June Is The Month

when all good Seventh Day Baptists work together to close up the year's denominational program. Despite the difficulties under which our boards have labored the past eleven months, considerable progress has been made and we have much for which to be thankful.

Treasurer Crandall reported about $19,800 received (budget, special, debt) for the ten months ending April 30. The report for May will be available by next week. But our Budget calls for $43,000, and unless every Seventh Day Baptist gets behind the Budget with his best efforts, the boards will be forced to come to Conference reporting unusually large deficits.

So let us plan to pay up our pledges as early in the month as possible so that all money may reach the Treasurer in time to be credited in June.

Published by the Committee to Promote the Denominational Budget.

The Sabbath Recorder
Vol. 112 JUNE 6, 1932 No. 23

PRAYER

Almighty God, from whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed, kindle, we pray thee, in the hearts of all men the true love of peace, and guide with thy pure and peaceful wisdom those who take counsel for the nations of the earth, that in tranquility thy kingdom may go forward till the earth be filled with the knowledge of thy love through Jesus Christ our Lord!

—Methodist Protestant Recorder.

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Sabbath School Lesson for June 19, 1932
WHENCE—WHITHER?

Our pastor, at prayer meeting the other night, wondered if we knew who the author was of the beautiful hymn just sung—"Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned." It is a most inspiring hymn used by all denominations, and rightly for it belongs to the ages. But we have a right to a special regard for it, and to get a double blessing in learning it, for it was written by a loyal Seventh Day Baptist, honored and respected in England two hundred years ago—Rev. Samuel Steenmet.

When we read of the staunch defenders of the Baptist faith in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and realize that some of them dedicated to the maintenance of the principles of liberty of conscience were noble Seventh Day Baptists; that a crown physician—Doctor Chamberlain was a Seventh Day Baptist; that a great early English lexicographer, was a Seventh Day Baptist, we have a right to be proud, not in an arrogant way, but in a way that strengthens and encourages loyalty and high endeavor. It is told of a child of a deposed monarch, that when he was led to his new abode, he drew himself up proudly and said, "No, I am the child of a king." We remember the noble reply of Jefferson's house, as he, in the appreciation of his lineage and responsibilities, replied to temptation, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

It is of high importance that our Historical Society has taken so much pains to assemble matters of Seventh Day Baptist history and interest. To be tied or linked up to a notable past is of value beyond compare.

Yes, often, and especially deep should we remind ourselves—we have come from somewhere. We have a history of which no other people in the world can say that he never knew C. M. Lewis, Darwin E. Maxson, Titusworth, or Allen. Perhaps his sons will likewise regret that they did not know President W. C. Whitford, Dean Main, or Dr. A. H. Lewis (for whom their father was named), who were great for the right. But these men through the years will continue to inspire and beckon us on. We must not fail them or those who now depend on us.

It needs a far more ready pen than this, adequately to impress the value of the "whence" of the Seventh Day Baptist. For more than two and one half centuries in America and for more than three hundred years in England have men loyal, true and steadfast, dedicated to the maintenance of the Baptist faith. It means something to us now. We must let it mean even more. When we think back of these modern historical elements of our "whence," to the fact that we are God's children, that we owe so much to him, and that we are Christ's followers and upon us rest the same responsibilities now as then, of the stewardship of the Sabbath truth—we must take courage and face the present and the future unafraid.

"Whither?" then as well as "Whence?" It does seem as though God has a work for us still to do, after all these centuries. He has kept us through years of growth and years of depression. What for? "Whither?" We must have a goal if we are to arrive from whence to whither. Through the years there has been a need of our putting ourselves in the forefront, sometimes, always in the ranks of civic affairs, economic and business problems, education, social and industrial movements. We have done so unselfishly and without counting the cost. Of this we need not be ashamed. But it is not possible that in so doing we have controlled ourselves thin and have forgotten and neglected our major task and responsi-
bility? Have we not been in danger and has it not been a large matter of experience that we have lost the power of our influence and that we have lost the power of our message? That must account, as nothing else does, for our lack of growth and for our weakened spiritual power. We lack, today, the dynamic of a belief in the Sabbath truth—a belief that becomes a working force in our lives, bringing us closer to God and driving us out with a vital message needed by others. This message must have the Sabbath in solution to be precipitated in lives hid in Christ. We have been rolled thin in trying to cover everything under the sun. We must draw together and concentrate our forces in a central attack. In life is of little importance if we are untrue to our charge. Whether Seventh Day Baptists live or die, the Sabbath truth will ultimately triumph. As Mordecai of old said to the beautiful Esther: "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house . . . for if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise . . . from another place, . . . and a great reward; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

We are perhaps, in many ways, at the "zero hour." The dawn is ahead. Let us arise and advance in the light of "zero hour." Let us take courage and go forward.

Religious Education — What is Christian Religious Education? — Education is the process whereby individuals develop in personality through their interactions and relationships with their environment. Christian religious education, and whereby society renews its life and brings about its enrichment and progress. Education becomes for our lack of growth, and whereby society renews its life and brings about its enrichment and progress. It becomes for our lack of growth, and whereby society renews its life and brings about its enrichment and progress. Education becomes for our lack of growth, and whereby society renews its life and brings about its enrichment and progress.

Religious education seeks to use religious ideas, attitudes, and motives as conditioning factors in every relation and function involved in human life. Any educational process which strives to reach the "veiled through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and who releases his redemptive power into human life through his Holy Spirit. In accordance then with this general philosophy, religious education in the Christian sense includes all efforts and processes which help bring children, young people, and adults into a vital and growing experience of God revealed in Christ; to quicken the sense of God as a living reality, so that communion with him in prayer and worship becomes a natural habit and principle of life; to enable them to interpret the meaning of their growing experience of life in the light of ultimate values; to develop a deepening fellowship with Christ which will find expression in attitudes and habits of Christlike living in common life and in all human relations; to enlarge and deepen the understanding of the profound mysteries of which Christianity rests and of the rich content of Christian experience, belief, and doctrine.

Religious Education Should Be Welcomed.—The fear is sometimes expressed that religious education is losing its distinctively religious elements and becoming too much the product of the secular humanism. There is no point upon which leaders in religious education have expressed themselves more clearly than this. It is true that such leaders recognize the great importance of the ethical implications of the Christian religion, both for the individual and society. Moreover most of the deepening and enriching influence have not been sufficiently urged in all their reconstructive force, either for individual or social behavior, nor adequately utilized for the deepening and enrichment of fellowship with God through Christ. However, they hold firmly to the idea that the distinguishing element of a religious experience is its ultimate reference to God, and that the distinguishing criterion of the Christian religious experience is its ultimate reference to God, to the understanding and salvation from sin through Jesus Christ.

Religious education seeks to use religious ideas, attitudes, and motives as conditioning factors in every relation and function involved in human life. Any educational process which strives to reach the level of the religious must not stop short of the understanding and salvation from sin through Jesus Christ.
FATIGUE

BY REV. LOYAL F. HURLEY

"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Philippians 4:13.

The need for power was never greater. The stress and strain of life increase the amount of fatigue we ought to expect from our work until breakdowns are increasingly common. Just when we ought to be at our best we are too often "all in" and the service we should render is not done. What was the secret which enabled St. Paul to say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me"? That was the secret that Men like E. Stanley Jones have learned. He received it by faith after a broken-down period.

In this study we shall borrow ideas from Doctor Worcester and Doctor Coffin, but principally from Hadfield's little volume on the Psychology of Power, which is quite generally recognized as a classic on the subject. There are two principal theories regarding the source of power. One is that power is physical and is derived from what we eat and drink and the air we breathe. This makes it entirely dependent on "supply and demand". If we work hard and eat little we tire out easily.

The other theory is that power is largely psychical. To quote Hadfield, "The chief cause of fatigue is not exertion but disorientation. The way to power, therefore, is not to harbor our resources and store up our strength by inactivity, but to find the way instead of a blessing. Humanity, for whom the Sabbath was made, should not ignore the fact that the Lord sanctified and hal­lowed the day of rest because it is in the Decalogue, but because it is spiritual. It is something far above the five days of the week. It is the day that Jesus observed it during his earthly life, and that he taught his dis­ciples to observe after his departure. These are facts which religious education should carefully teach.

Religious Education and the Sabbath. As the great text book of Christian religious education in the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, it is evident that it is a religious instruction for those who, by their petty regulations and restrictions, would make God's precious gift of the Sabbath a burden instead of a blessing. Humanity, for whom the Sabbath was made, should not ignore the fact that the Lord sanctified and hal­lowed the day of rest because it is in the Decalogue, but because it is spiritual. It is something far above the five days of the week. It is the day that Jesus observed it during his earthly life, and that he taught his dis­ciples to observe after his departure. These are facts which religious education should carefully teach.

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utes. When I arose I was conscious of a radical change in my condition. I felt refreshed and renewed during my ascent I stopped only two or three times to rest.

William McDougall tells of a boy being chased by a mad bull who, without thinking about it, jumped a stone wall to escape. After anxious athletic training, even in his maturity, he could be stopped only by two-thirds; whereas if we have the stimulus, we are depressed with the idea of very strong, 14.2 pounds. Hadfield says, had he tested, men whose grip he tested. First he had six days' task pile up into three; faulty muscles and clenched hands; want of system by which we idle part of a week and blaming one's self for mistakes: intensely pushing the cab forward to hasten our life to realize how futile is the will to action; and the adoration of the instincs are as truly the gift of our intellect or our will, the capacity of faith, or the power and desire to pray. It was certainly a very pleasant experience to do some work early Sunday morning, and then had the boy jumped the wall ahead of the mad bull was empowered by the fear instinct. Here in the instinctive emotions lies our power. Someone is certain to protest at this. He will say, "The instincts are vicious and immoral, and you have even labeled them divine!" Well, we need to remind ourselves that the instincts are as truly the gift of God as our intellect or our will, the capacity of faith, or the power and desire to pray. It was certainly a very pleasant experience to do some work early Sunday morning, and then had the boy jumped the wall ahead of the mad bull was empowered by the fear instinct. Here in the instinctive emotions lies our power. Someone is certain to protest at this. He will say, "The instincts are vicious and immoral, and you have even labeled them divine!" Well, we need to remind ourselves that the instincts are as truly the gift of God as our intellect or our will, the capacity of faith, or the power and desire to pray. 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news on the steamer and what was posted was war in France.

In the evening of March 14, there is an editorial, "A Modern Exodus," which naturally interested me, as on the French mail steamer D'Artagnan, which was our home for the time. We were on the way from Shanghai to Port Said, there was one unit of this great company of Mennonites, who, to use their own phrase, gave up their old home in Russia to make a new one in another country.

We did not know how such traveling companions until just as we were reaching Hong Kong we were taken to a deck in the first class where we could look down upon the company of men, women, and children of all ages. There was said to be another unit, a few hundred—first class where we could look down upon the company of men, women, and children of all ages. There was said to be another unit, a few hundred—

The little children were playing singing games, and their voices were so sweet. At Penang we had 

The water for our baptism was five miles away

We were made to feel that we could do something to help them. "That could only be done through the ship's doctor, who did not receive our offer with any encouragement.

At Saigon we saw them in groups in the botanical garden and zoo, and rejoiced that they were having that opportunity away from the Red Cross, cramped living, and in such a beautiful, interesting place. In the cool of the day they were out on the wharf playing various games which called for vigorous running—and they could run.

The little children were playing singing games, and their voices were so sweet. At Singapore we had only a few hours, and then we left for Hong Kong. So near Andy the boat was alongside the wharf all the evening and these fellow-passengers had a happy time. This was the last time the D'Artagnan anchored in such a way as made it easy for passengers to go ashore. For more than two weeks, when in port, one must transfer to a small boat, and then come back to a larger one, which would mean to so large a company. It was not until after we left Colombo that we commenced to hear people express concern for "the poor Mennonites." Some of the ladies in the second class saved their oranges and apples and took them down to the children. That was but a small drop in a very large bucket and had to be discontinued. One evening we went down to hear a trained chorus. Beautiful voices they had.

We were told how they are like the Quakers in their religious up arms. Probably that was the reason the very industrious and successful farmers, but now Russia has imprisoned some of their number because they will not go to war. Nor were they allowed to worship God or to educate their children. They were told by "Bolshevism," said their leader.

We would be interested to know how they have fared since we left the D'Artagnan at Port Said, three weeks ago. They were to be transferred to another boat and go on their long voyage to their new home in Paraguay, South America.

One hopes that sometime there will be further news of them and of the other bands that were left in Harbin to start out on their long journey.

These have been wonderful days in Jerusalem. I must not undertake to write about them now. This Sabbath morning I had a very dear hour in the Garden of Gethsemane.

With greetings to all the friends,

Sincerely yours,

Jerusalem.

April 16, 1932.

SUSIE M. BURDICK

NORTHERN ASSOCIATION AND SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

A joint meeting of the Northern Association and Semi-Annual Meeting of the Michigan and Ohio Churches will be held in Battle Creek, Mich., June 15-19, 1932.

We are anxious to make this an uplifting occasion and will be glad to have a good attendance and the friends are cordially invited to attend.

Very sincerely,

ALONSO M. BURDICK,
Corresponding Secretary

226 North Washington Ave.,
Battle Creek, Mich.
had just come out of his house and the soldiers, led at him, had fiercely ordered him in. He knew me and wanted to tell me why he had not run away. But I urged him quickly to enter his house for fear he would be shot. Mrs. Tsu's place had not yet been molested, but we climbed around a bomb hole and the debris of the houses which had been smashed by it and the impression I had would have happened to us if a bomb had struck over the room in which we sat on that memorable first of March. It is hard to imagine how one bomb could do such terrible destruction. We saw several other places equally wrecked.

We passed a nervous night. The next morning, when my place was visited, the men had left, but they were still there. They insisted on giving me three dollars, Mexican, to pay for the canned goods they had eaten, which was a small price. The place was filthy, reeking of tobacco and opium, the well about dry, and the garden around it a mud pond! Later, one of the interpreters came to the hospital and "borrowed" a car left in our garage by the head of the bus company. He brought it back after three days saying he had seen the general who had promised to give me a pass, and that the army was not coming that day but the next at about two o'clock. He said that he would come and take me to the general himself. He also asked that two of them might stay at my place that night, which request I granted.

Mr. Davis had secured a military pass and he and Mr. Carleton Lacy came out that afternoon to see how we were. I was so glad I had come back, for if I had not been there they would not have known what had become of us. As a number of Japanese soldiers had followed the car over to see whom it carried, I was not alone. Mr. Davis had a little difficulty getting to the door and as soon as it could fly without touching the roofs of our buildings. I felt sure that they were going to bomb or shoot me. It was so terrible that I could see a man standing up, holding a lever so I prepared for death forty times or more in that hour and half it did not come. Next morning, Sabbath day, I was able to go out Mr. Davis and Mr. George Fitch had come with two cars before dinner. After going to headquarters and getting a pass for the rest of our party, we packed ourselves and our bundles in and outside of the cars and slowly turned our faces toward Shanghai, though at the same time glad to get away.

I had not undressed for bed a week, sleeping only in my clothes. When we reached the hospitable Davis home I went to bed as soon as we had eaten our late dinner. Even then I could not sleep much nights, for the horror that was upon the poor people, the anxiety for our dear ones. But I slept very little, and had not eaten much either, nor could I eat. We three women and the two men slept Sabbath very quietly. Once an interpreter came and I asked him what was the meaning of "inside." He said, "This is England, and we don't say "inside." It came to comfort you, to congratulate you." I answered, "I would prefer not to be comforted that way." At two o'clock the promised big army of three thousand began to arrive. They poured in from three directions, cavalry and infantry on the road passing the hospital, in trucks on the canals, in motor scows on the canal from the gunboats out in the Yangtze. That interpreter had me to prepare a list of all the people for whom I wanted passes, which I had done. I waited for him until four o'clock but he did not come. I felt that I must get in touch with the commander before dark, so I took the sheet of paper in my hand and advanced to the outposts of the army and asked them if there was anyone who could speak English or Chinese. No one answered, but at last some soldiers led me to the hospital. He was the interpreter who had spoken English took me as near headquarters as possible. The narrow streets were so crowded with soldiers that it was hard to push our way through them. He and I waited on a bridge while an attendant went and called a couple of officers. One of them was a Captain Kondo who could speak English. He was quite obliging. He went with me to the hospital and church and wrote three notices to put up on the doors, forbidding any to enter. He kept my list, promising to give me the pass to Shanghai next day, but wrote a small pass for the group with Doctor Crandall to come out of the country. I sent this out to them the next morning. I also sent them a letter telling them that Mr. Davis was going to try to come that day.

Sunday morning I went over to my place and found to my surprise that the door to my rooms upstairs had been opened and a number of my things taken away and the doors of my attics. I did not know that the interpreter whom I first met came up in a very friendly way, pulled a notebook from his pocket, and showed me a list of things he had borrowed to fit up the quarters of the general, saying that when they left these things would be returned and anything they had used up would be paid for. He also pulled my keys, for which I had hunted in vain, from his pocket (fortunately I had another key) saying that I had had them kept to hand, which I did not think to be true. I had laid them down and he had picked them up.

After he left, Captain Kondo and Adjutant General Takahara came and paid me a call on the general. The latter spoke very little English. Captain Kondo naively told me how well the Japanese soldiers behaved, while they had been in Shanghai. I answered that the Chinese soldiers of the present time were just as good as the Japanese! I did not go into detail as to how I had seen the Japanese soldiers on the day before systematically breaking open doors, and shooting and killing people, and begging me to interfere. I urged the army to take me to the general himself. He also said that they would not have known what had become of us. As a number of my things taken away and the doors of my attic. I did not know that the interpreter whom I first met came up in a very friendly way, pulled a notebook from his pocket, and showed me a list of things he had borrowed to fit up the quarters of the general, saying that when they left these things would be returned and anything they had used up would be paid for. He also pulled my keys, for which I had hunted in vain, from his pocket (fortunately I had another key) saying that I had had them kept to hand, which I did not think to be true. I had laid them down and he had picked them up.

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Evidently the Japanese had become suspicious of me, as there was a man dead on the door there was not there when they came in, so the shots were probably for him.

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a big hole in it the day after I arrived. There seemed to be no possibility of doing any work and I felt that it was not safe to stay, so when Doctor Crandall came out on the street he was glad to go back with her.

I have been relieved, and that a number of my girls have in various ways reached Shanghai, and as I have brought away all of my industrial materials I have been glad to give them work here.

By devious ways the cows have, at last, been rescued, so that we have lost nothing in the way of those which are of milk are here, and we are enjoying the good supply of milk. Doctor Crandall has found quite a little medical work in the schools and with the group of refugees who are still in the schools. I am helping some in teaching, and with my other work keep quite busy.

There seemed to be no possibility of doing much fighting and we are hoping against hope that there may be a settlement of the differences without further bloodshed.

ELIZABETH PATTEN ORDWAY

A part of what was spoken by Rev. Edwin Shaw at the funeral service of Mrs. Ordway.

It was forty years ago I first became acquainted with Mrs. Ordway, when she was thirty-three, for she was born December 25, 1858, seventy-three years ago last Christmas day, and her passing away brings vividly to my recollections those days and those times and those situations two score years ago; and I trust I may be pardoned if, for a moment in an old man's privilege of reminiscence.

During the summer and autumn of the year of the World's Columbian Exposition I lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira J. Ordway, on Carpenter Street, just off Madison Street, a little west of Halstead Street, as I watched the various booths and exhibitions, and often for a dinner and often for a social gathering in the evening—that little home became organized into the present Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church. It is true that this Mrs. Ordway, whose body lies here in this flower covered casket, was not a member of this church. As a young girl she identified herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, continuing with that church and living a short period. But when she was first of all a member of this home, the Ordway home, and as such she added her influence of Christian womanhood loyally and in May, for the first time, attended church services. As a member of this church.

The elder Mr. Ordway, thirteen years my senior, was one of my most helpful and congenial friends. It is true he sometimes was a bit domineering with me, telling me what to do and where to go, but somehow I rather liked it, never resented it, doubtless because of his pleasant ways and because of an undercurrent of feeling in me that he was right in his opinions and his treatment. He loved to serve; and if he had been paid any reasonable amount for what he did, I am sure he would have given to religious and educational and philanthropic interests, and to the help of individuals who came to Chicago, or who were merely passing through the city, he would have been willing to do. In that summer time he lived in his home he gave a major part of his time and thought and energy to interests outside his own business.

For the society of Mrs. Maxson, I held the highest regard. He was quiet and unassuming in his ways, but true as steel, of unassailable integrity, charitable of the faults and weaknesses of others, himself, his home carried on the traditions of the elder home, unsullied and unshaken till he too passed on.

I make no apology for thus speaking of others, for to me this Mrs. Ordway was an integral indivisible part of that family home. And now she too has gone. Little Elizabeth, whom I knew in that year, and in the two years soon after, when I was a student at the University of Chicago and so many times after attending church services I came with the Ordways to dinner and often for a social gathering in the evening—that little Elizabeth has grown to womanhood and has given to her mother not only the tender care of a loving daughter in her declining years, but has also given her the blessedness of becoming the happy grandmothers of Elizabeth May and Joseph Schertz.

Mrs. Ordway was a woman of strong principles. I have spoken largely of her interest centered in the home and family; but has also given her the blessedness of becoming the happy grandmothers of Elizabeth May and Joseph Schertz.

Mr. Ordway was a man of strong principles. I have spoken largely of her interest centered in the home and family; but has also given her the blessedness of becoming the happy grandmothers of Elizabeth May and Joseph Schertz.

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Wars between nations would be settled by arbitration at Mount Zion.

This passage has great practical insight, suggesting the way to world peace. If the prophet could entertain such a hope, so may we.

Although Jerusalem will lose her former dominion such as she had under the reign of David and will be laid waste and carried off to Egypt, she will be restored and Jehovah himself will be her king. He will gather together to Zion his widely scattered flocks and will reign over them forever.

Chapter V.

The one who is to defend Judah and lead her to ultimate victory is the Messiah, a descendant from an ancient family, probably that of David, and he shall be born not in great Jerusalem but in a tiny, at that time, insignificant town of Bethlehem. After the birth of this Messiah King, the fortunes of the people will change, the exiles return, and the Messiah will rule the world—not in his own might but in the strength of his God—securing peace for Judah, whose dominion will be world wide.

The exiles, scattered among the nations, will be victorious everywhere in the name of God. They will be as numerous and gentle as raindrops and as fierce and terrible as lions. In that blessed day idolatry will be abolished and the spiritually dead nations will be punished.

Thus Micah brings his second group of discourses to a close.

(To be continued)

STORY OF A POLISH STUDENT

One night the Presbyterian University pastor at Cornell University was called to the infirmary to see a boy who was ill from appendicitis and to be operated upon. The operation was successful, and the boy made his way to the infirmary to see a boy who was to be operated upon for appendicitis. The student said, "Would you do that for me?" "Yes, and anything else you would like to have me do."

The operation did come out right and the university pastor wrote to the father every day telling of his boy's condition until the boy could write for himself.

The following fall the university pastor in Buffalo and looked up the father of this Polish boy and found him a cobbler, fearlessly crippled, a wheel-chair within his reach. The cobbler said that he was born in Poland, his mother died before he could remember her; he was an atheist before leaving Poland; he came to America and worked in construction work in New York City until he was crushed in the caving in of an excavation. He blamed his crippled condition on the lack of proper care in the hospital. He said that up to the time he received the university pastor's letters he had never recognized the element of kindness in any act that was directed toward him, but these letters came day by day and then the letter from his son who told him of the offer to help him and guided him and then offering to go to Buffalo, if the thing went wrong, instead of sending a telegram to the father to claim the boy. This was Saturday and the next day the father got into his wheel chair and rolled down the street looking for a Presbyterian church. He said, "They were good to me there and helped me up the stairs and gave me a place for my chair and helped me out again. My boy and I both joined that church this summer. We both believe in the love of God the Father.'

—By George R. Baker, in Presbyterian Advance.

One who claims that he knows about it tells me the earth is a vale of sin; But I and the bees, and the birds, we doubt it. And think it a world worth living in. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. ALBERTA DAVIS BHATON
Contributing Editor

WORSHIP PROGRAM FOR JUNE

HELPING GOD MAKE A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Leadings

Leader—Read Genesis 1:1, 3, 9-12.

Song—First two verses of "For the beauty of the earth."

Leader—Read Psalm 95:1-6.

Prayer.

Verses (To be read by members) Psalm 19:1; Jeremiah 4:3; Luke 8:5-8; Jeremiah 17:7, 8.

The green earth sends her incense up From many a mountain shrine: From folded leaf and dewy cup She pours her sacred wine—Whitier.

In the morning sow thy seed, Nor stay thy hand at evening hour, Never asking which shall prosper— Both may yield thee fruit and flower. —Havergal.

He who digs up the weeds and plants flowers, Who clears out the briars and plants the grain And strives to root out ugliness everywhere Is helping God to make a beautiful world.

Song—"This is my Father's world."

QUESTIONS FOR JUNE

1. What is the net indebtedness of the Mission Society at the present time?
2. Shall we accept the challenge of raising the Budget for 1932?
3. If the Budget is not balanced, what will be some of the results?
4. What is to be gained by tithing?
5. What will Sabbath Rally week mean to the denomination if every church observes it?
6. What is the work of the Committee on Ministerial Relations?

AMELIA PIERCE HURLEY

The subject of this sketch came into the writer of this article many years ago when she came with her husband, Rev. James H. Hurley, and two children to North Loup, Neb., to take up the duties that fall to the lot of a pastor's wife. North Loup was then a frontier town and the Seventh Day Baptist Church there was probably the farthest west of those in our denomination. There was still virgin prairie, and many sod houses were still in existence. The time spent there was exceedingly strenuous, for an extensive evangelistic campaign in schoolhouses and surrounding communities was constantly under way. It was during this residence that drudgery and a devastating hail storm reduced the people there to dire poverty. The salary was small and the needs of the family great, but with prudence and courage Mrs. Hurley rose to the occasion and supplied the needs of her family. After six years of service in this community she became the mistress of the manse in the various churches in practically all parts of our denomination. When the writer accepted the pastorate of the church at Welton, Iowa, and moved to that field, she and her husband were residents there, and when parish problems arose he often consulted with her and found her attitude charitable and her advice practical.

In addition to the responsibilities that regularly fall to parish service, she became at various times mother to three of her grand-children, Elmer and Paul Sanford, and Talva Sanford Wulf of Welton, who was present at the funeral service.

Wishing to the very nature of the case, a pastor successful or unsuccessful in his work is often in the public eye and he usually receives recognition for the service ren-
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who were to be present at the old home church and have a part in the farewell service.

Friends of the family came from Milton, Wis., Garvin, Marion, and De Witt, Iowa, and from the nearby localities bringing beautiful flowers, colorful decorations, and a world of sympathy and love. There were of sympathy and love. There were

The following brief obituary was prepared by members of the family.

C. L. HILL.

Mary Amelia Pierce was born January 23, 1859, at Warsaw, Minn., oldest daughter of Franklin and Caroline Walrod Pierce; the family moved to Iowa when she was a small child, and she lived most of her life on a farm near De Witt, Iowa; three half-brothers—Jay and Harry Van Horn of Garwin, Iowa; Otto Van Horn of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; two half-sisters—Mrs. Blanche Furrow of Blair, Okla.; and Mrs. Mae Hurley, Adams Center, N. Y., and many other relatives and friends.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist Building, Plainfield, N. J., May 8, 1932, at 2:00 o'clock, p. m., with President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present were: Corliss F. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Vars, Winfred R. Harris, Asa F. Randolph, Mrs. William M. Stillman, Alva J. C. Bond, William M. Stillman, Orra S. Rogers, Esle F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Irving A. Hunting, A. J. C. Bond of Garwin, Iowa; Roy A. Davis, Neal D. Mills, Business Manager.

Visitors present were: Mrs. Esle F. Randolph and Miss Dorothy P. Hubbard.

Prayer was offered by Neal D. Mills.

The minutes of the last regular meeting, of April 10, 1932, were read.

Leader in Sabbath Promotion, Dr. A. J. Bond, presented and read his report, which was accepted.

REPORT OF LEADER IN SABBATH PROMOTION

One month ago, April 7-10, I visited Alfred University, and with the cooperation of President Davis, Pastor Ehret, Chaplin McLeod, and others, carried out the following program:

I gave the college assembly address on Thursdays, and breakfasted with the staff on Fridays; preached in the Seventh Day Baptist Church, at Alfred, on Friday morning; preached in the Seventh Day Baptist Church, at Cortland, on the organ vespers service, and again at the Sabbath morning service of the church; held a conference with a group of students at the Cortland Seventh Day Baptist students Sabbath afternoon; preached to the Sun-

day congregation Sunday morning; attended the recent meeting of the Education Society Sunday afternoon; and had a conference with the pastors of the Western New York region with reference to a possible summer camp for the young people of those churches.

This was the first visit to Alfred in several years in the interest of the work of the Tract Board. In a letter to Rev. James H. Hurley he says, "We here feel that your visit was of real service to the college, and particularly to the Seventh Day Baptist church here, and we think the interest was cumulative."

I have co-operated with Miss Bernice Brewer in planning a Teen-Age Conference to be held next week at Riverside, Calif. Materials have been sent her from the office, as well as a personal message, at her request, to the young people of the Pacific Coast.

Several other items of interest have been taken care of as will appear in the correspondence.

A. J. C. Bond,
Leader in Sabbath Promotion.

Treasurer Mrs. William M. Stillman report, informally, balances on hand.

For the Advisory Committee, Chairman Esle F. Randolph reported as follows:

It is recommended that the corresponding secretary be instructed to reply to correspondence from Mr. G. B. Dorsett regarding an exhibit of the American Sabbath Tract Society, at the Chicago Exhibition, and that the American Sabbath Tract Society does not wish at this time to enter into an arrangement for an exhibit at the Chicago Exposition.

The recommendation was adopted.

Chairman Jesse G. Burdick of the Committee on the Distribution of Literature submitted the following report with recommendations as follows:

The following report of the Committee on the Distribution of Literature is herewith submitted for your consideration:

Number of tracts, old Recorders and calendars sent out on order 5,600

Number of tracts, old Recorder subscriptions renewed 1

Net loss 2

Respectfully submitted,
Jesse G. Burdick,
Chairman.

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It was voted that the committee request an item of at least five hundred dollars for the purchase of literature in the ensuing year's budget.

The treasurer requested an authorization to execute a sale of mortgage in connection with the Reuben Ayars estate. Authorization voted.

In commemoration of the supreme sacrifice made by Peter Velthuyzen in Africa, Mr. Orra S. Rogers suggested that a suitable memorial be erected to his memory.

It was voted that the chair appoint a special committee to consider and report to the board. The following were named as the special committee: Orra S. Rogers, William C. Bond, and Roy A. Davis.

The minutes were read and approved.

Adjournment.

WINFRED R. HARRIS,
Recording Secretary.

INTERCHANGE OF NEW JERSEY PULPITS

On the second Sabbath of "Sabbath Rally Week" the pastors of our New Jersey churches enjoyed as general an interchange of pulpits as is possible for four churches to experience in the services of a single Sabbath. Following is the schedule which was carried out:

Friday evening, May 20, Pastor Malby of Shiloh was at Plainfield; Pastor Bond of Plainfield was at Marlboro; Pastor Cottrell of Marlboro was at New Market; and Pastor Mills of New Market was at Shiloh.

Sabbath morning, May 21, Pastor Cottrell was at Plainfield; Pastor Bond was at Shiloh; Pastor Malby was at New Market; and Pastor Mills was at Marlboro.

—Contributed.

"Father, freight is goods that are sent by water or land, isn't it?"

"That's right, son."

"Freight, then, why is it that freight that goes by ship is called a cargo, and when it goes by car it is called a shipment?"

—Chipped.
**THE SABBATH RECORDER**

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK**

**CLIFFORD A. BREEE**
Christian Endeavor Editor
MARVELL, ARK.

**HOw HONEST ARE WE?**

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 18, 1932

**READINGS**
Sunday—Determined honesty (Job 14: 1-5)
Monday—Prayer develops truthfulness (Ps. 15: 1-5)
Tuesday—Honesty in our city (Acts 6: 1-7)
Wednesday—Prayer leads to fellowship with God (Eph. 2: 1-21)
Thursday—PrayerAlso reveals God's will (Ps. 5: 1-8)
Friday—Prayer effects deliverance (Acts 12: 1-12)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How does daily prayer help? (Eph. 3: 14-21)

**POLLY AND PAUL'S DISCOVERIES IN THE NEW CHURCH**
A LESSON FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

**BY MRS. W. B. LEWIS**

7. A Place of Beauty

"It seems queer not to be over to the church," Paul said to Polly as they stood with their faces close to the window watching the rain splash into the puddles of water out in the street. "What is the surprise?" she asked eagerly as mother came into the living room after dinner was over.

"It is this letter," she said, handing it to Paul. "Father got it after the morning services and I thought you would enjoy it more this afternoon than then, and you could read it in place of going over to the church as it is too rainy for that."

He glanced at the post mark and exclaimed, "It must be from Cousin Walter." Opening it he began to read, but soon turned it over to look better, "You read it, you can read so much faster."

And mother read aloud:

"Dear Cousin Paul:

"I have heard mother and dad talking a lot about the new church you are going to have. Mother says it must be nearly done and that we are going over there often. I am anxious to see it. Is it going to be pretty?"

"We have heard that you could see them frisking about. Father says he will give me one for my own.

"Maybe when school is out you can come over and stay a week. We will have a lot of fun. Sheep like to play as well as ever."

"Don't forget to write and tell us when the first meeting will be in your church. Look for us then."

"Good-bye, Walter."

"Oh, good," exclaimed Polly. "I was in no hurry to finish having our afternoon trips to the church, but I would like the time for Walter's visit to come soon."

"Will he think it is pretty, mother?" asked Polly.

"I hope so, sister. As I said before, it will be a place of splendor like Solomon's temple covered with gold, nor will it have wonderfully pictured windows in beautiful colors. It is just a small, plain church, but our new building looks nice and maybe there is something we could do to make it more beautiful. What do you think?"

"I could take my picture of Jesus and the children," offered Polly.

"That's a good idea. Pictures make a room look prettier. Perhaps there are others who will bring pictures, too. I think the teacher said she would hang curtains for the windows," mother said.

"She says we will paint the chairs and table ourselves," added Paul, "and we boys may help her."

"We want flowers, too," suggested Polly. That's right. With pretty chairs and curtains and pictures and flowers, I am sure your room will look lovely. But how about the main room of the church? People do not hang pictures on the walls there nor use curtains or window coverings."

"We could have lots of flowers," decided Paul, "and maybe we could find pretty flowers and plants in the woods."

"I begin to think we can make it very attractive," said mother. "We can just look around for God's beautiful things and we will find beauty to decorate with. He hath made everything beautiful in its time, and this is the time when flowers are beautiful. The heavenly Father is providing for the beauty of his house."

"When we add our work to his," spoke up father, "we can have many beauties. And so the men must help beautify the outside of the church and the women take care of the inside by putting up paints and seeds."

"Let's put on our list," Polly reminded them, "that our church needs to be made pretty."

Paul went to the card hanging on the wall and read:

"Our Church Needs—

1. Our offerings to help in its work.
2. Clean hands and feet and hearts.
3. Furniture unmarred.

We did not put anything down last week when we talked about taking care of the books," he said, "we ought to have the fourth thing 'Books'."

"You may put that down, Paul. But is that enough just to have books? Doesn't it need folks who will keep them in good condition?"

"Yes," agreed Paul, "we need books and bookkeepers."

"And put down for the fifth reminder what Polly said, 'It needs to be made pretty.'"

"I know," cried Polly, "I will use all the flowers from my flower bed this summer to keep our church looking nice."

"Mother is glad to have her girl share her pictures and her flowers, and Jesus would be proud of her for could you like to work on your scrap book now?"

"Oh, yes. I have made only one book for the babies and I want to make three."

"And I want to make another animal," said Paul. "I think I'll make a dog this time."

So the afternoon which had looked so gloomy from the front window turned into an afternoon of fun.

Use Ecclesiastes 3: 11a as the memory verse.

It would be well to have two or three words of each memory verse on a card or blackboard and review them each week by seeing who can complete the verses. If you have used the verses on your posters, you could review from them by partly covering the sentences. But you could also do a card and paper.

Ask the children to tell what they think is beautiful about their church and how they think they could make it more beautiful. Picture all these ideas on your poster under your own caption.

As you speak of the beauties of the church lend the conversation to other beauties that God has given and close by singing "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

A STORY SERMON FOR THE YOUNGER SMITHS

A GOOD SAMARITAN AT THE PICKET POST

BY "UNCLE OLIVER"

For our Scripture reading in this service let us take our Bibles, find the tenth chapter of Luke, and, beginning at the twenty-fifth verse, read through the thirty-eighth, taking for our text the last five verses.
What we have read is one of the well-known parables by Jesus Christ. But what is a parable? Looking it up in the dictionary at my elbow I find this definition: "A parable is a short, fictitious narrative of something which might occur, and by means of which a moral is drawn." Fictitious narrative means a made-up story. But the sermon story I am now about to give you is not a parable at all, but it is about a real Good Samaritan on a picket post, and is true, every word of it.

Seventy years ago, in the month of February, 1862, my regiment, the Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry, was stationed at the little village of Weston, Mo., ten miles up the Missouri River from Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Our particular service there was picket duty. We had a guard line nearly a mile out from the village, reaching from the river above in a curved line around to the river below. Along this line guards were stationed about thirty rods apart; and these guards were called pickets—the line a picket line. It was a pretty cold winter, there being considerable snow on the ground. One cold, stormy morning I was on picket duty. I saw a man coming out of the stove-pipe, and the light of a candle twinkled through the window. Before I could get a look at him, I heard the door open over across the village, reaching from the river front from the village, reaching from the river front. It was just coming to daylight and the folks over across the village, reaching from the river front were astir. Soon smoke came curling out of the stove-pipe, and the light of a candle twinkled through the window. Before long there came to me the rich odor of boiling coffee, and I knew him by uniform, and I knew him by what he did that stormy winter morning as a Good Samaritan.

Suppose now that we Smiths, everyone of us, opened our doors and went out into the third grade. I don't know whether that good Samaritan, this Good Samaritan, that Good Samaritan, didn't make his way into my heart, and I have never forgotten him since then. Many a title I have thought of him, and made my way into my heart, and I have never forgotten him since then.

I knew that he was a fellow man robbed and beaten and left half dead and needed help, so he took care of him. I do not know whether that good Missouri German was at heart a Union man or a Confederate. He knew me by uniform, and I knew him by what he did that stormy winter morning as a Good Samaritan.

I have just returned from a wonderful ride. How I wish you juniors could all have been with me! What a wonderful time we would have had! From the very start I heard voices saying in one way or another, "God Is Love!" The trees, covered with their beautiful green; the verdant fields; the cool, restful woods with their sweet flower faces, all seemed to be whispering their joyful message. A meadow lark sat on a fence post and cheerfully sang, "God Is Love." Then we turned our car toward home and the crimson west. We repeated, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." I thought, "The heavens declare the love of God. There is no speech, nor language, where his voice is not heard. Who can take a ride or walk into the country without feeling like repeating: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and in heaven. Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty. Perfect in power, in love and purity."

And indeed one feels like praying: "Thee who hast made this world so fair, With flowers beneath, above with starry lights And set thine altars everywhere And to thee we turn, to thee we make our prayer."

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

Our school closed last Friday, so now I have lots of time to write letters. I passed into the third grade.

I helped mother hoe and set out tomato plants this week. "God's Helper" (Continued)

The other soldiers told the meaning of his comrade's dream, thus: "It means that the sword of G-", a man of Israel, shall fall...
Dear Boys and Girls:

I am pretty sure you have guessed the name of this brave soldier, God's helper, who will be the first to tell me his name. Can you tell anything about him that I have not mentioned?

Let us all try to find as many ways as we can in which we can be God's helpers. And let me tell you this: We cannot help God unless we are ready to help the people around us; we cannot help God unless we try to conquer the enemies of our fellow men. Ask your fathers and mothers to explain to you what some of the enemies are that are harming our country and its people.

How can we help to conquer these enemies? Most of these enemies are under the general name of "bad habits." What can we do about them?

I am still watching all the mails for your letters. Only one letter this week. I am sure you can do much better in the weeks to come. I have any amount of faith in my Recorder children. "The Recorder cats," as Kenneth Burdick calls our cat, Skeezix, has curled himself up on some of my typewritten copy. Do you suppose he is trying to make an impression on you, too, that I'll receive more letters? Anyway he made an impression on my finger when I tried to remove him. I guess he thought I was trying to play a game with him.

Yours for many letters,

Mizpah S. Greene.

P. S.—I must add a few words to remind you that, as Kenneth Burdick has reminded me, his cousins, the Thorngate children, are here. Oh! Susie, it's funny, isn't it, that many of us will be able to see them?

Bright Sayings of Children

Mother: "See that lady swimming."
Little Carol Burdick: "Yes, but she's not on her frontwards; she's on her backwards."

Little May (Seeing zebra for the first time): "Oh, daddy! See that horse with a bathing suit on!"

Little Ben (To the visiting minister): "Are both of those horses in papa's stable yours?"

Minister: "Yes, my boy. Why?"
Little Ben: "Well, I thought you were a one-horse preacher."

We read that "Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer." What a beautiful picture of companionship in worship! What a beautiful thing it is when families come to church together, when one brother brings another with him to the house of God! What a blessed thing to share our religion with others, thus cementing more firmly together the ties of brotherhood and making us feel more keenly that we are the children of one common heavenly Father.

But Peter and John illustrate not only the beauty of companionship in worship, but the companionship in service. The Master realized the increased power and effectiveness of the disciples when they went out into service, two by two. One could supplement the other's weakness, and both by their mutual cooperation and peculiar talents could maintain a higher degree of spiritual success. Theirs was emphatically a holy friendship, and it would be well if in our choice of companions we could secure such a reciprocity and counterbalance as Peter had in John and John had in Peter. Peter was active, impetuous, and frequently abrupt. John's character was deeper and the more intense.

As these two companions were entering the temple, one afternoon, by the gate called "Beautiful," they saw a beggar who...
Perhaps the lame man had never dreamed of asking for such a thing as complete healing for his body. He had never been taught the faith to believe that such would be possible. He was resigned to live along on his low plane of life. Many people are like that today. We pretend to modern Christian civilization with its physical comforts, religious freedom, educational privileges, modern inventions, safe homes, and protection of property because we have given something of themselves—their talent, their time, and sometimes their very life's blood, that we might be richer and happier and better. Is someone missing the best things in life because of something we have failed to give? But we say, "What should be the blessing of modern Christian civilization?" We determine to be satisfied with anything, but because we lack faith in God for his best things in life, then confidently expect them, work for them, continually reaching out after them.

Raising the question, What should be the blessing of modern Christian civilization? Is it wealth? Is it fame? Is it position? Is it health? Is it peace? Is it power? Is all this what modern medical knowledge and philanthropy are doing in these times, the lame beggar, in a real sense, represents humanity today. We pretend to all this, but spiritually crippled, needy and disconsolate for lack of human love and sympathy, religious faith and understanding, and vision. The great mass of humanity is crying out to the Christian world for help and succor. We think of the call that comes every year to Christian America to feed the thousands in pagan lands where they are dying of famine; think of the social conditions in our great cities, where they are dying of disease; think of the charitable people who are willing to give. In response to his entreaty, Peter and John gave. In response to his entreaty, Peter and John raised him up and walked. It is the same today. The charitable work is done by the Christian Church and organizations and individuals led by the spirit of Christ.

What can the lame man ask for? He asked for the thing that would meet his immediate need—money to buy something to eat, to get clothes for his body, to pay for a place of shelter. He was asking for mere material needs to help him eke out an existence. The same man, the same humanity is asking for today—something that will answer its immediate needs. If we had the opportunity of asking in anything, would we choose material blessings first? We all realize the necessity of a certain amount of material things for our physical health and comfort, but would we always ask for the best things? Was the lame man asking for the things that were best for him, for the thing that he wanted more than anything else in the world? No. There was nothing that he wanted more than healing, the ability to take his place as a citizen in the community and earn his living.

Why did he not ask for this thing? His mind was doubtless too much worried by the ever present, pressing question, to think of better possibilities. How many thousands today are in the same class?
THE SABBATH RECORDER

packed his grip and made off to his boyhood home, some sixty miles into the country, where he had been living. He hurried down the lane and through the yard under the old familiar trees, took a drink from the old pump, and then on into the house.

The old mother's face lit up with joy as she said, "Why, my Henry boy! I'm so glad to see you. How did you happen home?"

He said, "Mother, I'm drifting away from God, and I want you to let me play the boy again around the old home."

And his mother did. She had his grip carried upstairs to his old room. She baked corn pones for him and sweet potato pie, and mothered and kissed him as she had done when he was a fair-haired boy, and she took him upstairs and tucked in him "Good-night." And for five days, great strong man that he had grown to be, he got down on his knees in the morning by his mother's bedside, and in the evening, by the bedside, and said his prayers as he had done when he was a child. And she would talk to him about God and Jesus Christ and how he was to go home; after five days of an experience like that, he returned to the city, and the citizens of Atlanta noticed that a change had come over him. He had caught again the vision of his Lord, and the sanctifying faith and rich experience of the earlier days had come back. They could tell in his footsteps and in his carriage.

Life today is just as strenuous, and the Christian must have a care lest the rush of things steal his mind away from God. But oh, the hallowed memories of the loving voice of other days when the vision was clear! Yield yourselves to them and they will bring the place where Christian experience is rich and sweet. As this dear old mother's love brought back to God her drifting boy, so the love, sympathy, and tenderness of our people may keep someone from wandering away from God.

But, after all, the best and most acceptable gift we can make to Jesus Christ is ourself. If this gift is given sincerely, everything else will follow.

When Frank Higgins, the lumberjack sky-pilot, was made to take him to the city hospital, the big fellows he had led to Jesus Christ held a consultation and decided to send one of their number along with him to be of any service. I found an old tomer who had taught them to love the Lord. The man chosen was a big, oversized fellow, decided out of place in a hospital, as he stood around in the corridor waiting to be of some use to Frank. When the time of the operation came he said: "You know we lovers Sat not even yet, but while the doctors are operating, I will be at the door; and Frank, if the doctors find that they need a quart of blood, or a piece of bone or skin, they can call on me. Frank, you can have every drop of blood or every bone in this body. Now, don't forget, I will be at the door." Have we said as much as this to our Master with a changed life and death on the cross?

"Give of your best to the Master,
Give him first place in your heart,
Give him first place in your service.
Consecrate every part of your soul.
Give, and to you shall be given;
God, his beloved Son gave;
Gratefully you can serve him,
Give him the best that you have."

Have we made this declaration of purpose to Jesus Christ, "Such as I have, give I thee?"

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

ATTALLA, ALA.

DEAR BROTHER VAN HORN:

Today I taught the T. E. L. class (Timothy, Eunice, Lois) of the First Baptist Church Sunday school—a class of adult women.

The topic of the lesson, "Esau Sold His Birthright," gave me an opportunity to urge the importance of the temperance issue.

I told them Esau and Jacob represented two tendencies in our own lives. Everyone of us must choose whether or not his life shall stand for the physical, temporal, and ignoble, or for the spiritual, eternal, and Christlike.

But I took my pen to tell you that I questioned this class about Literacy Digest ballot, and learned that just two out of twenty-four present had voted. Four of the class had received the ballots but did not vote. Does this, I wonder, represent the proportion of Christians who voted or who had an opportunity to vote—eight and one-third per cent?

—CORRESPONDENT.

SABBATH RALLY DAY AT DE RUYTER, N. Y.

Sabbath Rally day was observed in the De Ruyter Seventh Day Baptist church on May 21, 1932, by special services, which included a consultation with the congregation on the clear teachings of God's Holy Word. These had held him steadfastly to the responsibilities which the Master had laid upon him, and he joy and blessing in the path where God had placed him.

At the close of the benediction, the congregation was seated for a further item of the day. Raymond Burdick came forward and stated that he had been learned, through an article in a recent SABBATH RECORDER, that it was the Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church which had purchased the clear teachings of Theodore J. Van Horn to the gospel ministry. And that on May 21, 1893, T. J. Van Horn and W. D. Burdick had been ordained by the Milton (Wis.) Seventh Day Baptist Church."

Mr. Burdick spoke feelingly of the long years of service of Pastor Van Horn in the pulpit and on the mission field, and extended good will and warm wishes for many years of ministry in the future. Then in behalf of the De Ruyter Church he presented Mr. Van Horn with a beautiful bouquet of American Beauty roses in honor of this thirty-ninth anniversary of his ordination to the gospel ministry.

It was difficult for the pastor to respond to this touching tribute from his beloved people, which came as a complete surprise. But such pleasant tokens are treasured among the precious experiences of a pastor's life, and leave a tender glow and perfume in the heart. —CORRESPONDENT.

ALFRED, N. Y.

The Ministers' Association of Hornell and vicinity and the Allegany County Min­isters' Association held the annual session in Alfred, Monday, May 23, the guests of Drs. B. C. Davis, Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, and Dr. J. Wesley Miller and their wives. A special invitation had been given to the members to bring their wives, so about eighty-eight were present. The meeting took place at the College Social Hall. Dr. Clara E. Morgan of Cobleson was moderator of the day, which was most appropriate as she is the only lady member of the organization. The speaker for the day was G. S. Martin of New York City, state secretary of the Young Men's Division of the Y. M. C. A.

On the evening of the twenty-first, at the residence of Professor and Mrs. H. O. Bur­dick, an informal reception, and on the evening of the twenty-second, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Burdick, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate of the Seventh Day Baptist mission in China, and Mrs. George B. Shaw of Salem, W. Va.

The families of Elwood Ormsby, Paul Saunders, and Ray Polan held a picnic, Sunday, at the Ormsby farm near Almon, M., and at the resort of the family of Alfred Horn and W. D. Burdick of Horn, and he had found joy and blessing in the Christian experience is rich and sweet. And that on May 21, 1893, T. J. Van Horn and W. D. Burdick had been ordained by the Milton (Wis.) Seventh Day Baptist Church."

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Crosley, Milton, Wis., arrived at the church on Monday morning.

A church social was held at the T. M. Campbell home that night; strawberries and cream, punch and cakes were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Aden Clarke left for points north, Thursday after a month's stay here.

Mother's day was observed with appropriate songs and readings and a splendid sermon.

HAMMOND, LA.

Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, '03, of Alfred Station, N. Y., spoke to the student body
A recital by the organ students in the School of Music was given Thursday evening in the chapel, presented by the organ choir, by students of Mrs. Kathryn Rogers. The program was well presented, with technical ability and musicianship shown by all of them.

Gladys Sutton, Milton Junction, who played the Mendelssohn Sonata No. 3, is planning to graduate in organ next year. Miss Sutton received her diploma from the piano department last year.

Helen Johnson, who is not in school this semester, is also planning to graduate in organ next year.

Ruth Paul, Milton, is a graduate in piano. She graduated in 1927, the same year that she graduated from high school.

The University scholarship for the year 1932-33 has been awarded to C. Burton Davis, of Battle Creek, Mich.

The scholarship is offered by the Regents of the University of Wisconsin for graduate work. Similar scholarships are awarded to five other Wisconsin residents: Charles Forrell, Lawrence, Milwaukee-Downer, and Ripon.

Mr. Davis, who has been chosen from this year's graduating class to represent Milton in the University graduate school, has a double major in Mathematics and Music. He will continue his graduate studies in Mathematics.

Mr. Davis was chosen by the faculty on a basis of scholarship, character, ability, and availability for graduate work.

Milton College Review.

WE NEED THE QUIET HOUR

An age of hurry and noise needs the quiet hour. The unrest of the world is weariness to both mind and soul. Our lives are often weakened by fretful care and inner disquiet.

"We lose in efficiency and miss our aim by a certain nervousness of spirit that reflects the rush and confusion of the world's life around us." With our Master, busier and more burdened than we, it was not so. The multitudes pressed him frequently, and many times he was too busy to eat. We make such an experience a reason for not praying; Jesus made it a reason for praying. Is there any duty which is the wiser and better course?

Clipped.
OBSERVATIONS
BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE TRACT SOCIETY

AT CHICAGO

Sabbath in Chicago was a beautiful day. An interested group gathered at the meeting place and gave great attention to the message of the corresponding secretary. Fourfold: the audience became acquainted with new and new ones made. For many years services have been held in the Congregational Church, formerly known as the Masonic Temple on State and Randolph Streets. The meeting room is pleasantly and conveniently located on the sixth floor and will comfortably accommodate about one hundred people. At annual meeting time, when a church dinner is served, it is usually well filled.

Organized in 1883, the church has never had a large numerical membership, but has had an interesting and fruitful history. Many preachers and leaders have been assisted and encouraged in their preparation for the ministry by this people. Seventh Day Baptists seeking for opportunity to follow their call to the study and practice of their professions have here found a chance to cultivate the spiritual life and to establish themselves more strongly in their convictions and loyalties. Some of our strongest and most useful churches should be developed in such large centers. That this may be done, however, requires not only a loyalty but a firm belief in the great realities of life, religious faith, and in the Sabbath, together with a consecration of life and purpose to the cause of Jesus Christ. All honor and blessing to those who have stood loyal and firm in spite of discouragements and of material pressure.

Following the Sabbath at Chicago, one day was unofficially spent in southern Wisconsin before continuing the itinerary to Jackson Center, Ohio.

JACKSON CENTER, OHIO

The church at Jackson Center was organized ninety-two years ago, in 1840. Never of large membership, it has, nevertheless, an honorable career and has always been a blessing to its neighbors. For religious privileges and for the advance-
June Is The Month

when all good Seventh Day Baptists work together to close up the year's denominational program.

Let us plan to pay up our pledges as early in the month as possible so that all money may reach the Treasurer in time to be credited in June.

If You Have Made No Pledge, Won't You Make A Gift In June?

Published by the Committee to Promote the Denominational Budget.