an experience through years of divine help. We have an experience left. And if all the world should go back on the Bible for themselves, they could not take away the memory of such a glorious experience.

Paul had an experience; and when all the philosophers and worldly wise scholars of Athens and Corinth stood strongly against his belief in a divine Savior and in a crucified Christ, he still held fast. Nothing could get him away from his experience which came when the Savior found him. Though he was with them in weakness and fear and in much trembling, he determined to know nothing but the divine crucified Christ, and God's grace was sufficient for him. Though the great scholars of his day set at naught the central truths of the Scriptures, and he was unable by his masterly logic to win them to God, still they could not rob Paul of his experience; and with that experience God's word stood true for him and for all who believed it. It sustained him through a lifetime of afflictions, in spite of his critics, and in the end he could say: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that have loved his appearing."

Dear friend, your faith, you say, saved you. Let that faith save you still. That belief that you "could trust God's word when everything went wrong" will continue to give you strength as long as you cling to it, even though the mountains be removed and cast into the sea.

The Savior who stood by you in your darkest day will not desert you now, any more than he did Paul. The God who has so graciously opened doors for usefulness in affliction will not change so long as you trust him. Poor old Job was sorely afflicted, and beset by critics and objectors, but the God whom he trusted brought him through all the better for his afflictions. This God is still our God no matter how many deny him. He is no respecter of persons, and loves his own as much as ever.
A Surprising Spirit of Treasonable Disloyalty

We have been deeply impressed by the brazen audacity of the outlaw bootlegging fraternity plying the waters between the Bahamas and the Florida coast. They out-rival, if possible, the notorious fleet along the New Jersey shore.

Of course we understand that these matters are greatly exaggerated by the wets, through the daily papers, for the purpose of creating sentiment against prohibition and law enforcement. But after all allowance has been made for exaggerations, there is enough outlawry going unpunished, and being winked at by citizens who ought to be loyal, to give rise to serious concern for the future of America.

If one saw nothing but the New York City and the Florida East Coast daily papers, he would certainly find little ground for hope of complete victory for constitutional law. The thing that surprises us and gives much concern is the spirit of treason that prevails in great communities where persistent violators of the Fundamental Law, are not only winked at but actually aided in secret, underhanded ways that make it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for federal officials to enforce the law.

We have been reading for several days a continued story, pretty well written, in which the bootlegging fleet, plying between the islands and Florida cities, is described at length. The writer tells of the number and size of the boats; of the number of cases of “good imported whiskey” that these boats land in a month; and describes the methods by which it is distributed. He tells of the bravery of the men who run the risks, as though there were nothing very disloyal about them; and leaves the impression that there is something almost heroic in their defying the nation’s laws.

The writer also tells, as an “insider”, how the citizens along the coast keep close watch for federal agents or officers sent to enforce the law, and, by signals, keep incoming bootleggers warned of any danger. The writer says that a system of signal-lights is used to keep boats from coming in while the coast is not clear!

Now what is there about this to give alarm for the nation’s future? If this story were given in order to expose those guilty of treason against the government, and efforts were made to bring them to justice, the thing would be very different from what it is now. But this is evidently not the purpose of the writer, or the publisher either. So fast and so far as fast as it is to keep them from being caught. It seems more like an effort to give a kind of heroic air to the whole outlaw bootlegging business, and to impress the country with the uselessness of trying to fight it.

Another significant feature of the matter is, that the newspapers publishing it enter no plea for loyalty to the Constitution, and wherever any editorial sentiment is set forth it seems wet rather than dry.

What chance can United States officials have to carry out the will of the people of America in such treason-cursed sections? What will be the future of America if its citizens continue to have such disloyal educators of public sentiment?

The “Speak Outers”

A friend in speaking
Greatly Needed of the great need of open-hearted loyalty to law on the part of American citizens called our attention to an organization among the women, we think, called the “Speak Outers”, or something to that effect. “This tendency is so great, among those who are themselves loyal at heart, to keep still and not show their colors when our laws are attacked, or whenever outlawry is being condoned, that these friends of law and order decided to form an organization which all its members are pledged to speak out every time they hear anything disloyal.

Such a movement well carried out would certainly have a wholesome effect in educating the people for loyal citizenship, and in forming a law-abiding public sentiment.

The non-committal attitude of thousands who believe law enforcement gives encouragement to outlawry, and becomes a hindrance to the government in its efforts to suppress evils.

If every one opposed to the liquor interests with all their ruinous effects upon society would “speak out” whenever he hears executives made for the violation of prohibition laws or pleas for their repeal because these laws are violated, we would soon see different conditions.

Loyal citizens would not think of keeping silent if bandits or bank robbers should plead for the repeal of laws against robbery or murder. True friends of the government would not listen in silence to a propaganda in favor of repealing the law against counterfeiting simply because it can not be enforced, or because there are still many violations of the law. The law against carrying concealed weapons is, probably, violated more today than ever before, but that is no reason why that law should be repealed.

Public sentiment is the power behind the throne in law enforcement. And the attitude of the common people settles the question as to what public sentiment shall be. Every one who keeps mum when he finds men plotting treason against our Constitutional Law is helping to undermine government by encouraging criminals and by handicapping officials who would do their duty.

If all who wish to be counted as respectable citizens would cease to wink at the bootlegging outlawry going on before their eyes; if every newspaper would stop encouraging violators of the Fundamental Law of America; if, instead of ridiculing officials who try to enforce that law, they would become out-spoken advocates of law and order, we would soon hear the last of moonshiners, bootleggers and treasonable plots against the government.

Indeed, nothing is more needed now than a wide-spread expression of loyal “Speak Outers” against treason and in favor of the Constitution.

For the second time this season the editors of "The Sabbath Recorder" has enjoyed a pleasant outing at Sunset Park on the Tomoka River. The first was a mid-day picnic of the Sabbath school, with lunches spread on a long table by the river bank, under great spreading moss-draped oaks, and by tall tufted-topped palmetto trees. Those who have enjoyed picnics at this place do not need to be told of its beauty as a pleasant spot in the natural southern forest. Neither do they need to be told of the splendid basket-lunch banquets gotten up by our hospitable Daytona friends.

The second visit to Sunset Park was in the evening. Fourteen good friends from three or four States met there for a dinner and a good social time. Arrangements were made beforehand with the proprietor of the neat rustic bungalow at the park, and several automobiles took the company over the thirteen-mile trip to the Tomoka; some of the way through dense forest, while the golden beams of a setting sun were streaming through the trees, making the brilliant hues of tender spring-time leaves brighter than ever. The first half of this excellent hotel is called Ormond hotel. Next to this among the trees are the winter homes of the two Rockefellers. A long bridge connects the two banks here.

If we arrived in Sunset Park just in time to see a most beautiful sunset which was enjoyed by all. The park is rightly named. Some of the sunsets in Florida make charming rivals of the famous Egyptian sunsets we saw on the Nile.

We had never been inside the bungalow hotel at the park until now, and we found it a very pleasant place for such an outing. No wonder the Daytona friends enjoy going there now and then for a little rest and an outing. Upon entering we found a large room some thirty-six feet square, made in a sort of simple rustic style, with a great coquina rock fireplace, in which a bright wood fire was blazing. The charming breath from this hand-made blaze look good and the warmth was very acceptable—especially in the evening.
Two flags, the British Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The thrifty family owning the place came from Canada a few years ago, so they kept the flag of their native land joined close to the flag of the land of their adoption.

While dinner was being prepared, our friends from three or four States formed a large circle in front of the fire-place and enjoyed a happy hour which none of them will soon forget.

Automobiles of tourists have banners on their cars telling what States and places they came from. Around the walls of this room we saw banners from: St. Louis, Mo.; Providence, R. I.; Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Burlington, Vt.; Hartford, Conn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Wakefield, R. I.; Ormond and Daytona, Fla.

When we were invited to dinner we found another large room some thirty-five feet square with tables for several parties. One was a birthday party with a fine birthday cake; all were strangers to us; but they did have a good time. Two smaller parties followed, the last one being that of our company of fourteen persons, who had never been severely tried; but in the day when it seems as if everything earthly in which one has trusted is failing, something more stable is needed than the thought of cowardice in which the soul may poise in security.

During my stay in the sanitarium last winter a lady told me of her experience at the time of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. She was near the fire when it broke out but even as she saw the danger there flashed through her mind the words: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." This was the very thought that crossed my mind in my sixteenth year, acting my part as an expert, and from dwellings and bridges reflected on the river, we do not need to write at length. The mention of them will stir your imagination.

"And the sun was flooding the world with the light of a new-mornin' day, while seated at the breakfast table, the Master called, and he embarked upon the silent river bearing in his hand the supposed (?) word of God and passed from my sight. Shortly after this, I again went under the same surgeon's knife who at this time had become the recognized world's surgeon. For thirty-five years and more there have been very few entire days in which I have been free from pain; and of the sorrows that have made the deepest impressions on my soul, I have no fear that any one of them will be passed. How have I been able to bear this? Because of my belief that the Bible is the word of God, the word of God and the conscience of my spirit with the Divine-human Savior revealed therein.

In my sixteenth year, acting on the best light I had received, I became a professed Christian; but for thirteen long weary years I groped my way alone in the dark, trying to answer the question: "How should man be just with God?"

It was not fiction in my case, it was a real person in anxious search for an answer. But at length the light that streams from Christ, the light of a thousand lamps, opened my spiritual sight and I was free.

About this time my attention was called to the Sabbath question and I began an investigation out of curiosity. When to my surprise I found that the claims of the Seventh-day Sabbath were valid and the tremendous importance attached thereto, I passed through what I call a life and death struggle. From a human standpoint it seemed impossible for me to abandon it and if there had been the slightest doubt in my mind about the Bible being the word of God, I should have remained where I was. The belief that I could trust God's word when everything else seemed to be against it gave me the strength to turn my back upon the past and the present, and step out on his promises.

Once in the stress of trial when in the anguish of my soul I cried out, "All these things are against me," like the lightning's brilliancy carrying the thought that if all I possessed was swept away I would still be safe, because I was hidden in the Rock that had been cleft for me.

Hand in hand and heart to heart we journeyed together for a little more than four years and then on one beautiful spring morning when the sun was flooding the world with the light of a new-mornin' day, while seated at the breakfast table, the Master called, and he embarked upon the silent river bearing in his hand the supposed (?) word of God and passed from my sight. Shortly after this, I again went under the same surgeon's knife who at this time had become the recognized world's surgeon. For thirty-five years and more there have been very few entire days in which I have been free from pain; and of the sorrows that have made the deepest impressions on my soul, I have no fear that any one of them will be passed. How have I been able to bear this? Because of my belief that the Bible is the word of God, the word of God and the conscience of my spirit with the Divine-human Savior revealed therein.
SHILOH LYCEUM ENDS SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The Shiloh Lyceum Association has just closed another successful year. Seven numbers were given, which were well received by packed houses. All unusual angels and lecturers were of a high order, yet in most of them there was just enough of the humorous to please everyone.

In many ways the association is unique. Some sixteen years ago the Christian Endeavor society of the Shiloh Church, aided by the man who was to be Rev. D. B. Coon, took the responsibility of bringing to the community a course of lectures and concerts. Feeling that a larger organization could better serve the community and surrounding communities, after some three or four years the Endeavor society gave up the work and the present association was organized with its own officers. While, for the most part, the numbers have been given in the Academy Hall, the course has never been under the management of the school nor any other organization, the association paying the usual charge for local events outside school activities, with a few exceptions when, through the kindness of the School Board of Hopewell Township, cut rates have been made.

The Executive Committee, which does all the business of the association, except the election of the officers, is widely distributed, Lower Hopewell, Bowenton, Greenwich, Roadstown, Friesburg, Beebe Run, Marlboro, Bridgeton, Stow Creek and Shiloh being represented. Perhaps out of gratitude to the people of the vicinity of Shiloh for the interest and support of the association, the course has been held in various places, with the result that other communities have been helped.

Of course the historic position of the Shiloh church is that there is no Sabbath—no sacred time. They meet for worship on Sunday because it is the custom of the majority, and not because any special significance attaches to the day, by the authority of the Bible or of the church.

The burden therefore of Mr. Reicht's investigation is to determine the character of the Sabbath, and to learn if possible just what place it took in the thought and purpose of the Master, and what is its significance in the life and practice of Christians today.

It is indeed interesting to try to get into the thinking of one who approaches the question from this unusual angle. We expressed so much interest in the matter that Mr. Reicht was willing to write out for us some of his thoughts. These seem to reveal the fact that he has gone a long way toward a recognition of the Sabbath as a Christian institution vital to the Christian church today.

With the permission of the author we shall share with the readers of the Recorder next week the article which was prepared in response to the request of the present writer. If prudence out of curiosity one shall turn to this department next week to read the promised article, we have no doubt he will soon become interested in the thought and sentiment of the author. We feel sure he will rise up from his reading refreshed and strengthened in his Sabbath convictions.

Seventh Day Baptists need to rediscover their Sabbath sanctions, and to experience the spiritual value of Sabbath-keeping. The study of one who approaches the subject free from Sabbath traditions should prove refreshing and helpful. Mr. Reicht may be blazing the trail over which many a Sabbathless Christian shall make his way in to Sabbath rest and a richer Christian experience.

SABBATH HISTORY

For some time I kept in a separate pigeon-hole of my desk letters from pastors and college professors containing words of appreciation for my little book, "Sabbath History—1". My purpose was to use them in advertising the book. Modesty and a fear of being misunderstood in the matter prevented their use in the way that was at first contemplated.

More recently I received a letter from Professor B. R. Crandall, of Berkeley, Cal., who is finding the book helpful... I am passing this letter along to Sabbath Recorder readers, trusting that others may become more interested in the history of the Sabbath and of Seventh Day Baptists.

In regard to the question raised with reference to a second volume, and the desire expressed that one may follow. It is our plan to write a second volume and, as soon as time can be found to devote to it, this will mean, of course, weeks, uninterruptedly by other responsibilities of a major nature.

The facts are, a greater part of my special study for the last several years has been in connection with the period to be covered by the second volume, and much data has been

THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT AND SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION

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

ANOTHER VISITOR AND AN INTERVIEW

Rev. J. C. Reicht who has preached in our churches at Adams Center and Verona, and who is known to many Seventh Day Baptists in the Central Association, visited the publishing house at Plainfield recently. We enjoyed a brief conference with him on the occasion of his call at the office, and learning that he would be spending some time in the neighboring town of Westfield, invited him to come over to Plainfield to the church. He accepted the invitation and was present at the morning service Sabbath Day, March 17. It was a pleasure to have a more extended visit with him in our own home that Sabbath Day.

Mr. Reicht was brought up in the Lutheran faith, and served as a minister of that denomination for a number of years. During these later years he has become much exercised over the Sabbath question. While at present he may not be classed as a Sabbath-keeper, possibly, he is a sincere and devout student of the subject.

Of course the historic position of the Lutheran church is that there is no Sabbath—no sacred time. They meet for worship on Sunday because it is the custom of the majority, and not because any special significance attaches to the day, by the authority of the Bible or of the church.

The burden therefore of Mr. Reicht's investigation is to determine the character of the Sabbath, and to learn if possible just what place it took in the thought and purpose of the Master, and what is its significance in the life and practice of Christians today.

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EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

(Letters received by Ray Thornate, of North Loop, Neb., and forwarded for publication.)

"Men and women who have accepted Jesus as their personal Savior, who have been baptized and united with some recognized church are going to be a very difficult class to reach with this message with sufficient force and power to bring them to a decision and change of practice in regard to the day.

"On the contrary, real evangelism where the campaigns are carried on in localities where we have no organized bodies, will, when successful, result in a group of converted people ready to be baptized and join some body of Christians."

"Such a group can very easily be organized into a Sabbath-keeping body of baptized believers."

"This proposition is sound and can not be questioned, though some details must be added and others considered."

"Every one knows the personal following which every successful evangelist has from the converts in his meetings. Why not organize this following into Seventh Day Baptist churches?"

"It will prove quite a bit easier to induce unattached Christians to observe the Sabbath of Jehovah, than to lead those whose present affiliaions are all against us, to break away all these ties and accept the Sabbath truth."

"While I am very much interested in gospel missions and the work of the Sabbath reform, the denominational life of Seventh Day Baptists, as I see it, does not interest me as it does a great many of our people. Denominational lines serve to divide, and subdivide communities religiously when there should be perfect unity in religious effort."

"It matters not what becomes of the denominational name, if God's great plan in saving the world is carried out to a successful issue."

"Instead of pleading for denominational loyalty, why not plead for loyalty to the cause for which the denomination stands?"

"There is nothing to be gained in struggling to save the life of the denomination. Jesus said, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it' (Mark 8:35). If this be true of individuals, may it not also be true of denominations?"

"As a people Seventh Day Baptists, should take the position that gospel salvation saves from the sin of Sabbath desecration, just the same as all other sins. The work of Sabbath reform goes hand in hand with the work of evangelism. The first step to be taken in leading men to embrace the Sabbath, is to get them soundly converted. Their hearts must be changed before they are in a condition to accept the Sabbath truth."

"Trying to convert the average church member to the Sabbath in these days, by the methods adopted, is like trying to shape iron or steel before it is heated, and we all know how such a project would turn out, if such a method should be followed."

"When the Pentecostal flame gets into the lives of all our people, it will burn out unnecessary machinery, and other influences, too numerous to mention in this letter, now hinder the progress in the work of evangelism, and of Sabbath reform."

"I do not know what we as a denomination can do that we have not been doing for years unless it is to do it more radically and with greater consecration. I can not think the people of other denominations would be any more liable to accept the Sabbath from our telling them that we are not expecting them to unite with us. As long as any church has a majority in it of Sunday-keepers there will be strenuous objections to any one observing the Sabbath among them letting his light shine. And for persons to stay in a Sunday-keeping denomination or church and try to observe the Sabbath is only to put their light under a bushel for they can not talk it as they must if they are true followers of the truth. Of course their consistent example might lead others to make some investigation of the subject. However, no family can raise children in such a church and society and hold them to the truth in the matter."

(To be continued)
With nature provides remains forever a savage, no progress. It is in the pursuit of that many of the sterling qualities and characteristics developed. Thrift, frugality, economy, punctuality, and others are largely the result of the property-getting propensity. Our material wants being more urgent, more irresistible, and more constantly before us, impel us on where otherwise slothfulness would blight every prospect.

It is the equivalent of all we eat or wear. It provides the houses which shelter us, the heat which warms us, and the comforts which surround us. By it you provide yourselves with the make lives independent to go here and there, in the winter to the land of warm and rose-scented breezes, in the summer to those climes where cool zephers bathe your burning cheeks; it takes you to hear the sweet singer wherever you will, to look in upon their holiest emotions, to feel what they felt and to profit by their mistakes, their victories and their defeats; by it the poor and starving are fed, and hospitals, sanitary reform, for the uneducated, the aged and children are established and maintained; by it schools, colleges, universities and seminaries are founded where the millions are trained and fitted for the new duties and responsibilities of living; without it the church could not subsist and the extension of the light of Christ to lands where he is not known could not be: yes, more than this: without it Christianity itself would become extinct on the earth, for it is through the gift of land with churches, which supports them, and which makes possible the preaching of the word of truth. How many Bibles would there be in existence without it? You and I would never have seen one, but money has made it possible to literally seed both land and sea with the wonderful words of life. Without it religious services could not be, for it not only furnishes the places of worship but oftentimes to head from; often you can not do a more Christ-like act than to furnish some destitute child with sole leather with which to go to church and Bible school. Christianity has always depended upon property. Paul did not make his missionary journeys without its aid. Yet there never was a time before when all the circumstances combined to link the personal attainment of the individual life and the extension of Christ's kingdom with wealth as this in which we live.

There are other facts regarding property in relation to Christianity which must not be overlooked. The first is that wealth is on the increase and that it is increasing at an enormous speed. The industry, the skill and the inventive genius have unlocked the wealth which God has stored up in nature. In 1825 the wealth of the United States was over $3,000,000,000; in 1850 it was over $7,000,000,000; in 1860 over $16,000,000,000; in 1870 it was over $26,000,000,000; in 1880 over $43,000,000,000; in 1890 over $65,000,000,000; in 1900 over $94,000,000,000; and in 1920 about $250,000,000,000.

Looking at these figures we say that the world is getting richer. Yes, but whose wealth? It is our world, our own Christianized country. In 1860 the wealth of England was nearly twice that of the United States. Twenty years later they were about equal in wealth. It is true that our population has increased in a most surprising manner, but it has not kept pace with the increase of wealth. Between 1880 and 1900 the population increased only twenty-four per cent, while the wealth increased fifty per cent. It tells us that if all the property that had been equally divided there would have been for every man, woman, and child in 1860, $514; in 1870, $624; in 1880, $814; in 1890, about $1,000, in 1900, $1,200, in 1909, $2,500. Thus we see that the wealth per capita has increased five fold in sixty years.

The other important point we must not forget is that Christianity has been the most important factor in leading men to the production of wealth. I do not say all the production of wealth has been incited by Christian motives, far from it, but one effect invariably produced on a people by the introduction of Christianity is the increase of the wealth of the people. The savage comes to the missionary naked and indolent. The missionary leads him to Christ and immediately he wants clothes; soon he wants a house, a stove and other furniture. He goes to the crops, mines the wealth locked up in the earth. Look for a moment at the Hawaiians and the Zulus. Before Christianity was introduced among them they had no homes, and but little clothing, few fields and those only rudely tilled, and no stores of food or of famine. Today they are clad in garments of civilization, live in ceiled houses, have broad and fertile fields cultivated with skill and success, they have barns and the tools of modern husbandry; they produce more than they need and have a surplus for less fruitful seasons. Christianity and missions are not hostile to property; they are and always have been the patrons of property. They not only need property, but they are the fundamental factor in leading nations to its production and increase. The increase of wealth has not taken place in non-Christian nations—not in China, or Turkey, or Persia to any good extent, not among the teeming millions of Africa except where the missionary has carried the gospel.

WORD FROM REV. H. EUGENE DAVIS

DEAR RECORDER FRIENDS:

Just a word to let you know that we are nearing the homeland after a rather rough, but otherwise pleasant trip.

We left Shanghai on February 15 and hoped that we might see Miss Burdick in Japan. Our boat sailed from Yokohoma three or four days before hers arrived, so that fortunately we were able to get a call on her boat, "The Nanking", and an answer to a radio which we received, we did not get a glimpse of her. It was a satisfaction to have communication with her, and to know she was getting well on her journey just as we were getting well started.

After a short stay in San Francisco we go to Riverside for a few weeks.

We desire to be of service while in the homeland and trust the friends who love us will help us to that end.

Sincerely,

H. EUGENE DAVIS.

In sight of land, San Francisco, Cal., Sunday, March 11, 11 a.m.

NOTICE

Will all readers of this notice who know of people living in Colorado, outside of Boulder, who are Seventh Day Baptists or who may become interested in Seventh Day Baptists please send to the undersigned their names and addresses that he, as state missionary, may get in touch with them.

D. BURBETT COON,
621 Maxwell Avenue, Boulder, Colo.
PREACHERS AND EDITORS CREATE "RABID PARTISANSHIP"

In an interview reported in the Northwestern Christian Advocate, Miss Royden lays blame for "rabid partisanship" in religion at the door of the preachers and editors. Somehow when she speaks out one begins to prick up his ears to listen. She said we "were frightfully in earnest.

"Why look at your theological differences, for just one instance," she went on to say, "you seem to be enormously exercised over modernism. There are actually 'fundamentalist movements' organized and seemingly many people are interested on both sides of the question."

When asked what she conceived to be the reason for this condition she replied without hesitation: "Do you mind if I say that I believe that it is due to your lack of education? It is not that I think you uncivilized; it is just that you are new. You have been so busy building a nation that your people have not had time to become educated in the sense that I mean. You have not had time to think seriously. You read your newspapers and perhaps a magazine or two. But are too busy to think into and through big questions—so you take the opinions of the editors or preachers as your own. Naturally you take rather violent sides.

"And the pitiful part of it is that so much of the battle is over phrases! In my preaching in England I always have a time for answering questions after the sermon and I often have some of the old phraseology hurled at me, but when we dig down and down to the heart of the matter we usually find that the literalist holds almost the identical views as we.

"It seems to me that a great share of the difficulty is due to the encrustation which has taken place around some of the great theological words or phrases. The terminology has become the common idiommen of the people of the earth, and he who takes a book of the New Testament and says,—'Oh, but the bonny bluebirds will be singing when the spring's sunshine fills the world with cheer!'—and says, 'Many will fly to their joyful message. They'll build their little nests with carefree patience, bring forth their young and teach them life is sweet. And when hot noonidites shimmer o'er the meadow, find in the forest boughs a cool retreat. Their songs are always full of love and gladness; and those who know will watch them many a year. It is not for their beauty of voice or their strength of song to read some days since in the Times that 'the International Education Board, founded recently by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as its first official act granted $1,000,000 in ten annual instalments to Teachers' College, Columbia University, for the support and development of its work with the students of education from foreign countries and for the study of educational problems in the countries from which they come."

"Thirty-one countries are represented among the students at Teachers' College. The increase in the number of students from other countries is one of the most striking educational features of the present day. There are between 20,000 and 30,000 in America, drawn from all lands. Foreign students at Teachers' College number between 250 and 300 a year."

Commenting on this news item, the issue of the Times said editorially, under the caption, "The Pentecost of Education": "How a 'penniless' man of many nations and divers tongues was awakened and transfigured by a common disaster—Owen Wister"—just before America entered the Great War—"told in 'The Penn­

ecost of Disaster.' It is the Pentecost of education that must 'gird the coun­
tless hosts' of the people of the earth, 'if they are to be made to understand one another in any permanently effectual way. The announcement this morning that the gift of the International Institute of Teachers' College suggests one practical way in which this is to be brought about. An additional million is now given to provide special courses which will interpret American education to these students and give them a knowledge of American institutions and ideals, to promote a better understanding between the countries from which they come and the United States. Such an assembly of students from
Another gleaning from the Times pays tribute to a teacher who has served the University of Vermont for fifty-four years. The work of a host of faithful instructors has been planted inconspicuously in the lives of countless men and women. Once in a while a college professor gets himself talked about because of some idiosyncrasy of speech or idea or because of some astounding contribution to humanity; yet, for the most part and rightly, teachers live and work quietly, only a few even of those whose names are written are creating their work. The letter quoted below, taken from the issue of February 18, 1923, reveals how valuable a job a real teacher may be doing on the quiet.

Professor Taylor has devoted himself to one branch of study, the Latin language and literature, but especially educators in large numbers are to be thankful for this institution of teaching the Latin language. In an excellent illuminating way Professor Slichter tells the story of the rise of science and human knowledge and how little by little it has given man control over the forces of nature. Interestingly he traces the history of the teaching of science in the great universities of the world. In conclusion, by way of summary, he said:

The first job of the new learning has been the conquest of the world.

Three centuries ago man still lived in awe of nature, just as he had been living from the day of his creation. He was a limited and ruled by nature as a slave is limited and ruled—everywhere he stood in dread of nature and without mastery over her. The New Philosophy has brought about a reversal in the relation of man and nature. For the first time in human history, the question is no longer how nature can be prevented from over­coming man; it is now to what lengths man may go in subduing nature. He believes he has won the mastery—not complete, it is true, but with the balance of control in his favor he has made human progress. Man now doubts the necessity of many of the hardships of life formerly regarded as inevitable. It is not enough that the Black Death, or dread of lightning, or of the peril of the sea, should vanish. It is now believed that many of the common hardships of daily life, the cruel pressure of economic forces, the withholding of equal opportunity, are unnecessary. Man now knows that disease may be cured, that life may be prolonged, that much human suffering may be prevented.

The World War has taught him that the great power over the processes of nature may be used quite as well for his destruction as for his advancement. The New Philosophy that produces a thousand tons of poison gas in a day and tens of thousands of machines and aeroplanes to discharge it, is not a philosophy that of itself will lead men to better things. In an extension of his philosophy it must be said that it pays a debt that he in no way knows of. The New Philosophy must be the philosophy of the control of man's power over himself. The issue is for the youth of this age and for the comfort of future generations. I am glad that the outcome seems to be in doubt; for this doubt is needed to tempt the conscience of the world's youth, and to challenge them to prove their worth.

Eldcr I. N. Kramer, one of the last survivors of early Iowa settlers, died at his home, 501 Ninth Avenue, Marion, IA., aged 90 years, 9 months, and 12 days. He came to Iowa in 1839 and spent the rest of his life in the county. Early in life, in the days when money was scarce on the frontier, Mr. Kramer gratified his ambition for flowers by purchasing three house plants, at 15 cents each, to which he gave care and which he soon looked after with great affection. He frequently spoke to the writer about the pleasure it gave him in entertaining his guests. He was a quiet, unassuming man and after years of devotion he continued to live in that same log cabin he had built.

The Sabbath Recorder
WOMAN'S WORK

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

EASTER GREETING

May the glad dawn of Easter morn
Bring holy joy to thee!
May the calm eve of Easter leave
A Peace divine with thee!
May Easter day to thine heart say,
"Christ died and rose for thee!"
May Easter night on thy heart write,
"O Christ, I live to Thee!"
—Douglas.

"HE IS NOT DEAD"

While the ship was taking on stores at Derinje I went ashore and was courteously shown over the depot by the local representatives of the Near East Relief. Among the Greek refugees at the depot I was surprised and delighted to meet an old Greek woman whom I had long ago thought to be dead. Her coat, once black, was now green with the rays of many summers, her hands were hard with toil, as were the hands of the Galillean fishermen, for his little flock was poor and he shared their sufferings.

Reversing the usual procedure he wanted to kiss my hand, for in the East it is customary to kiss the hands of the stewards of the Holy Mysteries, but I would not allow that, and when I had reproved him he told me the story of the years since we had met.

A band of brigands had one day descended on his little village, and after the massacre and outrage usual in such circumstances, he, with the remnant of those whom Christ had committed to his care, had managed to escape. For days they wandered footsore and weary, existing on herbs and the leaves of trees, and only once in a while being permitted to rest by the way and to be fed with the food of the church they loved.

At last some of them refused to go on any further. The old priest tried to reason with them and to talk of the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows. But some of them would not be comforted. "There is no Christ. He is dead. It is better that we, too, die and end all our misery."

Then a wonderful thing happened. By accident the little band of martyrs stumbled on the track of some Near East Relief workers. When they saw the American flag the old priest pointed to it and with the tears streaming down his face he sobbed, "See, my children, it is not true; he is not dead—Christus anesti—Christ is risen."

And as they realized what that flag meant they fell on each other's necks and in choking voices cried "Aletheos anesti—He is risen indeed."

I, who am not an American, can conceive of no greater honor ever being paid to any flag than that cry. —William A. Lloyd, The New Near East.

ANYWHERE IN THE CITY

He was just a flower-seller, standing on the crowded corner of a city street—a dark, foreign-looking man, who shivered when the keen wind snapped past him, and held his tray of blossoms appealingly in hands that were blue with the cold.

"V'lets, nice v'lets," he kept saying in a curious monotone. "Ver' cheap—ver' pretty! You buy-a de v'lets?"

His voice held a certain appealing note, but—well, the street was very crowded, indeed, and the corner was a busy, tooty-jacket, and a pair of stubby-toed little shoes, and a cheap wooden horse. She hesitated as she heard the flower-seller's voice, and her hand went languishly to her shabby black leather purse. Perhaps she was wondering how he had brought her roses once when he came a-courting. He was young then, and smiling, and buoyantly alive. And the violets were wrapped in waxy tissue paper, and tied with a silk cord. The Mother sighed and jerked her hand hurriedly away from the shabby little purse. A quarter was—a quarter, and the children needed so very many things!

"The Business Man walked past, head down, deep in thought. He had just put through a big deal, and he was going to rush up that contract and get it signed before some other fellow. . . . Perhaps the scent of the violets reached out to him; for, just for a moment, his face lost its hard look, and he sniffed the air eagerly, hungrily.

And the stuff of dreams crept into his eyes, and one imagined that he might be thinking of her. Perhaps he remembered that scene of weeks ago, when he held her arm, and she looked up at him with the soft pink of springtime apple-blossoms; that her hair was a golden cloud in the lamp light. But just must have been a very large contract, for of a sudden the Business Man jerked himself away from the corner and walked on briskly. I saw the dream fade out of his eyes, leaving only the hardness.

And the Shopgirl came down the street. She came weary, and I knew that she must be very tired. Waiting on hard-to-please people all day long, and at the end of the day hearts as well as feet ached.

The Shopgirl walked wearily, but when she saw the tray of purple violets she stopped short, as if the fragrance of them made an invisible wall that kept her some distance away. Perhaps she thought the Shopgirl's hand must have blocked her way. I couldn't help wondering what the blossoms made her remember; for on that busy street-corner I had seen the flicker of so many memories! I wondered as I saw her, doubtfully at first, draw a coin from her flat little pocket. That coin, I knew—luncheon and perhaps dinner to her. Shopgirls, oftentimes, are not very well paid. As she selected her bunch of flowers I watched her eagerly, and I saw that her pale thin little face looked almost—perhaps pretty. As she turned away from the flower-seller's tray she caught my gaze and, bridging the gap of convention and custom and indifference, we smiled. After a moment, hesitatingly, she stepped over to my side.

"Pretty, ain't they?" she questioned half-shyly, the flowers pressed to her thin face. "Do you know what they make me think of?"

"I was just wondering," I answered. "I was just wondering, you and wondering..."

"I was raised," the Shopgirl told me, "in the country. . . . I was a flower-seller in the springtime. It wasn't much of a field for farming, and my father used to let it go to wild.

"There was more violets in that field than in any other part of the town. We children would always go there after school with little baskets, and we'd rake away the dead leaves and the moss and find them hiding among the grass. . . . All our baskets with them. . . ."

The Shopgirl's voice broke, and her misty eyes gazed away, past the city street, past the city itself, to the damp meadow where violets grew in the springtime. I could almost see them take them to the house, as she told me, "and put them in water in mother's old pewter dish, to dress up the dinner table. . . ."

Did I imagine that the Shopgirl's hand trembled as it pressed the violets tight against her face?

"They remind me of home," she said.

Oh, well, he was only a flower-seller on the crowded corner of a street. Only a flower-seller with a meager tray of the blossoms that grow wild, in the springtime, under country skies. Only a flower-seller with an appealing voice, and hands that were quite blue from the cold. . . . One may see just such flower-sellers anywhere in the city—in March. . . . Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.
BIBLE

Does your Bible ever become dusty from lack of use? How many verses can you quote from the Book of books? If you have learned them, do you feel God speaking to you through them? Do you live them? Is at least a tenth of your reading, the study of the Bible?

YOURSELF

Do you know yourself as well as your neighbor seems to know you? Did you ever try to get his viewpoint, to see how it differs from your own opinion of yourself?

Would not an unselfish study of ourselves tend to make us more agreeable, more sympathetic, and loving? How about a good scolding given to ourselves once in awhile. Would it help us to get those qualities just mentioned?

Do we spend enough time studying ourselves, our actions, our words, our deeds, our thoughts, to see how we can better them?

Is not the excuse we make for not doing these things as we should,—"I haven't time?" "A life is not a game"? "A life is not time?" "I can't do it?"

It is a necessity, yes, a duty, that we should study our lives, to see what we can do, and how we can better do, than we are doing. This means study—the Bible, good books, new methods and also the individual life of every child with whom she deals, and thus in itself it is an education for her as well as the Juniors. Her greatest work is that of character building and soul winning. The boys and girls are influenced more by the actions and life of their superintendent than by all she tells them.

Time? It is a necessity, yes, a duty, that she does not permit herself to have a great deal of work besides her Junior work. A really alive Junior superintendent can find enough in her society, no matter how small it may be, to keep her busy the greater part of her spare time.

"Oh!" said a disgusted Junior, once, talking of her superintendent, "she does all the work. The Superintendent has to say Amen to it." Is this one of the faults in your society? If so, overcome it at once.

One of the biggest opportunities to do real, active, Christian work of any Christian worker, for in training the boys and girls into right thinking, Christian service, clean play, Bible study, etc., is helping to build the future life of the church, the nation and the world. This means study—the Bible, good books, new methods and also the individual life of every child with whom she deals, and thus in itself it is an education for her as well as the Juniors. Her greatest work is that of character building and soul winning. The boys and girls are influenced more by the actions and life of their superintendent than by all she tells them.

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A TALK WITH JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENTS

A Junior superintendent has one of the biggest opportunities to do real, active, Christian work of any Christian worker, for in training the boys and girls into right thinking, Christian service, clean play, Bible study, etc., she is helping to build the future life of the church, the nation and the world. This means study—the Bible, good books, new methods and also the individual life of every child with whom she deals, and thus in itself it is an education for her as well as the Juniors. Her greatest work is that of character building and soul winning. The boys and girls are influenced more by the actions and life of their superintendent than by all she tells them.

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part in the training, your heart will shout for joy that you were ‘not disobedient to the heavenly calling’ in the day when the last great day comes when we shall see him ‘face to face’ and we can bring as the sheaves to lay down at his feet the lives of these same boys and girls—leaders in his Kingdom, for it is not fitting that we should have gone through eternity that he counted us worthy to work with his little ones of whom he said, ‘of such is the Kingdom of Heaven’.”

ELISABETH KENYON,
Junior Superintendent.

A BETTER KNOWLEDGE OF MISSIONS

GLENETA WILLIAMS

(Given at Walworth Quarterly Meeting, January 29, 1923)

Romans 10:11-13, “For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be put to shame. For there is no distinction between Jew and Greek: for the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him; for, whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

I have to confess that my previous knowledge of missions is rather scanty, but I became very interested in this subject as I was preparing this paper. In my browsing about for material I came upon a letter written by Dr. Palmhorg on October 13, 1922. I read it with keen interest and perhaps there are others of you who have not read it and the book like to hear a snatch of it.

“DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:”

“Having been in America so recently, I am keenly alive to the interest the friends there feel in a branch of the church which is going to write another letter to the Recorder.”

This it is about one event especially. You know that the automobile road between here and Shanghai. A good many of our influential Chinese friends here are connected in one way or another with that road, and they conceived the idea of building a ‘Hospital Road’ connecting that road with our hospital. So quite a group of them contributed the money and built a stone road about eight feet wide, continuing it all along the front of our mission property. When Dr. Sinclair’s going home and my return came so near together, they decided to have a big meeting in honor of the two of us, to welcome us home and say goodbye to her, and to ‘present’ the road, with a fine sign reading ‘Hospital Road’, and a tablet to Dr. Sinclair and one to the hospital, at this meeting. October 4 was the day decided upon. The meeting was held on the grounds of the government school across the road from us (which used to be a temple but now is mostly transformed into a fine school) because our place was not fitted for it.

“No other foreign (American) guests came besides our missionaries. The schoolgrounds were decorated with flags and a large arch at the entrance bore the words, ‘Welcome and Good-by Meeting’.”

“The program consisted of music by a hand from Shanghai, speeches from several of the Chinese hosts in which they praised us to the skies, and what we do for them, most of them also having received help at the hospital, and much to my surprise, they also extolled Christianity in a way I had never heard before. Then there was playing on the organ by Eliza Waug and singing by the girls and speeches by some of the American friends and ourselves. Then we adjourned to take it up again, and our pictures lasted. Then the audience reassembled for several performances by a theatrical company from Shanghai, lasting almost four hours. Better actors I never saw. The Chinese do certainly take acting, as a general thing.

“We were pleased over this event, for it is always pleasant to be appreciated, and it gave us more happiness because it came so spontaneously from people not connected with the church in any way. The way Christ and Christianity was spoken of showed how the leaven is working; through us as well as our own society, still many are evidently turning towards Christ.”

Better knowledge of missions is essential to us. If we are to have future denominational welfare. A better understanding of missionary problems and needs, and a better solution to these problems, is what is to test the strength of our church. Support comes after knowledge, and it is through this support that the convert are to become useful to the church. Remember a church is like any other organization or organism. A plant cannot continue to live on the same food, but must send its roots out farther and farther from it, and deeper and deeper into the earth, to grasp new strength, new life and vitality. A society must secure new members else the programs and business become monotonous, the local church gradually deeper into the rut. Each convert, each new addition, needs something new and original with him which adds variety and strength to the church.

It is a challenge to every wide-awake Christian, old or young, to be better informed about the missions. Especially should the young people be interested and informed for the burden of carrying on our denominational affairs will soon rest upon them, and with no previous thought, or education for such tasks they will blunder about like a ship without a rudder.

How many times do you think of missions? Once a day, once a week, once a month, once a year? As you all know, there are two branches, home and foreign. It is not given to us to judge which is the more important, and which the most needful for the other one if there is to be any discrimination. Personally I can see no difference. Jesus commands us, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.”

There are a great many ways in which a Christian Endeavor society may get a better knowledge of missions. The prayer meeting or program committee may arrange to put on a special mission program or prayer meeting. There are missionary plays or pageants which can be acted out.

As a denomination one of our chief sources of information is the reading of the Sabbath Recorder, and I should like to put out a question to you all. Do you think that as a general thing missionary personal touch may be secured by carrying on a correspondence with some of our missionaries? Then at the holidays send cards and greetings to them. Just as there are Bible classes in our churches or Sunday schools—some of the American friends and ourselves. Then the audience reassembled for several performances by a theatrical company from Shanghai, lasting almost four hours.

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There are only a few of us, but we have never been put down if we stretch out our hand. There has been a concern for us, and at other times the law of God prevails; yet there is no person whose reason is not partially or wholly dethroned.

SHORT OR LONG SERMONS?

If a short sermon be really instructive and interesting, it is unfortunate that it is not long; and if a long sermon contain either instruction or interest it may be rendered less interesting by making it as short as possible.

This axiom suggests that there can be no reliable standard of lineal measurement adopted by clerics for sermons. They must determine the length by the weight—that is, the weight of the eyes of their congregations; A high posture of the eyelids denotes a wide-open ear and an awakened and inquisitive mind, inviting a protraction of the sermon, while a drooping eyelid which requires a prop of mental hercules to sustain it, indicates a satiety of that form of gospel pabulum; and the listless ear admonishes the minister that if he will stop right there his salary may still go on.

In a religious sense, people are of a two-fold nature—the extremes being temporal and spiritual. A professor of Christianity endures a perpetual war within himself between these two extremes. “When I would do good, evil is present with me.” When the devil’s work is the thing dwelleth in the flesh (the temporal); but with the mind (the spiritual), he serves the law of God. These warring factions produce all the variations of conduct in the Christian life. At times the law of the flesh prevails, and at other times the law of God prevails; yet there is no person whose reason is not partially or wholly dethroned.

Three young women, members of the Young People’s Board, all living in Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Miss Frances Ferrill Babcock and Mrs. Nettie Goodchild, have been with great care preparing a sort of history of the missionary work of Seventh Day Baptists in foreign lands. When it is published in book form, our Christian Endeavor societies and individual members may use it for study.

It is in three parts, one on China, one on South America and one on Holland and Java.

I wish to urge every society, and every member of our churches and Christian Endeavor societies to grasp the deeper meaning and the necessity of learning about missions, and supporting them prayerfully and financially.
We were ever sent out by Christ or any of his apostles to preach any other doctrine than that contained in the gospel of the Son of God, and the record in the history of preaching this gospel illustrates its success everywhere, and that it was gladly received by the “common people”, as related in the teachings of Peter, Paul, and all the other preachers.

A gospel sermon preached in the full spirit of the gospel never fails to quicken the spiritual nature of the hearer and enlist his attention and interest, and he never tires of hearing of the beauty of the life of the Savior, and mingling a sympathetic tear with Mary at the cross.

But the cold and formed preaching of temporal matters to a congregation of business and other persons of secular professions, who spend six days in the week with their affairs and go to church on the Sabbath to receive spiritual consolation and encouragement, is apt to be disappointing and paralyzing to all their spiritual aspirations; —and short sermons are a sure remedy to secure relief. —The Madison Democrat, clipped by “Uncle Oliver”.

HARDING REBUFFS PRO-LIQUOR WOMEN

The wets have organized a group of women into a “Molly Pitcher Club”, which takes its name from the famous woman hero of Revolutionary times. Recently this organization asked to be received by President Harding—it would give the organization wide publicity, they thought—but the President refused to discuss the dry laws with them.

He said: —

“Ordinarily I would receive any delegation on your suggestion, and I try to make it a rule to find time for an audience with any delegation whose members desire to present to the President a pressing problem of the government. Frankly, however, I do not believe it would be an opportune time just now to receive a delegation which aims to give expression to its hostility to the eighteenth amendment.

“It is such a futile thing to expect the repeal of the amendment that I doubt the wisdom of giving an interview which can only result in controversy and create in the public mind a suspicion that the Federal government is not in good faith in endeavoring to enforce the prohibition laws.”—Continent, by permission.

CHILDREN’S PAGE

HAPPY SABBATH DAYS

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, April 7, 1923

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Happy helping (Luke 13: 10-13)
Monday—HappyBrothering (Jas. 2: 11-12)
Tuesday—Happy Meditating (Rev. 1: 10)
Wednesday—Happy resting (Deut. 5: 13-15)
Thursday—Happy teaching (Acts 16: 13)
Friday—Happy walking (Mark 2: 23, 28)

Sabbath Day Topic: Happy Sabbath Days (Isa. 58: 14, 15)

How often we boys and girls run to mother or father on Sabbath afternoon and ask how soon the sun will be set so we can play games or make things with our new tools. Did you ever stop and think that we could have a good time on Sabbath Days without these things? Of course we all like to go to church and Sabbath school and Junior with the other boys and girls and yet after we go home we can’t find anything to do. But there are a lot of nice things we can do that will make us just as happy and eager for the Sabbath as for other days in the week.

We all like to read. Did you ever read a story that was any more interesting than the one of David killing Goliath or the one about Moses or Joseph or Ruth or Jesus? Then there are many storybooks that are written about foreign missionaries and foreign boys and girls such as the “Crimson Tree”, a story about Chinese boys and girls which the Battle Creek and Ash­way Juniors are enjoying so much. The Battle Creek Juniors wish there were more chapters and the Ashway boys and girls can’t wait from one week to another to find out what is going to happen next.

Perhaps we like to sing—we might learn some of our Junior memory songs or listen to other people on the Victrola sing hymns for us. Did you ever hear the saying, “If you want to be happy yourself make somebody else happy”? We boys and girls don’t realize how happy we can make sick people and shut-ins by visiting them Sabbath afternoons and reading or singing to them. We might take along some flowers or fruit that they could enjoy after we have gone.

And, my, but there are lots and lots of things we can do to make ourselves and others happy Sabbath Days if we will only look for them. That’s what God intended us to be on Sabbath Days just as much as on other days.

QUIET HOUR WORK

A Bible Catechism

What did Jesus do for us? (Matt. 20: 28, last part)

What did he do this? (John 3: 17)

What does Jesus tell us if we would be Christians? (Mark 16: 16)

Where was Jesus born? (Luke 2: 15)

What was his mother’s name? (Matt. 2: 11)

Where did he spend his early life? (Luke 4: 16)

By whom was his birth made known to the world? (Luke 2: 17)

Answers to last week’s work: God, heaven and earth, a spirit, the Son of God, Savior and Redeemer, to repent and believe and work for him, by obeying his commands.

WHEN THE CAT’S AWAY

To see a pussy cat without a tail is puzzling, no doubt, but puzzlinger to me than that is why a cattail has no cat. Once when I saw a butterfly upon a cattail light, says I, “It’s wise of you, my dear, to play With cattails when the cat’s away.”—Oliver Herford.

WHAT TO DO ON SABBATH AFTERNOON

“Mother,” said ten-year-old Rose, wistfully, “Ethel and I have read our Sabbath-school papers all through; now what shall we do?”

“Suppose you ask brother Jack if he can leave his story for a while, and all come to me with your Bibles; I will then show you a new game.”

“Brother Jack is right,” cried the two girls together, rushing off for Jack and their Bibles.

“Now we are all ready, mother.”

“I am going to choose some verse and read it aloud; you must listen very closely for the last word. Then think what its last letter is, then begin to hunt for a verse be-
gimming with that letter. The one who finds the verse first may read it aloud and we will all listen for a change. Again, I shall read Prov. 18:11, ‘The rich man’s wealth is his strong city, and as high a wall in his own conceit.’" The children cried almost together. Then all was quiet for several moments except for the rustle of thin Bible leaves. Suddenly Ethel almost jumped out of her chair, "I have one, Ps. 14:5, ‘There were they in great fear; for God is in his generation of the righteous.’"

"S," said Jack, "That’s easy," but it was Rose who was the winner. "Ps. 90:12," she shouted, "‘So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.’"

"M," and so the game went on, each eager to be the first to find the verses. R. M. C.

DOTTY AND THE FLAME BOYS

Outside old North Wind whistled around the corners and blew his cold breath down the chimney into the room where Dotty sat curled up in a big armchair before the fireplace.

"Oh, dear! I hate these cold days!" she exclaimed crossly, throwing another log on the fire.

The old log sputtered and cracked, and a side of the great log cracked and out tumbled hundreds and hundreds of tiny embers, all dressed in red and yellow.

"Stop staring and help me to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!" exclaimed Dotty.

"What’s that? What’s that?" cried the Flame Boys, blinking their sleepy eyes.

"Sure enough! Summer is here!"

"You certainly must still be dreaming, if you think this is summer," retorted Dotty. "Why, it’s a cold winter day!"

"Listen to her! Isn’t she a funny girl to look at with snow on her face! Isn’t she a funny girl to look at with snow!"

"Indeed, it is winter," pouted Dotty, "and the sidewalks are covered with snow."

"And who ever saw snow?" asked the Flame Boys, looking at each other. "We’ve never seen snow. What is it, anyway?"

Dotty thought it very funny not to know what snow was; so she ran to the window, opened it, and made a great big snowball which she tossed upon the burning log.

"There’s a snowball, made from snow," laughed the Flame Boys.

"And when Dotty woke up and saw the snowball, made from snow, she quickly threw on another log for the Flame Boys.—Dew Drops."

THE IGLOO

He made it for Richard, just five; An igloo, sure if you’re alive; Twas as tall as brother, and more Real a tower than a round room.

He heaped it up high and oval He packed it hard with his shovel; Then he hollowed and dug it out And cut and smoothed it all about.

In darted Dick, he couldn’t wait "It’s so high I can stand up straight!" Oh, yes, a wonderful room Filled with a curious soft gloom.

As wide as his finger-tips spread As high as his curly brown head; Mother brought a little warm rug To make it all "comfy" and snug.

Then right here our Dicky-boy played, Content as long as the snow stayed. And he will be, Ere it fades from his memory. —Anon A.

NOT WHAT MOTHER MADE

Johnny and his mother were dining with a friend. The first course was chicken soup with macaroni in it. The hostess watched Johnny as he sat quietly gazing into his plate. Finally she asked, "Why don’t you eat your soup, Johnny?" "I don’t care for it, please, mamma." But your mamma said you liked chicken soup. "I do like mamma’s chicken soup, but she doesn’t put the windpipes in."—Junior C. E. World.

A BIT OF LIFE

A maiden sat within the door And sang as many times before, A man to daily toil passed by, Who loves his little Flame Boy. But when he heard the merry song He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window seat For one who is in the churchyard slept, But when upon her heart fell That tune she knew and loved so well, The flood of happy tears was shed, And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbor heard the tender strain, And softly joined the sweet refrain. Thus, all day long that one song bore Its joyousness from door to door. —Clara J. Denton.
who and what is Jesus the Christ

REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER
(A sermon prepared by Mr. Witter, for the Berlin (K. F.) Church March 15, 1923.)

In our last two sermons we have tried to consider carefully "The Wonderful Way of Living" and "Is there a God we can be aware of?" with a hope that the study of these questions would, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, arouse in the hearts of many, and especially those who have not come into the Christian life, a desire, a purpose, to become aware of God that they might experience this "Wonderful Way of Living".

As a further study along this line we wish to consider thoughtfully, for a time, "Who and what is Jesus the Christ".

In considering the claims of Christianity it is but natural and proper that we should seek to know what we can about its author and founder.

The question of central importance connected with the Christian message is, Who is its author, who is Jesus Christ. History tells us that he was the son of Mary and Joseph of the tribe of Judah. It tells us that he was born in obscurity, in a manger, in a stable at Bethlehem. History tells us that he was "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief". It represents him as a great teacher of ethical truth. If we should follow the history through in its expressed thought of Jesus we should come to look upon him as one of the greatest men who have lived upon the earth, and yet history fails to give us a vision of the Christ as he would have been helpful in coming into "The Wonderful Way of Living".

We turn to the record as it is given to us in the Book of Divine Truth and we find manifested there those qualities in its mind and soul, the study of which will help us to come to know who Jesus is. He is the Son of God, manifest in the flesh. He is the Son set forth as one possessed of the divine and human nature in a more complete and marked way than has ever been found in any other man. I am mindful of the fact that, in these days, there are many scientists and intellectuals who deny the Virgin birth and are teaching that Jesus was as truly the product of earthly parents as we who sit here here today.

While I can not explain, from a scientific point of view, how it was possible for God, by the Holy Ghost, with Mary, to beget the child Jesus, who was announced by God as his Son, the Saviour, yet it is possible for me to believe that he who is possessed of all power so that he could speak the worlds into existence, would not find it difficult to lend his power to come into such conjunction with the human as to cause his Son to be born into the world in a human, fleshly way, to grow up under the same laws that govern the growth of the children of men. This was one of the conditions necessary, not only that he might become acquainted with the griefs and sorrows to which human flesh is heir, but that in this way he might be so revealed to mankind that they might be the more easily drawn to him, and enabled to understand and comprehend the nature and reach of his teachings.

If we think of Jesus as only human we must allow the possibility of some other human reaching the same, or a higher, degree of perfection and power and so be multiplying those who may be raised to the position of saviors is unthinkable, for thereby would the plan of salvation revealed in Jesus Christ, the plan in which our hope of redemption is fixed, become null and void.

Not only did Jesus reveal the mind of God in the portrayals he gave of the character and purpose of God, but in his life, in his contact with mankind, he was continually revealing the effect which contact with God, and the incorporating of his principles of life into the thought and soul, would have upon the life and service of men.

It was Christ Jesus who lifted the burden of the heavy laden. It was he who brought joy out of sorrow to the bereaved and mourning of earth. It was he who fed the full those who were hungry, and shared the meat of hunger. It was he who gave to the darkened souls of earth visions of beauty and experiences of great joy as he restored to them physical and spiritual sight. It was he who filled the despondent with real exhalation of body and soul as he healed them of their bodily and spiritual maladies. It was he who gave to all who would heed, broader visions of life and its meaning when he taught the lessons of the Good Samaritan, and the Pharisee and Publican at prayer. It was Jesus who said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me"—"I and my Father are one." He who he said, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. The desire that Jesus possessed was so to reveal the essential nature of God and his relation to the needs of the human family that they might find in him the full incentive of life that would lead them into a service of supreme helpfulness to their fellow-men in lifting them up into an appreciation of the higher and more perfect life manifest in Christ Jesus.

It is whom Peter is thinking when he breaks out in the words of our text, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Who is he in whom ye believe?" we ask. "Who is the one that you have put your hope in?" Was it a man? a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief? Might it have been a God who was to be your life and your help? Was it not Jesus Jesus that you put your hope in? Was it not Jesus Jesus who was to be the one in whom you believe?" It was surely expected that Jesus should go away from the world. It was surely expected that Jesus should return to his Father in heaven. "The unseen but living person of Jesus, claims our love now as it did when he lived among men in Palestine." This is the thought that should possess our every soul. "More men and women can love, trust and obey the unseen Christ today than found that his cross would be a stumbling block to the young men and women of earth. That lie was his last. That lie was the suffering of Jesus, when viewed by a sinner with a recognition that such suffering was solely because of the terribleness of the sins he had committed, and that he who suffered is suffering because of his abhorrence of sin, will not fail to bring such an observing heart to a condition of repentance, and enable it to stand up in a new life. In some way we are brought close to God through the ministry of Christ. Jesus declared that his cross would have supreme attractive power, when he said, "And if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." The force of Jesus and his suffering for the world's sins is the wisdom of God shining forth in the history of his suffering and his death. This is how we have our hope at this time. It was surely expected that Jesus should go away from the world. Jesus suffered in obedience to the will of the heavenly Father. A study of that obedience, and of the suffering that Jesus suffered in obedience to the will of God, is thinkable in theFld of the heavenly Father, and it is thinkable in the thought of Jesus as he must have been helpful in coming into "The Wonderful Way of Living".

It was certainly the product of earthly parents as are we all, for thereby would the plan of salvation be perfected, even the salvation of your souls.

"The Good Samaritan, and the Pharisee and Publican at prayer. It was Jesus who said, ye believe in God, believe also in me"—"I and my Father are one." He who he said, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. The desire that Jesus possessed was so to reveal the essential nature of God and his relation to the needs of the human family that they might find in him the full incentive of life that would lead them into a service of supreme helpfulness to their fellow-men in lifting them up into an appreciation of the higher and more perfect life manifest in Christ Jesus.

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It was certainly the product of earthly parents as are we all, for thereby would the plan of salvation be perfected, even the salvation of your souls.

"In the cross of Christ I glory" Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of God around, gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'reatke me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy."
MARRIAGES


DEATHS

DAVIS—Lucinda Davis, wife of S. Orlando Davis, 58 years old, died at her home near Lost Creek, W. Va., and died at their home near Jane Lew, W. Va., January 29, 1923, aged 73 years, 11 months, 7 days.

She was the daughter of Deacon John Jay, and Mary Jane Horn. In her childhood she became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Lost Creek.

Her marriage with Brother S. Orlando Davis, son of Rev. Samuel D. Davis, was June 9, 1869, and they celebrated golden wedding three years ago last June. The living descendents are: the husband, the brother, Newton Van Horn and family, two of the three sons, S. Eroll Davis, and Uro Davis and families, and the daughter, Maleta Davis. Mrs. Davis was taken suddenly, while about her domestic cares, with a short illness which resulted quickly in a stopping of her lungs which took her away within the hour. In a home ever devoted to the Christian faith, she was ever the encouraging and faithful mother to the four children, who were all led to Christian faith and service. She was also interested in the church and community life. She had a quiet, practical way of encouraging the great cause of righteousness.

The obituary service at the Lost Creek Church was with large attendance, under direction of the Pastor, M. G. Stillman, assisted by Pastor George B. Shaw, and a quartet from Salem.

M. G. S.

CLAYSON—James, son of Isaac and Ann Tittsworth Clason, was born near New Market, N. J., November 5, 1831, and died at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Asa F. Randolph, 912 West Seventh Street, Plainfield, N. J., February 5, 1923.

Mr. Clason was born in the influence of the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church at North Jersey in 1805. He was a member for many years. He brought his membership to the Plainfield Church of the same faith in 1869, and continued in the fellowship and service of that church during the remainder of his life.

He was married to Miss Henrietta Tittsworth November 6, 1853. They established their home near New Market where they lived until 1866 and were engaged in the mercantile business, in Farmington for ten years. In 1876 they returned East and lived on their farm for ten years, after which they moved to Plainfield, where they have since resided.

Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Clas­ son. Two little girls, Asia and Anna, they all had at the time, died of diphtheria in 1864. An infant son, Wallace, died in 1871. The surviving children are Marcus L., physician, Uxiea, wife

ship during the formative period of his children's lives. Their religious work et al. remain a precious memory to his family.

Brother Bond was twice married. At the age of twenty-four he was married to Victoria Arnold, oldest daughter of Moses and Mary Chides­ ter Arnold, of Ped Tree, Barbour County. To this union were born two sons, Emery B. of Lost Creek, and S. Orestes, President of Salem College, died May 8, 1866. Nearly four years later Brother Bond married Miss Rhodde M. Queen, of Lorentz. She was the third daughter of Armstrong and Julia Sim­ mons.

Two boys were born to this union, Earl, who died in infancy, and L. E. Siddle, who lived with his parents on the old homestead.

All the years of his long life were spent on the farm where he was born. He bought and sold live stock extensively, and counseled ad­ mired pure-bred kinds, having owned a dozen different kinds, but had the special service of introducing into this State the Hereford Cattle in 1882.

He was an honored citizen, a devoted, loving husband and father. He will continue to live not only in the heart of his immediate family, but also in the hearts of many neighbors and friends.

It is just due to say that the above points have been furnished by the son S. Orestes, of Salem. My father began to preach in the community seven years ago. Many times have I enjoyed the hospitality of that pleasant farm home. He was one of the first vestrymen of the church. I lived there peaceably with their neighbors that the containing armies of the Civil War left them whole. He was always in the habit of plain of them to give them an enemy. The obituary service and burial were at the Lost Creek church and cemetery, conducted by the Pastor M. G. Stillman.

M. G. S.

R. A. Cochran, treasurer of the Mays­ ville Cotton Mills, Maysville, Ky., has just arrived from the church, reports that there are no longer any blue Mondays in their factory on account of (Continued on page 416)
of Asa F. Randolph, and Frank T., dentist. All are living in Plainfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Clawson had a very unusual experience in loving and in the number of years they lived together. In November, 1921, they celebrated their ninetieth birthdays and the sixty-eighth anniversary of their marriage. The sad part came February 19, 1922, when Mrs. Clawson died and longed to go with her at that time, but in the providence of God he lived almost another year, until February 5, 1923. During that time Mrs. Clawson were lovingly cared for in the homes of their children, and for the last several years of their lives were in the home of their daughter, Mrs. Ata F. Randolph.

The memory of Mr. Clawson will be cherished, not only by members of his own family and near relatives, but by a multitude of friends who have known him and loved him.

The farewell service was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs at the home of his daughter, Thursday afternoon, February 8, 1923, and the body was laid in the family lot in Hillside Cemetery.

MAXSON—Nora Butterfield, daughter of George E. and Katherine Sheen Butterfield, was born June 4, 1869, and was called home February 22, 1923, aged 53 years, 8 months and 18 days. Mrs. Maxson was one of three children, her siblings being in infancy. Her brother died some time later.

In August, 1892, she was united in marriage with Frank T. Maxson, and to them were born three children: a son Murray, a daughter who died at the age of two years, and a daughter Barbara. Sister Maxson is survived by her husband, her son, and her aged father, who had his home with her.

In early life she united with the Presbyterian Church at Sackets Harbor, retaining her membershp through life. She was also a loved and esteemed member of the Woman's Auxiliary of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City.

It has been said of Sister Maxson that "she was a home woman." She loved her family and home and "the home" made it a pleasant place. A wide circle of friends have deep sympathy for the bereaved ones, who sorrow but not as those who have no hope.

Farewell services were conducted at the home in Yonkers by Pastor H. R. Cranfill, Sabbath afternoon. The body was taken to Adams Center that night, where on Sunday further services were in charge of Pastor L. F. Harley.

SABBATH HISTORY I.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF MODERN DENOMINATIONS

AVAH JOHN CLARENCE BOND

CHAPTER ONE

A Growing Need for Bible Authority

CHAPTER TWO

The Sabbath in the Old Testament

CHAPTER THREE

The Sabbath in the New Testament

CHAPTER FOUR

The Sabbath in the Gospels

CHAPTER FIVE

The Sabbath in the Early Church

CHAPTER SIX

The Sabbath in the Early Reformation

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Sabbath in the Early English Reformation

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

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of Alfred, Mrs. Ada Hakes, of Edelstein, Ill., and Mrs. Nera Greene, of Spear, Ill.; one brother, Earl W. Place, of Pittsford, N. Y.; and his mother, who makes her home in Illinois with her two daughters.

He was a man who was interested in the welfare of his community; was a member of the local Seventh Day Baptist church and a veteran of the Spanish American War. The mass of flowers and the large attendance of friends showed the esteem in which he was held.

Funeral services were held at his home, and he was laid to rest in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

LIVERMORE.—Eilda Livermore was born in the town of Andover, N. Y., May 29, 1859, and died at the age of two years, and a daughter Barbara. She was born February 29, 1872, and lived almost another year, until February 5, 1883, during the pastorate of Rev. J. E. N. Backus, she united with the Independence Seventh Day Baptist Church of which she has remained a faithful and beloved member until called to the church triumphant. Her life of quiet helpfulness, kindly good-will and self-sacrificing service is too well known to require words of commendation. Recent months and years have emphasized the fact that she has freely given her life for others. The church, community and Ladies' Aid Society, of which she was a member, will keenly feel the loss of her kindly ministrations.

Farewell services were held in the Independence church, March 5, 1923, conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. L. Greene. Interment was at Independence.

EATON.—Sarah Thomas Eaton was born July 24, 1843, and died at her home in Alfred, Jan.uary 27, 1923. She was the daughter of Rowland and Annadell Thomas, and was born on a farm near Alfred. With the exception of the years which were spent in California, she has lived her life at or near Alfred and at Alfred Station.

On June 22, 1861, she was married to Horace Eaton. Mr. Eaton died in 1909. In early life she united with the First Alfred Church, but later she moved her membership to Alfred Station. She was the oldest of six children, and is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Alma E. Palmer, of Riverside, Cal., and Mrs. Minnie M. Beckwith, of Alfred; also by several nieces and nephews.

For the past 47 years, her great niece, Gertrude Burgess, has made her home with Mrs. Eaton. In the last years of poor health Gertrude has been faithful and devoted to the care of her aunt.

Funeral services were held in the First Alfred Church, conducted by Pastor A. Clyde Hret, and burial was in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

GREEN.—Jesse Saunders Green, son of Duty J. and Mary G. Green, was born in the town of Milton, near Lake Koshkonong, Rock County, Wis., January 20, 1842. He was one of four children, Harriet, Charles, Jesse, and Joseph, the last of whom is still living. He died at Spokane, Wash., February 21, 1923. He was baptized by Eld. Joshua Clarke, March 10, 1866, and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, and with the exception of a short period when he transferred his membership to the Milton Church, held his membership in that church to the time of his death.

Mr. Green was twenty years old when the Civil War broke out. He responded to his country's call by enlisting at Baraboo, Wis., in Co. I, Third Wisconsin Cavalry. After serving one term, he was discharged and served to the close of the war. He was honorably discharged as a corporal.

December 5, 1865, he was married to Elmina Haman Burdick who was his faithful companion throughout life and who survives him. To this

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union were born three sons and one daughter,—Wardner, deceased, Mrs. Mary Allen, of Spok­
kanie, Wash., Winfred, and Ralph of Minneapo­
ilis, Minn.

At the time of his death Mr. Green was being cared for in the home of his daughter at Spok­
kanie, Wash., but his body was brought back to
Albion and laid to rest in the Evergreen cem­

Owing to the illness of the local ministers, Pastor E. D. Van Horn, of Milton Junction, con­
ducted the services in the Albion church, assisted
by Rev. S. H. Babcock. A military escort from the
American Legion attended the services, giv­
ing the military honors by firing the salute over
the open grave and sounding taps.

Mr. Green was a man of modest and retiring
ways and lived a quiet life of usefulness. He
was widely known and respected. A large com­
pany of friends and relatives gathered at the
funeral services. He is mourned by his widow,
two sons, one daughter and many other relatives
and friends.

(Continued from page 412)

drinking, as formerly, and that the saloons
in their neighborhood have given place to
grocery stores, and the boys are growing up
without forming the habit of drink.”

D. H. Campbell, mining engineer, of Iron
River, Mich., reports “a decrease in the
number of days of absence from work due
to accidents of 68 per cent. Investigation
in a large organization near by showed sim­
ilar results.”

H. B. Smith, secretary and treasurer of
the McNees Steel Company, Ltd., Corry,
Pa., says: “With the liquor traffic out of
existence, the workingman and his family
are enjoying to a full extent what the
American home stands for. It has bet­
ttered the conditions of our employees and we
hope never to see the liquor business in
service again.”

Arthur R. Baxter, of the Keyless Lock
Company, Indianapolis, Ind., says: “Having
to do with the handling of workmen, I
can see the wonderful difference now and
before prohibition. Monday now is as stable
a day with us as any other day in the week.
Before prohibition Monday was a day of
absenteeism. Besides, our men are happier
all the time and I know by careful census
that their families are infinitely better situ­
atued and happier in every way. They live
better, reside in better houses and most of
them have a little money in the bank.”—

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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Lucius P. Hurb, Business Manager
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Sabbath School. Lesson II.—April 7, 1923

ABRAHAM, THE HERO OF FAITH. Gen. 12: 1—

Golden Text.—“Abraham believed God, and it
was reckoned unto him for righteousness.” Rom.
4: 3.

DAILY READINGS
Apr. 1—Gen. 12: 1-5. The Call of Abram.
Faith.
Apr. 6—Rom. 4: 13-18. The Father of the Faith­
ful.
Apr. 7—Psalm 40: 1-8. Human Need and Divine
Grace.

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)

Spake full well in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelth by the caslet Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth’s firmament do shine.

—Longfellow.

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description and information regarding this
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session can be given July 1st. Lewis F.
Randolph, Ashaway, R. I.