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Recording Secretary—Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.
Field Secretary—Miss Elizabeth Kanyos, Kansas City, Mo.
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Intermediate Superintendent—Miss Eliza Cray, Salem, Wis.

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Eastern—Marjorie Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.
Central—Blanche Langworth, Adams Center, N. Y.
Western—Vida Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.
Northwestern—Eva Holton, Holton Junction, Wis.
Southern—Mrs. Isabella Allen, North Loop, Neb.
Southwestern—Maud Stillman, Hammond, La.
Pacific Coast—Alice Baker, Riverside, Cal.

CONFERENCE AUXILIARY FOR LONE SABBATH-KEEPERS

General Field Secretary—G. M. Cottrell, Toppen, Kan.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE


THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.

The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

The Old Elder David Clawson Home

We know that many friends of "Uncle Jane" Titzworth Clawson, as well as those of "Uncle David" will enjoy seeing a picture of the place as it now appears.

It was in this quiet country home that we opened our eyes after a most refreshing sleep. The morning sun was just peeping over the eastern ridges, sending his horizontal beams of light through the trees whose long shadows were cast across the near-by fields, and whose leaves as yet were scarcely stirred by the gentle breath of morning.

Oh! the restful stillness of such a morning in the country! How does it bring back the memories of happy childhood days! The world comes creeping back from the shadows of night into the light of a new day. One after another the sounds of country life greet the ear. Bobwhites are calling across the distant meadow, the merry "cheer, cheer, cheer up" of the robins in the grove; the clarion challenge of the cock in a distant farm yard quickly taken up by another nearer by; the excited cackle of a hen over the nest in which she had tried to hide an egg; the cluck of a mother hen leading forth her brood; the call of a calf who begins to want his breakfast; the barking of the dog who thinks people should begin to stir around, and finally the rustling music of rising breezes through the oak trees—these all combine to assure one that the world is awake and ready to begin a new day.

We pity the one who never sees the country in early morning! The one who has to spend days and months and years amid the nerve-racking, distracting jargon; the rattle and bang and jarring sounds of the city without ever seeing the groves and meadows and orchards of God's open country.

The Opening Day

Amid the cheering sun...

At Marlboro, a shining and refreshing breeze of an ideal June morning, the people of the surrounding country and the delegates from other churches came gathering in for the Eastern Association, until a good sized audience was ready for the opening services. The number of rolls was outside—some from northern Jersey, some from New York State, and others from the homes here, gave to the old Marlboro Church sure evidences of a deep and abiding interest in the progress of a loyal people for the success of the cause.

The president, Thomas M. Davis, called upon the editor for an opening prayer.
It was cheering indeed to hear of some eight or nine consecrated young men among the schools, and concerning the increasing interest of the Sabbath cause and the king -dom of Christ. The plea for sending George Thorngate of China seemed so much out of place; but in the south the food supply of good things on the tables in the central and western associations was good, and the congregation seemed to be after the loaves and fishes, work may develop and our school buildings in the southwest, secure that neither death, nor life, nor the world, nor the devil, nor anything that is in the world, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Paul 38:39. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor the world, nor the devil, nor anything that is in the world, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans 38:39.
The old Marlboro church was crowded full with an old-time congregation as the hour for morning service drew near.

The choir corner was filled with men and women ready for the service of song. This began with a great chorus of, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"; and a responsive reading of the nineteenth Psalm by the congregation prepared all hearts for worship.

"Still, Still With Thee," was a most appropriate song to precede the sermon by Brother Bond. We have asked Brother Chrichlow, the colored evangelist, to take the sermon today in shorthand so we will not try to, The old Marlboro church was crowded full of the morning service. The offering amounted to $51.25.

A Full Afternoon The first fifteen minutes of the afternoon meeting was given to the colored evangelist, Brother Chrichlow. His address was well received by all who heard him.

Then came an interesting Sabbath School hour led by Rev. W. D. Burdick. The story of Nehemiah's wall-building was told by Jesse Crichlow, the colored evangelist, to take the sermon today in shorthand so we will not try to. The old Marlboro church was crowded full of good things. The program was well received by all who heard him.'

We welcome you for what you stand for the things for which you stand. We welcome 'men and women. The world has unlocked some of the secrets of nature and obtained a partial mastery over forces that as yet we do not fully understand. People press the button and hear wonderful things. Here in South Jersey we are in—and quietly sit in our own parlors and listen to the greatest orators and the finest singers the world can produce. No human form is visible; but, both message and song are clear and distinct. These things are wonderful. They have opened to us a wider, fuller, life.

In spite of these wonderful achievements we still have human greed, jealousy, arrogances, and unbridled passion in this old world.

We welcome you for what you are—men and women of God. We welcome you for the things for which you stand; for the great brotherhood of man. We here in South Jersey believe that when every man for himself through his department in the Recorder.

Rev. Royal Thorngate followed with a practical sermon on Christian Unity. He had the Congregational Church during the seventeenth century, John read, and plead for a deeper spiritual life—a spirit of charity and Christian fellowship; a spirit of co-operation among believers, that God's kingdom on earth may triumph. It was a good sermon, live subje-
is ready to say, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord," we shall have tuned in on the wave that will bring living peace on earth.

Marlboro not only welcomes you to this high and holy kingdom task; but, we welcome you to our homes; and, to our hearts.

RESPONSE TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME
PAUL S. BURDICK

We are met together in the name of God our Father, and for his glory. Representing varying points of view, no doubt, yet we can unite in this one common purpose.

We should endeavor to create such an atmosphere in these meetings that it will result in the deepening and enriching of our spiritual lives, and through us be felt in the churches from which we come. For the functions of our religious organizations seem to be mainly two. They are to save men and women and children from lives of sin and error; and also to give to all saved individuals, an opportunity for growth in spiritual things. Such meetings as this give special opportunities for a deeper experience in the life of the spirit.

We are grateful to the Marlboro Church for the hospitality they have shown, in opening their church, and homes, and hearts to us, and shall try by our words and our conduct to show that our appreciation is real.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS—EASTERN ASSOCIATION

Your Committee on Resolutions would submit the following:

1. WHEREAS, We, the delegates to the Eastern Association, are truly grateful for the fine Christian spirit of the Marlboro Church, and for their generous hospitality and kindly helpfulness, be it

Resolved, That we express our thanks to all those who have ministered to our comforts and pray God's richest blessing to rest upon them.

2. WHEREAS, There is a large and open door for work by Seventh Day Baptists among the colored Sabbath-keepers, and whereas, we recognize, in religion, no racial lines, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we welcome this opportunity for service for God and men. Further be it

Resolved, That we approve of any such steps being taken by our denomination as shall lead these people to find a church home among us.

3. WHEREAS, There is great need for revival work in the program of all our churches in the denomination, and believing that such work will be the means whereby our church and denominational consciousness will be awakened and aroused to the opportunities and responsibilities that confront us on every side, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we urge upon all the pastors and churches of the denomination an enlarged and strenuous program of revival work.

4. We recommend that the action taken at the association last year, discontinuing the gathering of statistics be rescinded.

5. WHEREAS, There is a widespread desire for revision of our Statistical Standards and the functions of our religious organizations seem to be.

There is a large and open door for work by Seventh Day Baptists among the colored Sabbath-keepers, and whereas, we recognize, in religion, no racial lines, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we urge upon all the pastors and churches of the denomination an enlarged and strenuous program of revival work.

Whereas, it is the object of the breaking down of our Prohibition law, be it

Resolved, That we call upon all Seventh Day Baptists to do their utmost to increase the respect for law, and to support at the ballot box only such candidates as publicly declare themselves to support the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment.

6. Believing that many times good men and good measures are defeated because church members fail to register their votes at election times,

Resolved, That this association recommend that each church appoint a committee to secure a 100 per cent attendance of their members of voting age at the polls in all elections.

A. L. Davis, Chairman,
R. R. Thorngate,
C. L. Hill.

“And Elijah said unto her, Fear not! Go and do as thou hast said! . . . And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days” (1 Kings 17: 13-15).

Was it not on this same shore that a Canaanitish woman astonished Jesus with her faith? What was there in the soil of this heathen coast that it grew such beautiful wild flowers of faith?—James H. Snowden.

The New Forward Movement and Sabbath Study and Promotion

CONCERNING A FUTURE PROGRAM

In the Sabbath Recorder of May 28 we published the findings of a conference of Forward Movement directors of the denominations held in Baltimore, April 24-26, 1923. I reproduce on this page the report of the committee made to the Baptist Convention in regard to a future program following their five-year New Forward Movement. As the time approaches for the annual Conference of Seventh Day Baptists, at which time a future denominational program will be adopted, many persons among us will be giving much thought to this matter. For this reason we cannot refrain again to the above-mentioned articles.

Having in mind this same fact, also, we reproduce below the action of the Commission at its meeting last December with reference to the committee's recommendation, calling for a five-year period of the New Forward Movement. It will be seen by this excerpt from the minutes of the meeting that the recommendation of the committee was not adopted, but are still before the denomination for informal discussion and consideration. Doubtless other definite items of policy or method will be presented by this same committee at the August meeting of the Commission.

The following is taken from the minutes of the Pittsburgh meeting.

AFTERNOON SESSION

Thursday, December 28, 1922

The session was a little late in opening because of committee work, but was called to order at 2:20 by the President, who asked Mr. Lowther to lead in prayer. All members were present. The minutes of the forenoon session were read, corrected and adopted.

Mr. Thubron, as chairman of the committee to prepare for discussion a program or policy to follow the five-year period of the New Forward Movement, presented a report which was considered for some time, and it was voted that it be recorded as a tentative statement, or report of progress, and that the committee be continued to study the matter and make further report to be considered at the pre-Conference meeting of the Commission in August, 1923. That tentative statement which was discussed for some time but not adopted, was as follows:

Your Committee on a Future Program for the denomination would offer the following recommendations:

1. That the New Forward Movement close June 30, 1924, with the understanding that the churches which began giving with January 1, 1920, be released from the last half of their fifth year.

2. That the plan of a Ten Dollar per member contribution for denominational work be continued.

3. That the present apportionment to the churches be thoroughly revised.

4. That the new budget provide ample funds for the ordinary expenses of the Boards, but it shall be understood that with the approval of the Commission, there shall be opportunity for special appeal for special causes.

5. That the plan of an Annual Budget be adopted, a Budget which shall be drawn up by a committee of representatives of all the denominational Boards and of the Commission.

6. That a Denominational Executive Secretary, whose term of office shall be three years, be appointed for full time denominational service.

THE RETREATING WAVE OF FUNDAMENTALISM

One need not be unduly optimistic to observe that fundamentalism is a retiring wave. It was so during World War with the weariness and pessimism that settled down over the nation. In those difficult days men were querulous, if not positively quarrelsome. For some years yet there will be the lapping of the waves on the beach as the battle with materialism, but in every one of the great communions the fundamentalists have lost, unless indeed they should capture the Southern Baptist machinery, which seems to them ours. None of the denominations has gone over to modernism, but they have one by one proved that they desired the fellowship of men of modern scholarship. Modern men can unite in this one common purpose. For this reason we cannot refrain again to the above-mentioned articles.

And as oneedium on the wave that will bring living peace on earth.

Marlboro not only welcomes you to this high and holy kingdom task; but, we welcome you to our homes; and, to our hearts.

"And Elijah said unto her, Fear not! Go and do as thou hast said! . . . And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days" (1 Kings 17: 13-15).

Was it not on this same shore that a Canaanitish woman astonished Jesus with her faith? What was there in the soil of this heathen coast that it grew such beautiful wild flowers of faith?—James H. Snowden.
was dead, and that it was incumbent on living men to support the tottering ark. They did not count on the Unseen as a living men to support the tottering ark. They did not count on the Unseen as a

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things, another, who is weak, eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth, for God hath received him. These were the laws about which they were contending, and with regard to which the apostle was giving them instruction. It was not the moral, but the ceremonial laws, and the days spoken of were those which were connected, not with the former, but with the latter.

"LET NO MAN JUDGE YOU"

"So," in the second chapter of Colossians—"Let no man in meat or in drink, or in respect to a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbaths. The Sabbaths spoken of are not "the Sabbath" associated with, Thou shalt not commit murder, adultery, or theft; but the Sabbaths associated with meats and drinks, and new moons, which were, indeed, shadows of things to come. But to take what he said about those Sabbaths which were associated, by God, with ceremonial laws, which the apostle himself, in this very discourse, associated with them, and apply it, as some have done, to 'the Sabbath' which God associated with moral laws, is wrong.

NOT AGAINST, BUT FOR US

"Blotting out," he says, "the handwriting of ordinances against us, which was contrary to us, nailing it to his cross." Those were the laws about which he was giving them instruction. It was not the moral, but the ceremonial laws, and the days spoken of were those which were connected, not with the Sabbath, but with the Lord's Day.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION TENDERED REV. AND MRS. BOND

Rev. and Mrs. A. J. C. Bond were given a pleasant reception by Mr. and Mrs. William C. Hubbard, at their home, 111 West Fifth Street, the occasion being the twentieth wedding anniversary of the honored guests. About one hundred persons were present and hostess helped at receiving. The occasion proved one of delightful fellowship and was spent largely in an informal way. Refreshments were served. The home was profusely decorated with flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond were married June 17, 1903, at Salem, W. Va., by Rev. Dr. T. L. Gardiner. Mr. Bond is general director of the Forward Movement of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination—Plainfield Courier-News.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I also am known" (1 Corinthians 13: 12).

Not till the loom is silent, And the shuttles cease to fly, Shall God unroll the gamboge. And explain the reason Why The dark threads are as needful In the Weaver's skilful hand As the threads of gold and silver In the pattern he has planned.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

"MEN LIKE GODS"

If you don't want to think, don't read Men Like Gods, the latest book by the English author, H. G. Wells. Even the most sluggish normal mind will find itself stirred, now to opposition, now to applause. If you are an intellectual tenderfoot, don't read this book. It is like a bucking broncho which may throw you over its head, or, by a sudden rearing, it may tumble you off over its tail.

If mentally you can only enjoy a ride after staid old Dobbin, don't read this book. Reading Wells is somewhat like taking a wild ride on a loop-the-loop. The story is told by a liberal-minded journalist—presumably Wells himself—who, in company with a business man, a statesman, a cheap actress, a priest, and some rich triflers of English high society, finds himself, by reason of some scientific hocus-pocus, caught away from this earth and suddenly projected into the utopian existence of an unknown planet. The interest in the tale chiefly lies in the attitudes which the several Earthlings assume toward the manners, customs, and ideals of this other planet whose civilization is three thousand years older than that on the earth.

The arising surprises of the Earthlings and their conflicts with the Utopians afford Mr. Wells, who is an advanced socialist idealist, opportunity to subject earthly ideals, as represented in marriage, government, international relations, and religion, to the scrutiny of his far-ranging and vigorous mind, and to set forth, or at least to suggest, his own views.

Paired with the delight one's imagination feels in following the flight of Mr. Wells' thought, is the defense reaction which immediately sets itself up in one's mind and heart against many, if not most, of his conclusions. If the book demonstrates its value by its thought-provoking quality. Its ideas afford not milk for spiritual babes, but meat for men.

Sometimes I feel depressed by the tendency to elevate normal frictions arising between men of different races and creeds into characteristic defects of this or that race, or, of this or that creed. If our acquaintance there is an American who pinches pennies until the eagle screams, he is a plain tight-wad. If one of the sons of Israel indulges in like practice, why, we say he is a cursed Jew. In the one case we see tight-wadishness as a personal trait, in the other as a despicable racial stigma.

Did you ever meet an American who, after being repeatedly introduced to you, did not recognize you upon next seeing you? Forthwith you called that man a snob. Yet had the snobbish gentleman been born an Englishman, his reserve, his coldness, his hauteur, you probably would have decreed as truly British.

Because we do not better to adopt the Christian attitude of gladly recognizing any man—no matter under what color, flag, or creed he rides—as a man such? Should we not confect with humility or with shame that tight-wads or snobs are simply poor fellows who suffer from an overdose of our strongly fallible human nature and that we are perhaps guilty of—the human failings ourselves?

Perhaps I am wrong, yet I wish to register my growing conviction that, in this tendency to believe unlovely characteristics of our own are peculiar to our own race, we are inadmissible accidents of our own choosings.

To the Englishmen, for instance, it is in their souls, a cultural feature. To the Americans, for instance, it is a cultural feature. To the Americans, for instance, it is a national traid, in the other as a despicable racial stigma.

DEAN PAUL E. TITWORTH, ALFRED, N. Y.
Contributing Editor
God had given to David a pattern of the house, how it was to be built in every particular. And this David turned over to Solomon with instructions to be strong and do just what God told him to do, with a perfect heart and a willing mind.

David had made great preparations for the building, providing more than two and a half billion dollars of gold and more than a billion and a half of silver beside brass, iron and stone and timbers without number. In addition to this he now contributed from his private resources more than eighty million dollars in gold and more than ten million dollars in silver for the covering of the walls of the house. Then he made his appeal to the assembled rulers of the people in the words of our text. They responded generously and willingly until they unitedly gave more than one hundred and forty million dollars in gold and more than fifteen million dollars in silver. God had abundantly blessed these people and they gave willingly of what he had given them because their hearts were right or perfect. The object for which they gave was a worthy one and was pleased with their offerings and the people rejoiced.

What is it to consecrate oneself to the Lord? Is it not to consecrate one's time, ability and means to the Lord's work? I believe it is and that is what everyone should do. It should be done every day and by every one. It is not at all likely that God will give to any of us the millions he gave to David and to some people in our day. The question for us to answer is, Are we willing to consecrate what he has given us to the Lord? Will we not require of us more than we are able to render but he expects us to do what we can.

First, Are we willing to consecrate our time to the Lord? We ought to be willing to do this for it belongs to him. We are indebted to him for everything and if every day is another twenty-four hours of time given us to be spent in his service. If we spend one half of these twenty-four hours in resting, eating and sleeping we need not count them as lost time for we need sleep and rest to minister to our bodies, especially our mothers. I say mothers for they are with their children when they are small much more than are the fathers.

When we recognize that the Sabbath was made for man but belongs to God we can the more readily understand that the time between Sabbath and Sabbath by man for the glory of God. Man was made to glorify God and serve him forever. If we expect to serve him in the world then we ought to learn to serve him now.

I believe we can serve God as acceptably in one kind of work as in another if we are only sure that it is the work to which he has called us. No more important work has been given to men and women than that of training boys and girls to live lives of purity and usefulness. A great responsibility is placed upon parents, especially of these United States, the fathers and mothers, to raise and train their children. I say fathers for they are with their children when they are small much more than are the mothers. You can serve God by training your children in the right way. Do not think that your life is narrow or hampered if God has given you a child to help and influence, for that child may be of God to influence hundreds of other children and the world will never be little but once. If you train them to be a blessing to the world it must be now while they are under your roof and eat at your table.

School teachers have a great opportunity and a great responsibility in connection with their work. A teacher who spends five or six hours a day with her pupils spends more time with them than do their parents, at least more than most fathers. She has an opportunity to influence the lives of her pupils for good which shall last forever. If her influence is not good then it will be bad for it is impossible for any one to be in the society of another for any length of time and not be influenced by him.

Time flies. If we do anything for God, for humanity, for those about us, we must do it now. If we have a part in saving the people of this generation we must be at it. The days are going by, one by one, never to return. What influence we have should be used each day for our Lord, for we do not know whether we shall have another day to work. Who then is willing to consecrate his time this day to the Lord?

Second, If we offer ourselves willingly to the Lord then we ought to offer the ability which he has given us and use it in his service. The talents or powers we have are God given. He has a right to expect us to use them for his glory and the good of our fellow-men. There can be only a few noted men and women in any generation. They are the leaders of the world's work. They are not whether we shall have another day to work. The boys and girls of our generation are the men and women of the next. Those in infancy now will soon be active in the world's work. The future governor of this State is a child now in some obscure home. The coming president of these United States, the great political and religious leaders are being trained for their work by being taught the principles of righteousness and justice. Yes, the future ministers of the gospel are being trained to look and think with reverence and respect on God's servants. Then how can we serve God in any better way than by trying to influence our boys to become God's servants? We can do as did Hannah and her son Samuel—give them to God.
and let him train them as he thinks best.

The better we serve our fellow-men the better we serve God. The better the average man the better the country as a whole.

The greatest power in the world is the silent and unseen power. This is true of life itself. This is true of the things that science cannot discover. "It is the one thing that nobody ever yet hold of. No microscope ever caught it, no surgeon ever had knife sharp enough to cut to it; no biologist ever found it; nor any chemist ever separate it; and no eye is ever looked upon it; and it works in perfect quietness, so that nobody ever heard it." A tiny seed falls into the crevice of a great rock. The wind blows the dust till some falls on the seed, then the rain and sun comes upon it till it begins to grow by and by, and the great rock is rent asunder. The lives of some men and women are like that tiny seed. They come into this world in some obscure place where they are taught by God fearing parents till they grow into men and women of power and the world is turned upside down by them. This is what the apostle Paul did in his day, Martin Luther in his, George Washington in his. We may not have as great a work to do as these men, but we have some important work for you and me. Are we doing that work? Are we using the ability he has given us to the best advantage?

It is a mistake to think that every man who has become rich has been a success, and if we do not know what is good, our work is not important. Many successful men are not those who have accumulated the most money; but those who have given themselves in service to their fellow-men.

Our Tract Board is in need of money to pay its debt and to do the work our people have given it to do. This board is also the servant of the Seventh Day Baptist people. It is trying to do the work which we ask it to do. If we have any right to an existence as an independent body then it is to propagate the truth of God's down-trodden Sabbath. Our Tract Board represents this truth and is trying to spread a knowledge of it over the world.

We, the people, must support it with our means and our prayers.

God has wonderfully preserved the Seventh Day Baptists in this country. He must have had a purpose in this. Why are we preserved as a people if it is not to give the world the benefit of a knowledge of the Sabbath? We ought not to be ashamed to let people know that we are Seventh Day Baptists, and to give our reason for the faith which we profess. We must be consistent ourselves if we are to have any influence over others for good. We must keep the Sabbath faithfully and conscientiously (Continued on page 830).
built it. Without thinking of the every nail and rivet that held the vast span of it in place. Without wondering about the men who had drawn the plans, and cast the steel, and put the parts together. That, I think, is the way folk should feel about the wonderful feats of construction that are seen upon every hand. Sky-scrappers, church steeples, trestles—they are all miracles, made to keep our lives safe and free of care, and beautiful.

And I heard an ex-soldier say that the most terrifying thing that he ever saw, during the whole war, was an armored tank, coming toward him at full tilt. "It gave me a terrible jolt," he admitted frankly, "because it was such a huge man-made contraption. It looked like it was being made to go by some magic power. The guns and the airplanes and the rest of the apparatus wasn't so hard for me to understand. And when it came to men—they were just folks, like me. And I wasn't worried any. But the tanks. They were sort of miracles! And they got me, and made me shaky at the knees!"

The ex-soldier was acutely conscious of the wonder of these scientific methods of warfare—but in no pleasant way! We should be just as aware of the scientific things that make our lives go smoothly—but we should be aware in a grateful and joyous manner. The guns and the airplanes and the rest of the apparatus wasn't so hard for me to understand. We shouldn't just accept them as our due. We should think of the minds and minds and souls that are back of them—just as the man thinks of the minds and hearts and souls that are back of the bridge. Tractors, plows, coffee mills. Books, modern plumbing and furnaces. Sewing-machines and electric irons. Windmills and water systems and phonographs. Splendid cooking utensils and pretty china and charming glassware, and dainty printed dress goods. They are all miracles, every one of them. And there are so many more—if I tried to list them I am afraid that this article would sound like

### CONSERVATION OF TIME

**MRS. E. E. WHITFORD**

(Paper read by Mrs. Harold Crandall at Woman's Hour, Eastern Association)

So much is being said these days about the budget system that nearly all women are arranging their incomes according to some plan definitively known to themselves. We all know there are so many people who have never learned to read notes but who really sing by note, simply by allowing their voices to follow the notes as they are arranged up and down the scale. In like manner some women who never put a figure on paper, have a perfectly general, next system for the expenditure of their incomes. They know that so much must go for rent and household expenses, so much for food, so much for clothing, so much for incidentals, and so much for charity, as many of us say, the Lord's tenth. Now if we feel that one tenth of our income belongs to the Lord, more or less as each individual woman may live, knows there is some work lying right at hand to be done. The women to whom I am speaking do not need to be told that regular attendance at church, and Sabbath school and prayer meeting is an essential thing for the spiritual uplift of every woman. But may I speak just a word about the necessity of the habit being formed early in life of regular church attendance? I was brought up in a family where church attendance and Sabbath school were early and so much for charity or as many of us say, the Lord's tenth. Now if we feel that one tenth of our income belongs to the Lord, more or less as each individual woman may live, knows there is some work lying right at hand to be done. The women to whom I am speaking do not need to be told that regular attendance at church, and Sabbath school and prayer meeting is an essential thing for the spiritual uplift of every woman. That, I think, would make it easier to keep up the standard of regular church going in maturity.

In addition to these religious privileges the members of the Seventh Day Baptist Woman's Board and of the different church auxiliaries which constitute that board have a very definite and most interesting work to do. We have assumed the responsibility of the salaries of our two missionary teachers in the Girls' Work in China and we are trying to contribute toward other good causes. These two women whose salaries we are paying on the foreign field are our representatives and they should always have our hearty support not only financially but spiritually. The Lord has put in the hands of each one of us a work—and we can feel that we are responsible for conditions under which our representatives are laboring. There are, I believe, at the present time seventy-three students in the Girls' School. Every available bit of space for sleeping accommodations is occupied. Even the rooms usually used by the teachers for sleeping rooms are filled with cots, four cots being in one bedroom. The teachers are sleeping on the porch, or wherever the room can best be spared for their beds. There is absolutely no privacy. Some years ago Dr. D. H. Davis using his own private funds built a room on the upstairs porch which he could use for a study. This Dr. and Mrs. Davis made many improvements on the building using their own money for these purposes. The residence building stands in front of the Girls' School, and the latter does not get the sun as it should; and in winter the assembly room is absolutely unheated and it is a very trying thing for the teachers. The Chinese students put on padded coats and many layers of clothes to keep comfortable. The sanitary conditions are very bad indeed, so bad that we can not talk about it. There has been talk of putting a bath room in the residence but after studying carefully the plan of the house we came to the conclusion that at present no room could be spared for a bath room. Running water has been brought to the house within the past two years, and one said to me when the bath room was being discussed, "There are many Seventh Day Baptist homes in America that have no bath room." I said, "Yes, but in this country we are trying to have good sewerage systems. And there is nothing like the need of a bath room here that there is in China, where even the air itself is filled with impure odor. And the method by which refuse and garbage is disposed of is so very bad that bath room privileges are very much more needed."

Our mission in China is doing a wonderful work. I want to repeat what some have heard me say before. I belong to an organization in New York where I often meet other missionaries. It is the Women's Missionary Union about the Seventh Day Baptist mission in Shanghai. I have never yet heard any one say a word against the work, and I have often heard the highest praise for the work that is being done and for the individual missionaries. Each one has their own line of work in which they excel; and I have come to know pretty well what is each one's specialty. They are a wonderful group of men and women. We have sent the word that we had. And are we treating them fairly? Or, are we doing the just thing when in addition to all the cares and worries that beset them they have the anxiety about the mis-

...
sionary debt? The article in the Sabbath Recorder for May 7, headed, Medical Mis-
sions, by Dr. Bessie Sinclair deserves your careful consideration.

A young Chinese student who had been a pupil in our Girls' School in Shanghai for six years told me this touching little story. In his broken English he said, "I love Miss Burdick very much indeed. She has done things for me that my own mother would not do. I was very sick. I ached so hard all over and Miss Burdick in her own arms brought upstairs to the room where I was lying a great pan of hot water. She put my feet into the water and she rubbed my feet with her own hands and she wiped my feet herself. My mother would not do that."

This girl Grace has married a young Chinese gentleman and some day they will establish a home in Shanghai and we are hoping that home will be a Christian home for Grace is a Christian and a member of the Shanghai Church.

Now what can we women do to help raise the funds needed for the ministry of our Society so that we can be free to raise funds to build the much needed schools? This is our big work and, if we women set out to do this, it can be done, for when a woman wills there is a way.

Can not some effort be made by the women at once that will result in material assistance at least in raising this much needed fund?

Let us learn to conserve our time and give a portion of it to solving these problems.

A TRIP TO STONEFORT

The Farina Church was invited to send delegate to the Stonefort Church to assist them in the celebration of their annual church meeting, May 19. This is a big day for this church as it is a home-coming for all the members and their families who can possibly attend. The bad roads prohibited quite a company from going from Farina who had made their plans to attend. The pastor and three other men made the trip by rail. We started away in a rain Friday morning but before night it cleared up and fine weather prevailed through the meetings. Friday night an informal meeting was held for prayer and song, but it was a splendid service. On Sabbath morning we expected to see a small company in attendance but to our surprise the church was well filled with a good company standing outside. The writer preached at this service, attempting to give a message appropriate to the occasion.

At the close of the service the annual business meeting of the church was held. There were nearly two hundred members present, who had made their plans to attend. So the quite a company from going from Farina.

All the members and their families who can attended the service the annual business meeting of the church. And on Sunday morning. At the close of the service the annual business meeting of the church was held. There were nearly two hundred members present, who had made their plans to attend. So the quite a company from going from Farina.

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God's love as the growth of nature depends upon sunshine and showers.

Now the outer life of man is the life which he shows to his friends. There may be as many different phases as he has friends, one for each different friend which he meets. But the inner man is known only to God and himself and the growth of the inner man depends upon the outer man for expression. So as the inner man grows stronger and stronger, the inner and outer become one through Christ.

Battle Creek, Mich.

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR
LYLE CRANDALL

"The inner man" means what we are; the "outer," what we appear to be. There are too many Christians, or so-called Christians, who do not have the proper relation between "the inner and outer man" in their lives. Because of this fact they are not true Christians, and are unworthy to be called followers of Christ. They do not follow what they profess. Christian Endeavours are we among that class? Are we true followers of the Master? Are we worthy of the name Christian?

OBJECT LESSONS FROM CHURCHES
PAUL S. BURDICK

This was the last of the object lessons given by young people in their Endeavor program in Eastern Association. The entire program was very interesting. See editorial V.

"Just this way," said the guide to Smithsonian Museum, "is the Exhibit of Churches. The first one here is a very interesting specimen. You see the icicles hanging from the belfry and eaves, and the hoar frost on roof and windows. It was known as the cold church. No attempt was made to make strangers feel at home. The members all seemed to think that strangers must first of all associate themselves fit to be associated with before any one dared act friendly toward them. Any one moving into the community was studied as to habits, dress, and manner of speaking and walking, and if judged congenial, was finally given an invitation to attend church. It died, as it deserved to.

"Now this next one looks something like..."

The action of Governor Smith of New York in signing the repeal of the Mullan-Gage law enforcing prohibition is subject to more than one interpretation. Its almost inevitable result will be the collapse of all systematic effort by state authorities to cooperate with the government in enforcing the Volstead Act. On the other hand, putting undivided responsibility upon the federal government and centering attention on New York as the test of the federal government's ability to give effect to the law may so greatly stiffen the resistance of some or all of the states to the enforcement as to curb violations much more effectually than has hitherto accomplished.

It was strongly urged at the hearing by those who favored the repeal that if the federal government really meant business with the Volstead Act it could enforce it without state aid.

It would seem important that the country at large should understand what was involved in the governor's approval of the repealer. It may probably be assumed that all readers of this Service deeply regretted the governor's act, but at the same time the theories of government involved in it should not be overlooked. Those who are seeking to make the Volstead Act more effective need to know all phases of the opposition.

From the governor's point of view it may be said that he had no mandate from the people in the present situation. The repealer was passed by a very small majority in the State Assembly. The vote for the repealer was secured by use of the party whip. The governor's pre-election pledge called for a "liberalization" of the Volstead Act but was silent on the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act. The governor ignored the latter question in his first message to the legislature.
the Legislature. However, it is only three years since the Senate and Assembly of the State enacted the 275 per cent beer and wine bill which Governor Smith, then serving his first term, approved. Putting that fact with his phenomenal plurality over Governor Miller last fall on a platform of which the "liberals" referred to was a conspicuous plank, it is clear that in signing the repealer last week the Governor may have assumed not unreasonably that he had a majority with him. The question before him therefore, assuming that he entertained only legitimate arguments, was whether a principle was involved which he was obligated to follow against what he might assume to be the will of the majority in his own State.

It is well known that the governor never sponsored this measure. Further, he warns all the peace officers of the State that the repealer in no way lessens their obligation to enforce the Volstead Act. It has even been said in the last few days that the governor's act would prove more costly politically than a veto would have been. This seems probable, and as a shrewd politician the governor may be assumed to have appreciated the chances accurately.

On the face of the governor's action, although from the point of view of law enforcement it can only be considered deplorable, is at least as open to the interpretation that it was based on careful and conscientious thought as it is to the contrary interpretation. His memorandum, supported by legal testimony, accompanying his signature, seems to establish beyond reasonable doubt that the State has no legal obligation in the matter of passing concurrent legislation to enforce a federal act. A "state's rights" Democrat may be expected to contend that a federal law which appears to be contrary to the popular will in any State should be enforced by the federal government and not depend on legislation within the State that is contrary to the popular will. All this the governor seems to have had in mind.

In addition to reasons growing out of political theory the governor was able to cite a federal court decision by United States District Judge Knox according to which the Mullan-Gage Act, as well as the Volstead Act, was unconstitutional in so far as the limitation of the prescription of liquor for medicinal use is concerned. The argument of "double jeopardy" which the governor adopts as his own—i.e., that a person might be put in jeopardy first in a state court and then in a federal court for the same offense—seems to have little practical force.

Governor Smith asserts that in his judgment "little if any of the liquor consumed in this State is manufactured here. It is chiefly that imported from foreign countries." This, in so far as the observation is correct, puts primary responsibility on the federal government. The statement, however, is open to question, and the data are lacking to determine its accuracy.

The governor's definite assertion that the Volstead Act's definition of an intoxicating beverage "is not an honest or a common sense one" is the apparent basis of his theory and of his "constructive suggestion." He would have a new, more "liberal," and in his own judgment more accurate, definition laid down by federal enactment and the States left free to act within the limit so determined.

A feeling of unrest, one of the reactions of the war, is still manifest among college students, though among colored students is not so marked, the opinion of President Judson S. Hill, who for forty-two years has been head of the Morristown Normal and Industrial Institute for colored people. Dr. Hill places great faith in colored students, who, he says show an equal if not greater interest in their studies and in outside activities as do white students. They have the same love for athletics and share with enthusiasm in the social doings of their schools. The Institute is justly proud of its manual laboring classes. The students are carrying their studies to a practical end by working on the four new buildings now in process of erection at Morristown. Every step in construction of these buildings is being done by them, from the cutting of trees and shaping them into planks to making the bricks in the kiln of their own manufacture. The buildings being constructed are two dormitories, a recreation and a steam heating plant.—Christian Work.

Even when debts are canceled somebody has to pay them.—Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.

Juniors and Our Country

ELIZABETH KENYON
Junior Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 6

DAILY READINGS
Sunday—A little sleep (Prov. 6:10)
Monday—Work for it (Isa. 62:1)
Tuesday—Rebuke its sin (Jer. 7:1-7)
Wednesday— Sacrifice for it (Heb. 11:24-26)
Thursday—Obey its laws (1 Pet. 2:13-14)
Friday—Help its poor (Matt. 19:21)
Sabbath Day—Topic, What can we Juniors do for our country? (2 Sam. 7:24) (Pa­triotic and consecration meeting)

My! how time flies—glorious Fourth of July is almost with us. Just a few weeks ago we were celebrating Memorial Day when we tried to honor our dead soldiers, friends and relatives. So today we are going to celebrate a day when we honor our country.

To begin with why not send invitations to the members and other boys and girls in our community? The Prayer Meeting or Lookout Committee might do this. We can make out our cards in form of firecrackers cut out of red cardboard with a string tied in the end for a fuse; on the front print, "What can we Juniors do for our country?" and below that write the name of your Junior society; on the back write an invitation something like this—"You'll miss a good time if you do not come to our Junior meeting on (day) at (time) and help us celebrate the Fourth. We are to have a firecracker meeting so come prepared to give one answer to the question on the front of the invitation.

The Junior room might be decorated with flags or red, white and blue crepe paper. When all are assembled present two captains and let them choose their soldiers, calling the two sides "Roman Candles" and "Sky-Rockets." Each side should be seated together and the captains should have a large flag standing by their chair. If chains are used they should be arranged in a straight line directly behind each other. Sing all the patriotic songs in your song book today, and for the collection all march around the room singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" and drop the pennies in a box at the front of the room.

For the testimonies the captains should have as many small flags as there are soldiers on his side and as each one takes part the captain should present each soldier with a flag. This is also where our firecracker meeting comes in. You know when you have a bunch of firecrackers together and you light one the others are lighted from that and begin to pop open one by one until there is nothing left. So, we should answer the question on the front of the invitation if possible; if not give a memory verse, etc., and just as soon as the first one finishes another pop up and so on.

After the testimonies we can all sing our Junior Rally Song using our flags during the motions on the chorus. Just before the benediction we should all salute the flag and have our superintendent offer a prayer that we, as Juniors, may help to keep our flag spotless and pure.

Sometimes I find if some one makes a few suggestions we can answer our questions better and so here are a few ideas for the question on the front of your invitations:

Don't kill or hurt the birds.
Kill the caterpillars, flies, mosquitoes, etc.
Keep our town clean and free from rubbish.
Tell people the harm of using tobacco and liquors.
Obey the laws of our state and country.
Study history so we will know what these laws are.
Keep our lives healthy and strong.
Remember that first comes our duty to God and then to our country and only as we serve God and our fellow-men can we truly serve our country.

Quiet Hour Work

Tiltes of Jesus

1 John 2:1 Matthew 19:16
Revelation 1:8 John 3:11
John 6:35 Mark 1:24
John 10:7

There are about twenty-five other societies besides yours in the United States in our denomination and so in order that we can get a little better acquainted and perhaps learn about new things to do, from
THE SABBATH RECORDER

week to week will be published a short article taken from the Junior Round Robin which is still on its journey visiting the superintendents of our societies. Today we will learn about the Fiscataway society. There are five members and they’re all boys who attend. Their superintendent has made a rack and sixty-six small blocks with the names of the books of the Bible on them and in this way they’re learning their names, positions, spelling, etc. They have learned a prayer, one or two Bible verses and now are starting a boy’s prayer.

LITTLE FAULTS
ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, July 7, 1928

DAILY READINGS
Sunday—A little sleep (Prov. 6:10) Monday—A little folly (Ecc. 10:1) Tuesday—A little (1 Sam. 3:19) Wednesday—A little tongue (Jas. 3:5) Thursday—A little lie (Acts 5:15) Friday—A little disobedience (Gen. 3:6)

Sabbath Day—Topic, Little faults that spoil our lives (Song of Solomon 2:15)

For our lesson we will imagine ourselves out in an orchard sitting under a beautiful apple tree from which two apples have just fallen to the ground close to each other. We will call one Billy and the other, Peggy, and then we will listen to what they are talking about.

"My, how much nicer it is here on the lovely grass than it was hanging on that old branch," sighed Peggy. "I just couldn’t stay there any longer."

"Why I thought it was just lovely up there, but that naughty boy came along and shook me down and then I lay in the long grass where he couldn’t find me," replied Billy. "But Peggy, how sad and ugly you look on one side of your head, there is a great big dark spot on it."

"Yes," agreed Billy, "I couldn’t stay in the tree it hurt me so!"

"Hurt you so, why what’s the matter?" asked Billy excitedly.

"Well, if you keep still long enough I’ll tell you about it. This spring Farmer Green was so busy he forgot to kill the caterpillar nests that were in his trees until it was too late. So when I was a beautiful blossom a great big nest was right on the limb where I was and one of the eggs was

caught in my blossom. Then when my blossom fell off and I began to grow, the egg was still inside next to my heart. Soon this egg hatched into an ugly little worm that kept eating out my heart or core until I was grown and then it began to eat into my very body. Oh, how it hurt, not so much, it grew worse and worse and then when it finally reached my skin and crawled out I was so happy—but it did go right. It had eaten away parts of my body until now when some one bites into me they will throw me away disgusted because I’m all rotten inside."

"Peggy, I’m so sorry for you, but perhaps it’ll teach Farmer Brown a lesson, not to let the worms spoil another beautiful apple like you," sadly replied Billy.

So, boys and girls, there are a lot of little worms that get into our hearts, but we are different than Peggy—we have more power so we can fight these little worms and we also have a wonderful person to help us. Jesus will gladly help us fight these naughty worms if we will let him. If any of the worms get into our hearts we can just ask Jesus to take them out and make our hearts pure and wise. Then we must never let them in again.

I wonder what some of these little worms are which if we don’t fight will grow into that big ugly worms that will spoil our lives. Why, they’re such things as these: a lie we told mother when we did wrong and were afraid she would punish us; a cross, ugly word; a cigarette; a taste of wine or cider; a slap when we were angry at one of our friends; a slamming door when mother asked us to go to the store; a slang word; a penny taken from some one’s pocketbook; a broken doll or toy which we threw on the floor when something went wrong; and so many, many others just waiting to get into our lives and grow. We’re glad that there is no room for these little worms to live in our lives for we, as Juniors, are too busy with the good things.

Our scripture lesson was about foxes so for something different in our program two of the Juniors could give the following dialogue, the first one carrying a grapevine and the other a toy pistol.

LITTLE FOXES

"Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—"By-and-by."

"Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—"Right-away."

MARY LOUISA’S TONGUE

PART I

"No," John Morton said gruffly, "I haven’t any time to talk or any oranges to sell. I don’t do a retail business.

He slammed the gate and trudged back up the lane to the house, leaving Mary Louisa shut out in the road with the woman who had been trying to buy a box of oranges.

Mary Louisa was not pretty. Her nose tipped up instead of down; her eyes were small; her hair was straight, and her face was freckled; but she had two undoubted possessions: a smile that lighted her plain face like a flame, and a happy tongue that was on duty from sunup to sundown. She turned both of her accomplishments now on the disconsolate lady who had had the gate slammed in her face."

"I’m so sorry," she said.

"Of all the combos!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster in annoyance.

"Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox, I Can’t.

"Then, fast as ever hunter ran
Chase him with hold and brave—"I Can!"

"No Use in Trying”—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

"Then drive him low and drive him high
With this young hunter—"Till Try."

"Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the sly fox—I Forgot!"

"Then hunt him out, and to his den,
With—"I Will Not Forget Again!"

"A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—"Don’t Care!"

"Then let I’m Sorry”—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you!"

QUIET HOUR WORK

Titles of Jesus
1 Tim. 1:1
Matthew 27:37
Hebrews 4:14
1 Tim. 6:15 (second one)
John 1:29
John 8:12

There are twenty-five active members, most of them eight years of age and under in the Alfred society. They lead the meetings, plan committees and have learned an alphabet of verses.

He’s really isn’t," begged Mary Louisa. "He’s my brother-in-law, you see. He married my sister Hatty, and he’s really very kind for he lets Walter and me live with him ever since. Walter is my brother. He’s grown up really, but he acts like a boy. I’ve only got one brother and only one sister—not even a grandmother. John has a mother in the city who lets me call her grandmother, though. John doesn’t mean to be cross."

"It was a pretty good imitation," Mrs. Foster said, turning to her waiting car.

"He just hates to talk," coaxed Mary Louisa. "That’s why he’s glad to have me around, for I love to whisper. Please don’t go away cross; it makes me so unhappy."

She looked so eager that, in spite of herself, the offended woman laughed.

"You don’t look as if you ever could be unhappy," she said more graciously.

"Oh, but I am. I cry quite often," answered Mary Louisa. "As often as once a month, maybe."

"What do you find to cry about if your bear of a brother-in-law is so good to you?" cried Mary Louisa. "Oh, Mary Louisa, please don’t cry. And John really truly isn’t a bear; he’s a —duck. You aren’t angry at him now, are you?" she coaxed, smiling into the strange woman’s face."

"And suppose I’m over it," Mrs. Foster yielded; "but he was very rude. I saw the Sun-drip sign, so I knew his oranges were good, and I want a box most awfully to send East. How could I tell that he wouldn’t sell me some?"

"You couldn’t. And our oranges are top-notch always. But John contracts for them in big lots, you see, and he won’t bother with small selling, and he hates it when people stop and ask him to."

"I see," the visitor answered dryly.

"But I’ll tell you," Mary Louisa went on confidentially, "I couldn’t coax him right away now because he’ll be cross for a little while; but if you come back tomorrow or next day, I’ll see that you get a box of No. 1 oranges. Couldn’t you do that?"

"I suppose I could. I drive every day. But I’m not coming for nothing again."

"You won’t have to," promised Mary Louisa. "Hatty and Walter will be on my side, and John likes them. If he won’t do it for me, he’ll do it for them."

"Very well, I’ll come back tomorrow."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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But I want to see you, not that brother-in-law of yours."

"He won't want to see you either," smiled Mary Louisa. "I'll watch out for you."

"I wish John would sell to any one who wants oranges," she sighed as she swung the open gate. "It would be so lovely to have people stopping all the time. I hope he didn't get very cross, for there isn't much time before tomorrow to get him persuaded. Oh, dear, there's Hatty at my job of sweeping the porch."

"Why didn't you wait, Hatty?" Mary Louisa asked.

"It was done in a jiffy and you were off," Hatty answered kindly.

"If Mary Louisa would use her hands and feet as easily as she uses her tongue," John Morton interposed, "she'd have had this job done ten times over."

"But we don't want to sweep the porch ten times," Mary Louisa laughed happily.

"Now, John," interrupted Hatty, "it's only waste of time to try to keep Mary Louisa's tongue still. She can't do it any more than the bees can help buzzing, and she doesn't shirk her work any more than they do. It all means honey in the end."

John Morton smiled a little reluctantly. "If you've got to buzz, don't call me down again to hear you do it; that's all. And go now and tell Walter to make a sign and tell Walter to make a sign and read it with dismay."

"Keep out. No oranges for sale."

To make the warning sure, Walter's sense of humor had added at the bottom a threatening skull and crossbones.

"Oh, Walter," she exclaimed in consternation. "That's an awful sign. No one will stop now."

(Mary Louisa asked."

"He can say what he likes so long as he keeps people out."

"I wonder why you hate so to talk," meditated Mary Louisa.

"If I talked to all the women who wanted to talk to me, I'd have no time for business."

"But you could sell them things while you were talking," she argued.

"I've contracted for my crop. I don't sell in thimblefuls."

"That was such a nice lady that was here this morning, John, and she does want a box of oranges so much. Can't I sell her just one box?" asked the girl.

"Oh, let her sell a box of oranges," interposed Hatty.

John in quick annoyance turned to his desk and took out a big ledger. He opened it to a page that already had writing on it and wrote carefully, "Mary Louisa's Tongue."

"On this page," he said, his hand on Mary Louisa's name, "I enter my liabilities; on the opposite page, my assets. Assets are what I own; liabilities are the valueless things in my business."

"I don't mind," Mary Louisa answered. "John's too kind. Can I sell the box of oranges, John?"

"This time," he yielded, a little ashamed, "I don't try it again. I won't be bothered with small orders."

"Thank you," Mary Louisa said. "I'll try not to do it again; but it's such fun to have the people stop and talk. I wish there was a kind of business where talking was some good."

Walter grinned cheerfully over John's demand for a sign, and went to his job with alacrity, while Mary Louisa washed dishes after dinner. Mary Louisa reached the gate just as Walter was nailing up his sign and read it with dismay.

"Keep out. No oranges for sale."

To make the warning sure, Walter's sense of humor had added at the bottom a threatening skull and crossbones.

"Oh, Walter," she exclaimed in consternation. "That's an awful sign. No one will stop now."

(Tobecontinued)

PUSSY RIDDLE RHYMES

Here's the funniest riddle you ever have heard. What is a pussy
And yet is a bird? (Catbird.)
And here's one as funny As children could wish. What is a pussy
And still is a fish? (Catfish.)
What is a pussy
And still is a tree? Now, if you can guess it, You will see you can be! (Pussy willow.)
What is a pussy
As purry as most, And, though it's peculiar, She is a sign, too! (Catpallor.)
And what is the pussy
That something must all? She grows by a stream And has only a tail! (Cat-tail.) —Dew Drops.

HOW MANY STEPS YOU TAKE IN A DAY

Do you know that a policeman travels on foot about nineteen miles in every day. The average bell-boy in a hotel walks sixteen miles a-day. Your mother probably walks eleven miles, just around the house during one day. A salesman once walked fourteen miles without going outside the store, and a messenger boy was found to average thirty-two miles a-day. If you have a speedometer or can use one for a while, find out the average number of miles you journey each day.—Junior World.

A HONEYSUCKLE

A honeysuckle by the porch.
With sprays of coral flowers
Expanding more and more each day,
As sunshine follows showers,
Attracts the tiny hummingbirds,
Which come so oft each day
To sip the sweets from each bright tube.
Then swiftly dart away.

"Contributed," A. S. M.

TWO PITCHERS

There is an old fable that tells of two pitchers who were going to the well together. One of them looked very sad, and began to complain. "Oh, dear me," he sighed, "I do get so tired being filled; and it doesn't matter how often we are filled, we always return empty."

"Now that's a queer way to look at it!" exclaimed the other pitcher, whose face was bright and smiling. "I like to think that no matter how often we are emptied we are always brought back from the well full again."

Happy Day Keys

When Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was a little girl, she came one morning to her mother's bedroom door and cried, "Open the door! I want in!"

"Who is it?" asked the queen mother.

"It is the Queen of Holland!" answered the girl grandly. "Open the door! The Queen of Holland wants in!" Then Wilhelmina pounded on the door with her fists.

By and by, when Wilhelmina found that the door would not yield to the pounding of a little queen's fist, she said, "Please, mother, won't you open the door? Your little girl wants to kiss you good morning!" Then the door opened quickly. Wilhelmina had found and used the key that opened the door.

You have seen the ring of keys that father carries in his pocket. He has the house key, the store key, the key to the garage and the tool shop, the desk key, the key to the box at the bank. You, too, carry your keys. If you lose your combination, and your keys will open almost any door. Sometimes you forget your keys and try to open the door without them, as the little Queen of Holland did.

Wilhelmina unlocked her mother's door with a key that we need to use very often, the key marked "Mother." There is hardly an hour in the day when we do not need that key. At the table, in school, in our games, and at our work we need to use the key "Please."

Other keys that you should always carry with you and never forget to use are: "Thank you," "Excuse me," "I beg pardon," "Good morning," "Good night." The boy or girl who will use these keys freely will open the door to a day of smiles and happiness. —Dew Drops.

WHAT TO DO SABBATH AFTERNOON

"Rose, what do you suppose mother has for us to do today?" asked Ethel, while they waited in the sun-parlor.

"I think I know," boasted Jack, "I saw her with scissors; I bet we are going to cut pictures."

"You are right and wrong, both, my boy," laughed mother as she entered the room just in time to hear Jack's remark. "How, mother?"

"You are going to cut pictures but not in the way you think. I have here several of this year's Pictorial Review Magazines and some of the McCall's which Mrs. Jones has given you. In these magazines are some nice Bible pictures. You may each cut out two, then paste them on to this cardboard, which is the box your new suit came in, Jack. Use plenty of paste, covering every bit of the surface. When you have finished pasting the pictures take them to the kitchen and iron them with a warm flat-iron on the back and not so much as to make them thoroughly dry. Then you may bring them back here and cut up into odd shaped pieces. Put all the pieces into this box when you are through, and bring the box to me."
"Oh, mother, can't we put the puzzle together?" asked Ethel.

"No, my dear, that is part of the secret for another time."—R. M. C.

A STRETCH OF METAPHOR

From the window little Willy Drooped his brother with great joy, Told his mother as she fainted, "Watch our bouncing baby boy!"—Sanford Chaparral.

Wife—"My dear, you've forgotten again that today is my birthday." Husband—"Er—listen, love, I know I forget it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."—London Opinion.

Andrew Carnegie tells of an old Scotch lady who had no great liking for modern church music. One day she was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in her own church, when a friend said:

"Why, that anthem is a very ancient one. David sang it to Saul."—W. E. J.

"Weel, weel!" said the old woman. "I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

The head of a large railroad company was making inquiries with regard to acquiring a small branch line which belonged to an old man. "Now, as to the state of your road," he asked, "is it well and safely laid?"—"Sir," replied the old man indignantly, "ours is the safest line in the country."

And as you have been running for over twenty years and have never had a collision. And, what's more, sir, a collision would be impossible."—"How do you make that out?" queried the other in surprise.

"Well, sir, we have only one train."

A child adopted from an orphan's home was being ridiculed by the other children because he had no real parents. The conversation went about as follows:

"Aw, you haven't got any real father and mother?"

"Maybe I haven't, but the ones I have got love me as much as yours love you."—"They do not. Ours are our real parents."

"Well, mine love me more than yours do you, 'cause mine picked me out of a hundred other babies, and yours had to take what they got."—The Baptist.

Creditor—"How often must I climb these five flights of stairs before I get the amount that is due me?"—David—"Do you think I am going to rent a place on the ground floor just to accommodate my creditors?"—Boston Transcript.

Smart—What is a simple English word of five letters that is never pronounced right, even by the most learned scholars?—Dull—"Dunno! what?"—Smart—"Why, "wrong," of course.—Junior World.

THE GREAT NEBRASKA BLIZZARD OF APRIL 13, 14, 15, 1873

E. J. Babcock

It was Easter Sunday of Eighteen Seventy-three. It was warm and pleasant and sunny and fair as May. Farmers were planting their early potatoes and gardens. What an even climate was this Nebraska land.

How different from our old Wisconsin home; No storms, no snows, not a cloud, not a drift. Perpetual sunshine, the promised land, indeed. Each morn was heard the sound of saw and hammer. And merry and cheery was talk and song and jest. First permanent house of this new town was building.

Twas Elder Babcock's, leader and pastor, he. Post-office, home and church it was to be. Court room and county judge's office. Red cedar were the logs like Solomon's temple, From Cedar Canyons, thirty miles away. Fragrant was the odor of resins and logs, But wonder they sang at their work that balmy day.

Toward evening a gentle mist from the North came down, Just what gardens and grass were needing. It damped the odoriferous chips and logs Till sweetest perfume filled the balmy air. The walls were up, the roof almost completed. No joist was laid, but Mother Earth its floor, No door nor window in, the gables open. But with the weather calm, no storm, no wind, Home went the men to beds of pleasant dreams. Springing from bed a window he sought. Home went the men to beds of pleasant dreams.

No storms, no sleighs, no snow, no awful winds. And man and beast to travel over. How Austin Terry, resourceful and strong, With wood and ax and clothes wet through He started again for his buried home. But hampered by ax and arm full of wood He missed his course and was lost on the plain. Stopping he questioned his quickened wits, Turned his other cheek to the cold north wind.

Out to the blinding, raging storm. The wet, gale driven snow filled ears and eyes, Clung to their lashes, to beard and hair. His shoeless feet must he get some way. Left last night at the new log house, Eighty and more long rods away. And so he started, no danger fearing. Knew not that so many that fearsome day Would perish while going a few rods away. Found the new house blown flat to the ground, Found ax and the shovel among the debris. And soon he was back to his home in the ground. Was it instinct or luck or providence kind That guided his steps through the wind and snow? Breakfast over, the storm again must be braved, Wood must be cut, stock fed and saved. Again he crawled out through the snowy hole And we filled it behind him with straw-tick old. And saluted once more in the storm, He sought the stable built too in the bank, But only a great white mound was there. So he hurried down through snow and roof And slid down into the dark abyss, And groping around found horses and cow. So filled was the floor with tramped snow Their backs now rubbed the roof above. A little hay was put in the racks And with more hay he called the cracks And sealed it over with heavy snow, Then sought with his ax the near-by tree. Hard snow was drifted to near the top. To where a deadened limb was found From which he cut a few sticks of wood. With wood and ax and clothes wet through He started again for his buried home. But hampered by ax and arm full of wood He missed his course and was lost on the plain. Stopping he questioned his quickened wits, Turned his other cheek to the cold north wind.

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Retracing his steps to the known creek bank. Two times repeated before he found Upon the third his dugout mound. For this full day and nights and the wild storm raged. Our small supply of oil must soon be gone. To husband it we sat in total darkness, Two families huddled in this one small room. Each day another trip was made, To care for stock and bring supplies of wood. Toward Wednesday night he burrowed out again, and lo! This time the snow and wind had both abated. Quicker that I can tell, the boys and I Crawled through the hole into the welcome light. The storm was over, and we dug away the snow Letting the family out and the daylight in. Although it snowed so furiously and long, The prairie land was still bare and black. The streams and canyons caught the snow Full to their level, and so hard packed, A crow bar would not pierce it. Full twenty feet in Mira Creek it lay, And Mrs. Shepard tells us how In solid bank it bridged the river For man and beast to travel over.

Many and sad are the tales that are told Of this fearful blizzard in the days of old. How Austin Terry, resourceful and strong, Worked like a slave the whole day long, To save his team; and still he tries Till they perish before his very eyes. How L. C. Jacobs saved team and cows By driving them into his new log house. How thousands of cattle, like panic troops Froze water gushing in the Platte and the Loups; And many brave men of stalwart form Lost limb and life in this demon storm.

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THE MAIN BUSINESS OF FATHERS

Fatherhood involves not merely a physiological and financial obligation. Why should a father become an authority on his chiefest job? He should not be ashamed to know as little about an auto as he does about raising a son. He asks his friends and the professionals about golf. But what research does he make on fatherhood? "He is willing to have children, but not to know enough to grow them." He is like my little girl, very anxious to hold the baby—but not to hold him long. He married a mother for his children, he hires a nurse for them, and a teacher. They have everything but a father. Theodore Roosevelt put brains into that pre-eminent job of his.—The Continent, by permission.

TRUST GOD

Leave God to order all thy ways. And trust in him what'er betide; Thou'll find him in the evil days A very present help and guide. Who trusts in God's unchanging love Builds on a rock that naught can move. —Margaret E. Sangster.

The greatest example of faith we know is that of Jesus going away and not calling legions of angels to spread the gospel, but leaving it to Peter and the others.—D. L. Moody.

(Continued from page 814)

MARRIAGES

PREMAUER-PRENTICE.—At the parsonage in downtownville, Kan., by Pastor H. L. Cottrell, Otto H. Premauer, of Oswaleba, Kan., and Daisy Mary Prentice, of Romontonville, Kan.

HANNAH-BarOcK.—At Alfred, N. Y., by Rev. Arthur F. Main, Mr. M. Raymond Hanks, of Almond, N. Y., and Miss Doris Amy Babcock, of Alfred, N. Y.

DEATHS

PLACE.—Mrs. Elizabeth Burdick Place was born February 14, 1853, and died June 4, 1923. She was the daughter of Enos and Fanny Beckman Burdick, and was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y., where she has lived her entire life. She was one of eight children, four sons and four daughters. On November 29, 1851, she was united in marriage with Thomas Place. To them was born one son, and one was adopted. Mr. Place passed away about thirty-five years ago.

At the age of sixteen she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred, and remained a member for many years. She was faithful and true and kind to all; always energetic and industrious.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Susan Davis, of Alfred, her two sons, Philip Sherman, of Alfred, and Ira A., of New York, who is first vice president of the New York Central Railroad. Also by five grandchildren and several great grandchildren.

She received her education in the public schools and Alfred University. For a time she followed the teaching profession.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, and burial was in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

VINCENT.—Nathan Wardiner Vincent was born July 1, 1870, and died June 2, 1923. He was the third son in a family of five children born to Joseph and Maria Sisson Vincent, and was born in the town of Alfred, Allegany County, N. Y.

By profession, Mr. Vincent was a machinist. He learned his trade in the Rogers Machine Shop, Alfred, N. Y., later he worked in the Potter Press Company, Plafield, N. J. Then for a time he was in the employ of the Babcock Manufacturing Company, at the age of forty-nine he abandoned the church at Antioch, near Fouke, Ark., in December, 1922, and died June 1, 1923, at the age of seventy-five years.

In prayerful patience and confidence, in the midst of earthly trials, he lived the life of the Lord, and reaped the reward. He was united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church. Later he moved his membership to Leonardsville; when he came to Alfred, he left his wife and daughter brought his membership here.

On June 27, 1906, he was united in marriage to Mamie Davis, of Muncoda, Wis., and to them were born five children. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, Jennie Louise, Warda and Mamie Elizabeth. The two older children, Amy and Avery, died nearly four years ago due to an automobile accident in the town of Romontonville, Kan., a brother, A. W. Vincent, of Wellsville, N. Y., and a sister, Fanny.

Funeral services were conducted at his home by his pastor, and burial was in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

A. C. E.

An Exchange gives us the following: "Time was when a large percentage of college graduates in the United States entered the ministry. Indeed colleges were founded to that end. Now this gift of higher education is more widely extended. From the 689 graduates of Boston University who received their degrees during the past year, 516 men and women have entered the ministry; five men and seven women have chosen foreign missionary work; 157 men and eighteen women have chosen the practice of law; 123 men and twenty-nine women have gone into business; the teaching profession attracted ninety women and forty-nine men; thirty-one men and six women have chosen the physician's profession; sixty-five women are scattered through the country as lecturers, social service workers, directors of religious education and in other occupations."

A merely divine Savior could not be a Savior for me. A merely human Savior could not be a Savior for me. But a Savior in whom deity and humanity meet, a Savior who is at once God and man, is just the Savior I need, and the Savior you need, a Savior is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through him.—R. T. Torrey.

"Sorrow kills only the weak; the strong endure, And find for every woe a cure. In prayerful patience and active faith."
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