DO YOU KNOW

that the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society have adopted a plan whereby you can give them your money in trust and they will pay you, or some person you may designate, a stated income each year for life?

The rate of income is as follows:

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<tr>
<th>Age Group</th>
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<tr>
<td>Persons 40 to 50 years old</td>
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<td>Persons 51 to 60 years old</td>
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<td>Persons 61 to 70 years old</td>
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<td>Persons 71 to 80 years old</td>
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<td>Persons 81 and over</td>
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At death the principal of the gift, less excess interest, remains a memorial to the giver in the permanent fund of the Tract Society.

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INCOME, ASSURE IT!

CREATE A MEMORIAL

F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.

Plainfield, N. J.

LINCOLN NO LONGER AMERICAN

Lloyd George, British Premier, spoke as follows at the unveiling of St. Gauden's Lincoln in Parliament Square:

"I doubt whether any statesman who ever lived sank so deeply into the hearts of the people of many lands as Abraham Lincoln did. I am not sure that you in America realize the extent to which he is also our possession and our pride. His courage, fortitude, patience, humanity, clemency, his trust in the people, his belief in democracy, and, may I add, some of the phrases in which he gave expression to those attributes, will stand out forever as beacons to guide troubled nations and their perplexed leaders. Resolute in war, he was moderate in victory. Misrepresented, misunderstood, underestimated, he was patient to the last. But the people believed in him all the time, and they still believe in him.

"In his life he was a great American. He is an American no longer. He is one of those giant figures, of whom there are very few in history, who lose their nationality in death. They are no longer Greek or Hebrew or English or American—they belong to mankind. I wonder whether I will be forgiven for saying that George Washington was a great American, but Abraham Lincoln belongs to the common people of every land."
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE
Next Session will be held at Shiloh, N. J., August 11-15.
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Vice-President-Rev. W. A. Mitchell, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary-W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE
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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND
Alfred, N. Y.

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

Re-read With Profit
We have just been reading again the message of our "Pastor at Large" on pages 166, 167 of the Recorder for February 7. It is so full of interesting and important matter that we as a people cannot afford to allow it to go with one

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

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We have just been reading again the message of our "Pastor at Large" on pages 166, 167 of the Recorder for February 7. It is so full of interesting and important matter that we as a people cannot afford to allow it to go with one

Please Read Carefully
Brother Holston's Sabbath School Page
Brother E. M. Holston explains the plans for summer vacation religious schools in which the friends in our churches should be interested. The kind of work projected is greatly needed, and every loyal Seventh Day Baptist should be enthusiastic over the movement. Brother Shaw also calls attention to the matter in the Missions and the Sabbath page. Read carefully everything you see on this subject and be prepared to secure the benefits of a summer school.

Washington and Lincoln
With only ten years between the death of Abraham Lincoln, the lives of these two men may be said to span the history of this nation to the end of the Civil War. So, when we say, "Washington and Lincoln," we start emotions concerning the founding and the saving of a great nation. In a most important sense Washington and Lincoln still live, and their influence in some respects safeguard our institutions as certainly as do the swords and bayonets of their time. Their very names inspire a strong spirit of patriotism, a broader philanthropy, an intense patriotism, and a firmer faith in the God of nations. The spirit hands of these noble heroes resting upon the hearts of men in this generation are imparting strength and inspiration without which the problems of these perilous times could not be met and properly solved.

Ask any American today who were the two greatest men in our nation's history, and without a moment's hesitation the reply would come: George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. In the days of the na-
conviction that "self-defeat in the sense of a denunciation..."...
am thanking all who do so much to make the Sunday Recorder so helpful and interesting.

FACTS

1. There are millions of American children and youth unreached by any educational program of the church. Time devoted to religious training is utterly inadequate. 3. There is an array of immature, untrained, un- supervised, voluntary teachers and officers trying to do what educational work is now being demanded. 4. There is no proper and adequate curriculum of study. 5. Evangelistic emphasis in religious training is vastly inadequate. 6. Religious education in the home is sadly wanting. 7. Evangelic stress in religious work has greatly declined.

NEEDS

1. A campaign of Bible school extension.
2. Better use of the time devoted to teaching work in religious education. Week-day extension in vacation schools of religion.
3. Training courses in the churches and communities for preparing professional workers.
4. Enriched courses of study. 5. More adequate buildings and equipment.
6. Revival of religious training in the homes.
7. Greater evangelistic emphasis in the educational programs of the churches.

In view of these facts and needs the committee urges the churches to provide for a completion of the good work. It makes several wise recommendations, and calls for $200,000 to meet expenses.

Yes Indeed! "Going Some" Just as we were about to hang in these editorials Brother Shaw showed us a letter from a missionary pastor containing these words: "As I was leaving home (to fill an appointment) the chairman of our canvassing committee phoned me that their quota was submitted and the church had gone over the top."

Concerning this the pastor wrote: "It is going some for a church of twenty-one resident members to subscribe $200.00, and this too, when potatoes are selling for fifty cents a bushel, when nothing has been received from their dairies since last October, and when lumbering and other business have closed down; and this, by a church that has had no pastor, until I came, for nearly a decade."

We think this a good item for the encouragement of our Forward Movement director, and for the inspiration of other church countries that feel the pressure of hard times for farmers in winter.

Fifty-one years ago next summer our father brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—shall be dedicated—shall perish."

"We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hal-
All over the car folk were buying picture postcards—at three for five cents. The schoolgirls were already addressing theirs to chums in the little home town up North. The bride and groom (there are always a bride and groom on the car to Mount Vernon) were sending a whole dozen home to mother. The Tired Girl waved the card-vender away with a limp, rather bored hand, and shrank nearer to the window. Somehow it seemed almost sacrilegious to her to see the eager people buying those almost sacred views—at least the car personal views—at three for five cents.

She had the same feeling when she reached the gates of Mount Vernon. The car stopped and the crowd of people climbed off morosely and began to spend their money on popcorn, and candy, and souvenirs, at a little shop that stood near. The Tired Girl shrank from the ash-trays that were stamped spaces in the ashtrays that were stamped through the car, and the Tired Girl was down this bridle path home, and the rest of the way back. Men and women scrambled in through the doors. The Tired Girl paused for a moment on the porch-alone.

"They have none of the finer feelings, she half sobbed—"I've always looked forward to going through Mount Vernon in a reverent way. I can't go at it as if it were a mating place."

"But," said a voice commiserating, "you mustn't mind that, you mustn't mind it at all! They don't mean anything. It's just their way of being interested."

The Tired Girl looked around. A stately old man stood at her side, a man who had not come up with her on the car. Strangely she felt drawn to him.

"You see," she said rather eagerly, "you see, I'm a bit disappointed. I've been teaching a difficult class in school for two years, saving up money for this trip. And after all the trouble and privation, I was so tired that I wanted to get away from folks and—well—almost worship by myself. And here I'm swamped with people, and loud conversation."

The man laughed gently. "You mustn't feel that way," he told her. "You see, they love Washington as much as you do. But they don't love him in a morbid, hero-worshiping way. They love him, not as a legend, but as a living, many years back. They love him because he's the Father of the country; because he seems almost alive to them; because they feel as if they know him and he's a friend."

"As for the postcards and souvenirs that you find—offensive? Well, those cards will probably be back home to folk who will never see Mount Vernon and haven't enough imagination to visualize it without a picture. Some of those pictures will go between the pages of the family Bible—and they will be looked at by some generations."

The Tired Girl was staring across the blue Potomac. And, as she stared, some of the tiredness crept away—and some of the impatience. She smiled as the low gently, manly voice spoke again.

"We'll go through the house now," said the old man.

Through the house they went. They peered into the library and saw Washington's books; they saw his flute and yellow violin that rested on the top of the worn harp-stanchion; they climbed the old-fashioned stairs and saw the room where Lafayette slept, and little Nellie Custis's bedchamber. They climbed another flight of narrower stairs to a bedroom far from the others. One could see Washington's tomb from that window.

"Martha Washington lived in this room after the President died," said the low voice, "so that she could see her last resting place."

The schoolgirls were standing together, quietly. They clutched hands. The Tired Girl felt, suddenly, that after all they had something in common.

Slowly, very slowly, they made their way down the stairs, and at the foot the old gentleman bowed in a dignified, courtly way.

"It has been a pleasure to talk with you," he said to the Tired Girl, and "I'm sure you feel differently. You don't resent the three-for-five-cents postal cards—or the noise, enthusiasm—do you?"

"I don't resent anything," said the Tired Girl warily; and "I am not even tired—now. Why, I feel as if the spirit of Washington had taken me through his house."

The car was about to leave and the crowds of noisy people were pressing for the best seats. The Tired Girl fell in with the two schoolgirls. They spoke to her in their frank, comradely way.

"You looked so lonely, going through the house by yourself," said the dark one.

"By myself?" echoed the Tired Girl blankly.

"And once or twice we thought you were talking to yourself," added the little blonde girl. "We almost asked you if you wouldn't join us."

They had reached the tawdry little shop and the schoolgirls, giggling, rushed for the car. But the Tired Girl spoke hurriedly to the stolid clerk who leaned against the counter.

"I want a plate," she told him, "a souvenir plate. With the biggest head of Washington you have in stock!"

In a glory of gold and violet and rose the sun was setting. It turned the Potomac into a veritable sea of glory; the low little mountains rose grandly through a mist of color. It rested on the old manor house with a careass, but the last golden beams fluttered across the quiet tomb with all the gentleness of an eternal benediction.

With the cheap plate clasped lovingly in her arms the girl boarded the car.—The Christian Herald.
To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men all belongs. I myself was near the front, but no part of the honor, or plan of execution, is mine.

In allusion to conferring the franchise upon emancipated slaves, he said, "I would myself prefer that it were now conferred on the very intelligent and those who serve our cause as soldiers."

His caution was obvious. He said: "No exclusive and inflexible plan can safely be prescribed. It may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the south."

Yet he was firm. "Important principles may and must be inflexible." The earnestness of tone and manner emphasized all these utterances of the war President.

Within a week of my listening to these words of prudence and wisdom I twice saw the lifeless form of the great statesman lying in public view.—Selected.

SABBATH AND SUNDAY NOT THE SAME DAY

ARTHUR L. MANOUS—A LAYMAN BIBLE STUDENT

Recently a friend extended to the writer the following invitation:

"When you want to be in a good Sabbath school, come down to — any Sunday at 3:30 p.m., it."

That the words Sabbath and Sunday do not mean the same day, and therefore should not be used synonymously is evident from the following facts:

"Nearly every language of the Continent affords (except Spanish) to the difference between Sabbath and Sunday by the names of the two days.―Hessey's "Sunday", etc., 4th edition, p. 185.

"Sabbath, in the Hebrew language, signifies rest, and is the seventh day of the week.―Buck's "Theological Dict.", art. "Sabbath."

"Sabbath is not strictly synonymous with Sunday. Sabbath denotes the institution; Sunday is the name of the first day of the week."—Webster's Dictionary, art. Sabbath.

"In the Middle Ages Sabbath meant only Saturday. First used in England for Sunday in 1554."—American Encyclopedia, art. Sab.

"Sunday is of heathen origin (like our designations of the other days of the week), and means 'the day of the sun', or 'sacred to the god of the sun'. It does not occur in the Bible, but is now in common use for the first day of the week."—SchAFF's Bible Dictionary, art. "Sunday."

"The days of the week had no proper names among the Hebrews, but were distinguished only by their numerical order."—Kitch's Cyclopedia of Bible Literature, art. "Day", Vol. 1, p. 533.

"The Sabbath is the only day with a name; the others were simply numbered."—Sanford's Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, art. "Day."

The enumeration of the days of the week commenced at Sunday. Saturday was last or seventh, and was the Hebrew Sabbath, or day of rest."—Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary, art., "Week", p. 1059, edition, 1905.

"Sunday is the name of the first day of the week, adopted by the first Christians from the Roman calendar (Lat. Dies Solis); Day of the sun, so called because it was dedicated to the worship of the sun."—McCINTOCK and Strong's Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature, art., "Sunday", Vol. 10, p. 18, edition, 1888.

"Saturday (Lat. Dies Saturni, Saturn's day). The seventh or last day of the week; kept by the Jews as their Sabbath. It was dedicated by the Romans to Saturn—whence the name."—The New Century Encyclopedia and Dictionary, Vol. 2, art. "Saturday."

"Saturday, in Italian, still retains the Hebrew name of 'Sabato'; so it does, with the slightest literal variations, which distinguish the several languages, in Spanish and Portuguese. . . The journals of the English House of Parliament still designate Saturday by the name of 'Dies Sabbati'."—Hessey's "Sunday", etc., 4th edition, p. 359.

Query: In view of the foregoing facts, can any one go to Sabbath school on Sunday, the day after the Sabbath? See Luke 23: 56; 24: 1; Mark 16: 1, 2; Ex. 20: 8-11.

It is true we do not know how to pray, nor what to pray for as we ought, but let us kneel and remember that He is saying to God what we have tried to say and cannot say for ourselves. If we must be dumb before God, let us point to Jesus and say, "What He says to thee, what his wounds say to thee, what his presence says to thee, that is what I fain would say," and the Lord Jehovah will answer us in peace.—G. A. Johnston Ross.
Sabbath Evangelist Rev. George B. Shaw visited the Scott Church near Homer, N. Y., Sabbath Day, February 5. His grandfather, Rev. Russell G. Burdick, was at one time pastor of the Scott Church.

"He never lost his belief in righteousness because the errors of its advocates made it popular; but he gained new courage to publish that belief when the exposure of those errors made it unpopular." Read this over two or three times, and then give a concrete example.

Rev. William L. Burdick, general missionary, planned to begin a series of evangelistic meetings Friday evening, February 11, with the church at Farina, Ill., where Rev. John T. Davis is pastor. The people of Farina have been praying and working for these meetings for many weeks, and a rich spiritual blessing will surely come to them.

"The theory of evolution has done much to weaken arguments from design; it is doubtful, however, whether it can explain the superb flowering of thought and emotion evident in the realms of beauty and truth. It may account for the agreement between the conduit of environment and the enclosed current of ordinary life; but when the stream suddenly appears in a symmetrical fountain, with jets spurting out towards the four points of the horizon, and forming accurate mathematical figures, our agreement is at an end, and it appears as if the pipe had been designedly punctured."

Sabbath Evangelist Willard D. Burdick plans to spend about two weeks with the people at Salemville, Pennsylvania. Thus Pastor Thorngate's desire to have a denominational representative visit that community is being realized. The special services are to begin February 19.

**INFORMATION WANTED**—Ten or twelve years ago a set of lantern slides, pictures of people and places connected with the history of Seventh Day Baptists, was prepared together with a manuscript description lecture called "Heroes of the Faith." It was used in several of our churches. No trace of these slides can now be discovered. Any information that will result in locating them will be gratefully received by the secretary.
of them graduate physicians, constitute the corps of American workers, Rosa W. Palmberg, now at home on a furlough, Grace I. Crandall and Bes- sie B. Sinclair.

There is no other mission at Lieu-oo or vicinity, and our work very much needs strengthening by the addition of workers for schools and evangelistic efforts, or other Protestant missions will feel justified in entering this field which at the present time is wholly the care and responsibility of Seventh Day Baptists.

A capable Chinese young woman, one of the girls from our own mission, is now in Battle Creek, Mich., taking a course in the nurses' training school, with a view of going back to Lieu-oo for service in our hospital.

The small picture is from a snapshot photograph just received. Between Dr. Sin- clair and the Chinese nurse can be seen the "starvation baby" which has been adopted by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor at Waterford, Conn. Dr. Sinclair calls the little creature near the child a "baby goat," and the other animal is a dog. I presume that the picture is taken in the back yard of the mission at Lieu-oo.

"I think when life's fretful fever is over we shall find that the royal road to intimacy with God lay through this old, un-dramatic, gainful way of pain. That is why God himself came to us not with argument and barren philosophy, but with experience, an incarnation. He himself has suffered, and through his pain we are alive. Some day, it may be here, it may be there, in or out of the body I know not, he will answer me and explain my suffering."

From saying to doing is a long stretch.—French proverb.

A REMARKABLE CHAPTER, AND A NEEDED LESSON

REV. A. L. DAVIS

There appeared, recently, in a religious magazine that comes to my study, a remarkable account of work being done by a remarkable church in one of our large cities. I don't know to what denomination this church belongs—that is incidental so far as the purpose of this article is concerned. The account reads like a twenty-ninth chapter of Acts.

I am taking the liberty to reproduce this account, much of it in the pastor's own words, for I am profoundly convinced it has a message for Seventh Day Baptists—a much needed message, too, at this hour.

Seven years ago this pastor took charge of a church of 900 members. During the first year of his pastorate 350 dead members were cut off! He says: "God helped us to get rid of them without any disturbance or ill will." Further we learn that no tobacco-user is allowed to teach in the Bible school or sing in the choir; that the same rule applies to "movie fans" that they believe in having "only regenerated, saved people, as far as we can know, in our membership."

How does it work? Let this pastor answer: "For the past three years we have had to close the doors about seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, after the 2,466 seats in the upper auditorium and the 600 seats in the lower auditorium have been filled. At times there has been a crowd of 1,000 (estimated) outside, asking for permission to get in. On one occasion a man offered five dollars a piece for himself and wife to be admitted. And what was the drawing card that evening? The preaching of the old time Gospel of Jesus! Nothing else. But isn't that enough?"

"Our prayer meet- ings average about 1,600, sometimes more than 2,000 people gather—to pray and study the word of God. The past year we have had about six hundred professed conversions—and no outside evangelist called—not because we do not believe in it, for we do, but because we could not get the men we wanted, and we do not want any one who does not believe in the whole Bible—Jonah included."

"We believe in foreign missions, for we support five of our own missionaries—gone out from our own group—two in South America and three in China. Besides that we support ten or twelve native workers in Japan, Africa, India and Alaska. We have six young people preparing now for the foreign field. (Italics mine.—A. L. D.)"

"We have not had a supper or an auction or any kind of trick to raise money in the seven years that I have been pastor of this church. Our people do it simply give. And they seem to be greatly blessed in giving. When we asked for an offering for the foreign mission work for the year, we received just twice what we were pledged to give."

"What is the secret of it all? Our generosity? Our wealth? No. We are common, working people."

"The secret is the Grace of God. We believe in God and look to him to work through us according to his own grace. He would do the same for any other church, if one will only trust him."

"Now I am closing to go to watch-night service. I expect to have 2,000 people with us, most of them on their faces before God, in prayer, as the old year dies. And God will be there. No small hour, no "fun," no nonsense, no "stunts," just heartsearching prayer and confession."

The Church today is shut through with "lowness in fidelity," semi-skepticism and unbelief. It is tied up with worldly, fleshly things; cumbered with an unsaved, unregenerated membership. Nothing is more ominous and discouraging. This loosening up in fundamentals, this letting down of the bars, and this lowering of religious standards, is the bane of the churches. It is the greatest of all threatening dangers. It is possible for a church utterly to break down under self-imposed burdens, to become hopelessly handicapped by its unregenerated communicants. That sort of belief and practice will "dehumanize and emasculate our work and rob it of all power and stability." A lot of things we are trying to do with the aid of "machinery" the Holy Spirit would do for us if we would but give him a chance. Seventh Day Baptists will do well to read the signs of the times and to heed the lessons."

North Loup, Neb.,

January 31, 1921.

Ifyou can not win thousands to Christ as the missionaries do, you can by doing the next thing in the kindest way redeem one soul for him.—Robert Russe.
EDUCATION AND COUNTRY LIFE

Does education uproot the country boy and girl from their native soil and transplant them to the city? Some men and women with whom I have talked object to college and university training. They say that young men and young women who attend the higher institutions become infatuated with city life and work, leave home and the Sabbath, and are lost to the denomination. Seventh Day Baptists, these persons assert, are thus enticed from their religious loyalty; their new blood is drained off into alien channels; because they are so largely a rural people, denominational perpetuity is imperilled. The conclusions of these opponents of education is, therefore, don't educate, or get educated.

While the fears prompting such assertions are exaggerated, they contain sufficient truth to constitute a knotty problem. Its solution lies, not in less education, but in more and different education. For at least a decade, religious and educational thinkers have been more and more convinced that the country has been the Cinderella of present-day civilization. They have been asking themselves with increasing seriousness: What can the church and school do to serve country life?

Strangely, perhaps, the danger was first sensed by the great universities, those institutions at the top of the American educational system. By their courses in agriculture they aimed "to make the professional, economic, and social life of the country strong. Following the lead of the universities, many colleges of liberal arts, of law, of medicine, of journalism, and theological seminaries began preaching the country idea. They are pointing to the places of usefulness and power of the country teacher, editor, lawyer, doctor, and preacher.

More strangely still, it is often the country school that is doing the mightiest work in the way of driving boys and girls into the city. Too often the subjects taught stimulate the idea that the only place to live is the city. Too often the country teacher is young and green, who, possessed of meager education herself, doesn't even guess at the undeveloped resources—human and agricultural—of the country. Too often the teacher is the cheapest one obtainable, and the schoolhouse a bare shell of a structure.

The suspicion is spreading that country boys and girls have not been getting a square deal. A trade journal, Building Trade with Farmers, which comes to my desk, lately flashed the following facts upon my attention:

"Pupils enrolled in the country, 13 million; in the city, 8 million. Annual expenditures in the country, 250 million; in the city 390 million. Teachers' salaries in the country, $41,400; in the city $56,000. Expenditure per child in the country, $28.00; in the city, $53.00. Is it a square deal?"

"The Littleness of the Country School:
Little District
Little Valuation
Little Levy
Little Schoolhouse
Little School Ground
Little Terms
Little Attendance
Little Teacher
Little Salary
Little will to Learn
Taught Little Things
In a Little Way.

"We have belittled the biggest job in America."

On the face of the foregoing facts, it would seem that the folk of America are asserting that the city child is about three times as valuable as the country child. As a country dweller I resent the implication. So do you.

Have we as country school patrons, as country school trustees been thinking in too little terms? Have we felt that that term of school was the most successful which cost the least and when our school tax was lowest?

Do we think our country school successfully requires special gifts and training. To command the services of one who has these requirements takes money. While, therefore, the initial burden for the running of a rural school that shall educate boys and girls to become passionate lovers of country life rests upon patrons and trustees, the heart of the whole problem is the country teacher.

The importance—newly discovered and still inadequately appreciated—of country life, of agricultural education, of the country church and of the rural school, had, even before the war, been bringing the rural teacher from her obscurity. She is now beginning to assume the pivotal place in life she deserves. During the war, she had a new ideal to achieve, a task which with the passing of the conflict and the coming of readjustment, looms more necessary and compelling than before. Instead of educating boys and girls out of the country into the city, she sees that she must, take the traditions, skills, aspirations, aptitudes, of the vicinity in which she finds herself and make these the basis for the education of her pupils. She sees she can and must be a large factor in energizing and directing the undeveloped human power of the country-side. A new dignity now hallows country life. New responsibilities rest upon its leaders. The teacher must know the subject she is to teach and how to make them to appeal to country boys and girls. She must know country life, its needs and possibilities. She must have vision. To measure up to this challenge for specialized service, specialized training is imperative.

The country school issues a challenge to our young people. Rightly conceived, rural school teaching offers an unparalleled opportunity for growth, for the exercise of all one's powers, and for service. A child who has been taught by a consecrated teacher who is herself a lover of the country ought to have formed so many attachments to God's great out-of-doors that he can less easily be uprooted and translated to the city. When country children receive as careful educational nurture as the city children, the factitious lure of metropolitan life will fade. I am persuaded that thus our country churches will keep a larger percentage of their young people. To bring about this healthier condition, education needs the young people of power and parts who are today and tomorrow making a choice of their life work.

RELIGIOUS SURVEYS

CLIFFORD BEERE

The hills were steep and drifted with snow; there were two houses at the foot: two miles farther on, beyond the hill, were two other houses; the traveler was on foot. He was a religious surveyor, gathering statistics in a Pennsylvania rural district. The case was rather unusual, though, because the workers are ordinarily sent out; according to scriptural precedent—two by two; but it is often an arduous task, because they have to go with a horse, or a foot, when the roads are not Fordable, and the country may be thinly settled.

The writer has recently had the privilege of co-operating in two rural surveys; the second was much the more typical, as the community was strictly rural, and in many respects like hundreds of other townships in western New York and northern Pennsylvania.

The methods of nearly all such surveys are essentially the same. In this case, it was the Christian Endeavor society of a small, but live, Seventh Day Baptist church in the township, which conducted the work; in other cases it may be a Bible school, a Men's class, or a Community club; but all use the same methods, and these methods are modeled to some extent upon the government census, though persons are taken, each family on a separate blank; the church preference is asked for, also the church membership, if any; and often questions are asked concerning Bible school attendance.

It is needed, to fit the needs of individual communities; for instance, in the second of the two surveys previously mentioned, inquiries were made concerning membership in a Young People's society, and in the Grange. Questions are also sometimes asked as to economic conditions—size of farm, whether owned or rented, and the like.

The idea of the movement is closely allied to that of the secular census—to get definite, statistical information as to the religious conditions of a community. The advantages of obtaining such information are obvious. The churches, by referring to their survey statistics, can tell just how efficient work they are doing in Christianizing their communities. They may discover scattered members of their own or other churches, and they can detect any little eddies at the side of the stream where no religion has penetrated.

The facts are sometimes surprising, as can be shown by some personal experiences. The writer spent nearly an entire day of his Christmas vacation tramping over the snow-clad hills and through the chemical-wood cuttings of a Pennsylvania rural dis-
trict. He had visited nine families, four of them containing no women; only two giving a church preference, and only one having any church members; he arrived at the tenth house; his ears were assailed by a volley of cursing and obscene language poured forth by a man to his wife.

"I'll get mighty little religious information here," he thought.

Not the lady of the house invited him in, cordially. They were Methodists, not church members, but attended church when they could; it was so far away that they couldn't often go, but they missed the religious services.

Away back in the woods, the canvasser came, almost by chance, upon a little shanty and a small clearing. A fierce dog rushed forth, barking ferociously; a fiercer-looking woman, bearded like a man, came forth; but her words were gentle and mild. She and her husband had been members of a United Brethren church in the community; they were the only members left. They hadn't been to church in years, but they boy was a regular attendant at a small Sunday school several miles away.

These were the only church members found on this entire section of the survey. It was most unexpected to hear out the end of the township; but other sections showed some surprising conditions, and the region around the church which made the survey was, alone, fairly well Christianized. And this in a section wherein about six hundred inhabitants, and three churches; and which has been regarded as a shining light of Christianity throughout that section! Can any one, bearing these facts in mind, question the value of such work?

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING

The Executive Board of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society met in quarterly session at Alfred, N. Y., January 23, 1921.

Members present: William C. Whitford, Arthur E. Main, Reavis Ebert, Paul E. Titsworth, John Cottrell, Frank L. Greene, Samuel B. Bond and Earl P. Saunders.

Prayer was offered by Pastor A. Clyde Eber.

The Treasurer, Dean Paul E. Titsworth, presented his quarterly report, which was adopted subject to audit. Following is a summary of the revenue and expenditure account as shown by the report:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>REVENUE</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Balances September 30, 1920</td>
<td>$3,031</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td></td>
<td>427</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contributions</td>
<td></td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Forward Movement Funds: | For the Seminary | $1,080
|                      | For Alfred University      | 464   |
|                      | For Milton College         | 449   |
|                      | For Salem College          | 449   |
|                      |                            | $1,471|
|                      |                            | 62    |
|                      |                            | $4,946|

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>EXPENDITURE</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Paid Alfred University</td>
<td>$1,294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Paid Milton College</td>
<td>667</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Paid Salem College</td>
<td>722</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Paid the Seminary</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Temporary loan to Principal Account</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Treasurer's salary</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Accrued interest on mortgage purchased</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Expenses of President to Tract Board Meeting</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Printing</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Balances December 31, 1920</td>
<td>1,945</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total Endowment Funds</td>
<td>$51,879</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It was ordered that the several balances shown be paid to the funds or institutions to which they belong.

It was voted to empower the Corresponding Secretary to prepare and submit to the pastors a questionnaire on Education.

The Corresponding Secretary gave a summarized report of some of the interesting features of the work of the Council of Church Boards of Education, whose annual meeting, held in Yonkers, N. Y., January 3 and 4, 1921, he attended.

Voted that the President and Corresponding Secretary be a committee with power to determine how much of the magazine "Christian Education" should be taken and distributed by this society.

The Corresponding Secretary presented correspondence from the Commission of the General Conference relative to the budgets of the Seminary and the colleges.

Voted to recommend to the Commission that the amounts listed in the budgets of the Seminary, Alfred University and Milton College remain the same as at present, but that the amount for Salem College be increased if possible.

Voted that we contribute $100 for the general work of the Church Boards of Education.

A letter was presented from Rev. A. J. C. Bond, director general of the Forward Movement for the proposed publication of a leaflet, and asking for material regarding the policy, program and work of this society for publication in such a leaflet. It was ordered that such material be furnished to Director Bond, and that Professor J. Nelson Northwood be a committee to prepare the same.

It was voted to purchase a copy of the Milton Memorial Book.

E. P. SAUNDERS,
Recording Secretary.

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis.—At the annual business meeting of the Milton Junction Church the attention was called to the fact that news of our various activities had been noticeable by its absence in the Recorder the past year. So, believing that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, the clerk was requested to send in the pastor's report complete, and I was asked to report the annual meeting as a whole.

The second of January was such a beautiful day both overhead and underfoot, that we expected a "big turnout", but in that we were disappointed. There were numerous good reasons for this, one of which was the several family gatherings that habitually occur on New Year's Day. The usual good chicken pie dinner was served in the basement during the noon hour.

At the business meeting, called to order by the moderator, at 10:30, and led in prayer by Mrs. A. B. West, reports of all the committees of the church were read, considered and adopted. In general these reports showed a year of activity and progress especially in the finances. The Sabbath school reported all the funds paid and money in the treasury, and although the church books closed with about one hundred dollars deficit, we had in all raised about twice as much as last year, having raised for all causes about five thousand dollars.

The following officers were unanimously re-elected: Moderator, R. T. Burdick; clerk, Harold M. Burdick; treasurer, Alan B. West; and the amount for Salem College be increased if possible.

Voted that we contribute $100 for the place during that time. A letter of appreciation was voted to Mrs. Hull for her faithfulness the past year. The Christmas song service arranged by her was especially worthy of mention.

We might add that the church also enjoyed a Christmas fete night social planned by Mrs. E. D. Van Horn. The Sabbath school elected R. E. Green superintendent and Mrs. B. Van Horn was re-elected primary superintendent.

MRS. H. M. BURDICK,
Milton Junction, Wis.

FAR AWAY IN OLD KENTUCKY

Far away in Old Kentucky,
One brief century ago,
In a little rude log cabin
Mild the winter's frost and snow,
There we trace the first beginning.

Of a life of humble birth,
Yet whose name in song and story
Has been spread 'round the earth.

Though his boyhood oft was lonely,
Missing his mother's smile,
Yet he stood up as a man,
And kept true to the rule.

History records the lesson,
That his simple life will teach,
How he grew in strength and wisdom,
Touched in form and speech.

With a wondrous thirst for learning,
Thriss he journeyed far and wide,
How he sought it—sought it ever,
Cared for little else beside.

How he labored till the coming
Then with pine torch all alight,
How he culled the precious knowledge
In the still hours of the night.

How the people learned to love him,
Learned to trust him in their need,
How he led them through the conflict,
Past and present, both in word and deed.

How he bore a nation's burden,
Pleading on for grace and strength,
How he gave the proclamation
When the time had come at length.

For he read the sacred volume,
And he pondered 'er the Word,
Till he learned in God's own lesson,
Till his spirit's depths were stirred.

For he felt that men were equal
Brothers in Christ's own blood,
And this world was bound together
By the fatherhood of God.

Pittsfield, Me.

—Mary B. Wingate.
WOMAN'S WORK

THE CAREER OF A COBBLER

Chapter III (Continued)

"Chunder Singh grew irritated: 'You keep saying it, but what deeds did he commit to merit such high praise?"

"What? You trouble me for deeds, when I have filled your ears with nothing else since sunset time? Is it nothing that he lived in perfect peace with all the other sahibs? That he never rested? That he never held his gains unto himself? That he always tore his heart for those in sorrow to tions gushed from Krishna of India's man of learning about God? That every breath he drew from first to last was drawn to serve the Living God and lead the men of India to him?"

"You say it and it has a fervent sound, but lo, I stop the praises of your lips with one question: Mention me one son of India's men who stepped down into this new religion; Ah, I have you now!"

"Not so," said Chunder Singh, place your eyes again upon the stars, and note the lesser ones that twinkle in the sky. Oh, man of my own village, those little stars are those of India's sons who stepped down into the new religion and believed with joy. Moreover I named them but awhile ago—have you forgotten, Krishna Pal, for instance?"

Chunder Singh shrugged his shoulders in a non-committal answer. This man seemed of-unending wonders!

"Bend your ear, for it is true that seven long years passed by before Carey Sahib leveled any hill of heathendom. At..."
A BOY’S THOUGHT OF LINCOLN

Some days in school, when teacher says, “Jim, name the Presidents,”
I up and I commence,
And say them all from Washington clear through Buchanan, then,
I have to stop and clear my throat—I always have to when
I come to Abraham Lincoln’s name.
Even tho’ the teacher whispers, “Shame!”
Can’t you remember, Jim?“
Can’t I remember him?
Why, he’s my hero! That is why
I get choked up and want to cry,
Once he was just as poor as I,
And homely, too, and tall and shy.
But he was brave and made his place,
Climbed to the top and freed a race.
When I think what he dared to do,
I just know I’ll do something, too!

AN “EAGLE” HOLIDAY

Every year, just as regularly as February 12 comes around, grandfather tells Marjorie and Bob a story about Abraham Lincoln. Now, February 12 is not only the birthday anniversary of one of our greatest Presidents, but it is little Marjorie’s birthday, too. It is what she calls her “eagle holiday.” Bob actually means it a “legal holiday,” but Marjorie declares she doesn’t mean that at all, so there you are! Perhaps you might call your birthday an eagle holiday, too, if you had a big silver dollar given to you for each year of your age, with an American eagle on every coin. “And then,” explains Marjorie, “they always have eagles over Lincoln’s pictures, so of course it’s an eagle holiday—what else could it be?”

“One day,” said grandfather, “during war times, I went to call on President Lincoln with two other men. One was a governor and one was a senator, and we had very important business. Just as soon as the door was opened to the President’s office a little boy about ten years old slipped in with us. Mr. Lincoln shook hands with us, and then he asked, ‘And who is the lad?’ The boy said he had been waiting three days to see the President, and that he wanted to be a page in the House of Representatives. But Mr. Lincoln shook his head and told him he must go to the doorkeeper of the House to ask about that. The little fellow looked as if he wanted to cry from disappointment, but he didn’t. He held out two letters and said, ‘One of these letters is from my mother, one from our mayor. My father is dead and we are very poor, and I do want to take care of my mother, sir.’ The President smiled and took the letters and ran them over. Then he looked at the boy steadily and smiled again. And on the back of one of the letters he wrote, ‘If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified. A. Lincoln.’

“Oh!” said Marjorie breathlessly, “he loved little children, didn’t he?”

But grandpa only nodded and kissed her sunny curls. There were tears in his eyes and his thoughts were far, far away with the great man who was never too busy or too absorbed in his own affairs to be kind to others—Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President.—Selected.

LINCOLN AND THE SENTRY

Foreign visitors are surprised to find that there are no sentries at the White House. During the Civil War a solitary soldier mounted guard, and on one occasion had an amusing colloquy with President Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over, as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection.

As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said:

“Young man, you’ve got a cold job tonight. Step inside and stand guard there.”

“My orders keep me out here,” the soldier replied.

“Yes,” said the President, in his authoritative tone. “But your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you’ll oblige me by going in.”

“I have been stationed outside,” the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

“Hold on there!” said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again. “It occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I order you to go inside!”—Selected.

It is a grand thing to find joy in one’s work. If you have found that, you have found the heart of life. Glad service is better than great service, unless that be glad, too.—James Buckham.

HON. PAUL M. GREEN

Paul M. Green, who has been a citizen of Milton township and village for more than eighty years and who has been closely identified with the business, political, educational, and religious activities of the community for many years, entered into rest January 25, 1921. He had suffered, often intensely, and for a long time from a malignant disease which prevented him from sharing in social and religious privileges he longed for.

“Uncle Paul,” as he was familiarly and affectionately called by his acquaintances, young and old, was born in Allegany County, New York, August 15, 1837. His father was Henry W. Green, of Brookfield, N. Y., and his mother, Martha M. Coon, of Alfred, N. Y. Paul was the youngest of three children of this home and at the time of his death was the sole survivor as his brother Ira was deceased in infancy and his sister, Mary E., afterwards Mrs. M. S. Burdick, died August 22, 1901.

In 1840 the family came to Wisconsin and settled in the Rock River Valley near Charley Bluff in the township of Milton. As Paul grew young manhood he shared in the rigorous tasks and hardships that were incident to the clearing away of the forests, the breaking of the new land and the development of the pioneer home. The father bore a prominent and responsible part in the civic and religious life of the community and...
the son found in the father's example the first principles of a serviceable life.

In 1868, the family moved to the village of Milton where Paul has since resided. Here he began his business career which continued to the time of his death. For four years after coming to Milton, he was partner with his father in the shoe business. For eight years he was postmaster. For eight years he owned and conducted the coal and lumber yards. He was one of the organizers and stockholders of the Milton Bank and in 1893 became president. Two years later he was made cashier and held this office until 1913 when he was again elected president which office he held till his death.

Mr. Green always had an active interest in the civic and political affairs of the community. He represented the various interests of his constituency with conscientious faithfulness and ability. He served on the town board as chairman for five years and was supervisor for a number of terms. He was an honored member of the State Legislature in 1893-1894.

Mr. Green was intimately connected with the educational work of the community. He was a member of the public school board for nearly twenty years. For more than forty years he served as a trustee of Milton College to which he gave of his time and means to further the usefulness of the institution he loved.

On May 10, 1890, he was united in marriage to Miss Abbie McHenry whose childhood home was in McHenry Valley, Allegany County, N. Y. They were married in Milton by the late President William C. Whitford and for nine years lived in the Rock River home. Here was born their only child, Eldon L., who a little more than a year after his birth was taken to the arms of the Savior.

In his young manhood, Mr. Green was converted and fully surrendered his all to Christ. He was baptized into the fellowship of the Rock River Seventh Day Baptist Church. When he removed to Milton he transferred his membership to the church of like faith in that village. He has always been a member of the Christian Church and has always tried to do his Master's will. The beautiful pipe organ he presented to the church is a touching tribute of his affection for his sainted companion and his love of worship in the house of God.

He had time for the fraternal social relations with men as his active membership in the Daedское lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows will testify.

"Uncle Paul" was a modest, refined, Christian gentleman. He was undemonstrative and shrank from publicity. Only he and his God ever knew lives he had helped in critical times. He believed in the integrity and good intentions of men and they honored his confidence in them. Their gratitude for his kindly help made him happy. By his safe counsel, his generous spirit, his Christian character, his devotion to duty, his interest in his fellow-men and his devotion to his God he has erected a monument more precious than gold and more enduring than granite. Since the death of his wife Mr. Green has been cared for in his home by Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Candall.

Farewell services were held at the house and at the Seventh Day Baptist church in Milton on Thursday afternoon, January 27, in which Pastor Henry N. Jordan and President William C. Daland took part. Interment was made in the village cemetery at Milton.

H. L. J.

In the Patent Office in Washington, D. C., there was discovered not long ago the following letter, dated 1853:

My dear Miss Alabamy,

I am sorry to hear that you have not been able to find everything that could be inherited from the factory since it has been inherited, it is inevitable that this office shall soon go out of business. Inasmuch as I will soon lose my position, I hereby resign to look for work elsewhere.

Good wishes. Was never found by one who had lost his vision. It is as true of individual accomplishments as of nations. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."—Record of Christian Work.

God has difficulty in getting us still. That is perhaps why he has sometimes employed the ministry of dreams; he has "visions in the night." In the daytime I have a divine visitor in the shape of some worthy thought, or noble impulse, or hallowed suggestion, but I am in such feverish haste that I often pass along. I do not turn aside and see this great thing, and so lose the heavenly vision. If I would know more of God, I must relax the strain and moderate the pace. I must "be still."—J. H. Jowell.

There is no calling today which one may enter without finding therein ample opportunity to make his life religiously useful.

One may remain in the open country and yet find a splendid opportunity for making his life useful as a Christian leader and teacher. The rural districts all over our land are sadly in need of religious leaders and teachers. I have in mind a man who operates a large dairy farm, yet who has for a number of years been a Sabbath school superintendent. And one, too, who has been so wide awake and progressive that, with the co-operation of others, the school is rated as a "Standard" school. Not only that, but he is president of the Bible school district of which his school is a member. The country districts are also in need of women who are willing to become Christian home makers and mothers. The standards of rural family life need be made more ideal, more cultured, more refined. These standards must be made so through the influence of Christian homes.

Then one may be a mechanic, a laborer, a doctor, a teacher, a dentist—"it matters not what—and still find large fields for service. I have in mind now Christian teachers, doctors, dentists, farmers, and so on, who can not be surpassed as religious leaders and teachers. Those who thoroughly prepare for life with expectation of serving not only man but God as well, will, not can, not fail of making their lives useful.

A MESSAGE TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

The following message from President Francis E. Clark to the four million Endeavorers of the world, on this fortieth anniversary of the founding of the society is especially appropriate at this time.—T. L. G.

If I could never send another message to Christian Endeavorers, I would say "hold fast to the pledge", not in a slavish spirit, but with the freedom wherewith Christ makes us free.

Hold fast to it because it emphasizes our high ideal to do only what Jesus Christ, our Master, would like us to do.

Hold fast to it because it adds to our weakness trusting his strength in which alone we can achieve success in any work for him and our fellow-men.

Hold fast to it because without prayer and without the Bible, to which it commits
us, we can do nothing abiding or worth while as Christians.

Hold fast to it because it demands loyalty to the church as well as to Christ, for without definite and strenuous loyalty to the people of God with whom we have associated ourselves we shall disastrously scatter our influence and our power.

Hold fast to it because it enforces duty of testimony and outspoken allegiance to him whose we are and whom we serve.

Expression is as necessary to religious growth as the impression of truth. A plant can not grow unless it expresses its life by its leaves and flowers. Strip off the leaves of a tree for three successive years and it dies. A bird if it lives will surely express itself in song.

Every honest word for him in the prayer meeting, every simplest service on a committee is an expression of our love.

A Christian if he would grow strong must express his love for Christ in words, and songs, and deeds.

Hold fast to the pledge because it has been and is the main cable of devotion to the prayer meeting which is the power house of our movement.

Hold fast to it because it has been the inspiration of all our many committees and of our mighty work of welfare, for soldiers, and sailors, prisoners and shut-ins, for children in fresh air camps and for people in all conditions of distress.

Hold fast to it because it is the bond of our world-wide fellowship. In a hundred different languages, in more than a hundred different denominations, in every continent and in all the great islands of the sea simple, reasonable, practical in spirit and purpose if not in exact phraseology.

Condensed into a line it is to strive boastfully or vain-gloriously, but to strive earnestly, persistently, humbly to do whatever Christ Jesus, our Lord, would like to have us do.

This is the gist of Christianity. This is the pith of Christian Endeavor. This, please God, will give strength and perpetuity to our movement in the long years that stretch before us.

To all the Endeavorers who listen to these words I give my, best wishes and my affectionate greetings.

**TWO MEETINGS OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD**

I

January 27, 1921, a special meeting of the Young People's Board was called to order by the President, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, in the Welfare office of the Sanitarium.

Prayer was offered by E. H. Clarke, Dr. W. B. Lewis and Rev. J. C. Bond.


The following report was presented by the Corresponding Secretary:

Number of letters written, 25; Board stationary has been sent to all the non-resident superintendents, editor of the Young People's page, field secretaries, and associative secretaries.

Lists of officers have been received from Ashaway, Fallows, Jackson Center, North Loup, Milton, Milton Junction, Adams City, North, New Market, Shiloh, Fouke, Welmond, West Edmont, Battle Creek, and Coudersport.

Correspondence has been received from the following: Harry Coon, Edna Burdick, Rev. H. H. Jordan, Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Mary Bonham, Zee Zinn, Lyda Adams, S. S. Scriver, Mrs. A. G. Crofoot, Rev. A. L. Davis, Rev. R. R. Thornage, Viola Babcock, and Mrs. Randolph.

Zee Zinn reports that she has written to all the officers of the society in her section of the Northwestern Association concerning the missionary fund to be placed in trust but has received no funds toward it as yet.

Edna Burdick reports that the Plainfield Society has given five dollars toward this missionary fund, and that other societies were making pledges toward it.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANCES FERRILL BABCOCK,
Corresponding Secretary.

The following report was presented by the L. S. K. Superintendent:

Plans for a Christian Endeavor for Iowa-Sab-bathists has been worked out and will soon be sent to all L. S. K.'s who are on our directory.

The work has been outlined for the remainder of the first quarter. It is along the following lines: C. E. topic, memorizing of scripture, reading of mission book, Denominational Study, etc.

L. A. Babcock, salary and expenses E. M. Holston...

Reports of progress were given by the Goal, Efficiency, Missionary, Social Fellowship and Extension Superintendents.

The Forward Movement Projector being compiled by the Young People's Board was read and discussed.

A discussion was held with Rev. A. J. C. Bond, the Forward Movement Director, with regard to present work and plans for the future.

A report was read from the Fouke School Adjournment.

Respectfully submitted,

B. F. JOHANSON,
Secretary pro tem.

C. H. SIEDHOFF,
Recording Secretary.

II

February 3, 1921, the meeting of the Young People's Board was called to order by the President, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, in the Welfare office of the Sanitarium.

Prayer was offered by E. H. Clarke and Dr. W. B. Lewis.


Visitors: Mrs. Serena Davis Van Noy, Ellis Johanson and Miss Alberta Sevance.

The following report was presented by the Treasurer and accepted:

E. H. CLARKE, Treasurer
In accordance with:

The Young People's Board.

Dr.

Balance on hand........................................ $324.45
Elizabeth Randolph............................... 1.00
Simpson Studies.................................. 6.20
Waldron, Mrs................. .................. 11.00
Albion C. E........................................ 10.00
Conference Treasurer.......................... 156.72
Confederacy...................................... 16.88
Nortonville C. E.................................. 28.00
Milton Junction C. E......................... 2.45
Saloon C. E..................................... 18.68
First Geneese..................................... 48.35

$524.85

Respectfully submitted,

FRANCES FERRILL BABCOCK,
L. S. K. Superintendent.

The social Fellowship Superintendent presented the following report:

Ten letters have been sent out this month, eight of which were to associational secretaries in regard to the giving of the Denominational Evening. This entertainment was sent to the Southwestern field. The Secretary of the Eastern Association has asked for the entertainment next. It will then be sent to Miss Zina Zinn to be used on the Southwestern Association. Plans are being made by the associational secretaries to have two or more societies join in giving this social.

A social entertainment was received from the

Respectfully submitted,

E. H. CLARKE,
Treasurer.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

Social Committee of the Ashaway society. One has been sent to the Salem society upon their request.

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. Norma C. Randall, Social Fellowship Superintendent.

The following resignation was presented to the Board:

Owing to removal from Battle Creek, Mich., to Tulsa, Okla., it seems best for me to tender my resignation as President of the Young People's Board, to take effect at once.

RUBY CON BAROCC

With deep regrets that our efficient and hard working President must leave us the Board voted to accept the resignation.

Dr. B. F. Johanson was unanimously elected President of the Board for the remainder of the present Conference year.

A general discussion was held on Board matters.

Reading of the minutes.

Adjournment.

Respectfully submitted,

C. H. SEIDHAM, Recording Secretary.

THE PAINTED POST AND THE STRUGGLING OAK—AN ALLUSION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

REV. F. E. PETERSON

It so happened in my wanderings to and fro, that my feet chanced upon the spot where, fifty years before, with other childish feet, they had run and skipped in byoyish games and tireless play. It was in front of a stately country mansion, upon the bank of a river near where it flows into a beautiful lake. The mansion has fallen somewhat into decay, though retaining much of its former grandeur; the dignified elderly gentleman with a sweeping gray mustache was no longer to be seen walking beneath his shrubbery, as he, long ago, I was told, had been gathered to his fathers.

But what I missed most from its former place in the landscape, and what I had most hoped to see, was a certain painted gatepost that had stood at one side of the gateway in front of the old homestead. As held in my memory it was a most unusual and altogether a remarkable gate-post. It must have been some eight or nine feet in height, although to my young imagination it seemed ten or twelve. It was elaborately carved and ornamented, and decorated in many, if not all, the colors of the rainbow. But now, in this day of grace 1919, it was nowhere to be seen. Much disappointed at its absence I cast my eyes for other familiar objects; the river and the lake were before me as in former years, and there still stood the house in its decaying grandeur. On the other side of the drive, opposite from the place where had stood the winding path of former years, my gaze met the outstretching branches of a magnificent oak tree. I did not recall ever having seen it before, although it must have been there in my boyhood days. It was then, doubtless, an insignificant tree, and thus escaped my notice, but in the half century that had elapsed it had grown to its present stately proportions.

It was a very warm afternoon in the month of August, and feeling somewhat drowsy, I sat down between two roots of the oak and leaned my head against its massive trunk. I must have fallen asleep and dreamed, though it all seemed very real, for the tree above me seemed to make a gentle bowing of its branches, as if to show a courtesy, and immediately a subdued voice seemed to issue from an orifice a few feet above me. The speech of the tree was unlike that of any other language I had ever heard, yet I had no difficulty in understanding its meaning. I will now translate for you what the old oak seemed to say. It was as follows:

"When I was a little tree, I dwelt in a great forest and hardly ever saw the sunshine for the many other trees that grew around about. But once a beautiful little gentleman rode through the forest to the river bank where I seemed to be. They seemed very much delighted with the view from this spot, and, after much talk, gave many orders to the men that followed them. They all went away then, but afterward the men came again with axes and cut down many trees, and turned toward the painted gate-post as they passed. Grand ladies and fine gentlemen often stood and gazed with admiration at my companion, but scarcely gave me so much as a glance. Still, I tried not to be envious, but I found myself spreading out my leaves to the sunshine, and digging my roots deeper into the soil. Little by little I grew, from year to year, growing stronger and sending out new branches. All this was not the easiest thing for me to do, as I found myself torn and tugged by the wind and the weather. At first some large trees overshadowed me and kept away the sunlight, but they were finally cut down by the caretaker; then there was a very large flat rock where I

THE SABBATH RECORDER

beauty to the spot that was to be her future home. Other workers appeared with lumber and materials of various kinds. Roads and paths were laid out, rare trees and shrubs planted, and a stately mansion erected. Just here at my right the main entrance or driveway, led into the grounds; and the place occupied by myself seemed to be by accident one of honor, as a sort of guardian or sentinel to the portal through which all the grand carriages drove in coming to or leaving the governor's house—for no less a notable man was I than governor of the State, of whose summer home I was to become a member.

"The laborers spent many months in erecting buildings and beautifying the grounds. With great pains they were laid out, and a broad driveway paved with smooth pebbles from the beach passed the place where I stood.

"One day I noticed two men with pickaxes and spades digging a deep hole at the opposite corner of the driveway. They labored many hours, and must have dug to a depth of five or six feet before they ceased. The day following many men came bearing upon their shoulders a great post or beam, which they proceeded to erect in the hole dug the day before. This post or beam was a marvel of workmanship, having cornices and many carvings, and being striped and decorated with brilliant colors. It made a grand show, as it stood so proudly by the entrance, and attracted a great deal of attention from all who passed or came to visit the governor.

"As I have already said, we two, the painted post and I, guarded on either side the entrance to the grounds and mansion of the governor. But the evergreen tree seemed to be turned toward the painted gate-post as they passed. Grand ladies and fine gentlemen often stood and gazed with admiration at my companion, but scarcely gave me so much as a glance. Still, I tried not to be envious, but I found myself spreading out my leaves to the sunshine, and digging my roots deeper into the soil. Little by little I grew, from year to year, growing stronger and sending out new branches. All this was not the easiest thing for me to do, as I found myself torn and tugged by the wind and the weather. At first some large trees overshadowed me and kept away the sunlight, but they were finally cut down by the caretaker; then there was a very large flat rock where I wished to strike my main or taproot into the earth beneath me. I found also that there was insufficient moisture on my side of the road, but that by sending out lateral roots across it, and beneath the surface, I could reach a spring of water so that I could make my thirst in the dryest and hottest seasons. This I found to be a very hard undertaking, as the roadbed was so hardened by many wheels and hoes; but after several trials I succeeded in the undertaking. The biggest task that I had to perform was that of making my way through the flat rock already spoken of. At first I thought it would not be necessary, as I might be able to bend my main central root around it, or merely spread my roots fan-like on top of the rock. But a sudden wind that came upon me almost unawares taught me a needed lesson, as it nearly blew me over, although I hung on with every root for dear life. Resolved not to be caught napping a second time, I hunted the surface-of the rock with all my rootlets, until my diligence was rewarded by the finding of a crevice. Into this I immediately sent one of my tiniest, yet most determined rootlets. That winter, although I thought I sent a whole widening fissure many more roots. Then the neighborly frost boosted some more, finally splitting the stone; and the next spring I sent a large root right through the rock into the clay soil below. I was very happy at my final success, and spent nearly a whole day celebrating my victory, by clapping my hands—leaves I mean—out of pure delight. But I soon set to work again on another task; in fact, though you may not in the least suspect it, trees, like people, find many things to do, if they would be useful, and their work is never done. As I was about to say, the ground where I stood was rocky and contained little nourishment for a growing tree, and in order to obtain sufficient plank food I made a long journey to the garden where I found a quantity of fertile soil, thus assuring, as it were, a full larder for the future.

"I could tell you more about the things I was always finding to do, but I must leave it for myself a little time to tell you about my neighbor across the way, the painted gate-post.

"Oh, do tell me about him!" I exclaimed,

"I am sure he must have been jolly com-
The next spring I made an extra effort, putting forth an immense number of twigs and leaves and rootlets. I sent my arms still higher into the air and the birds found several snug places to build nests among my boughs. The painted post stood idle from one season to another, grumbling sullenly because the carpenter or the painter did not attend to its numerous wants. Of late years the painted post seemed to be getting too tired or lazy to stand up straight, and leaned over to one side or the other in a careless and shiftless manner.

"About this time the house and grounds exchanged hands, the governor having sold the premises to a practical farmer with a family of growing children who seemed to have little use for painted posts, or other articles of mere ornamentation. Mr. Post lost large patches of paint and grew greatly in need of repair. Besides it leaned dangerously to one side and often became the butt of ridicule from passing boys, or the targets of their slingshots. No one now stopped to admire the gate-post, for its former grandeur had quite departed. It led a lonesome life, being seldom visited by the squirrels who loved to come and gather among its boughs. The painted post, standing idle from one season to another, grumbled and sulked, but never seemed to think it could attempt anything in its own behalf. This seemed the more strange to me as it always had so many idle hours to pass away, while I always found so much to do every hour of the day.

"The post found a great deal of fault with me criticizing me severely for about every thing I did. But I did not mind this very much. What next are you going to allow those boys to do?" he exclaimed one day when I saw John and Henry affixing a long rope to one of my arms in order to make themselves a swing. "You'll humor those boys to death, allowing them to climb all over you as you do, and giving them every thing they ask for: I wouldn't associate, either, with every tramp that comes along—I'm not so common as all that.' This because I had welcomed some weary travelers, bemoaning as a host of friends and admirers. Faithful in its place, the tree had exemplified the motto, "He serves who stands and waits", and proved the truth of the proverb, "He that is diligent in his business shall stand before kings", or at least before governors.

The moral of this allegory I will not try to explain; however, I would ask you two simple questions, the first of which is this: do you think it may make, not to me, but unto yourselves: Which would you rather be—An idle painted post, to be always ministered unto by others; or a struggling oak, ministering unto others, and thus attaining the true end and aims of all life?

How Scotland Was Saved

Little Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp, prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterwards.

"I do wish there were no such things as a thistle in the world," she said, pettishly.

"And yet the Scotch nation thinks so much of it that they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they could have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But this thistle did them such good service once," said her mother; "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make an attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along bare-footed as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, which made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So, you see, the thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their seals as the national flower."

"Well, I never could suspect that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie, thoughtfully. —The Young Churchman.

Any life which is so busy as to leave no room for meditation and devout affection, any life which spends all its energies in external work, without ever rallying or recollecting itself at its source, is certainly not the life of the Spirit.—E. M. G labour.
SABBATH SCHOOL

E. M. HOLSTON, MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VACATION RELIGIOUS DAYS SUMMER OF 1921

AGENCIES

Recognizing the Vacation Religious Day School as a new and important step forward in the religious training of our children and young people, and noting the growing interest among our churches in the movement, and in order to stimulate further interest and conserve and co-ordinate the work already begun, the American Sabbath Tract Society and the Sabbath School Board have officially voted to co-operate in promoting, conducting and financing a certain amount of such work during the summer of 1921. (See minutes of the boards in Recorder.) The plans in detail are left in the hands of Secretary Edwin Shaw for the Tract Society and Secretary E. M. Holston for the Sabbath School Board.

PLANS

To avoid overlapping and haphazard selection of courses, to relieve local committees of a great amount of labor in arranging programs and selecting textbooks, and to furnish the local church with one of the necessary teachers, it is arranged that a certain number of young ladies, qualified as teachers and organizers, be employed for seven or eight weeks during the summer at a salary of $15.00 a week and traveling expenses. For convenience these young ladies will be called Supervisors of Religious Day Schools. They will be supplied in advance of entering the work with a complete curriculum and syllabus for a three weeks' religious school with which they will become thoroughly familiar and thus be able to assist in setting up and conducting two schools during the vacation period of 1921, followed as closely as practicable the standard recommended by the Sabbath School Board. The supervisors will also be supplied with a complete set of textbooks for their personal use which will remain the property of and be returned to the Sabbath School Board at the close of the work.

The employment of these supervisors under the arrangement noted above does not preclude any other employes of the boards, or other denominational agencies from taking part in this work. In fact, the freest and fullest co-operation will be extended to all persons, churches or agencies who will undertake to promote and carry on this important work.

THE LOCAL CHURCH

The local church will formally request the service of a supervisor of a Religious Day School, will entertain her with room and board while she is employed with them, and will otherwise finance the school. The local church will provide suitable classrooms and apparatus, and see that pupils are provided with the necessary textbooks. The supervisor will be expected to teach one class in the grade or department in which she has specialized. Other teachers will be provided by the local church.

PERSONNEL

Misses Ruth Phillips and Marian Carpenter, of Alfred, N. Y., Miss Marjorie Burdick, of Dunellen, N. J., Miss Leta Lanphere, of Milton, Mrs. Mary Lou Ogden, of Salem, Va., have accepted calls to the position of supervisor. At the close of each school the supervisor will render reports in duplicate to Secretaries Shaw and Holston for their respective boards. The salary and expense accounts will be audited and paid by the Tract Society.

THE SCHOOL

The term is for three weeks, Monday to Friday inclusive for regular sessions. On the two intervening Sundays nature study expeditions are taken, weather permitting. Regular sessions forenoon only, 8:30 to 11:45. The annual church and Sabbath school picnic should immediately follow the close of the term.

The courses include Bible study 40 minutes; Mission study, general and denominational, 30 minutes; supervised play 20 minutes; assembly, devotions, singing, general topics, 20 minutes; memory work, Bible, prayers, songs and hymns, 30 minutes; story period, 30 minutes.

The courses are planned for children of school age, grades 1 to 8 inclusive, to be divided into four classes, two grades in each class.

It would seem that the regular Sabbath school work would be sufficient for pupils (Continued on page 224)}
THE SABBATH RECORDER

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

of Bridgeport, and Mrs. Matilda Chandall, of California.

He was a man of retiring disposition, devoted to his family, ready to see only the best in every one and not willing to hear ill said of any age.

During his latter days he spent much time caring for the lot where his loved ones lay and where he, too, soon expected to rest. His Bible and with its many marked passages, some of which were read at the funeral services, shows the interest he had in the contents of that Book in the promises which it contains.

Many friends and relatives will remember with pleasure the man and the quiet helpful life he lived.

He united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, February 24, 1905, and remained faithful to it until called to the church above.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Erlo E. Sutton, and by Rev. F. B. Burdick, his daughter, Mrs. Hank, Sunday afternoon, November 28, and the body was laid beside his loved ones in the Shiloh Cemetery.

EMERSON.—Myra Thecla Emerson, only daughter of Castello and Mabel Emerson, was born at Milton, Wis., January 24, 1907, and passed away at their home at Allion, Wis., January 9, 1921, being nearly fourteen years of age.

She was baptized and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, May 29, 1920, and developed into an ardent faithful Christian. She was a general favorite in the community on account of her charming and willing disposition, to use her talents, and her sudden and untimely death is a deep sorrow to all.

On account of the disease, diphtheria, no public funeral was held, but memorial services were held at the church Sabbath afternoon, January 15, conducted by Pastor Sayre, assisted by Rev. D. N. Inglis and Mrs. J. H. Burdick of Milton.

(Continued from page 222)

of kindergarten age. If a sufficient number of pupils of high school age can be enrolled a special course for them will be provided.

Applications for the services of supervisors, for information as to dates, curricula, programs, etc., should be addressed to E. M. Holston, Milton Junction, Wis.

Sabbath School. Lesson IX—February 26, 1921

REWARDS OF FAITHFULNESS.

Matt. 25: 14-30

Golden Text.—"Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things." Matt. 25: 23

DAILY READINGS

Feb. 20—Matt. 25: 14-23
Feb. 21—Matt. 25: 31-40
Feb. 22—Matt. 25: 41-46
Feb. 23—Mark. 12: 13-17
Feb. 24—Neh. 2: 1-8
Feb. 25—Psa. 40: 1-8

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)
DO YOU KNOW

that the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society have adopted a plan whereby you can give them your money in trust and they will pay you, or some person you may designate, a stated income each year for life?

The rate of income is as follows:

- Persons 40 to 50 years old: 5%
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