. VanHorn, salary	25 00
Apr. 29—Miss Marion Carpenter, salary	25 00
Apr. 29—Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, salary	25 00
Apr. 29—Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, expense to Atlantic City	36 70
Apr. 29—Rev. M. G. Stillman, salary	25 00
Apr. 29—Hosea W. Rood, salary	25 00
May 29—Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, expense to Washington	33 00
Total	\$469 95
Balance on hand	\$ 78 45
Milton, Wis., June 1, 1924.	

The secretary reported concerning the coming Vacation Religious Day Schools, which report was accepted as a report of progress.

Correspondence was read from Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, Corresponding Secretary W. D. Burdick, H. C. Van Horn and others. Mrs. Van Horn reported having finished the preparation of the lessons for the fourth year of the Junior Graded Lesson series which completes eleven years' service for the board as editor of our junior publications. An expression of appreciation for her long, careful and very satisfactory attention to this work was extended to Mrs. Van Horn.

It was voted that the secretary be authorized to make a subscription to the *International Journal of Religious Education*.

It was voted that Rev. E. E. Sutton be appointed a committee to prepare a resolution voicing the attitude of the Sabbath School Board toward the Near East Relief and other charitable organizations, and its sympathy with the relief work that is being carried on by these organizations, to be presented for the consideration of the board at its July meeting.

An order for five dollars for postage used by the secretary, was allowed and ordered paid by the treasurer.

It was voted that the secretary be instructed to prepare the annual report of the Sabbath School Board to the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.

Voted that when we adjourn we adjourn

to meet at the home of President A. E. Whitford, Sunday, July 13, 1924. The minutes were read and adopted. Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Lesson XIII.—June 28, 1924

REVIEW: REHOBOAM TO NEHEMIAH.

Golden Text.—"Righteousness exalteth a nation; But sin is a reproach to any people." Prov. 14: 34.

DAILY READINGS

- June 22—The Day of Jehovah. Amos 5: 18-24.
 - June 23—Formalism and Righteousness. Isa. 1: 10-20.
 - June 24—The Glory of the Gospel. Jer. 31: 27-34.
 - June 25—The Equal Way of the Lord. Ezek. 18: 25-32.
 - June 26—The Victory of Righteousness. Mal. 4: 1-6.
 - June 27—The Judgment of the Nations. Joel 3: 9-16.
 - June 28—God's Promise of Peace. Micah 4: 1-5.
- (For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

HOME NEWS

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—The old Sabbath school class of which Mrs. Hemphill used to be a teacher, held a pleasant gathering and dinner at the home of Mrs. Celia Moulton, Sunday.

Plans are under way for the usual vesper services to be held just before sundown on Sabbath evening. These services will be held during the entire summer. Due notices will be given as to the time next Sabbath.

The Christian Endeavor business meeting was held Sunday evening and was well attended. It was voted to assist the chorister in the prayer meeting music, also to send delegates to the state convention which is to be held in Kearney the latter part of June. A goodly sum was voted to apply on our church budget.

All present, and they were many, had a most delightful time.

A Junior Christian Endeavor social was held Thursday afternoon at the church, under the direction of the social committee, Muriel Polan and Margaret Rood, assisted by Mrs. Polan. The entertainment consisted first of a trip to China, which was conducted by Albert Babcock in which the guests were taken to various points of interest enroute and talks given on each

place visited. At Japan, Marjory and Katherine Green gave some excellent music. At China the guests played Chinese games in true Chinese fashion. A short program was given, in which Mary Morrison gave a talk on China, and Mrs. G. L. Hutchins exhibited some Chinese curios. Typical Chinese refreshments consisting of tea, rice and sandwiches were served. The guests enjoyed the afternoon to the fullest extent, and learned many new things about China.

The senior Christian endeavorers and intermediates enjoyed a social in the church basement Thursday night under the auspices of the chairman of the Christian Endeavor Social Committee, assisted by an efficient corps of helpers. Patriotic games were played, including historical charades, and guessing games. A maypole drill, under the direction of Elsie Van Horn, provoked much laughter. The following program was given:

- Music
- Guests
- May Days and Ways
- Myra Thorngate
- Youth Days
- W. G. Rood
- Vacation Days
- Vesta Thorngate
- School Days
- Lois Green
- College and Future Days
- L. O. Green
- C. E. Days
- Elsie Van Horn
- Music
- Mrs. A. H. and Albert Babcock

The refreshments, in charge of Marcia Rood, were dainty, with the Christian Endeavor colors, red and white, in evidence, and consisted of light and dark cake, cocoa and oranges. Favors were in the form of little red and white maybaskets filled with red and white candies.—*The Loyalist*.

THE INVITATION

GEORGE IMBRIE SILL

O come today, the flowers say,
From city dust and grime,
And with us play the hours away,
Till bells of ev'ning chime.

The day has run, as sinks the sun,
And fades away the light,
Our games are done, we've had our fun,
So kiss us all good night.

God is looking for men and women who will commit themselves to him in the midst of life's dark and troubled experiences, so that through them he can display his power to deliver those who trust him. God does not take away the hard things, but glorifies and uses them as a means of revealing himself more fully.—*W. J. Tunley*.

PROTESTANTS TOGETHER

The entire genius of American institutional life is Protestantism. One may search our history from July 4, 1776 down to the present time, and he will find running through our scheme of legislation, administration and adjudication, the principle which was established by the Reformation in the sixteenth century.

The very declarations of freedom for the conscience of man, which characterized the work of the Protestant reformers, are embodied in our constitutional rights and in our basic legislative enactments.

It is this genius of Protestantism that is being assailed by many enemies.

There are the folk who desire to see the ecclesiastical dominion succeed that of the State in the civil sphere. And these are adroit and industrious. Their effectiveness is enhanced beyond their own intelligence in many cases, by a direction of super-intelligence from elsewhere.

There are those who would make this nation avowedly Godless. And these work their purpose through the channels of debauched literature, evil drama, and the corrupting temptations with which they surround youth.

And there are the anarchistic individuals who want to break down all the present status, in order that they may pluck some pelf from the ruins.

All these, working to one common end, have so demoralized the situation in America that only a prompt and resolute determination of cohered Protestantism can protect the remaining sanctities, and restore those which have been filched from the common right.

If Protestantism would preserve the genius of this nation, inspired of God and established by the sacrifice of the fathers, it must be more alert and more united.

It is estimated that in this country more than seventy per cent of the people are of Protestant origin. It was the toil and the courage of their fathers, under the blessing of God, which gave the nation its being. These fathers breathed into every state of the Union and into the nation a Protestant life.

It is that life which the thousand and one enemies of Protestantism would now destroy.

The instinct of Protestantism has been

to protect its own. And hence we have seen the uprising of Protestant masses, sometimes unguided and sometimes unwisely guided, but always with the righteous instinct to protect the sacred institutional life of our country. What has been an ineffective resistance because of lack of wisdom or coherence, must now become effective action by the open coherence of the Protestant mass to the great ideal.

Patriotism to the country, sagacity in the measures and methods, and devotion to the Lord God on high, who rules earth and who brought Protestantism to its power for the preservation of his creatures and his institutions; all these must be the cohering authority within this great alliance.

It does not need new organization. It does not need that men shall depart from old organization. It merely requires that every Protestant shall have both mind and conscience alert and active. It means that within the Protestant churches and fraternities, Protestants of every denomination of the Church evangelical shall be in harmonious accord upon basic principles. And it means that in the civil sphere, Protestants shall be as willing to express themselves in the maintenance of the right, as the enemies of Protestantism are eager to express themselves for the destruction of the right.

The call for Protestant unification is finding answer in millions of hearts.—*The Christian Statesman.*

True Christianity enlarges and strengthens all true manhood. It develops and sweetens all true womanhood. The fully-developed Christian is riper in reason, firmer in purpose, and more kind in heart and purpose than other men. Such a one may range all fields of intellectual endeavor without endangering his faith or weakening his character. True Christianity makes men positive in opinion and definite in purpose, without dogmatism or bigotry. Christianity is not a system of negations. It does not consist in not believing or in not doing. It is light and love, culminating in life and obedience. That which is not transmuted into living is worthless. Christianity is life, character, action. It is *being* something that you may *do* something. It is fruit-bearing. Less than this is not Christianity.—*Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D.*

DEATHS

RANDOLPH.—At his home in Salem, W. Va., June 4, 1924, Evander Milton Randolph. He was born June 21, 1873 near the spot where he died and where he had always lived.

Evander was the son of Lloyd F. and Elizabeth Davis Randolph. Lloyd F. was the son of Jesse who was the son of Samuel.

Sept. 17, 1901 he married Anna Laura Wilson whose mother was a Lowther. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Gladys, wife of Joseph Vincent of Pennsboro, W. Va. He is also survived by three brothers and one sister: J. Alex. of Salem, Colwell M. of Fairmont, Edgar F. of Gallipolis Ferry and Mrs. P. C. Williams of Clarksburg.

In early life he was a school teacher, but was best known as contractor and lumber dealer. Evander Randolph was a devout Christian always interested in the welfare of the church.

He was converted and joined the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church when about fifteen years of age. For a time he was church treasurer, and a teacher in the Sabbath school. He had been in failing health for many months but kept at his usual work up to the hour of death.

He will be sadly missed by his employees, his business associates, and in the church, but most of all by his immediate family where his interests centered. G. B. S.

CHEDESTER.—At the home of her parents in the neighborhood called Buckeye near Salem, W. Va., on May 25, 1924, Opal Faye Chedester.

She was born October 8, 1892 and had lived her entire life near the place of her birth.

She was the daughter of Marshall L. and Mary Ford Chedester.

In early life she became a Christian. She was baptized by Rev. E. A. Witter and remained a faithful member of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church till death. She died in the triumph of Christian faith.

From a child she had never known perfect health, and her education was attained by will power and struggle.

She became a trained teacher of young children. At the time of her death she was teaching in the public school of the City of Salem and was living at home "on Buckeye."

She is survived by her parents, a brother, Harlan, whose home is in Pennsylvania, and a sister Rhea of Salem. G. B. S.

STILLMAN.—At the Rhode Island Hospital in Providence, R. I., March 9, 1924. Edgar Stillman, aged 75 years.

Edgar Stillman was born at Shiloh, N. J., in 1849, and was the son of Ezra and Abbie Elizabeth Stillman. He was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Nortonville, Kan. He had lived, for a time, at different places among us—at Shiloh, North Loup, Neb., Farina, Ill., and at Westerly, R. I. In the last named place nearly fifteen years had been spent. He

had failed rapidly in two or three years and his condition necessitated an operation from the effects of which, with complications, he passed away.

He leaves two half sisters, Mrs. Eli Jackson and Mrs. Edward Davis, both of Camden, N. J., and a half brother, Alfred Ewing, of Shiloh.

Services were held at the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist church at Westerly, R. I., March 13, at 10.30 a. m. and were conducted by the pastor, Clayton A. Burdick. C. A. B.

BURK.—In Westerly, R. I., March 26, 1924, Mrs. Edith Whipple Burk, aged 75 years.

Edith Whipple Burk was the daughter of the late Judge Henry Whipple and Mary Spicer and was born in Hopkinton, R. I., September 10, 1848. She was united in marriage to William A. Burk on September 10, 1868. Mr. and Mrs. Burk came to Westerly to reside in 1878 and have since made this their home.

She was a member of the Second Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church and a member for many years of the Woman's Aid society of the Pawcatuck Church, a member of the local W. C. T. U. and active in the work of the Eastern Star. She was also one of the organizers of the People's Mission in Westerly. Mrs. Burk was one of those happy and faithful characters, so helpful in community life. She leaves besides her husband, one daughter, Mrs. Florence B. Kenneth of New York and two sons, J. Henry and William E. Burk, of Westerly, R. I., with three grandchildren and one great grandchild. She is also survived by two brothers, Joseph H. and Everett E. Whipple, both of Westerly.

Services were on Sabbath afternoon, March 29, at 2 o'clock, and were conducted by the pastor of the Pawcatuck Church, Rev. C. A. Burdick. C. A. B.

BONHAM.—Winfield Scott, son of John S. and Margaret F. Bonham, was born at Shiloh, N. J., April 21, 1850.

He attended the village schools and graduated from Union Academy, Shiloh, 1870. He entered college at Alfred, N. Y., the following year, and graduated from there in 1872.

August 3, 1873, Mr. Bonham was united in marriage to Sarah Eveline Saunders. To this union were born: Josie, deceased; Julia, wife of Henry H. Ewing; Ada, wife of Paul P. Lyon; John Henry; Fannie, wife of Herold B. Milward; Edna, wife of Chas. A. Banks; and Clarkson Saunders.

He has had a continuous residence in Shiloh all his life, excepting the time he was in college and in recent winters in Florida, and has had a conspicuous part in the various activities of the people. He has been officially connected with the school board of the local high school. Under Governor Stokes he was an appointee on the first Equalization Tax Board, has been a director of Rutgers College, was a charter member of Hopewell Grange, holding both local and state offices, and at the time of the "Fifty Year Jubilee," celebrated last year, was the only surviving constituent member. He was among the first members of the local Red Men and a member of the I. O. O. F. No small part of the success of the Shiloh Lyceum Association was due to the active interest of Mr. Bonham through many years.

When fifteen years old he was baptized and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Shiloh, where he has remained in loyal support for almost sixty years. For many years he was the efficient church clerk, continuing even after the loss of his right arm. His love and knowledge of music fitted him for a place of leadership of the church choir for fifteen years. He took a lively interest as solicitor for the SABBATH RECORDER at one time.

In recent years he has resided in the village, having sold his dairy and stock farm near Shiloh. He departed from this life May 24, 1924. Besides Mrs. Bonham, children, and grandchildren, many friends and acquaintances are saddened by his departure from these earthly scenes where he has become so interwoven with the many things we cherish and love.

Farewell services were conducted at the residence by Pastor Loofboro, there being present many friends and relatives. E. F. L.

CRANDALL.—Ellen Augusta Saunders was the daughter of Truman and Phebe Willcox Saunders, born at Berlin, N. Y., August 17, 1845, and died in her seventy-ninth year at her home in Milton, Wis., June 1, 1924.

Her early childhood home was at West Hallock, Peoria County, Ill., and it was here that she was baptized by Rev. Nathan Wardner and became a member of the Southampton Seventh Day Baptist Church.

While a student at Milton Academy, where she graduated in the class of 1867, she met Albert R. Crandall to whom she was married February 16, 1874. After her graduation from the academy she was for a time a student in the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, Mass.

She was the only daughter and the oldest of six

children, the brothers being Truman Willcox, Edward Bates, Charles Rogers, John Barber and Haldane Cochrane, of whom only John B. survives her.

Her husband who survives her is professor emeritus of natural history and physiology in Milton College. Her brother Edward was known throughout the Seventh Day Baptist churches as "Missionary Secretary, E. B. Saunders."

There are three children, Miss Alberta Crandall, the principal of the School of Music at Milton College, Ellen, the wife of Mark H. Place of Milwaukee Wis., and W. Truman Crandall, one of the professors in the Agricultural College of Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y.

Farewell services were held at her home in Milton on June 3, 1924, and burial was made in the Milton cemetery. She with the other members of her family were members of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church, to which she gave her unselfish, consistent service. She was greatly honored and loved by all who knew her, and her loss will be sorely felt in many circles of her acquaintances. E. S.

SMALLEY.—Georgé B., son of Morgan R. and Tibitha Davis Smalley, was born near Shiloh, N. J., Sept. 17, 1876.

He was united in marriage to Lydia Plummer, December 2, 1896. To this union were born: Roscoe, George Arthur, who died at the age of seven months; Cora E.; Florence A.; Vera J.; Morgan and Sarah.

At the age of twelve George publicly confessed Christ and was baptized by Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, who was his pastor. From that time he has been a faithful member of the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was associated with the men in the Brotherhood of the church

and has been an active member in the local grange.

Mr. Smalley has been in failing health for several years, but during the past year has been confined to his home most of the time. On May 13, 1924 he passed to his eternal reward from the home on the farm where all his married life has been spent and his family reared.

Beside his family there survive a mother, two sisters—Mrs. Eva Turner, Aburn, N. J., and Mrs. Lorina Crispin, Alloway, N. J.—Leonard M. and Lester R. of Shiloh, N. J.

Many friends join in sympathy and pray that God will comfort and bless in this time of sorrow. Rev. James L. Skaggs, a former pastor, was present and delivered the funeral sermon, the services being conducted by the present pastor, E. F. Loofboro. E. F. L.

BABCOCK.—Martha Goddard Babcock, wife of Edwin A. Babcock, was born at Fort Atkinson, Ia., January 26, 1871, and died at Milton, Wis., May 30, 1924.

She was the daughter of Josiah and Martha Tubbs Goddard. She was baptized by Rev. Lewis A. Platts and joined the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church of which she remained a faithful member until her death. Besides her husband she is survived by her mother, Mrs. Martha Cartwright, a brother, Charles Goddard, and by three daughters, Gladys, the wife of Professor Robert W. West of Madison, Wis., Miss Doris Babcock and Miss Lillian Babcock, both of Milton.

Farewell services were held at the home, June 2, 1924, and burial was made in the Milton cemetery. E. S.

COLLINS.—At the home of her daughter Mrs. Emma M. C. Rathburn, March 24, 1924, Mrs. Mary E. Collins, wife of William Tyler Collins.

The deceased was born in the town of Stonington, Conn., and was the daughter of the late Horace and Cornelia Palmer. She was a member of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church and of the Hancock Woman's Relief Corps. She was also a member of the order of Royal Neighbors of America, Odd Ladies and the Needlecraft society of Ashaway. She is survived by her husband, one son, Raymond G. Collins, and two daughters, Mrs. C. P. Eccleston and Mrs. Emma M. C. Rathbun, all of Westerly, R. I., also five grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Mrs. Collins was active in many ways, but in that good fashion that does not intrude.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church. C. A. B.

MY BROTHER

(HENRY HARRIS)

December 11, 1842—May 24, 1924

M. E. H. EVERETT

The bed they made him is so low,
The tender grasses o'er it grow;
His arms are folded on his breast
And he has found his perfect rest.
In youth he turned toward Zion's hill
And sought to do the Father's will.
Unto the world he testified,
"I live because my Savior died;
And when I die of age and pain
Because he lives, shall live again."

Coudersport, Pa.

THE LAST TESTIMONY

M. E. H. EVERETT

Off' my feet slipped from thy way;
Lord, they could not wander far;
Fire by night and cloud by day
And thy steadfast guiding Star
Led me weeping back to thee,
Now I go, thy face to see.

In my weakness and distress,
Lord, thy strong arm held me up,
Thou wast near to cheer and bless
When I drank life's bitterest cup;
Hope divine thou gavest me,
Now I go thy face to see.

For my years on thy dear earth,
Lord, I give thee thanks and praise.
Love made sweet the desert's dearth,
Mercy crowned my lonely days.
Truth hath set thine handmaid free;
Now I go, thy face to see.

Coudersport, Pa.

As surely as Christ is the wisdom of God, so surely shall it be found that no investments have paid like life and love expended in uplifting the world.—W. L. Watkinson.

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The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society will be glad to receive contributions for the work in Pangoengsen, Java. Send remittances to the treasurer, S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 1427 W. Colvin St. Syracuse. Phone James 1082-W. Mrs. Edith Spaide, church clerk, 1100 Cumberland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in Hall 601, Capitol Building (formerly Masonic Temple), corner of State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Rev. C. A. Hansen, pastor, 1152 W. Sixtieth Street.

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

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

Minneapolis Seventh Day Baptists meet regularly each Sabbath at 10 a. m., at the homes. Mr. Lloyd Burdick, 1810 West 49th Street, Phone "Walnut 1319," Superintendent of the Sabbath school; Mrs. William A. Saunders, Robbinsdale, Phone "Hyland 4220," assistant. Visitors cordially welcomed.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ holds regular Sabbath services at 2.30 p. m., in Room 402, Y. M. C. A. Building, Fourth Floor (elevator), Adams and Witherell Streets. For information concerning Christian Endeavor and other services, call Pastor R. B. St. Clair, 3446 Mack Avenue, phone, Melrose 0414. A cordial welcome to all.

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

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

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

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L. H. North, Business Manager

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It would not affect the attitude of Christianity in the least if the prohibition amendment, the Volstead Act and every anti-liquor statute on all books were abolished—Christianity is against liquor. And it must be ready to develop a public sense of opposition comparable to its own inherent antagonism. Christianity does not depend on law; it merely uses law. It depends on converted, convinced hearts.—*Nolan R. Best.*

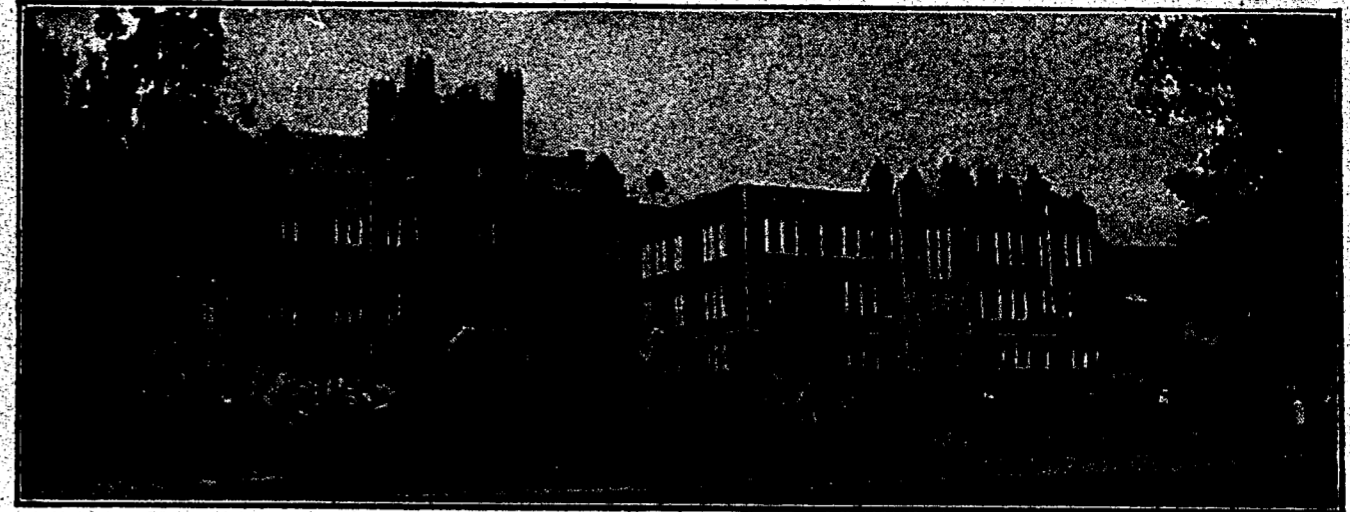
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ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
 Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
 Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
 Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
 To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
 A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
 Till at the last across the chasm swung
 The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
 Across the void, out to God's reaching hands—
 Send out our love and faith to thread the deep—
 Thought after thought until the little cord
 Has greatedened to a chain no chance can break,
 And—we are anchored to the Infinite!

—Edwin Markham.

—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL.—Notes by the Way.—Eastern Association.—On Historic Ground.—Sabbath Eve in Ashaway.—Sabbath Morning at Ashaway.—Evening After Sabbath.—Woman's Hour Was Very Good.—Young People's Program.—The Sabbath School Program at Ashaway.—The Tract Society Program .769-774
 Concerning the Early History of the Sabbath, and the Introduction of the Sunday Into the Christian Church 774
 THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT.—The Seven Churches That Are in the Southeastern Association 776-779
 Preparation for Life's Work 779
 Western Association Centennial Program 781
 MISSIONS.—Evangelistic Campaign at Alfred Station.—Love of God and Fellow Men a Motive for Becoming a Christian.—The Motive of Selfishness 782-787
 Notice to Sabbath School Officers 787

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE.—Presentation for Degree of the Reverend H. Eugene Davis, B. A., B. D., D. D. 788
 Financial Report of the Historical Society 789
 WOMAN'S WORK.—An Appreciation.—Busy Days in Grace School, Shanghai, China .791-793
 Letter From a Lone Sabbath Keeper in the South to One in the North. Reply From the North 793, 794
 YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.—Abolish War!—Intermediate Christian Endeavor Topics for Sabbath Day, July 12, 1924.—Junior Work.—Young People's Hour of the Walworth Quarterly Meeting.—Christian Endeavor News Notes.—Meeting of Young People's Board 795-797
 CHILDREN'S PAGE.—Jesus' Love.—Joy's Other Name.—Blackie's Queer Name.—Some Interesting Palindromes.—An Ever-Handy Pocket Rule 798-800
 Sabbath School Lesson for July 5, 1924 800