its purity. We shall have the German Conferences in the middle of July, then I shall attend the Conference in Holland and perhaps visit England."—From a personal letter.

FROM HOLLAND

A card is just at hand from Holland, giving notice of the discontinuance of the Bodeschapper, which for more than twenty-five years has been edited and published by our late Brother Velthuyzen. Owing to his death and to financial difficulties it has seemed best to suspend publication. All Seventh Day Baptists will be sorry that this is so.—EDITOR.

BELTON, IOWA

We were greatly disappointed to have Pastor A. T. Bottoms leave. The work is being carried on by his son-in-law, Kay Bee, who supplements his church support by work in a local garage. The two-weeks' Vacation Bible School has been held, with Mrs. Bee and Mrs. Kenneth teachers, sixteen children attending. June 19, a demonstration was given of the work done. It was a fine program and we hope for a full-time school next year. Mr. and Mrs. Bee have been a great help to us, and are continually planning things to do to increase interest. Many old members and friends have visited us this summer. Such are always welcome and greatly enjoyed.

—CHURCH CLERK.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.

I am sending a couple of notices for the Recorder, and would like you to know that we are rejoicing because of our recent baptisms and because of a splendid Christian Endeavor Convention held at our church Sabbath afternoon and Sunday. Eighteen were baptized three weeks ago, and with this group four others were received into the church by letter and statement, making a class of twenty-two in all. This is the largest class in the history of my ministry. I have been working for just this, and pray, since our Preaching Mission.—From a letter from Pastor Hill.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.

About forty young people gathered on the parsonage lawn Sabbath night in a "Welcome Home" social for the college students. Games and contests were enjoyed, and a radio broadcast told news of those who have been away. Punch and wafers were served.—Nortonville News.

Duane Hurley led the prayer meeting Sabbath evening, and Wayne Rood preached Sabbath morning. These young men are on their way from college at Salem to their homes in Riverside.—From a personal letter.

DOODGE CENTER, MINN.

Rev. B. B. Friese, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Dunia, Calif., came Tuesday and spent several days with friends here on his way to Defq, Minn., and will be back later for a visit with friends.

—Star-Record.

MARRIAGES

BARKER-SAYRE.—In Battle Creek, Mich., June 27, 1937, Miss Margaret Sayre was married to Mr. J. Merton Barker, Dr. Henry N. Jordan officiating. Both were formerly of North Loup, Neb. Their new home will be 130 Laphor Ave., Battle Creek.

HILL-SERKEN.—Mr. Mills Hill and Miss Ellamae Sershen, both of North Loup, Neb., were united in marriage Friday, the groom's uncle, Rev. C. L. Hill, at the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage in North Loup, June 6, 1937. The new home will be at North Loup, where the groom is employed by the Farmers Co-operative Association, and is manager of their general store.

MILLS-GATES.—Following the sermon at the De Ruiter home, Seventh Day Baptist church, July 3, 1937, Rev. Neal D. Mills of De Ruiter and Miss Martha D. Gates of Lincoln, N. Y., were united in marriage by Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn officiating.

WITTER-MALTBY.—At the parsonage of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Verona, N. Y., June 28, 1937, Rev. Adelbert Witter and Miss Anna Maltby, both of Adams Center, N. Y., were united in marriage by Rev. A. L. Davis, pastor of the Verona Church.

OBITUARY

WATTS.—Merne Watts, the daughter of Martin and Gladys Mayo Watts, was born at North Loup, Neb., July 12, 1920, and died at the home of her parents June 13, 1937, her death resulting from an attack of meningitis. Funeral services were conducted at the home June 16, by Rev. C. L. Hill and burial was made in Hillside Cemetery.

RE O U T A R Y WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements of a like nature, will be run in this column at a half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

A MARITAL SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST PROCEDURE (Revised) is a book of exceptional value to those who are interested in Seventh Day Baptist ecclesiastical manners and, especially to those who have been recently married. Send 50 cents postpaid. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

THE DoubT

By Marion Franklin Ham

I sought in travail, to explain
The universe with God left out:
And, in my futile thought, God said:
I am the Breath that speaks your doubt . . .

Doubt me, deny me, if you will,
I am the Mind that thinks your doubt;
Explain creation as you may—
Your logic cannot leave me out.

—In Songs of the Spirit.
The Sabbath Recorder

VARNISH INTERESTS
The sermons and addresses throughout the program were of high order and inspiring. The devotional services were devotional, prayers were from the heart, and the spirit of fellowship should be desired. The people of the local church lived up to the reputation for cordial hospitality long possessed.

On Friday afternoon, following the program made brief for the purpose, a fellowship picnic supper was enjoyed by about sixty people at Jefferson Beach on Lake Ontario. Many of the young people improved the opportunity for a swim. In spite of some car trouble by one of the younger pastors on the return, all were back in the Sabbath school in ample time.

On Saturday night, Miss Agnes Smith of Verona (already reported) a fellowship breakfast was had at Washington Park on Sunday morning, which was, we understand, well attended. Throughout the entire session of association the young people gave good account of themselves in helpful service and in taking parts on the program. The work of the local association is too well known to require much explanation. The young people are alert and comradely.

The people of the local church lived up to the reputation for cordial hospitality long possessed.

The deaconess of the City Church was on hand early on the Sabbath morning to greet the delegates at the door, and the hospitality that was shown throughout the meeting was indeed appreciated.

The newly elected president is Raymond Sholtis of Sherman, N. Y. Other officers are: Miss Berenice Rogers of Leonardtown, recording secretary; Mrs. Clarke Stoddley, Adams center, corresponding secretary; DeChonis Greene, Adams Center, assistant secretary; and Theodore D. Mills, alternate.

Delegates to other associations are: Rev. Charles W. D. Mills to the Southeastern in 1937; the joint delegates from Eastern, Central, and Western associations. In the Western in 1937 is the appointee of the Eastern, Rev. James L. Skagg of New York City; to the Southeastern association in 1938, Rev. Herbert L. Polan, Brookfield, with Rev. Theodore D. Mills, alternate.

The offerings of the association for the United Budget of the denomination, taken on Sabbath morning, amounted to $27.75. There were present 121 in the Sunday morning service, and the attendance renewed.

The Minister's Vacation Vacations do people good, as was pointed out in an editorial in these columns some time ago. Particularly is this true of the minister. He needs a change and a chance to think without having to think that his thinking must do with next Sabbath's sermon. While his need of rest should not be minimized, that is not his chief need. Some ministers go aside from ordinary work and distractions with a stack of books, some of them heavy, and blessedly isolated from the rain and need of many to return to their homes and work.

The local church seemed to have been genuinely interested in the program and the people were indeed enthusiastic.

For next Association
The one thing that is sure of the Central Association will be held at Verona, but nothing was said as to the time. A fall, one-day session will be held at Brookfield. The newly elected president is Raymond Sholtis of Sherman, N. Y.
COMING TO CONFERENCE
Shiloh awaits word from you people of the North and the South and the West, that you are going to be with us for the 1937 Conference. The world is now living in superlatives. Let this be a superlative Conference. This is our slogan: The best and biggest Conference ever held.

We cannot promise you the beautiful scenery of Colorado, or the remembered coolness of the garden spot of America. So far we have had a wonderful growing season, giving every indication of a good supply of luscious fruits and fresh vegetables. Though we do not come to Conference to feed the inner man, yet we are not adverse to partaking three times a day of the frugality and simplicity that bring Mother Earth, and where can we find a greater variety than in South Jersey?

Our commissary department is in the hands of experienced women from the Bridgeton High School cafeteria. Mrs. Charles Dickinson, Shiloh, would appreciate hearing from all of the young people who want to wait on table. President H. C. Van Horn is counting on a large attendance of young people. Do you dare to disappoint him?

Many of us were deprived of the privilege of attending Conference last year on account of the distance and expense involved. Therefore, it seems fitting that there should be a larger representation than usual on our part. The entertainment committee has canvassed the Shiloh and Marlboro communities and has an abundance of room to accommodate you. Plan your trips to come and fill these rooms. All roads lead into Shiloh. Get out your maps and see how you can get here. Find your name to Mrs. Thuman Davis, Shiloh, that you are planning to attend this meeting and help us make our goal: The best and biggest Conference ever held.

THE PUBLIYTY COMMITTEE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

ATTENDING NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION?
If you are planning to attend the Northwestern Association, to be held at White Cloud, Mich., July 30-August 1, please notify the entertainment committee at an early date.

REV. R. J. SEVERANCE, Chairman.

SEEKING THE MIND OF CHRIST IN THE USE OF OUR TIME
(Paper given at Central Association)
BY G. KENT STOODLEY

Each of us has a different definition for "time." I like the one, "Time is but the stream of life we go a-fishing in." So often you hear the remark, "Time goes by so fast," or "Time has gone."

The only equality in the equality of time is the equality of time. Henry Ford, Franklin Roosevelt, or the tramp along the road, each has twenty-four hours a day to use—no more, no less.

Every man has so many years to live—some more, some less—but when the end comes the machine wears out. Neither power, fame, nor wealth can add a year.

The only equality is the equality of time—time to work, time to struggle, time to achieve. No one will be held responsible for not being President of the United States, but he will be accountable for not making the best possible use of his time.

There is no difference between waiting for something to turn up to do, and doing while waiting for something to turn up. A man's fortune depends upon how he invests his money. The Lord quoted the question: "What is the man that he may take of his own money in life can be bought with the currency of time?"

How many of you have been asked the question, "What time have you?" You bring out your watch, glance at it, and very gladly tell the questioner what that little instrument tells you. Speaking of watches, and some of you glance at yours at makes me think of the parson who in the midst of an interminable discourse, you look at your watch, glance at it, and very gladly tell him. "Your watch, parson, runs a bit fast," he says. "No, sir," you reply, "but that is the way God runs his watch."

I think very often we try to time God by our own watches and he will not have it so. Count time by the hour log of eternity. What a blessing it is to realize that the timing of the events of life under the loving hand of God is not by our watch, but by the hour log of eternity!

Time is a very important factor in our lives. The clock comes rest. The time that we have includes not only work, but rest as well. There is rest even before that which we know today. Some men save up their time for a day of rest and work go together—alternating at longer or shorter intervals. So constant are the demands of life upon us that we are prone to wonder when and where we can have time to think. But we have all of us the promises that it won't always be so, and some day we will have time to do some of the things which we have always longed to do in the midst of our daily toil, but have not time.

What time have you? Why God's own time—time for your life and your work, your rest, and time for that which he has laid up for you beyond the bounds of time.

It has been said that an address or an sermon or a failure if it fails to make you think, so I want to leave this thought with you—"What we do is far more important than the hands of time—footprints or dollar marks!"

"Isn't it strange that princes and kings, and clowns that caper in sawdust rings, and common folks like you and me, are builders for eternity?"

"To each is given a gift of tools, a shapeless mass, and book of rules. And each must make ere life has flown A stumbling block or a stepping stone."
is made up of imperfect beings, but it is the Church of Christ so long as Christ’s love, principles, and activities reign, and to promote it is the part of those who love the tenth of our income. How brave we are when we are financially successful! We think our ability is beyond question and we can live very successfully as long as we have money. Then what a shock we receive when God shows that he is Master. Sometimes our physical body becomes a hindrance in an undertaking which took only a few seconds. Perhaps our mind becomes feeble with the strain of earthly greed. How weak the brave become in these moments of disaster. Friends try to help, but God is ruler of the universe and some time we are all compelled to reap what we have sown.

We paid the rent when due because we are Christians. We paid the taxes, sometimes at a great sacrifice, because we are Christians and taught to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s. We also paid these because if we did not so and would suffer the punishment of being evicted from our homes. The landlord or store owner is at least interested in our difficulty, but God says, “Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and you pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” We understand all this and yet when we received our bounties last week, we forgot God had given us strength and ability to earn them. But then our minds and hearts were filled with the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the window of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, June, 1937

Receipts

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Woman's Board ............................................. 
Rockville ........................................................ 
Western Association ........................................... 
Salem .............................................................. 
Southwestern Association ................................. 
Salemville ....................................................... 
Eastern Association ...........................................
Shiloh ............................................................
Salemville ....................................................... 
Special ........................................................... 
Rockville ........................................................ 
Baptist Sunday School ....................................
Salem .............................................................
Bible School .................................................. 
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Verona ............................................................
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Young People's Board ....................................
Southeastern Association .................................
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HOW "Congo Crosses" WAS WRITTEN 
THE AFRICAN POINT OF VIEW

By JULIA LAKE S. KELLERSBERGER

To be all things at all times to all men seems to be the duty of the missionary, rather than to teach little children, dressed only in sunshine, how to read the Bible. I, who had visions of revolutionizing the country during my stay in the Congo, may find myself return ing busily engaged in bartering, in cooking, in teaching Latin and teaching French, and in a thousand other diverse duties that literally swamped me with work I had never dreamed of doing.

Each day slipped by so rapidly; I seemed to accomplish so little; and the time for returning to the home land seemed so discouragingly near that I nearly despaired when I received the letter requesting me to compile the International Mission Study Book on Congo Women and Girls. Twelve million people to survey, forty-four Protestant denominations to write about, slow transportation, and expensive mail service! The magnitude of compiling a work involving all these combinations was almost more than I could endure. I was greatly pleased to find that the reasonable reply to this request would be that it was impossible.

But prayer and counsel helped me to decide otherwise, and gradually the theme of "Congo" emerged for the first six chapters; for Congo is a land of crosses. There is the Cross in the Sky, looking down on a land of paths and beauty; the Cross in the Land, carved there two hundred fifty years ago in solid stone along the banks of the Congo River, symbolic of the slavery and political despotism that ravished the country. There is the Cross that is Upon the Back of women and girls, the hewers of wood and drawers of water; the Cross Within the Heart of the Cross woman, who is bought and parented by copper crosses; the Cross Along the Road, where two ways meet, and Christian policies determine that it is the African heathenism; and finally there is the Cross of Calvary, the arms of which are strong enough to bear the destinies of nations.

The outline of "Congo Crosses" written in faith, was accepted with little change. The call came for pictures, stories, proverbs, drawings, and statistics. Time flew; the interval of waiting for further money that was to take us home I spent in compiling the material I received, carefully arranging it into the outline previously made.

"Lord, make me a sharpened pencil in thy hand," I had prayed before my arrival on African soil. And he had taken me literally to be his secretary, to record the affairs of his black children for his white children.

"Congo Crosses" owes not existence to me alone. Largely put together on that stormy voyage through tropical waters, the book owes much to the kindness of the steward who received my several hundred letters and answered them; the woman who emerged on the deck, and an enthusiastic college girl re-read and corrected my whole manuscript. Friends everywhere gave me the support and encouragement that I needed; the God of all gave me the strength I needed.
I am sorry to hear about so many scarlet fever patients and hope that all will be well by this time. I hope you don't get it.

Your loving friend, Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

It has been a long time since I have written to you. I am eleven years old and will be in the seventh grade next year. I visited my aunt, uncle, cousin and grandma in Canastota this week, and am having a good time.

I went to Alfred to my cousin's graduation with them and yesterday we went to Oenida Lake for a picnic.

For awhile we had seven cats and seven dogs at home, but we sold one of each. They are very cute now. Two are brown and white, and the others are black and white. The one we sold was black and white, too. Now I must close.

Your friend,

Olin Davis.

Camastota, N. Y.

June 25, 1937.

Dear Olin:

We went to commencement at Alfred, too, but I am going to college next year. Do you suppose we would have known each other if we had met there? You were quite a little boy when I saw you last, and I don't think there has been much change in you. Now since you are a big eleven year old boy and probably quite a bit changed, you might have to say, "Mrs. Greene, this is Olin Davis, but I am certain you will be able to tell me who you are because I am sure of you. Ha! Ha! Do you remember what I called you in the first letter I wrote to you? If you do, don't tell anyone, will you?

You certainly have quite a family of cats and dogs at your home. I hope they get along well and that you will have a better noiseless time when your puppies become full grown dogs, if you do not sell more of them by that time.

I have a cousin who raised dogs to sell and often had as many as one hundred dogs at the same time. Can you imagine how they would sound if they all barked at once?

Thank you for your good letter and Jean's, too.

Yours with love,

Mizpah S. Greene.
Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have not written to you for such a long time, but this spring Joyce and I had scarlet fever. I got it the first day of May and Joyce got it the next day. I was quarantined three weeks. When we went back to school we had to catch up on the work we missed. We received many cards and letters from friends and relatives.

We went to the Central Association at Adams Center. We went Sabbath morning and staying until Sunday afternoon meeting. Sabbath afternoon Miss Anna West from China was there and told us about the Chinese people.

Dear Muriel:

I have heard your school for you? I am glad you received letters, too.

My average was ninety-eight, even if I was out so long. I will be in fifth grade next year.

I think the association was very nice. I expect to be at most of the meetings next year because association is to be at our church.

My average in school was ninety-eight, even if I was out so long. I will be in fifth grade next year.

I think I had better close for now.

Your Recorder friend,

Muriel Irene Sholtz.

Onedia, N. Y.

July 3, 1937.

Dear Muriel:

I made no mistake in calling this New York week, since all the letters are from New York, from the same church, and, if I am not mistaken, from three cousins. They are all fine letters, too.

I am sorry you and Joyce had to have a siege with scarlet fever, but hope you did not have it very hard. You were fortunate to be quarantined only three weeks. When Eleanor had scarlet fever several years ago the quarantined law specified four weeks. I had to be quarantined with her and that last week was hard for both of us; wouldn't it have been for you? I am glad you got well so quickly and you are working so nicely. Ninety-eight is a mark to be proud of even if you hadn't missed a day of school.

I am eager to learn about the Chinese people and other nations besides our own, and it is good for us to realize that God loves them just as he does us.

Lovingly yours,

Mitpah S. Greene.
Well, what are we doing here? Answer: It is my home, my native land—the finest place on earth. Yet there are some of the things it lacks. It has no railroad tracks, no street cars, no minstrels, or talks, no silent pictures, no criminals.

We have no schools. This is a fine field for some of the Seventh Day Baptists and other teachers. They would do a splendid work here. The government schools, so-called, teach the children reading, writing, and arithmetic. The cry of all the people is for schools—good schools. I would be glad to correspond with a teacher, man or woman, who would like to come here.

From Kingston we came here February of this year, after having labored in association with Rev. J. W. N. and Rev. F. J. Moore, Pastor and Mrs. Hargis inspired us much, and this work started here mainly due to the encouragement they gave, and the help we received from them. We had two in the Riverside Church. They together made three students. A teacher was hired for the Baptist Church, and a piano was loaned to us. We had a holy zeal to go and do likewise. They supported us as Bible workers in the Kingston Church. We were located at the west end of a six-mile stretch of unbroken white sand. The beach is like a shining necklace between the evergreen forest and the blue ocean stretching away to infinity.

On Sabbath, May 22, we organized a club of young people called the “Westbalclub.” It was the opening of our work here. We organized with fifteen whole members. Two weeks after, by going out gathering children, with my three we had twenty-eight in attendance. I wish you could have heard me preach and felt the power of God in this work. The children sang with us as we taught them a song. The room was filled with the ringing of their voices as we told them about ourselves and the work we were doing. We taught them the rudiments of reading, writing, and counting. The children were very happy, and seemed to enjoy the work.

On Sunday, June 26, the church was opened for the first time. There were sixty-seven relatives present and the church was crowded. While Miss West gave an interesting program of songs, we had several lantern slides shown. It was a very interesting Sabbath day.

The one hundred boys and girls contributed $8,55 toward missions, to be used for Bibles for children who do not know about Jesus. The adults contributed about $65 toward the school. Rev. L. M. Moore, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, supervised the school.

A PRAYER WE Seldom Hear

The Shiloh Daily Vacation Bible School came to a close last Friday night when a demourntation was given with about two hundred fifty people present. We believe this is the largest school ever held in Shiloh, the total enrollment being about two hundred; but we hope to see this as a city of the future. The work started here on Sunday, July 5.

The day was filled with interesting programs of songs, stories, and pictures. The school was held in the old church building.

The school was opened on Sunday, July 5, and there were about one hundred and seventy-five pupils in attendance.

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MARRIAGES

NOTICE

In the marriage notice, July 5, 1937, of Lewis Rogers and Rowena Ford, the date was omitted. Pastor Shaw calls attention to this and asks that the date be given: June 28, 1937.

CRANDALL-GREENE—Miss Katherine Greene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Greene of Natick, Neb., and Mr. Wayne Crandall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milford Crandall of An­
dover, N. Y., were united in marriage, June 28, 1937, at the bride's home, by her father.

DENNIS-NEWPORT—On June 28, 1937, at the Sev­enth Day Baptist church by the bride's pastor, Rev. J. R. Randolph of Milton, N. J., were united in marriage, the Seventh Day Baptist church by the bride's pastor, Rev. J. R. Randolph of Milton, N. J., on Sabbath, July 3, 1937.

OBITUARY

BOND—Jane C. Bird. At her home in Roanoke, Va., Mrs. Samuel D. Bond, in her ninety­
first year of age. She was born, May 27, 1847, in Highland County, Va., the daughter of Valentine and Betty Cook Bird. On November 1, 1863, she was mar­ried to Samuel Davis Bond. Only one of five children, five boys and a girl, Iry, survives of her family. Mrs. John Ellis of Genville, eighteen grandchildren, and twenty-eight great grandchildren.

Early in life "Aunt Jane" became a Christian, and was a charter member of the Roanoke Sev­enth Day Baptist Church.

In the absence of her pastor, the funeral was conducted by Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, pastor of the Salem Church.

BURGO—Japheth Newell Burgo was born in New York State November 28, 1841, and died at the home of Mrs. Martin Smith of Los An­geles, Calif., June 11, 1937.

After serving for thirty-nine months in the northern army, in the Civil War, he entered the employ of the Chicago and North Western Railway Company, serving as driver and on up through accounting rooms, for forty-eight years.

He was twice married: in 1876 to Phoebe Davis, and in 1892 to Mrs. Anna E. Dunn.

Mr. Burgo was a charter member of the Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church, but transferred his membership to Riverside on coming to California, and later to Los Angeles.

STILLMAN—Albert R. Stillman, son of David G. and Abby L. Wilbur Stillman, was born in Pot­ter Hill, R. I., January 3, 1857. He died as a result of pneumonia at his home, 154 West Broad Street, Westerly, June 19, 1937.

When about seven years of age he moved with his parents to Pawcatuck, where he has since resided. He was educated in the schools of both Stonington and Westerly. On December 3, 1880, he entered the employ of C. B. Cottrell and Sons Co., where he remained in various official capacities until his retirement in 1929. He kept up his interest in business and banking by serving on its board of directors until the time of his death.

For more than fifty years he has been a prominent and influential member of the civic and business life of the community. He was a beloved member of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church, having a deep interest in church and denomination. He was always actively engaged in community affairs, having served as judge of the Stonington Town Court for ten years, also as chairman of the school commit­tee of the old Eighteenth School District and of the town of Stonington for a total term of eighteen years. He was chairman of the build­
ing committee of the West Broad Street School. Mr. Stillman was a member of the Congregational Church, fearless and unyielding in his stand for the right, but always in a kindly manner. He was cordial, friendly, and cheerful. He is survived by his two sons, Dr. Jesse W. Stillman of Wilmington, Del., and Karl G. Stillman of Westerly, and also two granddaughters, Tacie Anne and Jean S. Stillman of Wilmington, Del. His wife, Tacie Larkin Stillman, died in 1933.

Farewell services were held on Tuesday after­noon from his late home, Pastor Harold R. Cran­dall officiating, and interment was in River Bend Cemetery.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Contents

Conference President's Corner .......................................................... 61
The Need of the Hour .............................................................. 62
Letter .............................................................. 66
Tract Board Meeting ........................................................... 67
Children's Page—Our Letter Exchange .............................................. 68
Readings—On recovering our Liberty? ............................................. 69
Our Pulpit—The Reality of Sin ...................................................... 70
Obituary .............................................................. 73

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature will be filed in this column at one insertion and at one half cent per word for each additional insertion.

Cash must accompany each advertisement. 

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No. 4

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE

This is the land where hate should die:

No loads of faith, no spleen of race,
No blood which has been shed in vain;
Try beneath our flag to find a place
Lo, every people here has sent
His sons to answer Freedom's call.

Their life-blood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die,
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Resolve beliefs that are mine.
He little loves his land who's cost
Opens his neighbor's faith a doubt.
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die:
This is the land where strife should cease
When foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before our flag of light and peace.
So, let us purge of poisoned thought
That service to the State we give
And thus be worthy, of the Great land in which we live.

—Dennis A. McCarthy in The Messenger.