THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT BEGAN JULY 1, 1923

MY GAIN

'Twas in my weakness that I learned
The greatness of God's might,
'Twas in my blindness that I saw
The glory of his light;
'Twas in my need I found the store
Of riches from above,
'Twas in my sin I realized
The depths of Jesus' love;
'Twas mid the storm I felt the calm
Of His abiding peace,
'Twas when all others failed I learned
His care can never cease;
'Twas in my pain I found the balm
That Heaven alone can give,
'Twas when I suffered death with him,
He taught me how to live.

—Selected.
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE
Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Plainfield, N. J.
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Vice-President—Rev. C. M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND
Alfred, N. Y.

Robert W. Wing, of Scott, made a happy response to Pastor Van Horn's welcome. He wonders if God's people would be as much interested in matters of the kingdom as they are in other things. Christians are not always true to their songs of consecration. Let the main thought here be that the Son of Man came to save the lost and that we are his witnesses. May we go away better able to witness for our Master than when we came here. As the disciples after their walk to Emmaus said: "Did not our hearts burn within us as we talked with him by the way?" so may we be able to say when these meetings are over.

Sabbath Recorder

Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Baptist Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

Central Association
At Verona, N. Y.

Delegates to the associations left Plainfield at 11:13 Wednesday morning in time for the 12:50 train on the New York Central road for Rome, N. Y. There they were met by Brother Newey with an auto, and after a ride of seven miles through the beautiful farming country of central New York, they found themselves in comfortable Verona homes just as the evening shades were gathering.

The ladies had very enjoy the ride up the Hudson to Albany; and the westward journey along the historic waters of the "Mohawk vale" is always full of interest. The evening was cool, in keeping with the weather records of this backward season, and everything indicated that crops must be late this year.

Brother Eugene Davis and the editor found a pleasant home at the parsonage with Pastor Theodore J. Van Horn and wife. At four o'clock we had an ideal morning for the meetings, and soon went to the old Verona church, where the friends were busy finishing their preparations for the association.

The connection has a very good home and there is nothing but the best for the association. We did not take long to see that Verona was going forward. We never saw the meeting house in so good condition outside and in. It had received a coat of paint recently, the old wooden porch had been replaced by a new one with good columns, the front was neat and wide, and at a cost of about $200; a fine-sounding bell had been placed in the steeple as a gift from Mrs. Villa Showy; and the moment one looked inside he could see that the women had been busy decorating the room for the special meetings. New lights and a new piano have also been added within a year.

The lawn had been clean shaven and a rest tent was placed upon it for the comfort and convenience of the guests.

At the proper time Brother Raymond Burdick, the president, called the association to order, and after devotional services by Rev. Loyal Hurley, Pastor Theodore J. Van Horn greeted the welcome found on another page of this Recorder.
us is our great source of power as a people. At the close of this address Brother Bond prayed for our oneness; our unity of spirit that binds us together. May we more and more become one in Christ.

Rev. John Randolph, the newest pastor in the association, preached the annual sermon. He read Christ's words in the tenth of John about the good Shepherd.

John 10:10 was his text. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." What is life? The term is used in various ways. Life is a gift of God and we should do nothing for the possession of the life Christ came to give, without this we can do nothing toward extending the kingdom of God on earth.

"He Leadeth Me" was a well chosen song to follow this touching plea for the abundant life.

Practically the same representatives of the other associations appeared here in behalf of the bodies to which they belong. Everybody seems interested in messages from different bodies of our denomination with headquarters in various sections of this great country. The ties that bind our churches together are greatly strengthened from year to year by the presence and influences of these delegates.

Brother A. J. C. Bond's message from the Pacific Coast Association was listened to with very great interest. The ties that bind peoples so widely scattered must be greatly strengthened by such visits as Brother Bond made to the association in California.

This association continues the practice of reading letters from its churches; and letters were read from Brookfield, Verona, DeRuyter, Adams Center, Second Brookfield, West Edmeston, Scott and Syracuse.

The clerk reported that during the many years she has had the service as secretary she had never received such complete reports from the churches. There was a letter present from each of the churches in the association.

An Important Resolution in the Eastern Association, after the people had become interested in the two colored brethren seeking a church home among us and desiring to work among people of their own race, the following resolution was adopted by an unanimous vote, and was sent to the Central Association and adopted:

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, and,

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

The Spirit of Christian Song to gather on the first day of the association at Verona and as we were walking slowly toward the church where groups of people had been visiting since the supper hour, the strains of a familiar old song reached our ears. Voices of men and women swelled a great chorus that grew stronger as we drew near. As we approached we found that some one had started, "Nearer my God to thee" and the entire group caught up the song. It was indeed impressive, there in the open air, to see old and young singing songs with fervency of feeling and evident devotion as darkness settled down over church and people.

We did wish that a few fearful souls who seem to think that the spirit of devotion is departing from our people could witness some of the uplifting scenes in our associations.

The way old and young are taking hold of the Master's work in these days gives us hope for our future. Just at this point in our writing of this matter, Brother Claude Hill announced the song: "Blessed Assurance Jesus is mine," and it would have done you all good to hear the song that came from the well-filled pews. Then came, "Standing on the Promises," and all were ready for the good meeting.

Ordination of Deacons Thursday night at the Central Association was set apart for the ordination of two deacons to serve the First Verona Church. The candidates were T. Stuart Smith and Marion Dillman. Both men were converts to the Sabbath and prominent in Christian work, and both gave a very interesting and satisfactory experience.

The ordination services were in the hands of Rev. Frank E. Peterson, chairman of the ordination committee of the association. There was a large and attentive audience and the evening was full of good things.

The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, a former pastor who had baptized one of the candidates; and some remarks were made by Rev. Alva L. Davis, another former pastor who had baptized the other one. The consecrating prayer was made by Rev. W. D. Gardner, who, with the ministers and deacons assisted in the laying on of hands.

Rev. A. C. Bond in an appropriate address welcomed the new deacons to the larger service in the Master's kingdom.

There was something about this service that touched the hearts of the people in an unusual way. It was a very uplifting and helpful meeting that will not soon be forgotten by those who were present.

Friday Morning At Verona At the business session on the second day of the Central Association, Rev. William M. Simpson appeared as delegate from the Western Association bringing cheering words from the churches of the association regarding evangelistic work. He mentioned fourteen baptisms in his own church and six baptisms in the First Alfred Church.

Mrs. Lena Crofoot, pastor at West Edmeston, presented her report as joint delegate from this association to the Eastern Association and Western. The time had arrived for the special order, and the remainder of the forenoon was devoted to the program of the American Sabbath Tract Society, with A. J. C. Bond as leader. He spoke of the inquiries constantly coming in for light on the Sabbath question. Many encouraging signs appear as the days go by. The editor spoke upon the general plans and work of the Tract Board; its efforts to keep in touch with the churches and with scattered Sabbath-keepers, as well as to send the light truth out into the world of error by the printed page.

The SABBATH RECORDER was given the principal attention in his address, and we have evidence that some in the audience realized, as never before, something of the value of this paper, as a denomination so widely scattered as ours is. What would be the result if the Recorder should stop making its weekly visits to the homes of our people? How would families of remote sections learn anything about the various interests with which we are giving attention? What would the people know about the plans and activities of the Missionary, Tract, Young People's, Women's and Sabbath School boards? What would they know about our colleges, Alfred, Milton, and Salem if there were no Recorder? What interest could they have in our mission fields if this tie that binds our churches to them were severed?

How can families that turn a cold shoulder to the Sabbath Recorder, where parents never see it, or where they never speak well of it, expect their children to grow up loyal to the faith of their fathers? Every Seventh Day Baptist family should have this paper.

Missions On Friday afternoon the Missionary program was one of the very best. It was led by Rev. William L. Burdick, and the speakers were Rev. Loyal F. Hurley, Rev. Alva L. Davis, Rev. H. Eugene Davis, and Brother Burdick himself. One of these made a strong plea for more aggressive mission work; another spoke upon the need of active evangelism; the third gave a most interesting address upon the work and the needs in China; and the leader stirred all hearts pleading for an education that extols Christ. The Missionary Board would make Christ supreme through the entire life of the Christian, and promote universal brotherhood.

After these stirring addresses the male chorus of eight men sang: "What more could he do?"

The thing that causes great regret is the fact that so few of our people are present to hear the words that move our hearts in regard to the Master's work. If all Seventh Day Baptists are stirred until they feel the spiritual uplift that comes in such meetings as these in Verona, we would see different results along the line.
Sunset Bell and Sabbath Eve
Sabbath, and the vesper service started off with the song:

Day is dying in the west; Heart's is toward with rest; Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Through all the land.

While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of love enfolding all, Through the glory and the grace Of stars that veil thy face Our hearts ascend.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord of Hosts, Heart's and earth are full of thee; Heart and earth embracing thee, O Lord Most High!

This praise service was led by Brother Claude Hill, delegate from the Northwestern Association, who was the preacher of the evening.

His text was: “Give ye them to eat.” Matt. 14:16. The keynote of the association: “For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” was displayed in the letters on the wall back of the pulpit, and the speaker called attention to this to show that the text he had chosen was in harmony with the theme of the association.

Christ had little to say about the church; but the church came naturally from the instinct that draws us together for company and mutual help. The main thing is to give men and women the bread of life—to feed them when they have received that, the first impulse is to go out and tell others.

Christ is still saying: “Give ye them to eat.” The only gospel many ever hear is the gospel according to you. We are living preachers by our everyday life.

True Christian enterprise from the beginning has been missionary. The first disciples were told to carry the power from on high, and then it was theirs to go out and preach and teach. The greater the missionary spirit in our churches, the greater will be their power and the better will be the results at home.

The house was well filled, and the after-meeting led by Rev. Frank E. Peterson was one of the very best. It reminded us of the old-time revival in which the power of the Spirit was present to stir all hearts.

This second day at Verona was a great day. It would revive hope for our good cause in the heart of the most pessimistic.

Sabbath Morning
There was a great crowd of people at the Sabbath morning service in Verona. Sixty-six came about eighty miles in autos from Adams Center alone, and the delegations were large from Leonardsville, Brookfield, West Edmeston, Syracuse, DeRuyter and Scott.

The children were placed on the front seats in the church, and Rev. William M. Simpson preached a sermonette to them first, after which they were sent to the Lutheran church and to the schoolhouse where special services were held for them by Brother Simpson, H. Eugene Davis and others.

Mr. Simpson's sermonette consisted of the story of the prophet Amos and was as interesting for the old people as for the children. He has a special gift for this kind of work. When he was through the children marched out of the church, while the audience sang, “Onward Christian soldier, marching as to war.”

Then followed the regular sermon by Rev. Alva L. Davis, a former pastor of the Western Association, who was the preacher of the evening. He has a special text, “The Greater the Mis-sion, the Greater the Association,” to show that the text he had chosen was in harmony with the theme of the association.

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Vesper Service
Sabbath Evening
Sermon by Brother Simpson
The services on the evening after the Sabbath service held with special music by the local orchestra.

Then followed a solo by Rev. Loyal Hurley, and a duet by Pastor and Mrs. Van Horn.

There was a beautiful trio in which the voices of three ladies blended in unusual harmony. We shall not soon forget that sweet song, a part of the words of which we copied for you:

“LED BY THE VOICE OF JESUS”
A home there is beyond the blue,
In our Father's dwelling place;
Where those redeemed, the good and true,
Will unite live and love.

We see its domes resplendent glow,
Bright as the story of your name;
While crystal waters onward flow,
And a Savior's love o'er all;

And fragrant flow'r immortal;
Now 'tis sung of thee there;
But god it says disperse the gloom.
'Tis forever bright and fair.

REPOSE
Sweet voice of love, be thou our guide,
Lead us on to victory.
Until we reach the farther side,
When thy blessed face we'll see;
In that sweet home of our God,
Ringing through the mist of coming years,
Ever to its' sweet tones
to our God.

And love'sрозеs enfolded
Ringing, ringing, ringing,
Through the coming years.

After this splendid spiritual vesper service, Rev. William Simpson, delegate from the Western Association, preached a very practical sermon from the text: “He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in little is unjust also in much.”

His theme was undivided loyalty to our Lord. The explanation he gave of real stewardship showed that men are expected to be true to God in the use of all their powers, influence, time, endowments of whatever kind—even for all their friend-ships which should be shared with others.

We are accountable for all our abilities and spiritual blessings and we have no right to enjoy them by ourselves alone. We are here to help others. It is a misfortune not to trust our God. He trusts us and we should trust him.

By simple illustrations he showed how honesty in little things is connected with prosperity and blessedness. The law of habit is strong and holds us in the way of life we have cultivated, whether good or bad.

Young People's Work
The young people of Verona are strong and loyal to their church. Their pastor and his good wife and helper are deeply interested in their work. Their present work ends this Sunday, but whatever work needs to be done for the church. And when we get the young people of this association, from the different churches, we have a strong, attractive, inspiring company.

Their meeting here was very good, and we are promised that the papers of the young people shall appear in the Recorder in due time.

The trio sang again in this hour. Everybody was pleased with the closing song; “Oh, beautiful garden of prayer.”

Whoever thinks back for half a century to the associations of other days, recalling the spirit and the powers of the meetings then, as compared with associations today, will have hard work to believe the changes of some who claim that we are losing ground!

The Historical Pageant
Those who attended the General Conference at Ashaway, R. I., last August, will not soon forget the missionary pageant given by our Woman's Executive Board, in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of our church in America.

This splendid pageant was prepared by Mrs. Harriette Carpenter Van Horn, wife of the present pastor of the Verona Church, and was repeated in the Central Association on Sabbath afternoon. Mrs. Adelaide C. Brown, of Brookfield, had charge of the woman's program, and Mrs. Van Horn, the author of the pageant, was the director of this inspiring part. After the young ladies' chorus had sung an appropriate song, the one preceding at the piano struck up the
old familiar strain, "The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears"; and a sweet, low undertone of this tune on the piano ran through the entire exercise making a most appropriate background for every scene.

In the midst of this opening chorus two heralds appropriately dressed, wearing helmets and bearing rods of authority, came marching down the center aisle followed by the Spirit of Missions dressed in flowing white robes, with a crown upon her head, and clothed with a violet colored veil. Before mounting the high seat or throne at the back of the stage the Spirit of Missions paused, and, seeming to overlook the world's past record, she stood there gazing over the slow progress made in carrying out the Master's command to evangelize the world. In clear and tender words, beautifully accented with every syllable distinctly pronounced, she slowly spoke as follows:

How swiftly the years pass. Twenty centuries are speeding by since, thou, O divine Master, first sent forth thy disciples, into the space of the earth, to "preach the gospel to every creature." Have I not, O patient Lord, I, the Spirit of Missions, gone with thee people here and there, wherever thou hast sent—to inspire, to lead, to cheer and speed them on? All peoples who dwelt those who heard thy compelling voice and walked those paths have had a share in this blessed task. And yet, O mighty Lord, I, the patient Lord, I, the Church, I, the Church, impelled by thy spirit sent Stephen Mumford as a Sabbath-keeper in America.

The next ones represented the years 1672-1822 regarding the work of home missions. This was the message:

Thou wilt recall, brave Spirit of Missions, the early church of the New Testament, in the period of which I speak. Dark, gloomy forests, wild mountain streams, the lonely trail-marked―those paths are being widened for the faith... Often with only the faithful sable-horse for traveling companion, they rode the weary miles, some had as a schoolmate, they were uncared for... They labored on, and it is fitting that we should try to bring the message to life as it was during those years.

Let me summon the Years, and hear once more the words of the Lord which he has carried thy gospel and thy holy Sabbath to a needy world.

Then there came marching in, the "years" which she had summoned, each one bearing its message. The dates appeared in plain black letters on the front of the white crowns they wore. The year 1672 said:

O gracious Spirit, surely thou hast not forgotten that it was at thy behest one came from a land across the sea to bring the blessed Sabbath-keeping truth to young America. There were true hearts of oak in England in those early days. They stood for liberty of conscience, even then, and ready not only to speak with Kine and pen and consistent daily living, but suffered hopeless imprisonment and shameful martyrdom for what they deemed to be right. And they were the first upon the new world, his Bible in his hand. A true missionary of the cross, it was a scant half dozen years, ere he had sought out and gathered a little group of devout souls, to whom the Sabbath truth came from his lips with convincing power. The shining power of his words so fully accepted its claims and blessings. There were heart-aches, estrangements from friends near and dear, hardships and sorrows to be borne. Brave Tacy Hubbard, first woman to embrace the Sabbath in this land, could tell you of them all. But the little church in spite of these, perhaps because of them, grew in faith and numbers, and stood so sturdy and so beautiful in these walls, that all those who proudly trace within their veins the same rich blood that surged so stately through yours, have a share in this blessed task. And yet, dear Master, forgive, I pray, that so much remains undone. I pray, thy world, good bleeding, storm-tossed, war-wounded, so restless and unsatisfied without thee. Can it be true that the centuries have brought mankind no nearer to thee, to an understanding of thee, and thy marvelous love? Ah, Saviour, thou and I have walked together, with breaking hearts, across the pruning battle-fields of the world. "But bless thy name, O Lord, bless thy name," have they been. In all their bitterness, in all their greatness, have they walked. In all their speechless misery, the world has not been left alone. Then let us be patient, and in the darkness of this perpetual surgical instruments not superseded today.

Before our history in America begins (1664) our English brethren had made real contributions to English hymnology, and for the truth. . ."
The climax of the story the years had told was reached when the messengers spoke for the first time, between 1822 to the year 1823. There were two of these messengers and this is the sum of their story:

O, Mighty Spirit of Missions, I come to thee with joy. For now the little stream that issued from the temple of the Lord is becoming a wide and beneficent river. Fifteen noble churches now trace their stream of life back to the old church here. How these streams have sprung still others and yet others to swell the tide which flows the blessed westward course. In no period of our history has the Spirit of Missions been more active. Strong churches organized, schools and colleges established. Sabbath truth taught by voice and pen, the heralded gospel preached to ever new hearers. Eager hearts felt the urge, and followed thy Voice to foreign shores, where China's need is felt.

One faithful woman, a humble schoolteacher, carried the Sabbath truth to a growing denomi­nation in America, who now claim that they have traced their stream of life back to the old church and the work we now have in hand.

"This is My Spirit of Missions arose and exclaimed: "I will abide with thee forever and will show thee my ways. I will bring thee to the knowledge of My salvation, and I will make thee a light to the nations, and thy salvation shall be to the end of the earth."

The messenger

"The westward march of our mission work.

From river unto sea!"

"The ocean islands wait to hear the glad tidings of our salvation."

"And burden of the day."

"And it is the hour of re-echoing this command: "From the land's Icy North" and the heart's warm South!"

"And the light, the blessed gospel light; the song, "A Layman's Hour For some years our associations have had certain hours devoted to the work of the various boards; such as Missionary Society's Board, the Woman's Board, Young People's Board, etc.; but we do not remember of seeing "layman's Hour" on any program until we saw that of the Central Association. In some sense they may all be considered layman's hours; for the boards are mostly composed of laymen.

So, when we saw "layman's Hour" on the program at Verona, we looked for something special along that line, and we were not disappointed. Brother E. A. Felton, of West Edmeston, a live layman, and pres­ident of the last annual session, had charge, and the program had to do in the first place with the layman's relation to his pastor; but his obligation to his fellow laymen was not overlooked."

Leslie Curtis spoke of the help a layman can give his pastor by: attending church regularly; by helping him carry out his plans; by promptly and fully paying his sal­ary; by giving him material help. He pointed out that the layman had means to speak well of him, to give him the benefit of the doubt, and to pray for him.

Mr. Curtis closed by reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem: "Lifting and Leaning."

"There are two kinds of people on earth today, just two kinds of people: no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood that the good are half bad and the bad are half good. Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth you must first know the state of his conscience and health. Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span, who puts on vain airs is not counted a man. Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean, are the people who lift and the people who lean. Whenever you go you will find them. They are always divided into just these two classes. And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween, there is only one more to attend whom I mean. In which class are you? Are you easing the load of over-taxed lifters who toil down the road? Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear your portion of labor and worry and care?"

Deacon Claude Camenga had the topic, "How a Layman Can Help the Young People." He can give them something to do and show them how to do it; he can get them to attend associations and Conferences, and have them report the meetings to their church; and he can set a good example for them to follow. He spoke feelingly of the example of the late J. J. Wheeler, of Brookfield.

Dr. Samuel M. Maxwell had the subject: "Can a Layman Be an Evangelist." If so, how? He was sure Christ did not tell his disciples to go into all the world and preach with men over doctrines and opinions; but to go and preach the gospel. The Sa­vier said: "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." Jesus sent out laymen—seventy of them to preach his gospel.
The churches frame constitutions and by-laws for their government. The Ten Commandments make a good constitution, and for the by-laws there is nothing better than the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew.

If as a layman you feel impelled to speak to men about Christ and his salvation do not fail to do so. Our world needs a vision of the Christ glorified as the disciples had on the mount of transfiguration, and as Paul had on the way to Damascus. Because the Christ spirit has made men great and quickened their powers, making them normal and able to delve into the laws of science, we have many modern miracles. Let us admit these great truths, and if we are asked to do mission work for him, let us not hesitate to go forward and plead his cause by exalting his name among men.

This layman’s hour was the last session before the farewell meeting of the Central Association. In the evening, after a sermon by the editor of the Sabbath Recorder, Rev. Loyal F. Hurley led a very interesting and uplifting testimony meeting.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

REV. T. J. VAN HORN

(Given at the Central Association of Seventh Day Baptist Church on the first Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church, June 11, 1963.)

In seeking for fitting words of welcome to our friends on this occasion, I found in a very ancient book the story of a welcome. It was given to a company of two. They were not people of great prominence and yet it is related that the whole city was moved when they arrived.

There are more points of difference than of similarity between that occasion and this. Instead of a whole city welcoming two, one individual in behalf of a small number is welcoming what we hope will be a host. It was with some difficulty that the coming of Naomi and Ruth into Bethlehem so long ago was a surprise to the Bethlehemites.

But we have anticipated your coming. Whether or not our preparations have been adequate, we have had loving thoughts of you during these days and have had joy in the labor involved in getting ourselves in readiness. The day had arrived and we joyfully greet you and we come you. We have prayed for this meeting and with confidence in Him who answers prayer we are expecting a happy time together.

It may be giving away our secret, but perhaps you ought to know that a fly got into our oil of joy in this preparation. It was dropped in at a previous session of this association when it was voted to charge a nominal sum for the service of meals. It was an embarrassment to our gladness in preparation that, according to this action our guests are to pay for two meals a day. We submit to this with as good grace as we can. But we are happy in the thought that our homes are freely open to you for lodging and breakfast. The freedom of the home is extended to you. We hope to make you comfortable there. Our wishes for your material comfort would be realized if we could provide for you as bountifully as you, in former years, have ministered to our needs in your homes.

But we trust there is a higher motive to our welcome. The social enjoyments of these annual meetings are pleasures not to be neglected or minimized. We are one great family and a time like this is a great family reunion, and we welcome you to the joy of this reunion. Do we need to be reminded that this is not the greatest blessing awaiting us here? Our dear

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Brother Tenney of blessed memory, was not quite used to Seventh Day Baptist ways, and he told us one day how sweet was the blessed fellowship which we enjoyed in our social intercourses. But there was a kindly rebuke in this reference to our social enjoyment for the tendency to allow it to interfere with the serious business that brings us together in these great convocations. We welcome you to a glad participation in the serious work of this hour. We are here on business for our King. The text selected by the Executive Committee to give direction to our thought and activities suggests what that business is. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." We are in the habit of thinking only of lost souls when we read this verse. But there were objects of Jesus' seeking that were antecedent to lost souls. The vision touched the senses and the spirit had made men great. Souls can be saved if we will search for them. We are called to restore that image in the minds of men. The sense of eternal values was lost. Jesus said, "How much better is a man than a sheep." The sense of perspective was lost.

Jesus said, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The home was lost and Jesus tore away the abuses and misconceptions that had been heaped about it, and brought in God's restorer of paths to dwell in. The home was restored and glorified. But we have anticipated your coming. Whether or not our preparations have been adequate, we have had loving thoughts of you during these days and have had joy in the labor involved in getting ourselves in readiness. The day had arrived and we joyfully greet you and we come you. We have prayed for this meeting and with confidence in Him who answers prayer we are expecting a happy time together.

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and example restored this ancient foundation when he said, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." The highest ideals of holiness and blessedness were lost, and Jesus restored and glorified them in the Sermon on the Mount.

Now there must always be an intimate and vital relation between these lost foundations, and the obscurations of these lofty ideals, and lost souls. Souls can be saved only as these foundations and ideals shall be rediscovered and exalted in human society. We welcome you, in this meeting, to a joyful co-operation with our blessed Mas-
A LETTER FROM MORDECIAI

MRS. WILLIAM C. HUBBARD

(Prepared for the Quarterly Review, June 1845, in the Plainfield, N. J., Sabbath School.)

Month Adar, 510 B. C.

To Friend Jozabad, at Jerusalem, Greetings.

Be it known unto you that though many months have elapsed since my last writing to you, the days have been filled with events that have worked mightily for the Jews in Persia.

You will remember that Xerxes had conquered one nation after another until, some time since, he longed for more conquests and so he called in his courtiers for a feast and for counsel together. Much wine did make him foolish, and, to show his power over his household, he did summon his beautiful queen, Vashti, to exhibit her before the wanton crowd. All her womanliness rebelled and she refused to appear. Should woman be upheld in such conduct, no man would be master in his own home. And so she was not only summarily deposed, but rumor has it that she was forth-with beheaded.

That is, it may, the king at one sent out his courtiers to find him a new queen; many comely maidens were gathered together and the choice fell upon my adopted daughter, Esther, my brother's child. They did not know that she was a Jew, but God has many ways unknown to us of giving time and energy in making the year a success. Many of our members are not young people and the little things, "the unseen toil," is not to be spurned. They have done their work well and the younger members should emulate their virtues. Edgar A. Guest has well said:

I can not hear them at their toil
Or see them, but I know
The roses keep abreast the soil
Are working, row on row,
And making now the sweet perfume
To throw upon each lovely bloom.

Some roots are seeking colors, too,
The sordid, the bright, the blue.
And General Jack shall burst anew
In the deepest scarlet dress.

How strange that none has ever found
This busy paint shop in the ground.
Yet underlies the garden bed,
Where shines the gentle sun.
With neither pattern, needle, thread,
What wondrous robes are spun!

Out of that factory 'neath the ground
Shall come the rose, superbly gowned.

Thrice unhappy he who, being born to see things as they might be, is schooled by circumstances to see them as people say they are,—to read God in a prose translation.—Lowell.

ELISE L. CROOP,
Secretary.

Wild with power, Haman sent out word that every Jewish man, woman and child should be killed and the spoil brought to the king.

Queen Esther, hearing of the mourning and wailing of the Jews, sent to me to enquire the cause, and I sent answer back to her that she alone could save our nation from this dreadful catastrophe. It was but natural that when she was told that she must go unbidden to the king and tell him of our unward situation, she should shrink from what seemed certain death—for the child was but fifteen years old. But I told her that God never lets his business stand still, and if she was to do his work, she should be found, and she not only would be killed with the rest of us, but her opportunity would be lost, and opportunity never comes again in just the same way.

At her command we prayed and fasted three days, and then, clad in marvellous apparel, she went in one morning to the king. Can you imagine, my brother, the scene when, before the king sat on his throne appeared this beautiful woman slowly approaching between the massive pillars of his inner court—this dainty, attractive girl whom he had not seen for some thirty days because of some fit of temper. Startled and delighted, he extended his golden scepter and almost without thought, welcomed her and in the extravagant speech of the time offered her anything she might ask, even to the half of his kingdom.

And so Esther invited the king and Haman to a banquet; not once but twice did they eat with her. Between whiles, Xerxes had learned from reading some of his records that I, Mordecai, being a Jew could not refuse to bow the knee to that heathen, and so it fell out that Haman was very wroth. He inter­ ceded with the king against our people and in an untoward moment, Xerxes gave him his seal and the authority to do as he would. The king asked him what honor could be paid to a woman that she alone could save our nation from such a calamity?

IT'S A LION

Spurgeon said, "You talk about defending the Bible! It's a lion! Open the cage and let it out!" Our Lord Jesus Christ, "the lion of the tribe of Judah," who is the living, incarnate Word, opened the cage and let the Bible-lion out when he quietly said, "It is written," as his counter-attack against the on-slaughter of his "adversary the devil, as a roaring lion," who sought to devour Christ by the temptations in the wilderness. Satan is described as a lion, and Christ is described as a Lion; and the lesser one has no chance whatever against the Greater One. And when we remember that God's written Word is as perfect as his incarnate Word, we need fear no attacks against either.—Bible Call.

Seest thou that little river of death glist­ening in the sunlight? And across it dost thou see the pinnacles of the eternal city? Know, then, that if thou couldst fly across thou wouldst see written upon one of its many gates, "For such a one; prepared for him only." Poor doubting one, see the fair inheritance; it is thine! —C. H. Spurgeon.
Institutions' and growing interest in the question of tithing.

In their spirit, has not made them so. A tenth seems to be monstrous in the practice.

At the recent associations whenever there has begun the custom has ever discontinued determination of any custom than that?

It would be interesting if the figures were available to know how many who believe one-tenth of their income as it is received. Some one said at Verona that no one to a farmer's wife and the other a farmer's daughter.

The giving of a tenth in no way prevents the giving of a tenth. It is "greater faith". The almsgiving spirit is an indigenous Christian principle.

A seventh day Baptist minister friends to each other, or ought to know, at the end of the year just what his income was for the year. His tithe for a given year might well be based upon his income for the previous year.

The older woman said that by asking questions she learned that about half of the income from the farm went back into operating expenses. Therefore she tithed half the gross income. The younger woman suggested that every farmer knew, or ought to know, in five hundred miles of each other, so that by more or less maintaining all three of our colleges, for, our interests are not alone in ourselves. Gradually we move toward an united Christian church, toward a Christian Federation of the World, toward God's heaven on earth.

But the same "family spirit" which characterizes the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination as a whole and our colleges in particular, does imply the need that our interests do become solely within ourselves. We must attain a world outlook which does not make all, excepting ourselves, to appear "off of the norm. For in truth we are very similar to other peoples. Always a group assumes to itself a portion of perfection. I always did to our family. But really keep before us our aim and work to attain the worth-whileness of others go as. Let us always keep before us our aim and work to attain it, but also be broad enough to admit the worth-whileness of others' goals. At any rate the world is not apt to suffer from too rapid advancement. David Starr Jordan said, "Greater than the courage of one's convictions may be the courage of patience when one's convictions are not yet attainable."

No one group will make the composite whole. Let us always keep before us our aim and work to attain it, but also be broad enough to admit the worth-whileness of others' goals. At any rate the world is not apt to suffer from too rapid advancement. David Starr Jordan said, "Greater than the courage of one's convictions may be the courage of patience when one's convictions are not yet attainable."

But do not dwell always on what you give up: think more of what you are to receive. But really keep before us our aim and work to attain it, but also be broad enough to admit the worth-whileness of others' goals. At any rate the world is not apt to suffer from too rapid advancement. David Starr Jordan said, "Greater than the courage of one's convictions may be the courage of patience when one's convictions are not yet attainable."

"Therefore, with all this host of witnesses encircling us, we must strip off every handicap, strip off sin with its clinging folds, to run our appointed course steadily."

The speed of the Christian life—Let us run. The urge of the Spirit—Strip off your weights as well as your sins: that friendship of the Lord which is sapping your energy, that absorption in pleasure which is too fascinating. But do not dwell always on what you give up: think more of what you are to receive.

—F. B. Meyer.
PAYING THE PRICE

Many things in life are hard to attain, but the most or all of them can be had if we are willing to pay the price. This principle is never truer than when applied to missionary and denominational success. Let us look at the principle in its general application first.

Any young person can secure an education if he is willing to pay the price, as is demonstrated in hundreds of cases every year. A young person may have no money and no friends, he may not have good health even; but if he will, he can secure a good education and fill a useful and honored place. The writer has in mind a student who came to college with broken health and only five hundred dollars to begin his college course. With this little sum and what he could earn during the course he put himself through college without incurring debt. Today, twenty years after his graduation, he is head of freshman English in one of the largest universities in the United States and his career is only begun. It was not because he had money, health, friends, or was a favorite with the faculty, but because he was willing to pay the price, and a terrific price it was during those four years.

Many have gone into a new country, cleared the forests and produced fertile farms and established beautiful homes when others failed, because they were willing to pay the price. Others have produced great and useful inventions after years of toil and under the most discouraging circumstances because they were willing to pay the price. People with the worst dispositions, the fiercest appetites for alcohol or the strongest of those who have conquered and made beautiful Christlike natures, have paid the price because they were willing to pay the price.

The same truth holds true in respect to missionary work and the establishing and building up of churches and the denominations. The cause has always fought against superhuman odds and foes, but it has always triumphed when Christ’s disciples have been willing to pay the price and use the forces at hand. The missionary on the field can get results if he is willing to pay the price. And what is the price? It is hard, patient, loving, consecrated work. It sometimes happens that the harder a missionary works and the greater his sacrifice for some little mission church the fiercer will be the opposition and the more complete his treatment at the hands of the members and those for whom he works; but even then results are his if he is patient and steadfast.

It is Christ’s purpose, according to the Great Commission, that he be enshrined in the hearts of all men over all the earth and by this means that they be transformed, their lives beautified by his graces and energized by his infinite power. The church is the organization which he instituted to unite men in accomplishing this end. A denomination is made up of local churches. Its strength and efficiency is as the number, strength, purity and consecration of its churches. The output is as the quantity and quality of its equipment; the output of a denomination is as the number and quality of its churches. Why has our China mission languished while the German mission has blossomed? Why have some of our churches grown with leaps and bounds? One reason has been the small constituency of churches to support it. Why has our denominational paper been crippled while the papers of other denominations flourished? One reason has been the small number of churches backing it. Why have our denominational schools grown so slowly while schools of some other denominations have outstripped them? One reason has been the small number of churches to whom they could look for support.

All this shows that the success of a denomination depends on the number and efficiency of the churches composing it. To accomplish the task to which God has called us as a denomination necessitates increasing both the number and the efficiency of our churches. But Seventh Day Baptists have not been able to do this. Many churches have been forced to pay off their own debt without the further aid of others. The result has been that our churches have grown steadily in number and efficiency. It is the part of the priest and denominational work includes much time spent in intercessory prayer. There can be no success in the work of the kingdom without prayer, earnest, persistent prayer. Christ said, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.”

The price of success in the church and denominational work includes much more than the giving of our money and time as his stewards. It includes our property and possessions as Christ’s and ourselves as his stewards, there would be an abundance of money to carry on every denominational project and no one would be burdened; but too often all our own wants are satisfied and the interests of Christ’s kingdom last. This complete submission to Christ includes a dedication of our time to him. Much time on the part of every one is needed in the service of the church. Our stewardship should include our time. Perhaps the least we can do in this respect is to support the appointments of the church, and yet how much easier it is to attend a show than the appointment of the church. Perhaps the hardest thing to give up for Christ is our reputation. This is often required. More than once in the writer’s life has he faced the situation where he was forced to choose between abandoning the helpless and impoverished in their hour of need or to take their part and lose his reputation. Christ stood for the truth and helped the needy, even the fallen, at the expense of his reputation: so must every disciple of his if occasion requires. It is the part of the priest and denominational work to include our time and money, when we are willing to pay the price. When he, the writer, was pastor of a church two years ago, a certain occasion the writer had addressed a church telling the congregation something which was displeasing. The next Sunday the writer was }

Among the Churches

Rev. H. Eugene Davis

I have always had a strong desire to meet the people who are responsible for the China mission, to get better acquainted with them, to learn of their missionary interest and if possible to help to broaden and deepen that same interest.

I arrived in San Francisco a few months ago and was welcomed by familiar faces, and from that time until we left for southern California we were almost continually in contact with friends of other days and making new acquaintances.

The little group at Berkeley are certainly loyal. We nearly tired them out with our talk about China and things Chinese, but
how can one stop talking about people and affairs which have grown into one's life during your contact, especially when there is such an interesting enthusiastic group of listeners?

Riverside had been home for us at a time when we were endeavoring to get back that pioneer spirit of the church's history. It is continually reminded of God's presence when surrounded by loving friends, especially when there are sorrows to be carried, and we look back to our first visit to Riverside with a consciousness of that presence in great measure.

We found this time many of the former friends and made many more friends during our weeks there. It was a privilege to attend and assist in the meetings of the Pacific Coast Association. Riverside Seventh Day Baptist people have always been warm friends of missions and we were cheered and strengthened by the contact with this church.

On account of the scattered location of the members of the Los Angeles Church, an all-day meeting was planned. The service commenced at 10:30 and it was nearly evening before the last member of the congregation had left.

Of course we stopped for lunch, and that made a special opportunity to get better acquainted.

This little group, too, are loyal to the larger interests of the kingdom as evidenced by what they have done in more than meeting their part to the Forward Movement.

Early in May we started on our trip East stopping for the first Sabbath in Boulder.

This was our first visit to Boulder, and it was nearly midnight before the last member of the congregation had left.

While early in May we started on our trip East stopping for the first Sabbath in Boulder.

Three busy days were spent there, when we met theSecond Baptist Church at North Loup, but more of that later.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society of New Jersey met in special session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, June 17, 1923, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.


Visitors: Mrs. David E. Titsworth, Mrs. Willard D. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Willard D. Burdick, D. D.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The President stated that owing to the time of our regular June meeting occurring at the time of the vacation, the regular meeting was passed over and a call issued by the President and Secretary on June 1, for a special meeting to be held today, which action by vote of the Board was approved.

The Supervisory Committee reported that the two notes last month had been referred to and that at their next meeting they hope to arrange for paying interest on the equipment notes.

A communication from the Treasurer relating to the disposition of the Sinking Fund was by vote laid on the table till the July meeting.

The Advisory Committee presented the following report:

To the American Sabbath Tract Society:

The Advisory Committee of the Board held a meeting on the evening of Monday, June 1, at which the following was taken:

That in as much as the New Forward Movement has been a splendid success, we suggest—

1. That the Tract Board recommend to the Commission of the General Conference the continuation of the denominational budget system;

2. That this be adopted annually by the General Conference;

3. That, since the colleges have open field for the securing of funds, they be not included in the denominational budget.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES


The Treasurer also presented a communication from William C. Whitford relating to the settlement of the account at the disposal of the.

The following report was presented:

The Committee on Distribution of Literature held a meeting last evening and took action as follows:

1. We recommend that the Tract Board approve the proposed series of a quarter's lesson on the Sabbath, and that a decision as to the form of publication be deferred during study by the Committee.

2. We request the Tract Board to buy and place at the disposal of the Committee of Distribution of Literature eight copies of the Seventh Day Baptist Manual.

Report adopted.

The Committee also reported a net gain of seven subscribers to the Sabbath Recorder during the month.

The Treasurer presented a communication from William C. Whitford relating to the insurance on property in the estate of Cyrenus P. Oram, in which we are interested as legatee, and, the action of the Treasurer in remitting $4.00 to Mr. Whitford as our share of such insurance was sustained by the Board.

The Treasurer also presented a communication from Herbert G. Whipple in which we are interested in promoting Christ's kingdom.

We held a meeting last evening and took action as follows:

1. That the budget be adopted annually by the General Conference:

2. That the budget be adopted annually by the General Conference:

3. That, since the colleges have open field for the securing of funds, they be not included in the denominational budget.

4. That immediate plans be made to raise the balance of the entire quota of $75,000 for the denominational building of $4,500 for the girls' school in China, and of $3,000 for the Georgetown Chapel.

Edward E. Whitford, Chairman.

James L. Seabury, Secretary.

June 17, 1923.

Voted to consider the report by items. Items 1, 2, and 3, were adopted, and action on item 4 was deferred to the July meeting.

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Two letters from Africa tell of continued interest in that country. W. W. Oliff, of Maitland, Cape Province, asks for books, tracts and booklets. He repeats his appeal for help to train their young men. S. D. Sam Mphende, of Benoni, Transvaal, tells of his attempt to preach to the natives on the Zambezi River, but that he was stopped by the government officials because he did not have papers that would permit him to continue. He asks our assistance by sending him tracts that will help him to gain permission to preach to the natives. He also asks for Sabbath literature for certain native attendants that attended the meeting last Sabbath.

Many other interesting letters have been received and answered.


"Dear Brother Burdick:"

"I am writing you that the Tract Board may be speedily in moving which is arising among us for work among colored people. I think it is common knowledge among the members of the Board of W. J. Chilhowe, of West India negro, formerly a Seventh Day Adventist, who was present and addressed the Board in the Philadelphia meeting that he is wholly sincere and that he ought to have a field of labor within the bounds of this territory. Many other interesting letters have been received and answered."


"Re: William D. Burdick, Corresponding Secretary American Sabbath tract Society."


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THE SABBATH RECORDER

THE DIFFERENCE

When we forget that God is particular about keeping the Sabbath; when we lose our burden to help others to see the importance of keeping the true Sabbath; when we forget to impress our children with the results of keeping the Sabbath, we would agree with people that it doesn't make much difference what we believe, then we have lost our vision, and have no excuse to continue our work.

The Sabbath truth is for every soul in the world, it matters not in what age or place he may be born, or where we find him. God has not commanded us to obey the truth, and allowed the rest to do as they please. Belonging to a church that disregards the Sabbath in no way frees its adherents from the duty of Sabbath-keeping. No church has any claim on any soul except to watch over him for good, which must mean properly to instruct him in God's commandments. If a church fails to teach the whole truth as far as it is revealed, then others must be sent of God to do this instructing as was John the Baptist.

The cry of "proselytizing" is often raised if some one begins to keep the Sabbath, and joins a Sabbath-keeping church but it should be well understood when men leave one church which does not practice the whole law, to join one that does, that such action is well justified on his part.

Let us think charitably of all, and in all cases hear our testimony for truth with a courage true, and with practice the whole law, to join one that does, that such action is well justified on his part.

Suppose the seed we sow in the Master's work does fall partly on the hard ground, and is trodden underfoot, so it yields no fruit. The sower will lay all our bricks in molder of love as we build for God and eternity.

C. A. HANSEN.

FLOWERS AND MOODS

A Little Story of Contrasts and a New Understanding

In the afternoon he brought her flowers, and she took the flowers and fixed them in the Japanese vase on the table, and all during the dinner she looked at them, while listening to the mellow voice of her husband.

Ellen smiled. Her beautiful face was frigid. She took the flowers and fixed them in the Japanese vase on the table, and all during the dinner she looked at them, while listening to the mellow voice of her husband.

Our thought for sunset tender;

In the afternoon he brought her flowers, and she took the flowers and fixed them in the Japanese vase on the table, and all during the dinner she looked at them, while listening to the mellow voice of her husband.

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Our thought for sunset tender;

ASPIRATION

Our days are spent in waiting:

At dawn we look for moonday light, at noon for sunset tender;

And then with no abating

Our thought leans on moonnight and morning of stars;

Our years are pasted expecting:

Some tryst of the garden, some tryst of the sky;

And then, our choice correcting

We long for turn for winter hours as better to our suit.

Our life is fed by hoping:

The child dawns the youth's glad strength, the youth man's full perfection;

And, wearied then with growing,

Man sighs for good old age at length, and time for retrospection.

We pass through death aspiring:

The gates celestial open wide, our fondest hopes transcending.

And now, no longer tiring

We rise, beyond the other side, from hope to hope unending.

—Estelle M. Harl.

Mrs. M. S. Dunfield, Milton, Wis., Contributing Editor.

WOMAN'S WORK

THE SABBATH RECORDER

WOMAN'S WORK

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

astray at one time, we should not think it wrong. He was always the same; always thinking of flowers and candies and gifts; always remembering anniversaries and holidays; always light and boyish and—frivolous. Was he never serious and full of assurance?

The long, white, slender lilies in the vase assumed a symbolic meaning to her. In her husband's treatment of her there was something of the attitude people assumed toward flowers. He seemed always gently stooping, expectant of perfume, his lips half-parted, ready for the exclamation: "How exquisite!" In five years she had heard only compliments and avowals of love. Not a single echo came to her from the world to which he went in the morning and from which he returned late in the afternoon. Was it because he entertained an utter contempt of her judgment as a human being? She was only a flower made for adornment and kisses and compliments. A bitterness welled up within her. The food choked her. She mastered her weakness and got up. She felt that she too would remember this evening. It would mark the reconstruction of her individuality. Henceforth she would demand recognition as a human being, as an equal. Her husband noticed her movement.

"Anything the matter, dear?" he asked.

"No, nothing," she answered coldly, the shame and anguish playing on her lips. How easily he became anxious about her fragile plaything! She went up to her room.

There, for a moment, she stood irresolutely, thinking what to do. She knew he would soon follow her and plead for an explanation, jest at her moodiness, and banteringly attempt to dissipate her indisposition. She could not tolerate him now. Hastily she began to dress. She would go away somewhere. She would go to Jane. The atmosphere at her sister's house was different, restful. Edward, Jane's husband, was a man who answered his wife, had confidence in her. His business perplexities, his every-day worries were hers as well.

Running down the steps she met her husband.

"Where are you going?" came his expected query.

"Oh, nowhere in particular. I have to see Jane," she replied, continuing on down.

"But," he objected, "I have tickets for the theater.'"

"Sorry," she said weakly and opened the door.

All the way she thought how like him to have tickets for the theater. He was sure to take advantage of any holiday. If no holidays came around for some length of time he would make one himself. He was
always in a holiday mood, with a holiday smile on his face, when he came home, and a holiday twinkle in his eyes when he greeted her. It was as if when he opened the door of their home he left behind him, out in the cold, great workaday world, with its worries and cares, and bade it stay there and not to intrude with its cold breath upon his frail flower.

She was glad to be at Jane's, though Jane was not at home. "She left just about fifteen minutes ago, went for a walk, I guess," Edward informed her. "She wasn't feeling so well, sort of gloomy and she had a headache. Sorry I couldn't accompany her—I'm looking. It was his baldness, she supposed, the door of their home he left behind him, must stay there and not to intrude with its cold office, and things aren't going so well with minutes ago, went for a walk, I made myself comfortable in a big, cozy chair and reflected. Edward did look a bit worn.

"Yes," Edward resumed, "it's pretty tough. I am at the wall. Two of them have me, one on each side—the International Trading and Simon Traub. But I am putting up a hard fight. It takes energy, and a lot of planning and plotting and grit, but I'll get out. I have got out before, and Jane knows it. She has known of every move. In fact I even tried to tell her of my present predicament, but she didn't want to hear about it.

"I'll get out. I have got out before, and Jane knows it. She has known of every move. In fact I even tried to tell her of my present predicament, but she didn't want to hear about it.

"Yes. But yours isn't. Have you been lonesome?"

"No. I've had company."

"Who?"

"Your sister Jane. Just left a while ago."

She came to the table and bent over the flowers. "Exquisite," she exclaimed. "Has she made you glossy?"

"U-hum."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing in particular. Just Ed."

"Business?"

"No. Love. You know. I pity the girl. She seemed all played out. I think she needs some sort of—well, something."

Ellen had come up behind him and her hand, as if unknown to her, rested on his thick hair.

"I know," she said slowly. "I think I know what she needs." Her eyes rested thoughtfully on the odd vase with the white luxuriance above it.—N. Bryllin Fagin.

WORKER'S EXCHANGE

Welton, Iowa

The Northwestern secretary in her annual letter asks for some one to write of our Sabbath Rally Day program. As our (Continued on page 26)
Christian Endeavor socials. We need more thought put upon them and where there is thought there is interest. Many of our bright young people called upon at school to write little plays. When could not these same young people write little missionary plays or something of a good moral nature to be used at the socials, or a contest for the best original games may be conducted. One of our denomination regularly reports the holding of interesting socials, some of which have been bright original ones. No social can be really successful without much forethought and planning.

(2) Do not eliminate fun. The writer well remembers having attended one social where it was not necessary (scarcely consistent) to change chairs during the evening. All the games required much thought and nearly all required pencil and paper. Little enthusiasm was shown at the close. Let us make our socials lively and attractive.

(3) However, some head work is truly a necessary factor in making our socials successful. In the May 7 issue of the Sabbath Recorder an article may be found telling of an anti-dancing club called Alpha Delta Club, organized in Spokane, Wash., which is proving very successful as well as popular. I wish to quote from this article, "Whether or not one believes dancing is right or wrong, every thinking person will agree that dancing has robbed young people of all originality in planning an evening's entertainment. Dancing requires little head work and the majority of boys and girls accustomed to that form of entertainment, when deprived of the dance, are at a complete loss as to how to entertain themselves or their friends." I also wish to quote from a letter which your Social Fellowship superintendent has recently received. "We are glad that our young people are learning to think, to actually use their brains in their social games and seem to enjoy it, rather than the soft, silly games which they formerly used." Our denomination, because we are few, needs thoughtful, intelligent young people. Is this not one way in which we can help to promote our cause?

(4) In this day and generation it is quite necessary that articles which are made and things which are done be up to a certain standard. Why then should not our Christian Endeavor socials be held to a certain standard. Christ is our Standard, therefore we can not eliminate all thought of him when in our social gatherings. Often, just a few moments in thoughtful reflection, in prayer and praise, will not only bring us nearer the standard he has set for us, but will help to deepen and anchor our friendship one with another. Then, too, it may help lead us to recognize him who is our Standard. "Not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many that they may be saved."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

1. Songs
2. Bible Reading. (Write the four verses given above on blackboard)
3. Two-minute application of Bible verses
4. Song
6. Two-minute talk, "Necessary Elements in a Christian Endeavor social"
7. Special Song
8. Open Question. "What was the best Christian Endeavor social I ever attended?"
9. Pass slips—each write answer to question: "How can our society improve its social life?" Collect and report opportunity for open comment upon these answers.
10. Two popular talk: "How can we improve our town's social life?"
11. Close by all joining hands and singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" followed by sentence prayers and mizpah benediction.

Little Genius, N. Y.

SABBATH RECORDER

A CHRISTIAN ENDORER SOCIETY ORGANIZED AT DETROIT SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH

After discussion upon Sabbath, June 16, it was decided to call a meeting to consider the advisability of organizing a Christian Endeavor society, Friday (Sabbath) evening, June 22, at the residence of Deacon M. B. Beers, 3654 Maxwell Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Although the evening was very warm, a goodly number came to Brother Beers' residence, and Brother W. R. Frink, who had been in communication with the Young People's Board of the Seventh Day Baptist churches, addressed the meeting, giving an account of the rise and progress of the Christian Endeavor movement, and placing pledge cards and prayer meeting topics in the possession of those present.

It was moved and supported that a society be known as the Christian Endeavor Society of the First Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ be organized and that the Christian Endeavor Pledge be adopted. These motions prevailed, and those present proceeded to elect officers as follows:

President, Mr. W. R. Frink; vice-president, Mr. William Bishop; recording secretary, Miss Ethel Eileen St. Clair; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mae Bishop; treasurer, Miss Annie Elvira St. Clair.

Prayer Meeting Committee, Mr. William Bishop, chairman; Clifford Robinson and J. J. Scott.

Lookout Committee, Miss Florence E. Rich, chairman.

Missionary Committee, Mrs. C. A. Robinson, chairman; Mr. G. F. Hopf.

Social Committee, Mrs. Mae Bishop, Misses Annie and Ethel St. Clair, Edith Whitehead and Mr. Howard Brooks.

Program Committee, Mr. S. T. H. Berry, chairman.

Tenth Legion Committee, Mr. M. B. Beers, chairman.

It was decided to leave the completion of the personnel of the committees and an adoption of a Constitution and By-Laws until a later date.

A collection amounting to seventy cents was placed in the hands of the treasurer.

President Frink then led a very interesting discussion on the topic of the evening, "How Win Friends?" in which all took part.

A social evening was arranged for Wednesday evening, June 27, and a prayer meeting for Sabbath evening, June 29, both to be held at the house of the vice president and corresponding secretary. The social evening will take the form of a welcome to Mr. S. T. H. Berry and Mr. Young who have just come to our midst from St. John, N. Y. Canada. Mr. Berry, who is a zealous Christian worker, was received into the Detroit Church, June 16.

MRS. M. E. BISHOP,

Reporter and Corresponding Secretary.

278 Ferris Avenue, Highland Park, Detroit, Mich.
A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR
LYLE CRANDALL

In considering our attitude toward questionable amusements we should try to answer the question, "What would Jesus do?" Would he approve of this amusement or that? We are so filled with the desire for worldly pleasures that we do not even wish to consider this question. We sear our consciences, and educate ourselves to think that questionable amusements are all right. We need to have more of the spirit of Christ in our lives.

C. E. NEWS NOTES
ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.—It has been a long time since you have heard from the Adams Center Christian Endeavor Society. However, we are still at work.

Our society has had a social nearly every month since you last heard from us. One month we enjoyed a "Slipper Social." Another month the Missionary Committee gave a social. It was both instructive and entertaining.

Besides our socials we have had another original consecration meeting. For the month of June instead of giving a Bible verse in response to his name at roll call, each one gave the name of his favorite flower.

One Christian Endeavor meeting was in charge of the Missionary Committee. They read several interesting articles on missions. There were missionary songs and questions and Pastor Hurley gave a short talk on what it means spiritually; Treasurer C. W. Barber on what it means financially; Mrs. Polan on what it means to the pastor's wife, and she also read a message from the pastor on what it means to the pastor; Mrs. W. J. Hemphill on what it means socially, and Pastor Clifton of the Methodist church, on what it means to outsiders. All the talks were short, to the point and all were given close attention.—The Loyalist.

WORKER'S EXCHANGE
(Continued from page 22)

corresponding secretary is away, also Pastor and Mrs. Hill, perhaps I can give you very nearly our program. This was arranged by Pastor Hill.

Opening hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy" First Psalm repeated in concert Invocation

Some, "Lord of the Sabbath"
Scripture lesson, The Ten Commandments Anthem, "My Soul Hath Longed for Thy Salvation"
Paper, "The Sabbath in Moses' Time"
Paper, "Early History of Seventh Day Baptists"
MISS MAE E. MUDGE

Music

Paper, "The Sabbath in Jesus' Time"
Paper, "The Sabbath at the Present Time" O. W. Babcock

Music, "Faith of our Fathers"

MRS. WADE LOOPBRO

SECRETARY LADIES' BENEFICIAL SOCIETY.

"Hitherto" the Lord has helped us, Wondrous love and pity shown:
"Henceforth" let our lives bear witness, We are his, and not our own!

"Hitherto" our Guide has led us, Safely led from day to day: "Henceforth" let us follow closer, Asking him to choose our way! —Selected.

Western paper says the wild West bandit has died out. He hasn't. He has merely moved East.—New York Evening Mail.

HOME NEWS
NORTH LOUP, NEB.—The service Sabbath morning under the direction of Ray Thorp was very interesting. The subject of making Conference a success was discussed from different angles. L. O. Green spoke on what it means to the denomination; Deacon Jay Davis, what it means spiritually; Mr. W. W. Barber on what it means financially; Mrs. Polan on what it means to the pastor's wife, and she also read a message from the pastor on what it means to the pastor; Mrs. W. J. Hemphill on what it means socially, and Pastor Clifton of the Methodist church, on what it means to outsiders. All the talks were short, to the point and all were given close attention.—The Loyalist.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

NOT ASHAMED
ELISABETH KENYON
Jr. President

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, July 14, 1923

DAILY READINGS
Sunday—Not ashamed of the gospel (Rom. 1: 15-16)
Monday—Not ashamed of honesty (Ps. 119: 6)
Tuesday—Faith makes not ashamed (Isa. 50: 7)
Wednesday—Not ashamed of God (Job 2: 26-27)
Thursday—Not ashamed of our work (Phil. 1: 20)
Friday—Not ashamed of Jesus (1 Pet. 4: 16) Sabbath Day—Topic, Not ashamed to be a Christian (2 Tim. 1: 12)

How many ever tried to stand on top of a picket fence? How long did you stand there? Not long, no matter how smart you were at holding your balance. Nobody has ever stayed on a fence, he will fall off on one side or the other. On one side of our fence today is a pole with a great, angry snake curled around it and on the other side on little mound we find the cross. Underneath each we have this list of things which will lead us to destruction or to everlasting joy—

THE CROSS

Kind words
Helping hands
Truthfulness
Bible
Church
Kindness
Joy
Healthy food
Pure water
Love
Friends
Victory
Heaven

THE SNAKE

Swearing
Stealing
Lying
Bad books
Dance hall, card room
Gambling den
Selfishness
Unhappiness
Tobacco
Liquor
Hated
Trouble
Defeat
Death

Now, boys and girls, we can jump off the fence on either side we wish to. Did you ever see a snake with the sun shining on it? It really is pretty, some have bright colored checks on the under side of their body and stripes on the top. All the things on that side may look bright and inviting, but soon become black and ugly. On the other side everything looks beautiful and stays just as beautiful as it first looks. How much stronger the cross looks than the snake! How much happier we will be in the end when our side is victorious and the other is defeated!

If your very best friend gave you a beautiful ring would you be ashamed of it? Wouldn't you just be bustling over all the time with joy, telling others about it? Juniors, after we have jumped from the fence to the side with the cross we are not going to be ashamed of what Jesus, our very best friend, has given us, the promise of everlasting life with him; while all Satan can give his followers is defeat and death. Jesus has also given us a beautiful name to show his love for us, part of it being his own name—Christians. Ashamed to follow Jesus? No! Ashamed to be a Christian? No! Ashamed to stand for the right? No!

Let a boy speak this piece and the "No's" fairly shout them.

The First Brookfield society was recently organized and they are learning the Bible to give them all the information on the topic he or she can find and have a discussion of it during the meeting.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

QUIET HOUR WORK
Tales of Jesus

Acts 19: 36
Revelation 19: 16 (last one)
Revelation 22: 16

Acts 3: 15
Isaiah 9: 69 (last one)
John 19: 25
1 Corinthians 10: 4

The First Brookfield society was recently organized and they are learning the Bible to give them all the information on the topic he or she can find and have a discussion of it during the meeting.
WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO!

Little girls, as well as boys
Can love the stripes and stars,
I'm sure I love our pretty flag
With white and crimson bars.
Little girls, as well as boys,
Can serve their country too,
And ever true and loyal be
To red, and white, and blue.

Normal Instruction—Primary Plan.

MARY LOUISA'S TONGUE
(Continued)

PART II

"That's what John wants, isn't it?"
Mary Louisa nodded soberly. "But it's such a hateful sign, Walter, and I don't believe hatefulness is ever a good thing."

"It's up to John," Walter answered grinning.
John looked at the sign, laughed a little, and went his way, leaving it still on guard.

Mrs. Foster stopped the next morning for her oranges. She had another woman in the car who exclaimed over the beauty of the fruit.

"I must have a box," she exclaimed. "They're the best oranges I have seen anywhere.

"You won't get them, my dear," laughed Mrs. Foster. "I am taking these at the mouth of my life. Look at the sign that the —- I mean duck, who owns the farm has put up."

"John didn't do it," interrupted Mary Louisa. "Walter did. He just thought it was funny. John really isn't as savage as all that."

"I don't mind the sign if you'll get him to bring me a box of oranges," said the newcomer.

"Oh, I couldn't—not today. I've just got the others."

"Tomorrow then?"
"I don't believe I can get another box," Mary Louisa hesitated. Then she smiled.

"But I'd love it," Mrs. Brant smiled. "Try. I'll come back tomorrow on the chance.

Mary Louisa, holding tight the bills that Mrs. Foster had given her, went slowly back to the house. How delightful it would be if John thought it nice to talk and would allow a stream of charming ladies to flow into the ranch every day to smile at Mary Louisa's chatter. But unfortunately her tongue was a liability.

As she opened the living room door John turned from the telephone and sat down frowning. "Find me Walter," he said curtly.

Mary Louisa and Walter were back in two minutes.

"What is it, John?" he asked in concern.

"Are you sick?"

"Sick?" he scorned. "When was I ever sick? It's worse than that. The Lombard people have thrown over their contract."

"How can they? Wasn't it on paper?"

"No. There was nothing more than word of mouth. I'd dealt with them so long that I trusted them implicitly."

Walter whistled thoughtfully. "Then I suppose there's nothing for it but to hustle round for another buyer."

"That's all. But that's no easy job as late as this in a market glutted with oranges.

"Ours are ahead of anything in this part of the State.

"That's true; but the big buyers have their orders filled by this time."

"We could peddle."

"I won't peddle," he contradicted. "I never have, and I won't begin. I'm going to the city this afternoon to see what I can do. I'll stay till I find some one to take the crop at a decent figure."

Hatty packed a hasty bag, hurried dinner, and saw her husband off. Mary Louisa went along in the car when Walter drove John to the early afternoon train. For once her tongue was silent, for John looked grim and unhappy.

"Look after things," Walter said as he stepped out.

They watched the train away, and when Walter turned the car toward home again, Mary Louisa spoke.

"I could sell a box of oranges tomorrow if you'll let me, Walter."

"All right," he agreed shortly. "No good turning down anything now."

So when Mrs. Brant appeared the next morning the oranges were ready for her. She seemed to be in no hurry; and after she had paid for her fruit, lingered ten minutes to talk to Mary Louisa. When she returned to her car finally she spoke to her companion.

"Isn't she quaint? I'm going to bring Mrs. Sutton to listen to her; she'd love it. I wonder that she hasn't discovered the place for herself."

"Who'd dare stop at a gate with that sign on it?" asked Mrs. Brant's friend.

"I'm going to take that sign down this afternoon," declared Mary Louisa with a flash of her smile.

"I'll send Mrs. Sutton tomorrow," nodded Mrs. Brant.

Mrs. Sutton came the next day to find the forbidding sign gone and a happy, friendly greeting at the gate. She stayed for half an hour talking to Mary Louisa and took two boxes of oranges away with her when she left. She came again the next day with a friend, and the day after Mrs. Foster brought a friend, and after that came some one sent by Mrs. Brant. For a week there was not a day that one of two big cars did not stop for their occupants to talk to Mary Louisa while they bought oranges. Mary Louisa was in paradise.

No word came from John until the week was over, and then it was only a telegram, for John was no fonder of writing than of talking.

"No market," the message read. "Do your best locally. Stay with week mother."

"Cricket?" Walter exclaimed; "that's some job put on my head."

"It isn't, Walter," Mary Louisa exclaimed. "It's easy. I've sold ten boxes this week just as a favor. Now that I've the sign, people will come and come; all those people that we shut out will come."

Walter looked at her and grinned cheerfully. "Well, that's doing a talking business now at the old stand, are we? Go to it, Mary Louisa."

"Come and build me a stand then," she cried. "John wouldn't let us peddle, but he'll let us build."

Walter built the stand and Mary Louisa went to it. It was Mrs. Foster who was the first caller the first morning, and she brought a friend.

"So you've gone regularly into business," she said. "You're sure to succeed. Somebody has had a change of heart, with the sign down and the gate open. Who let down the bars?"

Mary Louisa smiled but she did not explain the change in business methods.

That was the beginning of busy days. People drove from twenty miles afield to buy Sun-drip oranges from the Morton ranch and incidentally to listen to the happy tongue of the girl that sold them.

John arrived unexpectedly, walking in calmly one evening to ask for supper. While he ate he turned to Walter. "Well, how about the oranges?" he inquired casually. "All rotting?"

"Rotting nothing," Walter answered vigorously. "They're going like smoke at top prices, and no freight charges."

"Whose buying them?"

"All the world. They're mad over Mary Louisa's tongue. They come from the north and they come from the south and they all carry away oranges."

Humph! said John, looking from Walter to Mary Louisa and back again.

"It's true," nodded Walter. "Mary Louisa is the best business man of the three of us. There's something in her that puts things across. You can laugh at her pratle all you want to, but it stands for something. She's outgoing, and what she has to give, people want; they come miles after it. She's saved the orange crop all right."

John finished his supper without a word, rose, and went slowly across to his desk. He took down his ledger, flitted over the leaves until he reached the page that bore Mary Louisa's name, and crossed it out. Mary Louisa watched with fast-beating heart as he wrote it again on the opposite page.

"Is it? Am I?" she asked happily.

"According to official report," John said, with a little twinkle in his deep-set eyes, "my biggest asset just at present is Mary Louisa's tongue."—The Girls' Circle.

ROBERT'S RAINY DAY PLAN

Robert and Ellwood were brothers. But many things brothers are very unlike. Robert was a very busy boy with many plans ahead of him all the time. Ellwood just drifted into things and often found himself wondering what he should do. If the sun was shining and all the boys were out and a game was planned, Ellwood was a very happy boy. He joined in the fun and played a good, fair game. But if bad weather or illness or some extra task kept him in the house, he did not know what to do with himself.

"Good days, with everything going right, are easy to manage," thought Robert one day. "But I am going to plan rainy day fun, too." Robert got out a pencil and paper. He wrote down a few things, such as, "Work-
ing at my carpenter’s bench,” “making kites,” “reading my new set of books,” “working out a puzzle,” “sorting my toys,” “calling my wheel,” and all the other things he could think of.

When he showed this to Ellwood, his brother was surprised. “Why, I never knew there were so many things one could do on a rainy day,” he said.

Now Ellwood goes to Robert’s list, and neither boy stands at the window on a rainy day and wonders what to do. They start something at once. Often the sun has been shining some time before they realize they could go out.— **Dew Drops**

### WHAT TO DO SABBATH AFTERNOON

Bob, and Catherine, and little Mary, the three cousins of our little family, were spending the week-end. On the way home from Sabbath school, Rose told Catherine, “Mother has a surprise for us after dinner.”

“How do you know she has?” asked Catherine.

“Why,” in great surprise, “because she always does. We do something nice every Sabbath afternoon.”

Sure enough after dinner Mother told the children not to reset the table, but to start something at once. The children not to reset the table, but to start something at once.

### THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World, With the wonderful water round you curbed. And the wonderful grass upon your breast,— World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me, And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree; It walks on the water and whirls the mills, And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go, With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow, With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles, And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small, I tremble to think of you, World, at all; And yet, when I said my prayers today, A whisper within me said—

“You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot: You can love and think, and the Earth can not!”

— **William Brightly Rands.**

### WHAT'S YOUR STATE?

**States** where there is no such word as fail? Kan.

**State** the best expression for students? Conn.

**State** the most unhealthy place? Ill.

**State** the best cure for ills? Mo.

**State** of surprise? La.

**State** of declamation? Neb.

**State** of vowels? Tenn.

**State** from which Noah should have come from? Ark.

**State** where the gardeners excel? Mo.

**State** of maidenly grace? Miss.

**State** where fathers thrive? Pa.

**State** for the untidy? Wash.

**State** for the egotistical? Me.

**State** for the oldest American? Ind.

**State** for a mumps? Conn.

**State** for a high flyer? Mont.

— **The People’s Home Journal.**

### DEATHS

**Branch.—** Alice A. Waits, daughter of Greenwood and Alma Waits, was born November 25, 1857, at Bloomington, Mich. Alice was converted at the age of fifteen, and was baptized and united with the Church of God which later joined the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination. From this church she remained a faithful member, and was the mother of the three small children in company with three other Branch brothers and their wives and located on a wild tract of land just north of the village of White Cloud. Here they began the real pioneer life, building their first home of the logs which they cut from the forest in which they settled. There is a charm about these years as this company of men and women, and their neighbors, and friends amidst the hardships and privations incident to pioneer life. And sister Branch acted well her part, all the love, service and sacrifice that a mother can give. Five children were born in her home—Nathan, Iuman, Olive, now Mrs. W. D. Boss, of Muskegon, John and Clyde. These children now rise up and call her blessed as the memory of those years come back to them in the light of their own years of parenthood. The love that a mother wove into the rearing of her family, through the long and weary and sometimes sleepless nights, through the years of toil and sacrifice, of which the memory makes the memory of mother glow with a warmth and light which the years of time can never dim.

The wonderful air is over me, And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree; It walks on the water and whirls the mills, And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

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— **William Brightly Rands.**

### THE SABBATH RECORDER

**ROBINSON-VAN HORN.—** At the home of the bride’s parents, June 14, 1923, in Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Mr. Leslie D. Langworthy and Miss Ruby H. Madery.

### MARRIAGES

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The wonderful air is over me, And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree; It walks on the water and whirls the mills, And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go, With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow, With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles, And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small, I tremble to think of you, World, at all; And yet, when I said my prayers today, A whisper within me said—

“You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot: You can love and think, and the Earth can not!”

— **William Brightly Rands.**
letter writing. Innates of the Home have been heard to remark that aunty was the angel of the Home.

Aunt Celia had many sorrows and disappointments aside from her physical sufferings, all of which she bore in a manner to put most of us to shame. She had a rich Christian experience in early life but was a member of no church. Her sympathies were largely with the church of her parents, the Seventh Day Baptists. Her life has been a benediction to many, but no one can with her back to this life of sorrow and suffering.

The funeral services were conducted by Pastor Schmidt of the Evengical church. The body was buried by the side of her husband in the North Loop Seventh Day Baptist cemetery. Mrs. K. Schenck was in charge of Mrs. Esther B cabock, chorister of the Seventh Day Baptist church. Mrs. Hannah Watts, superintendent of the Home department of the Albion Association of the Seventh Day Baptist school, of which Gelia had been a member for many years and was a most liberal contributor, had charge of the flowers.

Morse—Helen Alice Morse, the daughter of Edwin H. and Mabel Bliven Morse, was born near Newville, November 2, 1916, her birthday being the anniversary of her mother’s birth. She died in Lockwood Hospital in Edgerton, Wis., June 7, 1923.

She had been ill Ill for four weeks when a sudden turn in her illness necessitated an operation with the hopes of relieving a serious throat difficulty. She operated about a couple of hours.

Little Helen was a bright, cheerful, winsome child loved by all who knew her. She had begun attending the primary Sabbath school at Milton and each week met with her class and teacher. She had memorized the “Shepherd Psalm” and “The Psalm of Life” and “The Lord’s Prayer” as a part of her early training. Her brief, cheerful, pure life has been the light and life of her parents and a blessing to those who knew her. God loaned her, a beautiful flower, to earth for a time then took her back to heaven’s flower land.

She has left in deepest grief her parents, her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Morse and Mr. and Mrs. Anson Bliven.

R. G. T.

It is time we realized that the price of winning souls is to be paid in sweat and blood and sacrifice. It is one of the sad comments on the persistency of the righteous that in most cases no reform administration ever succeeded itself. New York can bear testimony to that. The righteous grow weary in good work, while the devil never quits his job.—Charles L. Goodell.

Christ’s advice to us is that we keep our hearts pure, and also that we keep them warm.—Elwood W. Bower.
THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE 
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MY PRAYER

Hear my cry, O Lord, be gracious unto me,
Let my prayer arise importunate to thee.

Let thine ear attend and listen while I pray
For thy hand, dear Lord, to guide me every day.

Teach me all thy will, lead me in thy way,
Make me wholly thine, teach me what to say;

Give me of thyself, word and deed and power;
Help me grow like thee more and more each hour.

Let my life reflect daily more of thine,
Until thou shalt dwell in this heart of mine.

Keep me close to thee, guided by thine eye
Let me live in thee, by thy love brought nigh.

Every day and hour help me, Lord, to be,
Until life shall end, growing more like thee.

—Emma G. Dietrick.

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