

# The Sabbath Recorder

## ONE IN CHRIST

In Christ there is no East nor West,  
In him no South nor North,  
But one great fellowship of love  
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In him shall true hearts everywhere  
Their high communion find,  
His service is the golden cord  
Close-binding all mankind.

In Christ now meet both East and West,  
In him meet South and North,  
All Christly souls are one in him  
Throughout the whole wide earth.

—John Oxenham.

## CONTENTS

Editorial. — The Recorder Fund All Used Up.—Why Obituaries Were Delayed.—Most Encouraging.—A Loving Mother's Words of Cheer.—A Lone Sabbath Keeper's "Home News."—The Neglected Garden—Can It Be Made Good?—Old Time Memories Revived .....	1-4	Appeal From Jamaica.—Diary of Elder Nathan Wardner for December, 1850 .....	14-16
Teen-Age Conferences .....	4	Annual Meeting of Lost Creek Church	16
The Good Shepherd .....	5	Young People's Work.—Latin America.—A Thought for the Quiet Hour.—Intermediate Christian Endeavor.—Junior Work.—Christian Endeavor	
Seventh Day Baptist Onward Movement.—Our Bulletin Board.—Sermon Outline Used by Elder Thomas Hiscox .....	6	News Notes .....	19-21
What's Wrong With Our Children?...	6	The Children's Village a Unique School for Character Building .....	21
Education Society's Page.—The Stockholm Conference.—"Freshwater Colleges" .....	10-12	Children's Page.—Better Americans.—A Good Letter to the Children.—When Roy Went Back.—Story-Telling in Heaven.—The Peacemaker.—My Grandma Used to Say .....	23-25
Home News .....	12	Walter Gillette Rood .....	26
Woman's Work.—Travel Stories.—An		Sabbath School.—Pouring In or Drawing Out—Which? .....	28
		Deaths .....	30

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 Postage, 5 cents for first ounce; 3 cents for every additional ounce or fraction.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 100, No. 1

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 4, 1926

WHOLE No. 4,218

*"Almighty God, teach us the importance of the seedtime of life! May we learn to be careful what we sow! Teach us the reality of the harvest! Save us from the misery that ensues on folly! May we learn to live wisely! Teach us that we can not associate with evil without being injured! May we shun that which is wicked and flee from that which is false! In all our ways may we learn to honor and glorify thee! In Christ's name. Amen."*

## The Recorder Fund All Used Up

As our readers know, for many years we have carried a fund made up of gifts from generous people, from which to pay for the RECORDER for some who are unable to pay the subscription price, and yet who prize it highly and long for its weekly visits in their homes. For nearly nineteen years since I came to the RECORDER this fund has seldom been exhausted; but now it is all used up, and several RECORDERS for these good people will have to be discontinued if some generous souls do not respond with the needed money. But I know they will; so I am keeping the names on the mailing list. It now needs about \$30 to replenish this fund. What a good New Year's present it will be, one that will make several loyal Sabbath keepers happy all the year through, if this amount can be realized soon.

## Why Obituaries Were Delayed

When Brother Walter G. Rood passed away more than a month ago, the editor felt the loss of a loyal personal friend and efficient helper who stood by with aid in every good move by the church, during his last pastorate before coming to the RECORDER.

Every writeup by way of loving tribute, whether sent to the RECORDER or published in the *Loyalist*, found ready response of approval in my heart. Walter was a pastor's loyal and efficient helper.

Probably many friends have wondered why the obituaries have not appeared in the RECORDER before, and we hasten to explain that, owing to a request not to publish until a cut could be sent, the obituaries have been held for that. But, for some reason the cut has never reached us, and now we ven-

ture to go on without it. If it should come later, we will gladly publish it.

**Most Encouraging** One of the most encouraging evidences that this great nation is not going to be defeated in its efforts to enforce prohibition according to the Constitution, is to be found in the ability and attitude of General Andrews, to whom President Coolidge has entrusted the work of enforcement.

His splendid record as a successful organizer and disciplinarian in West Point and as an expert in co-ordinating officers of the government for efficient and successful service, assures us that he possesses the very qualities most needed in enforcement of the present law.

Then the fact that he believes in getting away from sentimentality, and in showing respect to the duty of law enforcement, shows just the attitude of mind essential to his work. He feels sure that he can put prohibition on a dignified business basis and succeed in putting it across, as an officer of the treasury department; and that, with the effective aid and co-operation of the assistant attorney general in the department of justice, he can bring the criminals to the bar—all of which inspires hope of victory.

This is the way General Andrews looks upon the whole matter, as set forth in the *Continent*:

"Violation of the Eighteenth Amendment involves corruption and bribery; and thus constitutes a direct menace to government. Liquor can not be shipped into this country or sent from one place to another without the law being violated. We know that it has come in, and has been shipped and we know how this has been accomplished—by bribery."

Director Andrews appreciates these facts of dishonesty, even in high places. He referred to his records: "The greatest single enemy with which we have to contend is the big bootlegger, a criminal who uses corruption as his principal weapon. To catch this man and to stop his game of gathering liquor and distributing it to consumers is perhaps the biggest factor in this task. I am trying to get men to whom salary is not the principal consideration. Some men would take a bribe no matter what their salary was. I want to weed

out this kind. I want to see established an esprit de corps."

All the two officials need now is to find men of wisdom, ability, and personal honesty as helpers, and the law can be enforced.

**A Loving Mother's Words of Cheer** A friend, whose name we do not know, makes a good suggestion as to how the RECORDER may be made to do double duty in its work of helping others to feed on the real bread of spiritual life.

Every pen used in loving effort to encourage true living through our paper becomes a helper to those who read. There are very many inspiring and uplifting things to write about; so any pen, desiring to help and encourage men, need not resort to sharp condemnation and severe criticisms, which are almost sure to alienate rather than to attract to an ideal life in Christ.

The spiritual man needs proper food as certainly as does the physical man.

This is what the friend says:

*Dr. Gardiner, Editor,  
Plainfield, N. J.*

Thinking editors and contributors might both be interested to know where their messages have gone, I am giving one instance.

A mother visits her son who is attending college. This most natural proceeding is hardly worth comment, any more than to explain that after she read the RECORDER, it was packed into the traveling bag along with the local newspaper and another magazine. Then, at the hotel, while the mother was mending socks in her room, the son was quietly reading President Titsworth's articles; and on through the Education Society's Page, Rev. J. L. Skaggs' sermon, "What is your Life," and other articles besides.

Do you question if a reading once over of such well written articles is a benefit? Would you question if the baked apple and oatmeal with cream he had for his breakfast were a benefit?

It's a real pity you couldn't have a more definite idea of the help such contributions are.

SUBSCRIBER.

**A Lone Sabbath Keeper's Home News**

In the Home News department of this paper will be found a letter from Brother Andrew J. Williams of Morales, Tex., in which he tells something of his independent missionary work carried on in connection with his business trips in the great Southwest.

For more than fifteen years communications have come to the RECORDER, occasion-

ally, from this lone Sabbath keeper who is trying in his own quiet way to hold up the Sabbath light and the gospel messages before the people whom he meets.

His envelope for letters contains these two texts nicely printed: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

A letter from Mrs. Williams tells how they both enjoy the RECORDER, and that they pass it on to others when they have enjoyed it.

The little item of home news will mean all the more to our readers after this explanation.

**The Neglected Garden Can It Be Made Good?**

I love to see a fruitful, well kept, thrifty garden. Who does not? Such a garden is not only a thing of beauty in itself, but it always speaks well for its keeper. On the other hand, who likes a neglected garden in which the good plants are overgrown by undesirable and noxious weeds that have stunted, if not completely killed, the things for which the garden was planted?

For such a garden there is no remedy after the weeds have had their way until deeply rooted and full grown. It is impossible to secure an excellent crop from a neglected garden or an uncared-for field. One does not need to kill or to cut his early plants, which he has carefully planted, in order to ruin his prospects for fruit or for flowers. He can effectually destroy or make them worthless by neglect.

In a neglected garden the thoughtful man or woman can read the sad lesson of neglected hearts and neglected homes, wherein the weeds of sin and evil have been allowed to grow unchecked. It requires painstaking care and proper cultivation to keep growing young hearts clean and home fields fruitful in noble and true characters, just as certainly as it does to keep a garden good. And neglect in the home is bound to be as disastrous for the children growing there as it is in regard to the garden.

There is one golden truth well established in nature—if weeds are carefully watched and destroyed while good plants are young and tender, the plants will grow stronger day by day until they overshadow the weeds and keep them back. Weeds can

not amount to much where strong full-grown plants have been enabled to gain the ascendancy. Weeds are persistent and will become rank without cultivation or care, but desirable plants never can.

I am sure there are young men and women among RECORDER readers who recognize these great truths, and who regret that their young lives have suffered from neglect until seeds of evil have taken root. They already see the tendency of evil weeds to over-grow the good fruits of the spirit, and in their heart of hearts long to be rid of the weeds before they are more deeply rooted.

To such young friends I am glad to say there is an effectual remedy, a sure way of escape. Of course if the remedy is neglected until after years, the chance is not so good. There is a fearful import in the words of the apostle, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" The question shows the hopelessness of those who persist in neglecting to the end. The force of its meaning is that escape is impossible if we *continue to neglect*.

There may be some who say, with a once famous senator, "I am not a Christian, but I hope I shall be," and who are looking with some concern for a way to overcome the evils which they know are already taking root. To such I would like to say: Do not attempt reforms in *generals* but rather in *particulars* if you would succeed. It is not practical to try to get rid of sin as a whole while you are unwilling to get rid of it in particular. You can not make a good garden simply by protesting against weeds in general. You must attack those weeds *one by one*, work over your garden inch by inch, bed by bed, until the last weed is rooted up. To think of weeds in their totality and resolve against them as a whole, will not avail unless you deliberately take them one by one and keep at it until the garden is clear.

Look at the garden of your heart. What weeds do you see there that are hindering the growth in grace and preventing the fruits of the spirit? You know your own particular habits that need to be changed before your highest ideal can be reached. There may be the weed of covetousness or passion, or worldly pleasure—anything that checks the growth of real spiritual manhood. You know, too, what a child of God ought

to be—how a true Christian should live, and wherein you come short. Therefore, instead of dreaming of jumping into a higher life by a single bound, without a special effort to be rid of specific sins, which you are neglecting to weed out, why not take up the progressive effort of ridding yourself of specific sins by the help of him who promises to be with his children always, even unto the end of the world?

Wholesale confessions that they are "miserable sinners" prove unavailing in the case of thousands; but where one, like Zaccheus of old, comes with a burden of his specific sin, or where a prodigal returns confessing the particular sin that drove him into the far country, and indeed, where any worldly Christian forsakes his besetting sins and turns to Christ, he may hear the Savior say, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

**Old Time Memories Revived**

Here comes a Colorado letter from an old time student friend who left Alfred University early in my student life there, and who had almost passed from memory during the years of absorbing care and active work. The letter brought the sad news of the death of a beloved daughter who had passed on to the better land; and in a footnote to the letter, the writer, Leslie F. Randolph, said: "My father, Rev. A. A. F. Randolph, was the first pastor of the church, now the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church. And Mrs. Randolph's father was Joshua Wheeler, one of Nortonville's constituent members."

This note started a train of early memories regarding the Rev. A. A. F. Randolph whose name I had seen in several old RECORDERS of many years ago. Some of them, written before, and some during the Civil War, make very interesting reading. Then the old Nile, N. Y., Church was my boyhood church home, and while quite young I heard the name, A. A. F. Randolph, spoken and saw it in print, without knowing the man or his relation to the work of the Master in old Allegany and elsewhere. This started me on a search of old RECORDERS and the *Historical Volume*. I found that in 1836, as deacon of the Nile Church, Brother A. A. F. Randolph was sent with Walter B. Gillette, then a young man, as a

delegate in Hayfield to the convention that organized the Western Association. He was ordained to the ministry by the Nile Church and in 1843 was reported as its pastor. This was one year before I was born. In 1853 Brother Randolph's services were blessed by a great revival in Cussewago, Pa., in which there were twenty-five conversions and several backsliders reclaimed, resulting in the organization of a church in that place. He was chosen one of the vice-presidents of the Missionary Society in 1841 and served on its Auditing Committee. He served as pastor in Hayfield and Cussewago churches until 1859; and on his going west with the pioneers who settled Kansas, he was made permanent missionary around Pardee and became a constituent member of the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church, where he served as its first pastor for several years. He was born in 1805 and died in 1868. Brother Randolph was one of those faithful missionary spirits who laid foundations upon which we are trying to build.

### TEEN-AGE CONFERENCES

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Leader in Sabbath Promotion

CONFERENCE NUMBER FIVE, FARINA, ILL.  
NOVEMBER 12-15, 1925

It was an all day's ride by railroad train, bus, and taxi, from Plainfield, N. J., to Salemville, Pa. I was on my way to hold two Seventh Day Baptist Teen-Age Conferences, one at Farina, Ill., and the other at Salem, W. Va. Since the young people of the Salemville Church were to be included in the Salem meeting. I made it in my way to spend a night at the former place in the interest of the meeting. It was eight-thirty when I arrived and the people had already gathered at the church. I did not wait to eat the supper that was waiting for me at the parsonage, but went immediately to the church instead.

My first visit to the Salemville Church was in 1897, when the Southeastern Association was held with them for the first time. I was then a student in Salem College, and had not been so far from home before. It was a great trip. Several who greeted me on that first occasion were present at this meeting. Of course they were not the young people, but they were boosters of young people, and that is important. One

who has never failed to be at the service when I have been at Salemville, and who was in his accustomed place that night, has since passed away. Brother A. W. Walters will be greatly missed.

I explained the nature and purpose of the "Teen-Age Conferences" and urged the church to make an effort to have some of its young people present. I received some encouragement at the hands of both old and young but the "car load" of young people from Salemville did not show up at Salem. Well, it is a long, long trail a-winding from Salemville to Salem town. The funeral of Brother Walters, coming at that time, may have had something to do with the failure of their young people to attend. I at least had the opportunity of telling the people there what we are trying to do for our young people in these Sabbath conferences.

Brother Arthur Burdick, who seems to drive over a goodly portion of Southern Illinois to tune pianos, was at Odin station on the Baltimore and Ohio when my train arrived, and he kindly took me in his car to Farina. It was growing late when we started out, and most of the distance was made by night and over slippery roads. It was an interesting journey nevertheless—or perhaps I should say, therefore—and we arrived in time for the banquet and the Armistice day celebration. It was a day late for Armistice day, but it had been planned that way to accommodate one of the speakers.

My visit at Farina in part coincided with, and in part was the occasion of, an Armistice day celebration, the annual meeting of the Churches of Southern Illinois, a week-end evangelistic service, and a Teen-Age Conference. Perhaps I should add, and a rather extended program of pastoral visiting. It is my experience that there is always something planned and something doing where Pastor Claude L. Hill holds forth. I will have to admit, however, that so far as my own actual experience goes Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell of Nortonville, Kan., holds the record for the number of calls made in a single day. Doubtless I have called at more homes with Pastor Herbert L. Polan of North Loup, Neb., not even counting the times we met with "The Bunch," but then I was there longer. Those were the days of the Forward Movement.

These calls with the pastor upon the aged members of his flock at Farina were indeed

pleasant experiences. It was a pleasure, too, on the occasion of this visit to Farina to be associated with Rev. Ellis R. Lewis both in public service and in private visitation. I have made calls with him also in his own parish. The drive to Deacon Bracewell's, and the visit there and in other homes are pleasant memories, as is the experience of climbing a tree by the roadside and plucking sprigs of mistletoe.

There were five public services during my stay at Farina. Pastor Lewis preached twice, the present writer twice, and one service was devoted to the interests of the Sabbath and our young people. At this service sixteen young people were present. All were Farina young people with the exception of the one delegate from Stonefort, a daughter of the pastor of that church. The fine group of young people was backed up by a substantial number of older people at this Sabbath afternoon meeting. It was a privilege to face this fifth group of young people in the series of conferences on the Sabbath and the relation of our young people to this vital truth of Christianity. I trust that in some of these lives, at least, there may have come new inspirations, new convictions, and new determinations with respect to their relations to Christ and the Church, and to the holy Sabbath day.

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD

SELECTED AND EDITED BY DEAN ARTHUR  
E. MAIN

*For thus saith the Lord Jehovah: Behold, I myself, even I, will seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered abroad, so will I seek out my sheep; and I will deliver them out of all places whither they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.*

Tender Shepherd, let me be  
Ever of thy flock and fold.  
In the desert lead thou me,  
In my fear uphold.

In the weary heats by day,  
Through the chilling winds of night,  
Guard me in the dangerous way,  
Guide my steps aright.

Where thou leadest still is best.  
I would never part from thee.  
In my wandering, in my rest,  
Savior, lead thou me.—Isaac O. Rankin.

Here, then, is the beauty and glory of Christ, as a Redeemer and Savior of lost man, that he goes before and never behind his flock. The works of love that he requires from us in words, are preceded and illustrated by real deeds of love, to which he gave up all His mighty powers from day to day. He bore the cross himself that he commanded us to take up and bear after him. In all this he is our Shepherd, calling, but never driving; bearing all the losses he calls us to bear; meeting all the dangers, suffering all the cruelties and pains which it is given us to suffer; and drawing us to follow where he leads.—*Horace Bushnell.*

The Lord's people are to enjoy security in places of the greatest exposure; wildernesses and woods are to be as pastures and folds to the flocks of Christ. If the Lord does not change the place for the better, he will make us the better in the place.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

There was a care on my mind so to pass my time that nothing might hinder me from the most steady attention to the voice of the true Shepherd.—*John Woolman.*

### PRAYER

Show thy mercy to me O Lord, to glad my heart withal. Let me find thee for whom I long. Lo, here the man that was caught of thieves, wounded, and left for half dead, as he was going towards Jericho. Thou kind-hearted Samaritan, take me up. I am the sheep that is gone astray; O good Shepherd, seek me out, and bring me home to thy fold again. Deal favorably with me according to thy good pleasure, that I may dwell in thy house all the days of my life, and praise Thee for ever and ever with them that are there. Amen.

To leave the old with a burst of song,  
To recall the right and forgive the wrong,  
To dare to go forth with a purpose true  
To the unknown task of the year that's new,  
To help your brother along the road  
To do his work and lift his load,  
To add your gift to the world's good cheer  
Is to have and to give a glad New Year!

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

WILLARD D. BURDICK, General Secretary  
926 Kenyon Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

### OUR BULLETIN BOARD

"The outgoing of the morning praises God. New Year's Day emblazons that opportunity for a fresh start which is latent in the first moment of any month or day or hour. Here we see a virgin page awaiting our purpose. To write honestly, loving the truth and peace, but truth first, . . . to set our desks where we may look up at eternity and infinity when our eyes are weary; surely that will assure us all a happy New Year."—*William H. Van Allen.*

The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Churches will be held at Milton Junction, January 15 and 16.

### SERMON OUTLINE USED BY ELDER THOMAS HISCOX

Nearly two hundred years ago Elder Thomas Hiscox preached once a month for the Newport, R. I., Seventh Day Baptist Church. At these times the Baptist churches of Newport frequently had him preach for them on the first day of the week.

One of the Baptist ministers has preserved for us in his journal, outlines of two of Elder Hiscox's sermons, one of which I wish the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER to see.

"July 9, 1729—Heard Mr. Hiscox from Ecclesiastes 12:1. He instanced that the time of youth was the best time—

- 1st. for good impressions;
- 2d. for strongest resolutions;
- 3d. for fixed affections;
- 4th. for closest applications;
- 5th. for diligent observations.

"He further added, that not to remember God in youth was—

- 1st. to slight his invitations;
- 2d. to disregard his legislations;
- 3d. to disbelieve his imprecations;
- 4th. to reject his operations.

"He finally went through the whole chapter, though very briefly, to my great satisfaction."

### WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR CHILDREN?

J. D. SWEENEY

(Paper read at the Bible School Convention,  
Red Bluff, Calif.)

Under this heading an article appeared in the *Collier's Weekly* last September. At the head of the article was a cartoon showing a yawning chasm separating two pairs of fathers and mothers from three youths. The distracted parents gazed lovingly, longingly, and sorrowfully at the three who stood looking at the "old folks" with disdainful looks.

The question at the head of this paper is being asked on every hand, on the street, in the cars, wherever one may go. Were I to answer the question at first sight, I would be constrained to say in the words of Paul, "Much every way." Yet upon second thought I am led to say that the trouble with our young people is not as we believe it to be. Then I hear some say, "What, have you not heard of the terrific crime wave which is sweeping over the nation and the world?" Yes, I have. And I also know that while that crime wave decreased 40 per cent during the first quarter of this year of 1925, that juvenile crime increased 60 per cent over the first three months of last year. Then one will say, "In the face of that, you say the trouble is not what we think? Have you not read Judge Lindsey's article in *Physical Culture* in which he exposes the vice conditions existing in his city among young people?" Yes, I have read that appalling story and yet I am saying that the fault lies not with the young people but with the parents themselves and with our grandparents who evidently failed in their duty in not properly training our present generation of fathers and mothers. The fault lies in our homes, in our society, and yes, somewhat in our schools and, dare I say it, in our churches likewise.

Crime experts tell us that nine tenths of all crime of today is done by young men and boys, young women and girls under the age of twenty-five, and that a large per cent of it is done by mere children. There are those who blame the Great War for it all. Unless we as elders wish to stand convicted of the effect upon us, we should not state this, since these young people were never in the war, while we were. I firmly believe that there is some truth in this war talk, but

not of its direct effect upon the young. We who are older were so worked up to high ideals during the war, we were so busy in doing good for our soldiers and for the starving and distressed of the world that we neglected our homes. At the same time, the war created within us a spirit of hate, a desire to kill, so that this was reflected in the children. Then after the war was over, we sat down with the air that said, now let George do it, we are going to rest. And so we let down the bars, and permitted all sorts of evils to enter and trample down the fields of the minds of the youth.

We have sat down while through the movies, by the use of the auto, and in a score of ways unknown to our childhood days, we have been allowing certain impressions to be poured into the minds and hearts through eye and ear, exciting the vivid imaginations, stimulating the emotions which should be checked rather than promoted, and compelling the will, just as one would pour water into a pitcher and continue to pour long after the vessel was filled. The pitcher runs over and spills the water upon the ground. The child life and mind does the same. And we have furnished no outlet for the feelings and forces which we have helped—or at least have allowed—to grow up within.

In former days parents wisely guarded children from certain forms of excitement and from contact with things belonging to the world of profanity, sin, and crime. But today we flaunt before the child mind wedded infidelity, dishonesty, forgery, licentiousness, theft, and a score of other vices and sins. We thrust these things upon the children, we cram them into their consciousness, we feed them to their imagination, and there is no escape from contact with them. In all this, I think there is explanation of much of the evil now done by the youth, and for it all, we, not they, are to blame. We have crammed them full of impressions and have given no way for expression, so like the pitcher they have run over and spilled.

These things have all tended, and are so intended, to belittle reverence, modesty, purity, and self-restraint. They have acted upon weak wills until homes have been ruined and characters wrecked just as certainly as the water runs out of the over-filled pitcher. Today we are reaping the

whirlwind we have sown. Our homes have delegated their duties to the police officer, the school, the church, the street, with the street having the long end of the training. No longer do father and mother go to church with all the family and sit in the same pew. No, father probably stays at home from church to sleep, to read, and to smoke, or else he goes off to the golf links or to the trout stream. Mother may go to church, but more likely she too, stays home or goes riding in the auto or off on a picnic. But if both father and mother do go, more than likely they ride to the church door in the auto with son and daughter who then drive off for the day with boy and girl chums, or else they go home to study for Monday's school lesson which they should have done before. The smaller folks go to Bible school, then skip out during the church services, no one knows where. No chance given for religious expression, so religious life is destroyed because it is not used.

No longer do father and mother gather the family around and spend the evening in talking over affairs, good books, telling stories, and having a real family gathering. Now son skips out as soon as he gulps down supper, then daughter goes off with a girl friend and meets the boys at the corner; they pile into an auto and off for a forty mile spin, with probably a dance along the way. They get back long after dad and ma have gone to bed, and dad and ma worry not at their going or coming.

We elders criticize the youth for the spirit of lawlessness when we should blame ourselves for allowing institutions to grow up and exist which aim only to drag down. We have shut up legitimate avenues of expression and wonder when the boys and girls break out in other channels.

A November number of *Collier's* contains the statement of a noted crime expert in which he says that the boys and girls who become criminals seldom do so intentionally at first, but that they steal in play—pinching an apple or a pear or such in the spirit of fun. It is a game of chance in which the boy wins if not caught and loses if he is detected. No one, not even his father, today tells him he is stealing. Men will talk about doing similar acts and boast before the lad. Grown people will stand by and laugh at him while he is doing his stunt, making him think he is a hero. Few par-

ents know what their children are doing when they are supposed to be playing. If asked at night what they have been doing during the day they will reply, "Playing." No further questions are asked, so fathers and mothers remain ignorant of what that word means. Many robber gangs of boys are but "playing" until caught, and then they blame the officers when it should be the father or the mother who should be blamed and punished since they failed to tell the children of the wrong and have never impressed upon them the property rights of others. In one instance seven boys had stolen \$10,000 worth of valuables, and had taken their loot to their homes. None of the boys was over fifteen; they belonged to the so-called best families; and yet none of the homes knew that they were harboring all the stolen plunder.

Many a boy starts when as a baby his mother lets him take his sister's or his brother's toys without the consent of the owner. The habit grows, and as he gets older he thinks he can take anything he wishes regardless of rights of others.

No more do homes teach lessons of right and wrong. No more are children taught to pray. No more is father's voice heard morning and night asking God to help take care of the boys and girls. All moral teaching is being left to Church and school. However efficient these two may be they can never take, and never should be permitted to take, the place of the home. The home dare not shift its responsibility and not suffer the consequences. There can be little true moral instruction aside from religion, and since we have banned all Christian religion from schools the only agent left is the Church. Education, minus morality, is a failure. We must get back to the fact that all real morality is based upon a belief in God. Our homes have forgotten him.

In former days morals were taught at home, leaving secular education to the schools. Aided by the Church, those older generations did their work well, far better than is done today. Religion was the part of the life of all. As the nation grew in wealth and prosperity the home passed over moral training to private schools and Bible schools. Then came the day when we adopted the German system and the public school, unused to teaching morals, displaced the private schools. The homes had forgotten how to teach religion and morality

and the public schools were not designed for such work, so the entire burden fell upon our weak, inefficient Bible schools with their short hour per week for all their activities along religious lines. It became a fundamental law of all our new states that no form of religion should be tolerated in our public schools, and so we practically drove out of our land all real moral and religious teachings, and we of this day are reaping the whirlwind sown by our fathers. Today a teacher may talk of everything under the sun, evolution, paganism, Islamism, Buddhism, but she must not speak of the God of the Christian. Extracts may be read from sages, Koran, Greek mythology, or any other form of belief but no words from the Book of books. Twelve states prohibit reading the Bible in schools, six provide for some reading, while in more than thirty the sentiment is against it. Even protest has been made in this state against singing at the Christmas time such classics as "Holy Night" and "Little Town of Bethlehem." The next move will be to prohibit schools from having annual Christmas vacations on the ground that such is against the law.

Personally, we have not been so concerned about the reading of the Bible in schools, but we are deeply concerned about its not being read at home. I doubt whether the mere reading of the Bible by many of our teachers would be of much value. But the picture of the home scene where father and mother read aloud the sacred page will have a mighty influence upon the men and women of tomorrow. Get the Bible into the homes and it will then get into the schools.

Unfortunately too many of our homes of this day are godless and there is no realization of the fact that soul training must be the basis of any real reform. Citizens without a moral code of action, without real love for fellows, without kindness to others, and without a sense of responsibility to God can not make a nation safe.

As long as matrons of forty, fifty, and sixty, bob their tresses, rouge their cheeks and lips, wear diaphanous dresses cut short at both ends, roll their hosiery, and smoke cigarettes, we need not wonder when misses of twelve, fifteen, and twenty not only ape their elders but go them one better. As long as fathers and mothers permit girls, dressed as they are, to go to present day rural dances in autos with only wild young

lads along, they need not cry later, "To think that my girl would ever do such a thing." The wonder is that more of them do not go the pace.

What is wrong with our young people? Nothing, except that we have neglected a God-given duty. We have made it easy for them to be bad and hard for them to be good. We have thrown them into close contact with all sorts of evil. We have given them every chance to go wrong. Automobiles, movies, many school activities, examples of elders have all provided avenues leading direct to sin and crime; and fathers and mothers stand by and let the dizzy whirl go on. If one would hint that the son or daughter of ours might go down the slide, we positively say, "My son can do no wrong." Yet the fact remains that thousands of sons just as good as yours are going straight to the pen or to perdition unless they are headed right to begin with.

A new type of home must be forthcoming if the nation is to live. We must accept certain changes due to modern science. Material things have undergone a tremendous change during recent years. Intellectual things have likewise changed. The education of the fourteen-year-old of today is ahead of that of our twenty-year-old fifty years ago. The high school of this era gives a broader education than did the college of fifty years ago. Our lives have been subject to change in countless ways. But we have forgotten that there are some things that changeth not. We have forgotten, if we ever knew, that "the foundation of God standeth sure," that Christ is "the same yesterday, today and forever." The old escape from sin remains the only way. Salvation of individuals must ever come before salvation of races. In our haste to follow the many changes, we have been prone to urge that religious instruction be changed to suit the times. Obsolete ways must give way to modern, up-to-date ways. The style of preaching, we are told, must be changed. Sometimes under the stress, good people accept these ideas, and discount God's plans and God's ways.

It is true we need some reorganization. Our short half hour per week will never do the work. We must raise up God fearing leaders, we must forget many of our petty differences and work in harmony to put over the work needed. This is the point of view not alone of religious work-

ers but of men of affairs who speak not from the Christian standpoint but from that of those seeking to serve humanity. These men are strong in their conviction that nothing can take the place of religion in the lives of men and women and that the Bible school is still one of the most efficient agencies despite its weaknesses. In support of this we cite the court of Judge Fawcett of Brooklyn who has had more than four thousand boys under twenty-one arraigned before him, and of this number only *three* were members of Bible schools when they committed their crimes.

We might continue with innumerable instances such as this. We might berate our young people for their awful orgy of sin and crime. We might show how society has its share in the responsibility; we might call to mind how gradually the home has practically relinquished all hold on children until they are never at home except to eat and sleep, and often not then, and how school, social organizations and even the Church, have taken over much of the responsibility of the home, and by doing so have abetted the crime of the home. But we believe we have shown that the root of the evil after all lies in the home, and that the home has shirked its duty and that God will hold to account, not always the boy or girl who has sinned because the way was made so easy, but the father and mother who have ignored their privilege and have allowed their responsibility to be taken over by a proxy.

We have shown the cause and believe the remedy is only that which comes from above, and which will come only when we turn again to Jehovah and his Christ and turn from our idols of this day, whatever they may be, social standing, money, political prestige, intellectual leadership, leaders of fashion, lovers of pleasure, forgetting God, who in turn will leave us to our ways of sin unless we turn in contrition and call upon him for help.

Let us pray for the Spirit of God to come and to give us power through his Word in our Bible school work, that we may help stem the tide of sin and crime and yet save our splendid young people, with whom there is nothing wrong except that we have allowed them free rein to gallop down sin's highway.—Sent to the RECORDER by E. D. Richmond.

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.  
Contributing Editor

### THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE

#### VI

DEAN J. NELSON NORWOOD, PH. D.

#### WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT?

I can hear some one say as he reads installment after installment as far as this one, "Why doesn't he tell us what it was all about and what the conference did? Why does he spend so much time telling us about the incidentals?" Patience, now, please. The fact that there was such a conference is vastly more important than anything it did. Yes, indeed. The fact that five hundred or six hundred Christians of such diverse brands actually got together, stayed together for twelve days, and parted in peace, whole in mind, body, and estate is the marvel of it all. Just agree with me, too, that that statement is some commentary on our belligerent human nature—bragging that a group of followers of the Prince of Peace held a conference and parted peaceably!

Several times it was noted in the sessions that just sixteen hundred years ago a great general gathering of most sorts of Christians convened at Niceae across the Hellespont from Constantinople. And what a lively time they had. Christians were they? Yes, so-called at least, and indeed, they were the best of the time. They quarreled so gloriously and to such good purpose, it is said, that one good bishop died of his injuries and others got away from the conference more or less damaged in temper and physique. So I say be patient. I have described the conference so fully because the fact that it *was*, is the big fact.

Nevertheless, we must account for its existence. What was it all about? The Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work grew out of the recent movement for Christian unity. We are learning to look at our differences with some sense of humor and a better sense of proportion. I consider my own slant on the great truths of Christianity as quite important. I intend

to stick to it. But most of it relates to the method or process, or to a question of emphasis. We are learning that we have a great deal in common.

Various manifestations of this newer and higher unity have appeared. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is one example. There are similar bodies in some other countries. The Faith and Order Movement is another. The World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches is a third, and so on. The Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work differs from the first in being international. It has nothing to do with matters of doctrine or church polity, or ecclesiastical orders, which busy those pushing the second. It is broader than the World Alliance in that it attacks other problems as well as the peace problem. Of course it is not at all antagonistic to any of these. It wishes them all well, and some men are leaders in all four.

No, this conference proposed to deal as well as may be with the practical task of applying the teaching of Jesus—his spirit, his life, his gospel—to the great problems of human life. It demanded that men consider the solution contained in the gospel in casting about for a solution of the well nigh overwhelming problems of this post war age. The following paragraph from the *Conference Handbook* will help me to tell the story: "As has been stated in the letter of invitation to the conference, issued in April, 1924, and in the announcements distributed and otherwise, the aim of this conference is to bring together duly appointed representatives of all Christian communions that wish to take part, in order that they may, under prayer for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, set themselves to find out how the great practical problems of today—industrial, economic, social, and moral—should be viewed in the light of the gospel, and also what may be the will of the Master that his Church should do to serve all those who labor under the difficulties of the present."

In the next paragraph of the handbook we read: "We do not think that Christians need to wait until they are agreed on all matters of theology and organization before they act together on those principles on which they are already agreed. We believe

that there is fundamental unity in the manner of life and religious temper of all Christians, a unity that needs to be realized and emphasized and we pray that by co-operation all those who participate in this conference may also eventually be brought nearer to each other in spirit and in their realization of the deep mysteries of faith."

The outline program, which follows, will help RECORDER readers further in understanding what it was all about:

- I. The Church's Obligation in View of God's Purpose for the World.
- II. The Church and Economic and Industrial Problems.
  - a. Christian Love and Economic and Industrial Problems.
  - b. Man and Property.
  - c. Co-operation in Industry.
    1. National. 2. International.
  - d. Child and Adolescent Labor.
  - e. Unemployment.
- III. The Church and Social and Moral Problems.
  - a. Vocation and Profession.
  - b. Home and Housing.
  - c. Youth.
  - d. Relation of the Sexes.
  - e. Treatment of Crime.
  - f. Drink.
  - g. Leisure.
- IV. The Church and International Relations.
  - a. Universal Character of the Church.
  - b. Duty of the Church to teach Brotherhood.
  - c. Race Problem.
  - d. How can the Church aid Peace and stop War?
  - e. The World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship.
  - f. The Duty of the Christian to the Nation.
  - g. The Substitution of Law for War.
  - h. Christian Love making for Reconciliation and Brotherhood.
- V. The Church and Christian Education.
  - a. Education of Christian Personality.
  - b. Education for Corporate Life.
    1. Its religious basis.
    2. Its community outlook.
  - c. Education towards an International Outlook.
  - d. Education for a better understanding of East and West.
  - e. Textbooks.
- VI. Methods of Co-operative and Federative Efforts by the Christian Communions.

On these vast themes then the conference spent its time. Nor was it a lazy man's conference. The devotional session began at nine-thirty in the morning. The first business session opened at ten o'clock, and lasted until noon. There were sessions daily from two to four, from five to seven,

and from nine to half past ten. I always considered my day's work done at seven o'clock. The last session of the day was always an open one, and considered subjects of more general interest.

### "FRESHWATER COLLEGES"

They call them "freshwater colleges." They're small places, compared with some of our monster schools; their enrollment generally ranges from two hundred to one thousand; their buildings and equipment often aren't as new or as spacious as one might wish; and their instructors (like most other college professors) are woefully underpaid.

As like as not, the only way the rest of the country ever hears of them is when one of them accidentally possesses a football team of unusual excellence and beats a Princeton, a Cornell, a Michigan, or a Notre Dame.

And we call them "freshwater colleges" and let it go at that.

But very, very often, when you look up a prominent man in "Who's Who," you'll find that he was St. Mary's '94, or Beloit '01, or Swarthmore '88, or Carleton '06.

Somehow, there's a tremendous percentage of these small colleges represented in "Who's Who."

Some years ago we Americans, as a nation, conceived the idea that to be valuable a thing must be large and wealthy. So we set great store by our big universities, with their ten thousand students apiece, and ignore the rest.

And that's where we make a big mistake. After all, what does a lad go to college for? Probably there are a dozen reasons; but shouldn't the main purpose be to learn how to think, to train himself so that he is able to form his own conclusions, to search for the truth?

The smaller college, as a general thing, seems to offer a more favorable atmosphere for all of this than the large one. This is true even though it usually has poorer professors than the large college.

Distracting outside activities are apt to be fewer. Less fuss is made about the football team. There are fewer student-owned automobiles. Dances and parties occupy a smaller place on the calendar.

The man from the small college probably

won't be as snappy a dresser as the big university man. Perhaps he won't be as well up on the latest shows and the newest dances. Very likely he'll never make as good a bond salesman.

But taking it by and large, he may know just a little bit more about how to use his gray matter. And, consequently, he'll be a slightly more valuable citizen.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

### HOME NEWS

NEW MARKET, N. J.—The RECORDER has had intimations from time to time of my purpose to make contributions to this department. I must act now if my resolution is any good. It seems like a long time since I left the enticing work and the many dear friends in Verona for the sunny skies of New Jersey. The hallowed associations of the six years of pastoral labor with the pleasant people of the former place will always remain a blessed memory. The sadness of that leave-taking was lightened when we had reached our first night's lodging place, and later in the evening a company of dear young friends followed us to Canastota, twenty miles away, to spend that last evening with us. The lovely scenes along the splendid Lackawanna Trail helped to beguile the loneliness which could not quite be banished, even by the anticipations of future joys in the new home awaiting us in Jersey. We shall not soon forget the generous hospitality with which we were received, nor how soon we were made to feel at home with the delightful people of New Market.

The record of six months has been made, and we gratefully recognize God's blessing which has attended the work so far. The particulars of some of this work have already come before the RECORDER readers. Very soon on our arrival, there was talk of the need of a special effort for quickening of the religious interest of the church. The Vacation Religious Day School, held in July, which awakened a wide interest, was an important factor in stirring the zeal of the church. Attendance at the Eastern Association at Plainfield and the General Conference at Salem, W. Va., by a large number of our New Market people deepened our sense of the magnitude of the Lord's work.

The burden for a revival rested heavily on many hearts, and was kept before the people in the Sabbath evening prayer meetings. The first week in November was set as the time for special evangelistic work to begin. Cottage prayer meetings preceded this for six weeks. Repeated failures to secure outside help finally resulted in the rallying of pastor and people to carry on, together. The intensive two weeks of nightly services brought encouraging results, and the church faces the future with new courage and hope. It is expected that baptism will be administered on New Year's night to seven promising young people.

We wish to make grateful recognition of the special help rendered by the following brethren: Pastor A. J. C. Bond, Dr. T. L. Gardiner, and Mr. Lester G. Osborne of Princeton Seminary, and Superintendent Kellogg of the Sabbath school.

One of the very pleasant things in connection with the beginning of the work here is the most cordial sympathy and cooperation of the Plainfield Church. Their presence at the installation of the pastor, their invitation to join with them in the celebration of the communion in November, their joining with us in the Sabbath evening prayer meeting on one occasion during the revival were heartening indications of a friendly and helpful spirit.

One of the by-products of this special effort is a growing faith in the power of prayer; and we bespeak, therefore, the prayers of our beloved Zion for the welfare and renewed growth of the old Piscataway Church. PASTOR.

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—As we again take account of the accomplishments of our church for a year we find no remarkable growth or outstanding achievement. There have been no additions to our numbers, and we have lost by death two brothers—Ballard Sweet, a resident of Alden, Minn., who died May 26, 1925, and Julius August Sepp, who died June 29, 1925.

The regular appointments of the church have been maintained through the year with excellent attendance. Two Sabbaths there were no services—on September 26, when the pastor and a number of others were attending the Northwestern Association at

New Auburn, Wis., and on December 5, when an unusually severe storm prevailed. On four Sabbaths during the year others than the pastor have had charge of the services.

The pastor feels that there has been especially good interest in the prayer meeting. During the latter part of the year we have been using for our topics "Lessons from the Lives of Old Testament Characters." These have combined to give us some good practical lessons in Christian living as well as review of Hebrew history.

The Sabbath school has maintained its high standard of religious instruction and training, with three adult classes, one young people's class, two junior classes, and one beginners' class. The interest and attendance are excellent.

The Christian Endeavor society is small in numbers, but regular meetings have been maintained throughout the year, and there is a very marked and healthy spiritual growth in the lives of the young people. For special study the society is at present taking the course in Expert Endeavor. The society paid \$20 for denominational purposes, the past year, and hope to make the sum \$30 the coming year.

The Woman's Benevolent society has been unusually busy with different projects for raising money and has held a number of special meetings for work. As a new departure they have recently rented Abbott's store basement for a year, primarily for the purpose of money-making ventures.

Though against unusual odds due to the bank failure, the church has kept even with its financial obligations during the year and closes the year practically with no debts. Through the efforts of the ladies who paid for the paint, and the men who made a "bee" and put it on, the church building has been painted two coats on the outside, and its clean white appearance adds materially to the beauty of its environment. It is now a credit to the name for which it stands.

In community service the church and pastor have given interested co-operation. A community Vacation Religious Day School was held in July with over one hundred pupils registered. One of our young people supervised the school and three others had part in the teaching. We also

had part in union Memorial and Thanksgiving services. Your pastor has been supply for the local Congregational Church the past year, has met with its choir, and has taught an adult Sunday school class. He gives one night each week as assistant leader of the Boy Rangers, a junior boys' organization of the community.

As we review the work of the past year, the pastor feels that the church has reason to take courage and go forward with greater zeal than ever to accomplish the mission Christ, our Master, has entrusted to it in the advancement of his kingdom.

Respectfully submitted in loving fellowship,

EDWARD M. HOLSTON.

Pastor.

MORALES, TEXAS.—To each reader of the RECORDER greetings, in his dear name. 1 Pet. 2:7.

Dear wife and I are in excellent good health, for which we feel thankful. Psalm 103. I have traveled some two thousand miles this year by Ford, have sold many Bibles and other good books, and preached some. This being a very wet winter is retarding my missionary work, but I'm trusting for fairer days by spring. I will farm some next year and preach and sell books close around. Pray for me. This great Southwest is a large mission field. Wife and I are yet members of the Gentry Church, and trust to be able to visit our church and association next year. We enjoy our RECORDERS and hand them out to others. God bless us all next year, and all our labors for love and truth.

Yours by divine grace,  
REV. AND MRS. ANDREW J. WILLIAMS.

SHILOH, N. J.—Again Shiloh and community registered its approval of the "Father and Son banquet" idea November 17. About one hundred forty ate and laughed and did some serious thinking together. Our reporter forgot about his job for the time being. He may write more fully about this and other happenings.

The pastor's family is riding in a new (to them) Dort sedan car. Thanks to the "Brotherhood."

Two more were baptized some time ago. We just heard "Private Pete" give "The Inexcusable Lie."

E. F. L.



## WOMAN'S WORK

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

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled, far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling discontented people. A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never be born.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

### TRAVEL STORIES

MRS. JOHN R. WHEELER

At Bellingham we took a street car ride up a high hill from which we had a fine view of Puget Sound. At 2.30 we took a boat, the *Motor Princess*, for Sydney, Vancouver Island. This ride was one of the "high points" of our trip. We had to have our luggage searched again before getting on the boat. We stayed outside most of the three hours, got in a sheltered corner, and proceeded to enjoy ourselves. It was some foggy, or smoky, but not bad, and there was much to see and admire. The boat followed a winding course among the numerous islands. These islands were all shapes and sizes. Some thickly wooded with steep rocky banks and others flat with grain fields, summer homes, and saw mills. One small island, round and pretty, was for sale, and we wanted very much to invest. We enjoyed very much watching the gulls; where ever we looked we were sure to see a gull, or fifty of them. They would soar over our heads almost motionless, holding the same position with reference to the boat for miles and miles. It was inspiring to see the strength and vigor displayed. We reached Sydney at 5.50 and at 6.15 left for Victoria in a motor bus. It was just at twilight and a lovely ride. We just whizzed along and made the twenty miles in a little over half an hour.

Next morning we started out to do the town, headed for the Parliament buildings. In front is a large statue of Queen Victoria which was begun just as the war started, across the water. It was finished, but not sent to Victoria until the war was over, for fear of submarines. There is an

immense German cannon, pierced by many bullet holes, captured from the Germans by the Canadians. We saw ever so many of these cannon in different public places. We went into the buildings, into the library and archives, the museum, and anthropological museum, the finest we ever saw. There were Indian things, blankets, baskets, canoes, etc., etc., and totem poles—oh, very many totem poles! These queer things interest J. and he has to investigate each one. The things we saw were very different from those we saw at Albuquerque and El Paso. The Indians that inhabited these two places were altogether different. The assembly chamber is nice, but not so nice as the one at Edmonton. The carpet is red with the English coat of arms on it. There are portraits of the king and queen by the same artist who painted those at Edmonton. We went into the dome, but it was a perilous trip. The stair case was very steep and dark as pitch for a long way. Finally, at the very top was an open spiral stair case, at every turn of which we were looking straight down into the rotunda—clear to the bottom. The stairs are narrow and slippery, and it made me fairly sick to look down into that chasm. But I had to keep on, of course! When we got to the top the view was worth all the peril. A guide pointed out the many places of interest. He said that each one of the oval beds of pink geraniums on the lawn below held fifteen thousand plants.

After lunch we took a yacht ride to the "Gorge," about seven miles. The ride was interesting and the Gorge is a wild romantic place, with winding paths through the woods and with seats and pavilions here and there, and a pretty bridge over the "Reversible Falls." The water runs in either direction according as the tide runs. We saw queer little crabs running across the rocks, in great numbers. Everything about the ocean is interesting.

When we got back we went to Beacon Hill Park, just beyond the Parliament buildings. We walked on over a hill a long ways, hunting for the ocean; and sure enough we found it and also a quiet place with only a few people about. It was on a high, steep cliff, and we went down flight after flight of steps to get to the water. There I had the finest kind of a time, sitting on logs and rocks and playing in the water.

There was much sea weed and pieces of shells were among the many pebbles. I understand a little better now that expression, "You are not the only pebble on the beach." I brought home a handful of those little, round, pretty things, for I thought they wouldn't be missed. The waves were quite satisfactory and the water and pebbles looked clean and sanitary. Down by the docks the water is always greasy and dirty. We stayed there a good hour or more and were sorry to leave.

We went back up those many steps and took a street car for the Outer Docks. There we found the Japanese liner, *Alabama Maru*, taking on the last of its seventeen hundred passengers. A Japanese with a baby in his arms came to the side of the boat, and the baby waved its hand at me, while the brown father showed his white teeth in a smile. The little Japanese and Chinese children attracted my attention. They were everywhere on the streets, going to school with their books. My! but they are cunning and as bright as can be. We watched the big boat pull out, turn slowly around, and head for Japan. The sun was just going down, looking like a big red ball because of the haze—and the boat steamed right into that beauty, and people waved and I cried, as I always do when I'm enjoying anything.

The next morning J. and I parted company. He wanted to go and see some railroad men and I wanted to go to Chinatown, so we went our ways. I enjoyed that forenoon very much, went into a dozen different Chinese stores, and bought some little things. The clerks were extremely polite and I felt as if I were a guest. At ten we met and took the bus back to Sydney and the boat to Bellingham, from there the train to Seattle.

### AN APPEAL FROM JAMAICA

DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

I have read with much interest of your good work in the SABBATH RECORDER from time to time. Is it not good that there are such means whereby one can know how the folks in other lands than our own enjoy the beauties of nature? I am sure you would enjoy a visit to this, our fair Island of Jamaica. Very many folks from America spend their winters here. Just now many are here, touring in their beautiful

cars and loading them with ferns and flowers and wild roses, also with our tropical fruits, such as oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, which are now in season. We have also beautiful scenery, mountain chains, waterfalls, etc.

Jamaica affords a great advantage for missionary work; but the work, as you know, has just started here since 1923, when Dr. C. A. Hansen and Rev. William Burdick visited our field. Dr. Hansen stayed with us at Longwood Penn nearly a week and was quite interested in our work.

Many are interested in the gospel as presented to them from time to time by my husband, Evangelist H. Edwin Samms. Yet our people, being poor, can not advance the work as quickly as the calls come. I have also read of your "Woman's Work." I saw where you had worn garments distributed; and as there are so many poor ones about us, who will greatly appreciate some of your missionary labors, I thought I would ask when next you have such distribution, remember the poor half-clad peasants of Jamaica. On reaching my hands, they will be given to ones that will give God thanks, and I am sure God will bless you. Remembering it is more "blessed to give than to receive," you can make parcels of eight or ten pounds, which our post office will carry. Only, on the declaration card you will make the value comparatively low, or my duty will be tall. May God bless you in your good work, is the earnest prayer of us, for you all.

Hoping to hear from you when you have time, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

(Mrs.) H. EDWIN SAMMS.

Jamaica, B. W. I.,

Longwood Penn,

Santa Cruz P. O.,

December 12, 1925.

### DIARY OF ELDER NATHAN WARDNER FOR DECEMBER, 1850

2nd.—Attended monthly concert at Dr. Bridgman's, where I met Mr. Summers, who was imprisoned by the Catholics at Maco two years ago for not taking off his hat when the host was passing.

7th.—Sabbath. Preached at a little village out about two miles called Sah-whay-Jau.

8th.—While walking on the western wall this morning before sunrise I saw a column of fog, which rose up over the wall from the outside and passed over in a curve falling down to the ground on the inside. The column was several times more dense than the general mist that was in the air and about as large in circumference as a flour barrel.

12th.—Received a cask of eight firkins of butter sent from Alfred, N. Y., half of which Brother C. takes, of course.

18th.—My teacher says there has lately been an earthquake at a place called Sz-chay in Ling-yeu, which continued by spells for three days and nights and destroyed one city and many of its inhabitants.

22nd.—This evening I have commenced preaching at the tea shops in this section, which I intend to do every evening when the weather will admit.

24th.—Am told that Rev. Mr. Wight's table expenses are \$30 per month and that Mr. Shuck allows the same for his.

29th.—It is reported that a Protestant missionary has lately been killed by pirates at Foo-chow.

The last evening of the old year.—Oh, what a catalogue of sins has been recorded in heaven against me during the past year, and I am hastening on to the day of reckoning! "That awful day will surely come, the appointed hour makes haste," and what excuse can I offer for my sins? Even before the tribunal of my own distorted reason I am dumb. How many duties and opportunities of doing good I have omitted! How many of my neighbors may wail in despair and curse me forever for my negligence! Will their shrieks of despair add to the pleasures of retrospect? How many good resolutions have I broken, and how many bad ones formed and kept! What indulgence to passion and appetite, and how little have I striven against sin, and to cultivate the holier virtues such as love, meekness, and devotion to God! Is this the experience of a renewed man? Is heaven peopled with such characters as these? What better am I than the heathen around me? The most of their sins are, perhaps, committed ignorantly, while I hold the lamp of divine truth in my hand. If a few moments' reflections in regard to the occurrences of one year will bring back to my weak memory, distorted by prejudice and self love, such a category

of sins, how can I stand before my Judge who may call up every deed, word, and thought of my whole life! The history of my life is checkered with sins, which with all my self love and all the apologies and excuses which my sin loving heart can invent for them, I blush to think of. If thus, how will they appear when all this false drapery is removed! And what assurance have I that the future will tell of any improvement? "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" If I am a child of God, why do I feel such a hesitancy even to resolve on a reformation? Can such be the experience of a dutiful son? It argues that I am but a slave of sin. O Lord, the power to reform is not mine, only as thou dost impart it. Oh, pity and deliver this wandering prodigal for Jesus' sake, that thy cause and thy name be not dishonored, and souls revived.

#### ANNUAL MEETING OF LOST CREEK CHURCH

On first day following the quarterly communion services of Sabbath day, December 12, 1925, the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church held an all day annual business meeting consisting of the election of officers and reports of officials, committees, and pastor's annual report which, by vote of the church, was requested to be published in the SABBATH RECORDER. In the afternoon Deacon S. Erlo Davis gave an address on the "One Hundred Twentieth Anniversary of the Church," and Licentiate O. B. Bond on "What of the Future?" The services closed with a sermon by Pastor George B. Shaw, of Salem; text, Deuteronomy 20:19, "Thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof," which was an enjoyable occasion to the church.

CHURCH CLERKS.

#### PASTOR VAN HORN'S REPORT

*The Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church,*

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS: Your pastor comes today with his second full annual report, thankful to Almighty God for his protection, guidance, and many blessings, and acknowledging him as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, in whom we trust and "whom to believe is eternal life."

The year has been full of varied activities, and we trust some good has been done. If results were recognized only in the things one can actually see and count, there might be large room for discouragement. But some of the finest and best fruits of life are of invisible substance—things one can feel and know though they are intangible. Knowing this, one dares to "Thank God and take courage."

Late in December and early in January of this year two weeks of special meetings were held at Roanoke, with about a dozen people expressing a desire for a "better life." Of these, four joined the church. January 14-16, I tried to assist Brother George B. Shaw, of Salem, but being in extremely unfit physical condition was of but little service. February 1-6 assisted Rev. G. H. F. Randolph at Middle Island, preaching five times and doing much personal work together with the other ministers who were there. Seven conversions and reclamations resulted from this meeting. February 15-23 was with Rev. John T. Babcock, pastor of the Berea Church. Other workers there were Brother Randolph and his son, Rev. John F. Randolph, of DeRuyter, N. Y. Many calls were made and four sermons preached. There were several conversions and reclamations in this series of meetings.

Special meetings were begun at Lost Creek, February 25, with Brothers Shaw and Babcock assisting. Elder Shaw's sermons were spiritual, gripping gospel messages, but the unusually bad weather and road conditions allowed but small attendance. Good foundations were laid, however, for the meetings to continue with Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, then of White Cloud, Mich., and Rev. A. J. C. Bond, of Plainfield, to do the preaching. While the sermons of all four of these brethren were of high order and appreciated, the most vital and effective part of the campaign perhaps, was their Bible reading, prayers, and songs in nearly two hundred homes of the community. While the accessions to the church from these meetings were but five, the memory, inspiration, and new hope quickened in those homes will be long remembered. It may be said, in passing, that the campaigns in the three communities were planned by the Missionary Committee of the Southeastern Association and financed,

in part, by the Missionary Board. Under the direction of this committee the pastor also made a trip into Webster County and up the Williams River to Pocohantas County, in June, preaching twice, making calls, and distributing many pages of Sabbath and evangelical tracts.

The pastor feels that the church was greatly helped by so many of its members attending the General Conference in August held at Salem, and by the presence of many of the members of the Commission in our Sabbath services while its meeting was being held in Clarksburg.

The pastor attended the Northwestern Association at New Auburn, Wis., in September, and appreciates the willingness of the church for him to take time, going and coming, to visit friends at Battle Creek, Mich., Milton, and Albion, Wis., and Minneapolis and Dodge Center, Minn. The purpose of the Battle Creek trip was to call upon Mrs. Martha H. Wardner, a life long friend, who has for many years been an invalid, and for a year and a half confined to her room in the sanitarium. Mrs. Wardner, we learn, was "called home" last Sabbath morning, December 5. In her going every good cause has lost a warm and ardent friend. She has been greatly interested in this church ever since a visit here in 1909.

The pastor wishes to express here his appreciation of the co-operation, support, and confidence of the church membership, and of the conscientious work of the officers, committees, and auxiliaries of the church. To be commended is the summer work of the choir under the leadership of the chorister, Brother Harlie Bond, assisted by the director, Mrs. Flo Van Horn. It is to be regretted that this good work can not be carried on for a longer period of the year.

The work of the Daily Vacation Bible School under the supervision of Mrs. Abbie B. Van Horn and her able assistant teachers deserves special mention, and doubtless will receive further attention in the Sabbath school report.

The Young People's Christian Endeavor society, while not large, is doing most excellent and foundational work among our boys and girls. Some very definite things have been done by them during the year. They deserve our continued sympathy, prayers and support.

The Ladies' Aid society has continued active, and has made its usual good showing.

The pastor has continued to serve the Roanoke Church during the year, usually visiting that community the first Sabbath and Sunday of each month. Including special meetings, he has preached thirty-two sermons in that church in 1925. The church will be pleased to hear that Roanoke has over subscribed her Onward Movement quota and \$100 already has been paid in. The arrangements of the Lost Creek Church with Brother Orville B. Bond to have charge of these first of the month services, in the pastor's absence, have proved very satisfactory. The interest, ability, aptitude, and consecration of Brother Bond lead the pastor to feel that he (Brother Bond) should be in the full time active gospel ministry somewhere among our churches.

The new venture mentioned in my last report, the publication of a church and community paper, the *Lost Creek Booster*, begun last December, has proved quite satisfactory. It is being appreciated by a large number of people and supported by a few paid-up subscriptions. The pastor is encouraged to continue it for another year, and the first issue of volume 2, number 1, has already been published and distributed.

Those who have spoken from this pulpit or otherwise conducted the services for the pastor during the year are as follows: Orville B. Bond, Harlie D. Bond, Mrs. Abbie B. Van Horn, Rev. George B. Shaw, Rev. John T. Babcock, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Urso B. Davis, Paul V. Bond, Rev. W. D. Burdick, Congressman W. D. Upshaw, Rev. J. Franklin Brown, Rev. Harold R. Crandall, and the Reverends Hively and Orr, pastors of Mt. Clare.

Number sermons and addresses..... 98  
 Number visits and calls (including those of revival) ..... 488  
 Number funerals conducted ..... 5  
 Number marriages ..... 1  
 Number baptisms ..... 10  
 (At Roanoke, 4; at Lost Creek, 6)  
 Number received into church..... 9  
 (At Roanoke, 4; at Lost Creek, 5)

Letters have been sent out during the year, and within a month or six weeks one has been sent out to each member of the church, nonresident, with a request for a reply to be read at the annual meeting. One

answer has been received, viz., from Brother and Sister Austin Bond of Alfred, N. Y., but of a personal nature and with request not to read it in public.

We have been disappointed, so far, in not having secured sufficient pledges to meet our Onward Movement-quota in full, but have a strong hope that this will yet be done. There is a regrettable tendency on the part of some to let this responsibility be shouldered by others. This ought not to be. Paul said, let every man carry his own burden, but that he should also help carry the burdens of others. Galatians 6: 1-10.

Our church finances for local and outside kingdom tasks may not always seem the pleasantest part of our Christian experience; but I am more and more convinced that a man's real interest in the kingdom of God and his spirituality, carry temperature in his pocketbook and are indicated by his giving. In speaking of finances, the pastor wishes to express his appreciation of the prompt payment of his salary when due; but he does feel and fear that sometimes it has been paid with some inconvenience from the treasurer's own pocket.

With a desire to serve this church to the fullest of his ability both in the pulpit and in his other pastoral relationships, and with a wish for life, joy, and happiness for every one of his congregation and community, and with a prayer that we may all be guided into the paths of righteousness and a higher spiritual attainment in the year to come, this report is

Most humbly submitted,  
 H. C. VAN HORN,  
 Pastor.

December 13, 1925.

An Australian barrister tells of a black fellow charged in a country town with stealing. His solicitor decided to put him in the box to give evidence on his own behalf. The magistrate, being doubtful if he understood the nature of an oath, undertook to examine him. "Jacky," he said, "you know what will happen to you if you tell a lie?"

"My oath, boss," replied Jacky, "me go down below—burn a long time."

"Quite right," replied the magistrate, "and now you know what will happen if you tell the truth?"

"Yes, boss. We lose 'em case."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK  
 R. F. D. 5, Box 73, Battle Creek, Mich.  
 Contributing Editor

LATIN AMERICA

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
 January 23, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A sinful world (Rom. 3: 9-19)  
 Monday—An invitation for all (Matt. 22: 1-10)  
 Tuesday—Superstitious worship (Acts 17: 22-31)  
 Wednesday—A divine command (Luke 24: 45-49)  
 Thursday—Sent on a mission (Acts 13: 1-3)  
 Friday—Generous support (1 Cor. 9: 7-10, 13, 14)  
 Sabbath Day—Topic: Why and how should we send Christianity to Latin America? (Jer. 31: 31-34. Missionary meeting.)

"There is a vast territory in Latin America that is almost wholly beyond the boundaries of any missionary work. This is a continent within a continent—a great empire comprising six million square miles, or four-fifths of the area of South America itself. This territory . . . is one-third the size of the entire continent of Asia, and more than one half of the continent of Africa. . . .

"In this vast interior continent there are but eighty-four Protestant missionary centers. The territory outside the district of these eighty-four centers leaves wholly untouched a section of 5,911,600 square miles.

"This is graphically pointed out in the report for the Montevideo Congress: 'If a corresponding placement of localities were laid over North America, the five uppermost stations, in the areas considered, would lie along a line of six hundred miles east of the Yukon in northern Canada; the next two would be about seven hundred miles southwest in British Columbia; to these the nearest station eastward would be more than thirteen hundred miles distant on the western shore of Hudson Bay; beyond which, seven hundred miles northeast, the next lone center would fall; a thousand miles southeast and southwest on Hudson Bay, but more than twelve hundred miles apart, two other centers would touch southern Ontario and Minnesota; a cluster of seven stations would be scattered over Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky; another fourteen

would fall in Kansas and Nebraska; the remainder of the eighty-four would be scattered through the Southern states and down through Mexico to the border of Honduras, some two thousand miles.'

"It becomes apparent, therefore, that Latin America is a field of incomparable vastness for missionary effort. There are great classes of people to whom religion is a thing of disgust, associated with all that they wish to avoid. There are others whom religion has never touched to awaken them to a vision of right living. Then, as we have seen, there is a great continent within a continent in which no evangelical religious work is being carried on at all—a territory beyond the frontier, in which dwell some thirty million people whose greatest need is to be set upon that way of enlightenment which Christ traversed."—*Selections from "Looking Ahead with Latin America" by Stanley High.*

"Another matter of absorbing interest is the South American Indian, the most pathetic figure in current history. He has been for four hundred years in contact with the civilization brought by Pizarro and his Conquistadores, those men of iron, with strange, perverted ideas of the Christian religion and the means of its propagation. Four hundred years of contact! And what has the Indian learned? It is a South American who says, 'The Indian has learned nothing since Inca days but to put a pent roof on his hut and a cross on the roof, though he has forgotten many more useful matters.' Under the paternalistic rule of the Inca he had his daily task and his daily provision. There was no room for personal initiative or development, but at least the racial level was much higher than it is now.

"Today his tribal superstitions and practices are disguised under Christian names, and he is less educated, less moral, more drunken and sunk in social lethargy than he was four hundred years ago. If ever from the depressed heart of a submerged people there went up a cry for help into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, that cry goes up this day from the nearly twenty millions of Indians scattered from Mexico to Chile."—*William F. Oldham in the Introduction to "New Days in Latin America," by Webster E. Browning.*

## A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

What is our duty to Latin America? Our scripture lesson says, "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." God wants to do this for all who will open their hearts and let him into their lives. This includes the people of Latin America. For many years Roman Catholicism has been very powerful there, and the people have been kept in ignorance regarding many things in the Christian religion. They know the name of Christ, but not his power. Our duty is to show them the power of Christ to save sinners.

We as Seventh Day Baptist young people should be especially interested in Latin America for we have a mission at Georgetown, British Guiana. We can help it both financially and with our prayers. Brother Spencer is doing a splendid work there, but he needs someone to help him. Who will answer the call, and say, "Here am I, Lord, send me"? What is your duty to Latin America?

## INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Topic for Sabbath Day, January 23, 1926

WHY AND HOW SHOULD WE CARRY CHRISTIANITY TO LATIN AMERICA?

JER. 31:31-34

## A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

This is a lesson that should send many of you to your geography and history books. Find out what the Latin American countries are, and why they are so called. What sort of government do most of them have, and what have they had in the past? What forms of religion prevail? A trip to the encyclopedia in your school or town library will help you with these questions. Where do our people have missions?

I shall help you with the last question, and you can get further information from past numbers of the RECORDER. Take your geography and look up the following places. The islands of Jamaica and Trinidad in the West Indies. The city of Kingston in the former is the center of our missionary work there. Then on the South American continent, in British Guiana, in the city of Georgetown, we have a thriving church. Over on the Central American isthmus at

Costa Rica, we have interests developing. We have no Seventh Day Baptist Church in Argentine, but many of our people are interested in the work of the Robinsons in that country.

## JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR JANUARY 23

The subject of our fourth lesson on our home mission study is Schools: A Chance to Learn. The study may be taken up in the following manner:

Aim—To help the pupils realize the part that knowledge and the ability to use it rightly have in the making of good citizens, and to lead them to share in the work of helping all boys and girls in America to receive a good education.

Devotional Service—Song, Faith of Our Fathers. Scripture lesson, Proverbs 3:13-23. Explanation of scripture lesson by superintendent. Song, America the Beautiful.

Discussion—What kind of knowledge or truth is most needed to help make a better America? What are you learning at school which will help to give you this kind of knowledge?

The citizens of the United States have always believed in education. Our forefathers began to build schools very soon after landing in this country. The Christian Church has recognized the same value and has maintained mission schools. There are, however, many boys and girls in our country who can neither read nor write, especially the Negroes and those of foreign birth. Why is this? Is it because they do not want to learn, or because they have not had a good chance?

Have one of the juniors tell the story given on the Children's Page. This shows that it is because the majority of these people have had no chance to learn.

The superintendent might look up in advance the life of William Carver, a Negro who worked hard for an education, and then in later life contributed much to our country. Any library should carry this information, but an especially interesting account is given in the book entitled, "Land of All Nations."

What chance does ignorance give one for becoming a good citizen?

Note books—Have the juniors write the

story of Captain Pratt or William Carver, bringing out especially the facts about the hardships of getting an education, the brave struggle made for one, and the results on the life of a Negro with even a partial education.

Poster work—Across the top write, "What Mission Schools Teach." Illustrate the following things with appropriate pictures cut from magazines—Sanitation, Bible study and Reverence for God, Study, Healthy Play, Friendship, Good Habits, Cooperation, Patriotism.

Future assignment—What have you learned about different ways of keeping well? What do you know about ways in which we try to prevent sickness in the community?

Close with a season of sentence prayers and the benediction.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NEWS NOTES

A Young People's Senior Christian Endeavor society was organized in the Plainfield Church, on the first Sabbath in October. The following officers were elected: Mr. Everett C. Hunting, president; Miss Marjorie Burdick, vice-president; Miss Gladys Greene, recording secretary; Miss Dorothy P. Hubbard, corresponding secretary, and Mr. Charles Post, treasurer. The society is composed of fifteen members.

The Jackson Center Christian Endeavor society holds its meetings Sabbath night at seven o'clock. The average attendance is about fifteen.

There are ten members in the Riverside society this year. Nine of them attended (part time) the County Christian Endeavor Convention, fourteen miles away. They had a whole house to themselves where they held Quiet Hour meetings together Friday night and Sabbath day.

The White Cloud Christian Endeavor society has taken charge of two Sabbath services in the absence of a minister. Almost every member of the church took part. They hold their Christian Endeavor meetings regularly every two weeks. The average number of members present at the meetings is ten, non-members, five.

Alfred Station reports a newly organized Senior Christian Endeavor society with an attendance of from ten to sixteen, and a re-organized Intermediate society with fourteen members.

## THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE A UNIQUE SCHOOL FOR CHARACTER BUILDING

The Children's Village stands on the road to citizenship. Into its community comes many a juvenile traveler—those who are lost in the darkness of their own mistakes, the morally ill who have fallen by the way, and countless numbers who need a helping hand on a long and dangerous journey. No matter what the cause, no matter how sore the need, the Children's Village like the "Good Samaritan" of old seeks to bind up their wounds, solve their individual problems, and start them once again refreshed and strengthened on the way to citizenship.

This village is a most unique organization. It is not a penal or reformatory institution, but rather a national school for character training, accepting problem boys and girls between the ages of eight and sixteen. The children live in attractive cottage homes and are cared for by cottage mothers and fathers.

Every child who becomes a citizen of the village is made a subject of personal study and consideration. The welfare worker learns of the home and family, former environment, and associations. The physician must make his examination recommending the remedial measures to be taken for the building up of an impaired body. The psychologist, too, obtains definite knowledge of the child's ability and mental capacity, recommending vocational training and academic placement accordingly. If there is not a satisfactory adjustment within the institution at the start, other trials are made until the child is in the place where he is best equipped to be.

When these steps have been taken, the young citizen is naturalized. He is ready to take his place in the community. He soon learns that the village is not governed alone by the staff of employees, but that a student government exists, controlled by a mayor or president, a state attorney, a secretary of state, a chief of police, and other duly authorized officers, all of whom take their responsibilities most seriously and conduct their weekly trials in the court room with dignity and decorum.

The young citizen learns very quickly, too, that this governing body is respected by the older heads of the village. For he is told that during "Boys' Week" entire con-

trol was given over to the boys for one day and with a boy mayor in the chair of the managing director, and a boy occupying every position held by an employee, the affairs of State move on systematically and without mishap.

Thus the new arrival senses that he is in a democratic community where he will receive, not only a square deal and an opportunity for self-expression, but where a helping hand is extended to guide and direct him in his daily life.

The boy or girl soon becomes fully acquainted with the well rounded program of the village. In the morning he attends a brief chapel service in the assembly hall. He goes to school. He spends some time each day at work in the paint shop or laundry, in the carpentry, electric, or plumbing departments, at the main kitchen or in the tailor shop, at the shoe shop, farm, or printing office, or wherever definite duties have been assigned. For everyone who is able must do a certain amount of constructive work in accordance with his desires and capabilities, as well as attend school.

When the daily routine begins to grow a bit irksome, the child finds that the regular period of directed and organized recreation each day is a thing to be happily anticipated. For under competent guidance the children are led in group games, many teams being organized for outside competition, while a great deal of emphasis is also laid on inter-mural contests. The social activities, too, tend to keep up the interests of all. With Dramatic, Press, and Art clubs, a Scout Troop, athletic organizations and activities, weekly moving pictures, social functions, and special entertainments, a boy has but little time to become homesick or inactive.

On Sunday, the citizens of this miniature community attend church and Bible school, and during the winter months Christian Endeavor society is theirs to attend if they wish. For the policy of the village is to give good, wholesome, religious training of a non-sectarian nature.

Such, then, is the every day life of the junior citizens of the Children's Village—a life of constructive work and well organized recreation, a life filled with the wholesome activities of a normal child.

Boys and girls come to the village through various means. The juvenile courts, children's clinics, child caring agencies, and

various welfare organizations, all contribute their share. The type of child which the village is best equipped to train, however, is that sent directly by those parents who recognize behavior problems in their children and, interpreting certain tendencies as danger signals, wish to place them where they may receive wholesome recreation, educational advantages, and character training under skilled leaders.

The Children's Village is a private institution, being founded in 1851 by a group of New York City philanthropists, and was formerly situated in that city. Over thirty years ago, however, the present site at Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson was purchased, and the school established there under a new regime.

The village is controlled by a Board of Directors with Edmund Dwight of New York, president. Leon C. Faulkner as managing director occupies the highest executive position within the institution, and is directly responsible for its policies and management. Mr. Faulkner is a man of long experience in the national fields of social work, and his personality and influence have been the means of shaping the lives of thousands of wayward boys and girls.

Associated with him is Calvin Derrick, widely known as one of the leading authorities on child welfare in the country. Mr. Derrick in the capacity of dean is heading the new Training School for Institution Workers and Executives, which Mr. Faulkner has established at the village in connection with the practical work being done in the training of children.

Before these men and their staff are laid the intricate problems of childhood. Deep human interest and sympathetic understanding temper their judgment and influence their decisions, as they touch the lives of the children under their care. To awaken the child to his own possibilities, to train him in his daily tasks, to lead him unconsciously by wholesome influence and right living, to open his eyes to a vision of his place as a useful member of society, and finally to throw the light of knowledge on his path, as he trudges along the road to citizenship—such are the desires, the aims, and the ideals of the Children's Village.

*The Children's Village,  
Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.,  
December 1, 1925.*

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

RUTH MARION CARPENTER, ALFRED, N. Y.  
Contributing Editor

### BETTER AMERICANS

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
January 23, 1926

TOPIC—SCHOOLS: A CHANCE TO LEARN  
(FOURTH CHAPTER IN "BETTER AMERICANS,  
NUMBER THREE")

SCRIPTURE LESSON—PROV. 3:13-23

The following is the story of Captain Pratt as given in "Better Americans, Number Three," in a condensed form. It illustrates what it means not to have a fair chance and also shows how this chance is given to some.

#### CAPTAIN PRATT

Captain Pratt was just a little boy in the Black Belt of Alabama. He was named after a big river captain whom his father, Mr. Smith, admired very much. His home was a low, one-roomed cabin in the middle of a cotton field, where he lived with his three brothers and five sisters besides his father and mother. In the shack were three beds, a rickety chair, a soap box, a table, and a fireplace. His principal food consisted of corn bread and molasses.

When Cap'n Pratt was only a few weeks old, his mother tied around his neck a dirty little bag, containing dried roots, a mole's foot, and other such articles to keep off sickness. He was never bothered about dressing in the morning, because his clothes were sewed on him on Sunday morning and he wore them night and day until the following Sunday.

His school life was very short at first. It lasted only two months in the year; and there was such a long time between the close of one term and the opening of the next year, that he forgot nearly all he had learned and had to begin each year at about the same place. But even such a short-term school was closed after a time, because it could not get a teacher. Mr. Smith was too poor to send his children to the nearest mission school, fifteen miles away, so poor

little Cap'n Pratt—and thousands of others just like him—had to grow up in ignorance, not because he wanted to, but because he had no chance to learn.

Finally for three years Mr. Smith managed to send Cap'n Pratt to the mission school, and as Mr. Smith proudly told a neighbor, "Dat boy doan think 'bout nothin' 'cept schoolin'. I believe he dream 'bout dat school, and Ise gwine to gib him eddication ef I lib. No tellin' whut he might turn out to be some day. I heerd o' dat man dey call Booker T., when he wuz a po' boy an' clumb up 'til he wuz recognized by de President ob dis United States. Ise gwine to gib my chile a chanct, ef schoolin'll do it."

But, alas! his father died suddenly at the end of Captain Pratt's third year in school, and he had to take the man's place on the farm and gather the crops. One day news came that the mission was about to open a night school so that men and boys who had to work during the day might attend classes at night. At once Captain Pratt found a place to work on a farm three miles from the school.

"Yo' see," said Cap'n Pratt, "I kin study from three o'clock in de morning 'til it gits light enuf to go to work, an' I kin knock off a little befo' fust dark, an' den git out to de school. I sho is glad de good Lawd done open up a way fo' me again."

One day Cap'n Pratt went to Bible school. It was missionary day, and the speaker told about a million boys and girls who had never heard of Jesus. "I declar," he murmured to himself, "I neber did heah o' sech a thing. Not know nothin' 'bout God. Heah I is, got religion, got good teachahs, kin go to school at night, an' Sabbas school, too. I ain't got no money, but I kin do whut de teachah say, I kin pray."

He thought a little more and then exclaimed, "I kin put in a little extry time one eb'nin' aftah knockin' off. Mebbe I kin git twenty-five cents workin' fo' Mr. MacThose at de mill, an' I kin give that to help somebody."

After a time Captain Pratt's mother married again and this left the boy free to look after himself. He was then given a job by one of the married teachers at the school and taken to live in his home. This was Captain Pratt's first experience with a Christian home and it seemed to him

like a palace. "I mean to have a home like dis some day," he would say to himself.

The years have gone by. Captain Pratt has married a young woman who was formerly a teacher at the mission school and he himself is employed by the Freedmen's Bureau as an instructor in agriculture on the mission farm. Captain Pratt is very grateful for all that he has gained, and even more so because of the fact that his boy will have a better chance than he himself did. He often speaks of this and expresses his appreciation of those who help to make mission schools possible.

*Ashaway, R. I.*

### A GOOD LETTER TO THE CHILDREN

[This letter should have appeared one week earlier, but last week was shortened one day on account of the holiday, and the RECORDER had to be made up a day earlier, so this came a little too late to get in.—T. L. G.]

DEAR RECORDER CHILDREN:

I am writing you in advance of the new year, so you can try a new plan.

Get a large sheet of paper, or a piece of cardboard, and make out a *schedule*—that means something to guide you every day.

We tried it with our children and they were delighted. In that way you can be quite sure you are doing what mama wishes. Let her help you make it out and you will both be greatly helped. Let me give you a schedule. Your mama can change it as she thinks best.

#### SCHEDULE

- "Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."
1. Say "Good-night" all around.
  2. Read a chapter or some verses in Psalms.
  3. Say prayers with mother, and "Now I lay me down to sleep."
  4. "Wash your hands and wash your face.  
And brush your hair to save disgrace."
  5. Brush your teeth.
  6. Put your clothes in order for the next morning.
  7. Rise early.
  8. Repeat:  
"Now I wake to see the light  
Thou, God, hast kept me, through the night.  
To thee I lift my voice and pray,  
That thou wouldn't keep me through the day.  
And, when on earth my work is done,  
Oh! God accept me, through thy Son."
  9. Bathe, as mother wishes.
  10. Remember your teeth need brushing.

11. Say a pleasant "Good-morning" to each one of the family.

12. Eat with good manners.
13. Ask mother what you can do to help her.
14. You can bring in wood and kindlings.
15. You can feed the chickens.
16. You can sweep the walks.
17. You can do the dishes and set the table.

You can do many things and be much happier for helping.

Be sure you have a good Sabbath school lesson. Mother will arrange about your studies and play-time. "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy." So work when you work and play when you play!

MRS. L. E. LIVERMORE,  
*The Children's Friend.*

### WHEN ROY WENT BACK

Roy liked living in the big city apartment house, but it was very different from his old home. There he could whoop and race about almost as he wanted to. Here a boy needed to think how the noise would seem to other people. He must not get in people's way too much.

Most of the people were out of the house just now, and Roy had room to run around—quietly, of course. He brought his toy automobile to play on the fire escape at the end of their hall. It was only a little automobile, but it could run for a long way if he wound it up and gave it a push.

"I know a wonderful way to do!" he shouted. "I'll put that big piece of cardboard inside the railing of the fire escape. Then I'll start my auto back here. It'll be almost run down by the time it gets there, but I guess it'll flop over on its side. Or maybe try to climb the pasteboard and turn turtle! That'll be a jolly little wreck. I wouldn't want to have a bad one."

Roy did just as he had planned. But there was something he did not know about. He would have seen it if he had not been in too much of a hurry to look out on the fire escape again.

On down the hall ran the little automobile straight toward the cardboard wall of the fire escape. There it did flop over on one side. It was a fine flop. But oh, dear, oh dear! The auto flopped right over onto something Roy had not known anything about.

That something was a doll! Roy was sure its head must be broken to bits. He was so surprised and excited that he ran

back to his own sitting room without even stopping to get his automobile.

He felt so queer that he thought maybe he was going to be sick. It didn't seem as if he cared to see his little automobile again.

Suddenly Roy remembered once when a man in a really truly automobile ran against a little girl and hurt her head. Then he raced away without stopping to see how badly she was hurt. Somebody else had to take the little girl to the hospital. Papa called that auto driver a *coward*.

"I will not be a coward!" cried Roy. "Aunt Grace says there is a doll hospital on the next street. Maybe the little girl will want her dolly to go there. It'll take money."

Roy got his bank. The money in it was to spend for something big. Hurting a girl's dolly with his auto must be something big to pay for.

Roy ran back as fast as he could. On the fire escape was a little girl, but she wasn't crying. The doll in her arms didn't have a broken head!

"It's a metal head. Your auto just dented it a little," said the girl. "I won't demand damages." She giggled over the grown-up words. "Let's play together till dark."

They did, and it was fun. Roy was gladdest, though, because he had not been a coward.

"I know how to act with a car, if it is just a little one," he said. Then both the children laughed and said they would play together the next day.—*Children's Friend.*

### STORY-TELLING IN HEAVEN

(Continued)

MARY B. FILLYAW

And, among the story-tellers is Nehemiah, Cup-bearer to the king of the proud city, Babylon. He has a long story to tell. Listen to him.

"I asked the king for letters of conveyance, And another letter to the king's forest-keeper, For timber for the palace of the temple, And for a house for myself to live in. And the king granted me according to The good hand of my God upon me.

"And we repaired the wall of the city, And established ordinances for the maintenance Of the temple service. And I grieved sorely For the desecration of the house of my God, And I testified against the Sabbath breakers.

"And I prayed for the sinning priests, who had defiled

The priesthood, and the covenant of the priesthood, And of the Levites.' Thus I cleansed them from all strangers,

And made appointments for every one in his business.'

'And for the wood offering, at times appointed, And for the first fruits.' And then I prayed, Remember me, O my God, for good. And now I'm here in this beautiful Paradise of God."

### THE PEACEMAKER

Myra and Louise got into a quarrel one day. Both of them said sharp, angry words and felt very cross. Myra kept calling mean things at Louise and even making faces, but after a while Louise did not seem to notice. She sat very still and looked up into the old apple tree for so long that Myra was curious to know what she saw.

At last Louise answered, "Oh, Myra, come here and see these baby birds getting their dinner!" she called.

Her voice was as sweet and gentle as it ever was. Myra forgot all the spiteful things she had meant to say. She ran to Louise, and they both watched the birds.

"Oh, I'm so glad you saw them!" cried Myra, as she put her arms around her friend.

Louise laughed. "I saw them when I tried to stop our quarrel. Yesterday grandmother told me an old saying that it takes two to make a quarrel, but one can end it! Today I tried and tried to think what to say or do that would stop it. I sat still and stared into the tree while I thought. Pretty soon I saw those dear birds."

If every boy and girl would try to follow Louise's plan, think how many peacemakers we would have!—*Dew Drops.*

### MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"The poor workman complains of his tools."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN.

A little girl in southern California was having her first glimpse of snow. "O mother, what is it? What is it?" she shouted excitedly.

"Why, that is snow, Peggy. Whatever did you think it was?"

"Snow? Why, it looks like popped rain!" —*Life.*

**WALTER GILLETTE ROOD**

(Loving tribute from his niece)

MRS. ORA CRANDALL CLEMENT

Walter Gillette Rood was born near Dakota, Wis., June 5, 1864. He was the youngest of nine children born to Charles Persons and Marianne Rood. He died in an Omaha hospital, December 4, 1925.

In the summer of 1875 he, with his parents, moved from Wisconsin to North Loup, Neb., which has been his home continuously since that time, and nearly all of the time has been his place of residence. He was married June 27, 1912, to Grace Maude Fackler, of Ord, Neb. Their one child, Margaret Grace, was born April 10, 1913. Mr. Rood was baptized by Elder George Crandall and became a member of the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church, November 6, 1886.

He is survived by his wife and his daughter, two brothers, Hosea Whitford, Milton, Wis., and Charles J., North Loup, Neb.; four sisters, Mary Davis and Genia Crandall of North Loup, Emma Terry of Boulder, Colo., and Etta Crandall of Milton, Wis.

Walter's father was chairman of the Locating Committee which chose the site for the colony which founded this village; and he, himself, took a homestead four miles west of the village. This was the family home for twelve years; and it was here that the father died, March 17, 1878, leaving upon the fourteen-year-old boy, Walter, the responsibility of caring for the farm and providing for his mother and her aged parents who made their home with her. His mother's home was always with him until her death in April, 1915.

As he was a pioneer and the head of the family at such an early age, Walter's education was a matter of short and interrupted terms of attendance at school. He was, however, a lover of books and possessed a natural thirst for knowledge; and in spite of handicaps he acquired a good general education which made him the peer of men of greater advantages. During the years of 1893 and 1894 he was a student in Milton College, and for several years following he taught in Illinois and in Valley County, Neb.

In 1900 he bought the plant of the North Loup *Loyalist*, and has been its publisher and editor continuously since that time.

Since 1888, when Walter and his mother moved into the village, he has been closely associated with its life in all its phases. His life and work among us is too well known to need specific comment. He has served the village in many official capacities. No civic enterprise has been carried through without Walter's untiring support. His newspaper has championed and supported every good cause that in any way affected the life of the community. Scarcely a young life of this village but has received the stamp of his noble, youth-loving personality in some one of the many organizations with which he was associated. Few men will be so missed from the community as Walter Rood.

His church was especially dear to him; and to its activities he gave his best efforts, sacrificing his own interest, always, to serve the church in whatever capacities he was needed. Possessed of splendid executive ability he served as a leader or in the ranks with equal willingness. It will be many years before any public or religious undertaking will be assumed in North Loup without a keen sense of Walter Rood's loss, saddening its supporters.

He was possessed of many positive characteristics, but no one was more marked than his natural habit of self-depreciation. As he gave himself tirelessly for others, it was ever a source of pain to his loved ones that he was unable to place the real value upon his own services. Struggling always toward a lofty ideal, he was always self-reproachful at his failure to realize it. The pitiful penalty of his own generosity and nobility was his inability to be reconciled to the limitations placed upon him by his own human nature.

Our highest tribute to him is to recognize his heroic attempts to realize purposes too lofty for human achievement. Our best expression of love and respect for his unselfish life lies in emulation.

WALTER G. ROOD

(By his boyhood playmate and lifetime friend)

EDWIN J. BABCOCK

I have been asked and am glad to contribute a few personal remarks as to my old friend, W. G. Rood. Walter and his sisters, and my brother and I were playmates in Dakota, Wis. Three years after coming to North Loup with my father's

family Walter followed with his father's family, and the boyhood intimacy which was resumed and which developed into a close friendship and an association in all semi-public affairs, was never broken. Others have spoken of his pioneer and school teaching days, and his extensive church work, so these remarks will be confined largely to his activities as a neighbor, a business, and civic fellow worker.

His public activities began upon his taking up the publication of the *Loyalist*, and his residence in the village over a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Rood seldom aspired to official positions in civil affairs and held few. He was pre-eminently a high private and lay-man. His name was on nearly every prominent committee in all public activities. Often he was a member of the Republican township and county and, I think, state committees. Soon after taking over the *Loyalist*, he espoused the movement which had been started for a Pop-Corn Day's festival and much of the time was chairman of the committee. He was from its beginning a member of the Lecture Course Committee, and as its secretary for many years took the leading part in maintaining the course. He was one of the leading spirits in the Old Settlers Association, and for the last few years its secretary.

Even in boyhood days he was interested in temperance work, and later took a leading part in both state and federal prohibition. He was intensely interested in the public schools. At the time of his death he was justice of the peace and police magistrate. He was active and progressive and in the thick of every local activity which made for better conditions. The *Loyalist* was conceded to be one of the cleanest papers in the state. Nothing scandalous or spiteful crept into its pages that could be avoided.

Boys and girls were his life-long intimates and came to him with their troubles and their hopes, perhaps more than to any other one man. Besides his long service as Junior and Intermediate Christian Endeavor superintendent, the Sabbath school superintendents remember him gratefully as one of the few men who was willing to teach a class of boys. Many of the boys, now grown men, remember with pleasure and profit the little military company he drilled and the Boy Scouts he directed before other cares took too much of his time.

He was a man of marked pride in his family and loyalty to his church, his friends, and the community. He had many known personal traits, such as his love of flowers, birds, and the beauties of Nebraska landscapes. There was not an aristocratic trait in his nature. He rubbed elbows with everybody. He was one of the great, common people that move the world, a lay-man and high private that we who knew him and worked with him will always remember. Personally, I have lost a friend, one who, though he might criticize me to my face, praised me to others. There are many who can say the same.

(See editorial.—T. L. G.)

**"TARLEY'S MAMMA"**

A baby came into our lives one day—  
An orphaned baby not yet two—  
And because he worshiped my brown-eyed boy,  
He, mimicking, called me "mamma" too.  
"Stop that!" the heir apparent cried,  
As he knitted his brow in a fury fine;  
"I gave you my crib and my hobby horse,  
But you can't have my mamma; she's all mine!"

The soft lips quivered, the bright eyes filled,  
And "Tarley's mamma," he whispered low.  
Learning the lesson his idol set  
And holding it stoutly through weal and woe,  
So whether he ravaged the strawberry bed,  
Or chased the chickens in impish glee,  
Or played like a cherub new-fledged, the call,  
"Tarley's mamma," rang up to me.

I made no protest; love is a flower  
That with forcing dies, and I knew my own:  
So I bided my time through the summer hours,  
While the breezes sang and the bright sun  
shone;  
And just at the end there came a day  
When the merry baby lay hot and still,  
And the doctor talked in a solemn way  
And looked solemn yet—as doctors will.

Close to my knee crept my little lad,  
With a piteous tear-choked tale to tell:  
"I'm sorry I ever was mean to him,  
And him so little. If he'll get well  
I'll give him my soldiers, my very best,  
And my truly gun and my fish-pole too.  
And—I said I wouldn't, but now I will—  
Mamma, I'll give him half of you!"

Who can measure love's power? In his little crib  
The languid baby stirred and smiled,  
And the flame of the fever flickered low  
As he held out his arms to the older child;  
Then holding him close with one dimpled hand,  
"Tarley, Tarley, me loves you!"  
He stretched the other to me and smiled.  
"Tarley's mamma, my mamma too!"  
—By Eleanor Duncan Wood in Homes for the Homeless.

## SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.  
Contributing Editor

### POURING IN OR DRAWING OUT—WHICH?

I once had an associate teacher who told me this story about the principal of the high school she had attended: "He was," said she, "a pretty good talker, and he seemed to like to talk. It was easy for him. He was, moreover, a well informed man and knew something to talk about. Sometimes when we who were in his classes did not know our lessons as well as we ought, we would make it up among ourselves to ask him, as soon as we came to class, some question. This pleased him, and he would begin to talk, and when he once began in that way he would go on and on till the end of the class period without stopping to ask us to recite. If he did stop, we'd ask another question, and so we had an easy time of it. Because we liked to be out nights we were apt to neglect our lessons, so came frequently to ask him questions in order to get him to talking. We just 'worked him' to make it easy for us. He seemed to like it and so did we. But since I became a teacher I have come to think it was not, after all, a very good thing for us, for by so doing we got into the habit of neglecting the lessons we should have learned. I want my pupils to do the most of the talking. I'll ask questions or give them the topics upon which to talk, and perhaps, make some suggestions, yet will not do the way our high school principal did."

It was forty-eight years ago when Miss Pierrepont told me this story. I can not remember much more about her, yet I did not so long as I was teaching forget what she said about the way she and her classmates managed to get along so easily when the lessons were hard. Many a time I have thought when coming before my own classes, "I must not give these boys and girls occasion to speak of me as Miss Pierrepont did about her teacher." I came to think that, while he was making it so easy for those who had not learned their lessons, he was making it easier for himself. I

found it much easier to tell all about the lesson myself than to get them to tell it, for it is hard work indeed to get something out of a class when there is little to get.

I presume that when Miss Pierrepont and her classmates got their principal to talking they did learn a little something from him if, indeed, their minds were active and receptive. But the real purpose they had in getting him to talking was not to learn something from him, but to get out of doing anything themselves; and so they were not apt to be in a receptive attitude.

I have heard of two methods of class work, one the *pouring-in* process, the other the *drawing-out*. In the one case the leader does the talking himself telling what he knows and thinks and believes; in the other he gets from the members of his class their expression of what they have learned from their lesson by study or thought. By the pouring-in process a member of the class, if he pays good attention, may receive all his dish will hold—a pint, a quart, or a gallon. But after it is full all else runs over. What the teacher is able to draw out depends upon both himself and his pupil—upon what the pupil has to give and his teacher's skill in leading him to put it into language. Anyhow it comes from his study and thought. The pouring-in process is apt to do but little toward enlarging the receiving dish. The pint cup remains a pint—is not likely to become a quart or a gallon; the mind is not thus enlarged. But the drawing-out process develops thought, growth of mental capacity, and mental power; and this is education—coming from good teaching.

While this is what we say about work at the schoolhouse it is just as true in Sabbath school teaching. The best teacher is the one who can lead young people into constructive thought and the expression of it, and above all the quickening of the conscience.

The teacher of the primary class was explaining the great miracle of the two fishes and the five loaves of bread for the hungry thousands of people.

"Now," she said, "God knew what to do, but we wouldn't have known."

Jean Frances, aged five, said, "My mother would 'a known what to do; she'd a baked biscuits."—*The Continent*.

### TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS

It is deeply interesting to observe that among Eastern cities rising from the ashes of ages, we may now include Tadmor in the Wilderness, built by King Solomon on an oasis in the Syrian desert, and mentioned along with Lebanon and Hamath in the Old Testament (2 Chronicles 8:4; cp. 1 Kings 9:18). On the high road from Damascus to the Euphrates, and known in history as Palmyra, this city of temples and tombs has long lain waste, a scene of squalor on remains of a past magnificence. Now at length, however, simultaneously with the restoration of ancient Babylon, there comes news of the rebuilding of the city with which the name of Zenobia must ever be associated. Following upon its grandeur as a city-state came destruction by the Romans, but from time to time during the Christian era travelers have found signs of life, though weak and lingering, in a region which was once a center of power. According to an article in the *Times*, there is now a significant stirring among the bones of Palmyra. Motor cars and lorries traverse the trade routes, and periodically convoys of cars are drawn up as the mail from Beirut and Baghdad calls at Palmyra while cross-

ing the desert into Persia. There are many other indications of reviving life, with the result that the city built by Solomon shows signs of rising in sympathy with the new era that has dawned in Palestine, the land over which the mighty king threw the glamor of a great reign. In the providence of God a dominating innings has been given to the Western nations, but it would now appear that a second innings is to be given to the lands of the East. For this the prophets of Israel have prepared us. But did not Isaiah of Jerusalem pass on a great word of benediction when he declared that Israel "shall be third with Egypt and Assyria, and a blessing in the midst of the earth"? (Isaiah 19:24). In the light of the ultimate purpose of God we may assuredly find in that well-known utterance an intimation of universal good: for through Egypt the Lord will bless Africa, through Assyria all Asia, while through "Israel mine inheritance," scattered with a high and holy purpose in view, blessing will in due time overflow to all peoples that on earth do dwell.—*Christian*, in *Record of Christian Work*.

"Still doth it look dark for light wine and beer advocates."

## Country Life Leadership

BY BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS

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## DEATHS

**BOWEN.**—Mrs. Belle M. Bowen, daughter of Richard and Mary A. Mitchell, was born at Port Elizabeth, N. J., July 12, 1855, and died at her home in Shiloh, N. J., October 14, 1925.

March 25, 1884, she was united in marriage to Charles E. Bowen. To them were born Emma, Walter, Harry, and Paul. Of these children only Harry and Paul remain to mourn her loss.

Since her marriage her home has been on the farm north of the village until about nine years ago, when she and Mr. Bowen moved to the village.

In childhood Mrs. Bowen united with the Methodist Episcopal Church of Port Elizabeth. In the years of her residence in the community she has endeared herself to many by her quiet and kindly life.

E. F. L.

**HARRIS.**—Mary, daughter of David A. and Janette B. Randolph, was born near Shiloh, February 19, 1882. She passed on to her eternal home, December 8, 1925.

March 7, 1907, she was united in marriage to Frank Harris by Reverend D. B. Coon. To this union were born three sons: Edward W., Norman R., and B. Frank. Her married life was spent on the farm where she was born and lived during her childhood days.

When she was about fourteen years of age she confessed Christ and united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church. She has thought, worked and prayed for the success of Christ's kingdom. The human and the divine have been blended in a worshipful and serviceful life. There are few if any agencies for the benefit of her church and community where her life and presence will not be greatly missed. She has sought self-improvement that she might be a better teacher in the Sabbath school, a better mother in the home, and helper in the community. Not only her family but a very large circle of friends mourn her death. Though young in years it may well be said of her, "Life's race well run, Life's work well done, Life's crown well won. Now comes rest."

E. F. L.

**ROOD.**—Walter Gillette Rood was born near Dakota, Wis., June 5, 1864, and died at the Clarkson Hospital in Omaha, December 4, 1925. He was the youngest of nine children born to Charles Persons and Marianne Thorngate Rood.

He was baptized by Elder George J. Crandall and united with the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church, November 6, 1886, of which he remained a most faithful member until his death.

On June 27, 1912, he was married to Grace Maude Fackler of Ord, Neb., and to this union was born on April 10, 1913, their only daughter, Margaret Grace.

Besides the wife and daughter, he is survived by two brothers, Hosea W., Milton, Wis., and Charles J., North Loup; and four sisters, Mary Davis and Genia Crandall, both of North Loup, Emma Terry of Boulder, Colo., and Etta Crandall, of Milton, Wis., also a host of other relatives and friends who will miss him very greatly.

The funeral was conducted by his pastor at the church he so dearly loved on Sunday afternoon, December 6, at two o'clock, when a host of people came from far and near to attend the service. Burial was made in the North Loup cemetery.

A more extended obituary will be found elsewhere.

H. L. P.

**LANGWORTHY.**—Caleb S. Langworthy, aged 74 years, died in Adams Center, N. Y., December 13, 1925.

He was born in Verona, N. Y., February 12, 1851, the second son of Morris and Margaret Greene Langworthy. When he was about 16 his family moved to Adams Center, and he has always lived since then in this vicinity.

On November 28, 1870, he married Alice L. Hull. To them were born two sons, Frank M. Langworthy, who survives him, and Fred C. Langworthy, who died in 1912. Mrs. Langworthy died in 1904. On November 1, 1905, he was united in marriage with Mrs. Maria Barker of Adams Center, who is left to mourn her loss.

"Uncle Cale" was a noble Christian, a kind neighbor, a true friend. And he was ready either to depart or remain as God might will. He had learned the secret of surrender to the Father's plan and died in the peace and joy which such surrender brings.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

L. F. H.

**BENJAMIN.**—Maryett Bashaba Rogers Benjamin, daughter of Nathan and Harriet Clark Rogers, was born in Preston, N. Y., June 6, 1839, and died December 21, 1925.

She was married to George C. Benjamin, February 15, 1860, in Preston. She was an attendant of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of that town, and is the last surviving member.

The first six years of her married life were passed in the town of Sangerfield, Madison county. From there she moved back to Preston where she resided until the death of her husband in 1903. After that, until three years ago, she lived with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Walter Cowles, and after her death she continued to live there until July, 1925. At that time she came to Preston for a visit with her oldest daughter, Mrs. C. S. Roe, where she died. She is survived by three daughters and two sons: Mrs. Charles Roe of Preston, Mrs. Caroline Westover of Oxford, Mrs. Alice Westover of Guilford, Willard C. Benjamin of Preston, and Frederick R. of Oxford. There are also seven grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

The funeral was conducted on Sunday afternoon by Mrs. Lena G. Crofoot, at the home of her daughter in Preston, where she died. The burial was in the Oxford cemetery.

Although not a member of any church since the

old Preston church went out of existence, she was a faithful Christian, and attended services as long as health permitted.

A good woman has gone to her reward.

L. G. C.

**WOODWARD.**—Mrs. Philomela T. Woodward, daughter of Adonis and Fannie Trowbridge, was born in Green Settlement, September 10, 1835, and died in Adams, N. Y., November 30, 1925, at the age of 90 years.

Her father was one of the first farmers in the vicinity of Adams Center, and Mrs. Woodward has spent nearly all of her life near here.

She was married to Constance Woodward, September 11, 1882, by Rev. A. B. Prentice. Mr. Woodward's death occurred about ten years ago. There were no children.

Mrs. Woodward had been a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Adams Center for nearly 79 years. Her faith in God was sure and steadfast. Though in poor health for some time she spoke often of the goodness of God.

Funeral services were held at the church December 3, the pastor using Job 16: 22 as the text for the service.

L. F. H.

### RUSHING TO THE GRAVE

Don't be continually rushing about your business or your pleasure. The man who does so reaches the grave several years sooner than the man who doesn't.

Hurry, lack of exercise, improper eating, and insufficient rest imperil your chances of living long and well, according to Robert

D. Laughner, writing in Denver Young Men's News. The breakneck rush of competition in business, mental strain, the use of labor-saving devices which result in a loss of exercise, the increasing use of the automobile and street car instead of legs as means of locomotion, the quick lunch, over-eating, overweight—these things tend to bring on what Mr. Laughner calls "the tragedy of dying five years ahead of your time."

To avoid this tragedy, exercise of a few hours a week in the gymnasium and swimming pool under competent direction is recommended; likewise deep breathing, "eating properly of well-chosen foods to suit your needs," and avoidance of draughts and poor ventilation.

"As a race, we are lazy in doing things for ourselves, or, I should say, to benefit our health," says Mr. Laughner. "I am sure if we were to give the same thought to proper living and health habits as we give to the efficiency and economic operation of our autos, we would easily add five years of efficient living to the average business man's life."—*National Council, Y. M. C. A.*

It remained for a British visitor to remind us that the Statue of Liberty stands with her back to the United States.—*Omaha Bee.*

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The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society will be glad to receive contributions for the work in Pangoengsen Java. Send remittances to the treasurer, S. H. DAVIS, Westerly, R. I.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in the Auditorium, first floor, of the Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Bible study at 2.30 p. m. followed by preaching service. For information concerning weekly prayer meeting held in various homes, call Pastor William Clayton, 1427 W. Colvin Street, Phone Warren 4270-J. The church clerk is Mrs. Edith Cross Spaid, 240 Nottingham Road. Phone James 3082-W. A cordial welcome to all services.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. Harold R. Crandall, Pastor, 3681 Broadway, New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in Hall 601, Capitol Building (formerly Masonic Temple), corner of State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock. Everybody welcome. August Johansen, Pastor, 6118 Woodlawn Avenue.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42nd Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath. Sabbath School at 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, 264 W. 42nd Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. E. S. Ballenger, Pastor, 438 Denton St., Riverside, Cal.

Minneapolis Seventh Day Baptists meet regularly each Sabbath at 10 a. m., at the homes. Mr. Lloyd Burdick, 4615 Vincent Avenue South, Superintendent of the Sabbath school; Mrs. William A. Saunders, Robinsdale, Phone "Hyland 4220," assistant. Visitors cordially welcomed.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ holds regular Sabbath services at 2.30 p. m., in Room 402, Y. M. C. A. Building, Fourth Floor (elevator), Adams and Witherell Streets. For information concerning Christian Endeavor and other services, call Pastor R. B. St. Clair, 4012 Field Avenue, phone, Melrose 0414. A cordial welcome to all.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 10.30 a. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Avenue.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

Services are held each Sabbath in Daytona, Fla., in the Christian church, Palmetto Avenue. All visitors gladly welcomed. R. W. Wing, Pastor.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London, holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Argyle Hall, 105 Seven Sisters' Road, Holloway N. 7. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

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Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor  
L. H. North, Business Manager

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Terms of Subscription	
Per Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.25
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William came home with the statement that he no longer intended to be kind and helpful to others.

"Why do you say that?" his mother asked.

"Because," replied William, "today I saw Johnny putting a tack on the teacher's chair, and just as he was sitting down I pulled away the chair. The teacher sat on the floor, and when he got up he spanked me for pulling away the chair. Then at recess Johnny hit me for interfering."—*The Continent.*

Mr. Blank, in characterizing a former employe and who is now a rival and competitor, said: "Why, he's sharper, a thief and a liar and I taught him all he knows."—*Selected.*

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## LORD, FORGIVE

If I have wounded any soul today, If I have caused one foot to go astray, If I have walked in my own wilful way— Good Lord, forgive!	If I have craved for joys that are not mine, If I have let my wayward heart repine, Dwelling on things of earth, not things divine— Good Lord, forgive!
If I have uttered idle words or vain, If I have turned aside from want or pain, Lest I myself should suffer through the strain— Good Lord, forgive!	If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold, If I have longed for shelter in thy fold, When thou hast given me some fort to hold— Good Lord, forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to thee,  
Forgive the secret sins I do not see,  
That which I know not, Father, teach thou me—  
Help me to live.—The Baptist.

## CONTENTS

Editorial.—"John the Baptist" and "Seventh Day Baptists."—Let Us Look at the Two Views a Little More Closely.—How Can the Amer- ican People Stand for It?—The Be- lated Cut; A Word of Sympathy.— Another Sad Blow Falls Upon North Loup . . . . .	33-36	Education Society's Page.—The Stock- holm Conference . . . . .	47
Teen-Age Conferences . . . . .	36	Exalting Humility . . . . .	48
John the Baptist . . . . .	37	Woman's Work.—On the Return Trip. —Travel Stories.—Woman's Board Meeting . . . . .	49-51
Letter From Rev. G. H. F. Randolph. Seventh Day Baptist Onward Move- ment.—Statement Onward Movement Treasurer, December, 1925 . . . . .	39	Young People's Work.—The Church.— A Thought for the Quiet Hour.— Junior Work.—A Study in Race Relations . . . . .	52
Pittsburgh Meeting of the Commis- sion, 1925 . . . . .	40	Home News . . . . .	53
Inside of the Philadelphia Story . . . . .	41	Children's Page.—The Church.—Arti- cles From China.—Faithfulness.— How to Get a Good Look at Snow- flakes.—My Grandma Used to Say. 56-58	
Missions.—How is the Evangelistic Program Prospering in Your Church?—Preparation for the Evan- gelistic Campaign . . . . .	44-46	Edwin J. Babcock Called Home . . . . .	59
		Sabbath School.—Story-telling in Class	60
		Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page.—Signs of a Sabbath Revival . . . . .	61
		Alfred Bailey Burdick . . . . .	62
		Marriages . . . . .	63
		Deaths . . . . .	63