

# The Sabbath Recorder

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F. J. HUBBARD,  
Treasurer the Denominational Building.  
(A Vision in Material Form)  
Plainfield, N. J.

## MY THANKSGIVING PRAYER

I am thankful for the pleasant memories of childhood—for the quiet home scenes in a land of forests and meadows and brooks, for a home in which there were loved ones who taught the ways of true living, and for friends who made my world brighter and life happier by their presence.

I am thankful that in the years of young manhood my home life was filled with honest toil, made necessary by the stern realities of life in the country, where every member of a large family had to share the burdens and bear common responsibilities.

I am thankful for the power of physical endurance, due to life out in God's open country, and for the example and influence of the sturdy men and faithful women with whom my early years were lived. I am thankful for the fathers and mothers who laid foundations upon which we have tried to build, for the faithful teachers of other days, and for the loyal yokefellows in years of toil. I am thankful for the enthusiastic young people who promise to carry on the work after we are gone.

I pray that the dear Father may grant us all wisdom to know the true from the false and ever to find pleasure in his service.

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# SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Westerly, R. I.; August 23 to 28, 1927.  
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Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

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### (INCORPORATED, 1916)

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Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, Dr. Grace I. Crandall, Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate, Grace Hospital, Liuho, Ku, China.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 22, 1926

WHOLE No. 4,264

*"Our Father, open our eyes to behold thy Son! May we see him more clearly, that we may serve him more perfectly! Teach us to become like him, give us courage to confess him, fill us with zeal for his glory and for the advancement of his kingdom!  
 "We seek cleansing from evil, and that enlightenment of understanding which will enable us to know and do thy will as revealed to us in thy Son! May we become imitators of him in all things! Amen."*

## Pleasant Days In Battle Creek

The first two or three days in Battle Creek, Mich., were warm and pleasant, quite like real Indian summer; but when the sudden cold wave came on after a day of drizzling rain and fog, the mercury went down to twenty degrees, and morning found everything under a blanket of snow and ice.

The editor found a welcome home with Chaplain Henry N. Jordan of the sanitarium, and greatly enjoyed preaching to the fine audience that assembled on Sabbaths in the sanitarium chapel. There is an interesting Sabbath school, which meets right after the morning services, with ninety to one hundred members.

In view of the proposed extensive enlargement of the sanitarium by addition of a fifteen story extension on the chapel end, our people will have to seek a new place for worship before many months go by. Just what move it will seem best to make for present emergency, when they have to give up the chapel, is not yet determined; but they hope to build a church in the near future. They own a fine large parsonage not far from the sanitarium.

The Young People's Board is located here, and I was glad to be present at their November meeting. There were letters read from various societies situated in the east, west, and south of our denomination, and much interest was shown in our denominational activities. The active interest taken in the Onward Movement by our young people is a great source of encouragement to many who are studying the signs of the times in these days.

The church here is seeking a pastor since

the death of Elder Fifield, and I am sorry that there are none to be found without seeming to rob some other church. May the Lord lead them to find the right man. There is a chance to do a good work here, and a pastor will find loyal, ready helpers among the people.

## "Is the Devil Real Or a Myth?"

As I was passing a large church building my attention was fixed upon a conspicuous billboard at the corner of the lot, so fixed that it could be read from two streets. It measured about three by four feet, and the wording was given in large display lettering in black and red to attract attention, inviting "everybody" to a Sunday night meeting. The sermon was to be illustrated with a stereopticon, and all were invited to go and see the devil's picture. The first line of this notice was the question at the head of this article.

I did not go to this meeting, and I am free to say that the very question in that notice: "Did a good God make a bad devil?" seemed almost sacrilegious, if not actually blasphemous. I could but wonder how the Master himself would look upon such irreverent, unspiritual, glaring, circus-like invitations to attend a church service where the gospel is supposed to be preached.

Somehow, since seeing that invitation, the question as to just what kind of a screen picture of Satan that show-man preacher would give his hearers has persisted in my mind, until I have come to the conclusion that the devil is real enough and that not only many a screen but also many a scene in real life reveals his presence. Wherever strong temptations are brought to bear upon men and women, tending to lure them away from the path of purity and righteousness, there may be found a representation of the tempter—or the devil as he is called. And he is indeed very real. There is no myth about it.

This might be shown by a picture of many a home in which God is never recognized and where the Christ is never allowed to enter; where the entire influence of par-



ents is against religion and the Church; where the eternal destiny of children is being settled.

Again, a picture of many a dance hall and of many a movie show, wherein brazen, lustful, tempting human forms appear, will be a true picture of the devil at work, ruining souls and bringing woe upon the children of men.

Satan may be clearly seen in the haunts of the disloyal, law-defying, blear-eyed boot-legging crowd, and also in the shameful influence of the many wet newspapers that tend to poison the mind and to encourage criminals.

Once more, a picture of the mad rush of thousands after worldly riches and questionable pleasures, after political honors sought by fraud, after everything but spirituality and favor with God would certainly make the tempter very real. But his picture would not be that of a demon with cloven foot, fearful horns, and a pitchfork after his victims; it would have to appear in the form of sinful men and women whose lives are leading multitudes in the way of everlasting ruin. The greatest devil to be feared is to be found—not in the realm of myths—but in many a home and in the haunts of men right here on earth.

**“What Must the Church Do to be Saved?”**

This question was asked by one of the Battle Creek pastors on Sunday morning, November 7. It had special reference to conditions in Battle Creek. The sermon was the first in a series on “Salvation.” The preacher made several very good points regarding things the church in that city should be saved from, such as being saved from the spirit of criticism and condemnation, and learn to co-operate in the work of salvation.

The one point emphasized and given a central place in the sermon was published as follows:

One thing the church needs to be saved from in Battle Creek is a division in its days of worship. We have two sabbaths here; consequently we have none. This is one thing inside the church, and not outside, that causes weakness.

Evidently this is true; but in a Christian city where the Bible is strongly extolled as the only rule of life, which one of the two sabbaths should yield its claim? Should it be the one Jehovah appointed as holy time

—called his holy day all through the Bible, the one observed by Christ himself all his life and by his disciples after he had gone—or the one for which there is no word of Scripture, no command of God, no example of early Christians for its support?

Taking the Bible for our rule of life, true Sabbath keepers are not to be blamed for this “weakness” in Battle Creek. The fault must lie with those who have departed from the plain teachings of the very Book they claim as God’s Word.

Look for a moment at the word “consequently” in our quotation—“consequently we have none!” This word implies that having two sabbaths in the town results in having none!

Is this true? Take any town or city in all the land where Sunday is the only sabbath known, where no seventh day people live or where they were never heard of, is there any more regard for a sacred day in them than there is in Battle Creek? Indeed, has not the *very presence* of consecrated Bible Sabbath keepers in this city given wonderful emphasis to the true Sabbath keeping—called clearer attention to the real Sabbath claims of the Bible—than could possibly have gained a place here without them? Can it be truly said, where hundreds and hundreds do in all good conscience observe the Sabbath of the Bible, that “we have none”? Certainly this city has more light regarding the Sabbath of Jehovah than it could have if there were no seventh day people here. Perhaps after all, instead of being a weakness the presence of Bible Sabbath keepers may be a source of strength.

**We All Sympathize With Brother and Sister S. R. Wheeler**

A letter from Boulder, Colo., dated November 5, has just reached me at Battle Creek, Mich., being forwarded from the RECORDER office at Plainfield, telling of the sad accident to Mrs. Wheeler—a fall in her home—resulting in quite a gash in her head and a broken hip.

She is in the hospital with her hip in a cast, and is being tenderly cared for in the best way possible. Mrs. Wheeler is eighty-two years old and her husband will be ninety-two next month. It will be remembered that in August this worthy couple celebrated their sixty-fourth wedding anniversary.

I am sure that our dear people all over the land, to whom Elder Wheeler has ministered in years gone by, will deeply sympathize with their former pastor and his wife in this great affliction. Letters from friends directed to 632 University Avenue, Boulder, Colo., will reach her. Brother Wheeler in his feebleness visits the hospital daily, to cheer his life-long companion in her trouble. We are all sorry for these dear old friends and hope she may soon be able to go to her home.

**Good Cheer and a Lift for The New Building Fund** Last week there came to hand a cheering letter from a good friend in New England, which brought warmth to the heart and filled the day with sunshine.

The friend said he had been thinking for some time of sending us a subscription for the new building, and now as the first third of the fund is completed, he thought it a good time to help start the second third, and he said, “Since cash is better than pledges, I enclose my check.” This check did give the second third a good lift—completing the first thousand dollars of the second third and giving the second thousand a good start. Thank the good Lord for every such loyal friend.

This gift adds another old Seventh Day Baptist family name to the list of those who propose to help build our Ebenezer in the form of a Seventh Day Baptist memorial, to be used as our denominational home.

This week the gifts have come in small amounts; these will be reported later. We are grateful for them all. I know there must be many more who wish to have part in this good work.

My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.—1 Corinthians 2:4.

Many people think that we need new measures, that we need new churches, that we need new organs, that we need new choirs, and all these other new things. But what the Church of God needs today is the old power that the apostles had. If we have that in our churches there will be new life, there will be new ministers—the same old ministers renewed with power, filled with the Spirit!—D. L. Moody.

**ORDINATION SERVICE OF CLIFFORD A. BEEBE**

Clifford A. Beebe was ordained to the gospel ministry on Sabbath, October 30, 1926, at Hebron, Pa., during the session of the Semi-annual Meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist Churches of the Western Association.

For this purpose the Hebron churches had duly and officially selected the candidate and called a council. The council, when convened, consisted of one hundred fifty-two people, fifty-nine of whom were official delegates from the sister churches of the association, all of whom were represented.

Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, chairman of the Ordination Committee of the Western Association, called the council together at three o’clock Sabbath afternoon and was elected moderator of the council. Carroll L. Hill was elected clerk of the council.

The call to ordination was read by the clerk of the First Hebron Church.

The candidate for the gospel ministry, upon being asked, gave a statement of his Christian experience, call to the ministry, and Christian beliefs.

Opportunity for questions or comments was given. There were none. The candidate retired, and the council unanimously voted to express satisfaction with the statement of the candidate and proceed with the ordination service as planned.

A male quartet, composed of Rev. A. L. Davis, Jesse Burdick, Lyle Canfield, and Herman Burdick sang “Come, Spirit, Come.”

The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. William L. Burdick. The consecrating prayer was given by Elder J. L. Hull. The charge to the candidate was given by Rev. A. Clyde Ehret. The charge to the church was bestowed by Rev. Walter L. Greene. The welcome to the Christian ministry was given by Rev. George P. Kenyon. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Clifford A. Beebe.

LIST OF DELEGATES

First Alfred

Rev. A. Clyde Ehret  
Deacon Charles Gardiner  
Deacon Charles Stillman

Second Alfred

Rev. Edgar Van Horn  
Deacon Aires  
Francis Palmer



Donald Van Horn  
Carroll Cartwright  
Mrs. Nettie Burdick  
Merle Clarke  
Lawrence Clarke  
Miss Nell Colgrove  
Mr. and Mrs. L. Langworthy  
Miss Ruby Chandler

*Andover*

Rev. Walter L. Greene  
Mrs. Walter L. Greene  
Mrs. Frank Vincent

*Hartsville*

Mrs. J. Palmiter

*Independence*

Rev. Walter L. Greene

*Wellsville (Petroia)*

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Greene  
Florence Greene

*Scio*

Pastor Hurley S. Warren

*Friendship (Nile)*

Pastor Hurley S. Warren  
Mrs. Hurley S. Warren  
Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Canfield

*Richburg*

Rev. A. L. Davis  
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Burdick

*Little Genesee*

Rev. A. L. Davis  
Mrs. A. L. Davis  
Deacon and Deaconess Crandall  
Deacon and Deaconess Sanford  
Deacon Hull

*First Hebron*

Rev. George P. Kenyon  
Mrs. George P. Kenyon  
Deacon and Mrs. L. A. Kenyon  
Deacon and Mrs. Willis Brock  
Deaconess Alice Dingman  
George Dingman  
Fordyce Brock  
Ronald Brock  
Mary Kenyon  
Mrs. Ella Stearns  
Mr. and Mrs. Don Stearns  
Genevieve Stearns  
Lena Thompson  
Gladys Roberts  
Perry Brock  
Mrs. Clifford Beebe

*Second Hebron*

Deacon and Mrs. James Hemphill  
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hemphill

CARROLL L. HILL,

*Clerk of the Ordination Council.*

Following, is Mr. Beebe's statement of Christian experience, belief, and call to the ministry.

STATEMENT OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND  
CALL TO THE MINISTRY

I can not overestimate in its value to my religious experience, the fact that I was born and raised in a home where reverence

for God and his Word and a high standard of ideals prevailed. I am glad that my parents might be here today, in order that I might bear them this testimony to the value of early training in a Christian home.

My early influences were not, however, such as lead to active church work and responsibility in Christian service. This was due to a number of causes, among which was the fact that there was no church of our faith in our community, and church services were rather uncertain and intermittent. With my early training, however, it was natural, when we went to Coudersport to live, that I, with my mother and sisters, should be baptized into membership in the First Baptist Church of Coudersport, of which my father was a member. This was on August 10, 1913. I can not say that I felt any change in my life then or that I realized the significance of the step. There have been crises in my life which were vital to Christian experience but not at that time.

I must mention a few of those crises. The first—and it was a real one to me—came in connection with my joining the Christian Endeavor society. I took the pledge seriously and thus came to feel a personal responsibility in church work, an obligation to attend the services regularly and to take part in the meetings, which was an exceptionally hard struggle, as I was naturally timid about speaking in public.

Unfortunately, a serious disruption in the Baptist Church at about that time caused me, along with the rest of my family, to leave that church and unite with the Presbyterian. Now I have the greatest of love and respect for the Presbyterians; but I do not, and never did, believe as they do; and so it was not the church home for me that it should have been.

An influence which came into my life during the same period, however, and which was of tremendous import to me, was the work of the North Coudersport mission, in which I became interested. There amid a strong evangelistic spirit and among a congregation, many of whom had been saved from the very depths of sin, I came to see the meaning of salvation through Christ, and the need, and also to take an active part in evangelistic work.

My call to the ministry and conversion to the Sabbath are so closely linked together that it is impossible to separate them. I

had always known Seventh Day Baptists, but it was not until I went to Alfred that I gave any serious thought to their doctrine. It was the work of the Spirit of God throughout, but he did his work through human instruments; and I should like here to give credit to two young men, Gordon Langworthy and Wardner Randolph, for it was in discussions and conversations with them that I first began to give serious thought to the question of the Sabbath.

I wish also to mention the influence Pastor W. L. Burdick had upon this question in my life. He probably does not remember, for I have heard him say that I came to him first; but it was due to a remark, perhaps a mere chance one, that he made, that I was led to bring the problem to him and unfold it and also to express to him what I had scarcely ever admitted even to myself, my desire to become a minister.

From childhood the ministry has had an attraction for me; and that interest was deepened in connection with the mission work. But I had always felt my limitations and hardly dared hope that I might ever become a minister.

It was a long hard struggle for me to turn to keep the Sabbath. I fought it; I did not want to give in; but the more I studied the question the more I saw that there was no escape, that there was no other way for me but to keep the Sabbath. I can not go into the details of that struggle, but it was over a year after I had decided to keep the Sabbath before I united with the First Hebron Church, in March, 1920.

During these months, and those that followed, the conviction deepened on me that God's work for me was the ministry; and at Alfred Conference, that summer, I was led to sign up with the Life Work Recruits and thus publicly commit myself to definite Christian service.

The opportunity for this service came soon, in connection with the religious surveys which were conducted in this community (Hebron) and in Alfred Township, in both of which I had a prominent part. This work brought me in touch with conditions, with spiritual hunger and desperate need of Christ and his Word to uplift, in our own community and among our own neighbors—conditions which I had never

before realized existed to such an extent. This work was followed by the mission work at Five Corners, near Alfred, which I conducted in connection with Gordon Langworthy. The crowds that filled that little schoolhouse, the hunger for the Word of God which led people to come to listen to the indifferent preaching of two young college students, inspired us to do our best; and it was at this time that I decided that my work was to be that of the home mission field.

In the summer of 1922, the First Hebron Church licensed me to preach the gospel, and that fall, after my marriage, we went to Fouke to take up work as pastor of the church and as teachers in the school. I believe that God used us there for the advancement of his kingdom; and during that year, as well as the two years in the seminary, came a strengthening conviction as to the work of the ministry.

It was a disappointment to us that conditions made it necessary for us to give up an opportunity for service in the foreign field, for which we had offered ourselves; but now that an opportunity has come for pastoral service in the homeland, we trust that God will use us to the advancement of his kingdom.

## STATEMENT OF BELIEF

I believe in God. It has long been my conviction that there is no human being who does not believe in God, regardless of the fact that he may profess to disbelieve. There is in the very nature of man a striving after God, which is the best of evidence that he exists. Those things which seem to some to prove that the universe is the product of blind operation of mechanical forces seem to me to go to prove that there is a Master Mind directing those forces. The longings and strivings of our hearts after better things show that there is a God who is near to men and interested in the affairs of their daily lives.

Man I consider to be the crowning work of God's creation, created, as the Bible teaches, in the image of God. This I prefer to think of as a spiritual image, rather than a physical or mental image. I would not minimize the importance of the human body, which is a wonderful physical structure, or the human mind, which is capable of lofty achievement; yet the physical and



mental powers are limited; there is a point beyond which they can not go. But there is no limit to the heights to which man's spirit may attain. Man was created holy and pure but with a free will to choose the good or the evil. He chose the evil, and man down through the ages has continued to make evil choices, thus distorting and marring and defacing the image of God in him and transforming it into the image of the devil. It is one of the saddest facts of human existence that man's spirit, capable of so high attainment, so often sinks so low.

I believe—I do not like to believe it, but it is forced upon me by the facts of experience—that there is an organized spirit of evil, which we may call the devil or by some other name; it is the result and outgrowth of man's first evil choice, and gains strength with every succeeding one, continually working to drag men into sin.

Sin, I believe to be a deliberate turning away from that which one believes to be right to that which he believes to be wrong. It is often defined as "missing the mark," but I do not believe it is. A mistake is not a sin; but, as the Bible teaches, "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Sin is not a missing of the mark; it is a deliberate aiming away from the mark—a leaving the right and choosing the wrong.

The fact that man has sold himself under the power of sin makes necessary salvation which will free man from that bondage and restore the broken and distorted image of God in him. It is not salvation from hell, merely, although it is that; but a salvation from a life of sin and growing degradation, which drag one down to hell, to a life of growing fellowship with God and a striving for better things, which lead one upward toward heaven. Such a salvation could only be brought about by bringing God so near to men that his tender love would touch their hearts and fill their lives; and to accomplish that it was necessary for God to become incarnate in man.

I shall not attempt to explain the mystery of the Incarnation. I do not understand it. But I believe, as the Bible teaches, that God was present in Jesus' birth, in some miraculous way, and that while he was thoroughly a man, yet his spirit was entirely the spirit of God. I believe in the

Deity of Christ most of all because of the proof of it in the life he lived, the death he died, and the influence of that life and death through all the ages since. There is no true love without sacrifice; and the sacrifice of Christ was the highest. He gave his life while he lived as well as in his death; his life was entirely an outpouring of love for sinful man. For one to accept Christ is to take that sacrifice for himself—to "take up the cross and follow him." There is no Christian life without sacrificing love.

I believe in Christ as the living Word of God—a life speaking to men to tell them of God and his love; but I also believe in the Bible as the written Word of God. I believe that God put in the hearts of the writers the truths concerning him and his dealings with men, and that they wrote these truths down. The Bible, then, is inspired throughout. Whatever imperfections, whatever contradictions men may profess to find in the Bible are due to no lack of inspiration, but to the fact that the Word of God must necessarily be transmitted through the imperfect mediums of human thought and human language. Therefore the Bible should be our guide and our authority in conduct and daily living.

Believing this, I can not but believe it our duty to observe the commandments of God, especially the Ten Commandments, and among those the fourth commandment. "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." I can see no valid Scriptural argument against keeping the seventh day, nor any authority for keeping any other, as we have not only the direct commandment of God but also the example of Christ and his early followers. The Sabbath is to me not a burden, but a joy; it brings a nearness to God and a fellowship with him which I never felt before I knew his holy day.

The Lord's Supper I believe to be a symbol of the communion of believers with Christ, a memorial of his death, and a pledge of faith in his coming again. Therefore it should be a joy and a privilege for all those who have accepted his sacrifice and hope for his coming, to establish his kingdom.

Baptism, I believe, is a symbol of repentance and the washing away of sins. As such it can have no meaning except to those

who are old enough to understand and to make a definite decision for the right and against the wrong. Baptism is not a saving ordinance; it is a repentance that is the saving ordinance, and baptism is only a symbol; but it is an important symbol and a public confession of acceptance of Christ, which should not be omitted by the believer. As it represents complete washing away of sins it seems to me that it can be most fittingly symbolized by complete immersion in water.

I believe in the Church Universal, consisting of all sincere followers of Christ everywhere, no matter to what church they belong, or whether they belong to any; but the visible, organized Church of Christ can consist only of those baptized, regenerate believers who have associated themselves together for the advancement of his cause and his kingdom. The Church is a missionary organization; its purpose is an evangelistic one—to lead souls to Christ and to fellowship with him. The minister is called, in a special way, to work for the coming of the kingdom; but everyone who professes Christ takes the responsibility and the privilege of helping to bring his kingdom on earth.

I am thankful that God has given to me that responsibility and that privilege, and pray that I may be faithful.

#### SURRENDER OF SELF

*Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it.*

*We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let each one of us please his neighbor for that which is good, unto edifying. For Christ also pleased not himself.*

The Commandments are directed against selfishness.

O Jesus Christ, grow thou in me,  
And all things else recede;  
My heart be daily nearer thee—  
From sin be daily freed.

Each day let thy supporting might  
My weakness still embrace;  
My darkness vanish in thy light,  
Thy life my death efface.

Make this poor self grow less and less;  
Be thou my life and aim;  
Oh, make me daily, through thy grace,  
More worthy of thy name.

Daily more filled with thee, my heart  
Daily from self more free;  
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,  
Oh, my prayer-Hearer be.

—John Caspar Lavater.

Becoming one with the Eternal Goodness can not come to pass but by an absolute renunciation of ourself and all that is ours, natural or spiritual; for in the same measure that a man comes out from himself, in that measure does God enter in with his divine grace, and he who loseth his life shall find it.—John Tauler.

Could a man while on earth be wholly quit of self-will and ownership and stand up free and at large in God's true light and continue therein, he would be sure of the kingdom of heaven.—*Theologia Germanica*.

There is no load a man carries so heavy as self.—*T. T. Munger*.

Be Thou my Sun, my selfishness destroy,  
Thy atmosphere of love be all my joy;  
Thy presence be my sunshine ever bright,  
My soul the little mote that lives but in thy light.  
—*Gerhard Tersteegen*.

What we should try to do is to live under the meridian Sun, with our shadow self under our feet.—*F. B. Meyer*.

#### PRAYER

O Lord, give us more charity, more self-denial, more likeness to thee. Teach us to sacrifice our comforts to others, and our likings for the sake of doing good. Make us kindly in thought, gentle in word, generous in deed. Teach us that it is better to give than to receive; better to forget ourselves than to put ourselves forward; better to minister than to be ministered unto. And unto thee, the God of love, be glory and praise forever. Amen.—*Selections and prayer by Dean Main*.

Seek with study and with prayer for the most clear and confident convictions; and when you have won them, hold them so largely and vitally that they shall be to you, not the walls which separate you from your brethren who have other convictions than yours, but the medium through which you enter into understanding of and sympathy with them, as the ocean, which once was a barrier between the nations, is now the highway for the never-resting ships and makes the whole world one.—*Phillips Brooks*.



## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

### OUR BULLETIN BOARD

Only six churches have reported that they have canvassed their members for the denominational budget for 1926-1927:

Little Prairie, Ark.  
Lost Creek, W. Va.  
Roanoke, W. Va.  
Piscataway, N. J.  
New York City, N. Y.  
West Edmeston, N. Y.

The Yearly Meeting of the New Jersey, New York City, and Berlin Churches will be held at Shiloh, N. J., November 26, 27. No meeting will be held at Shiloh on Sunday, because of the meeting that is to be held in the Philadelphia Bourse Building, that is mentioned by Mr. Corliss F. Randolph in this paper.

An agent wanted in every church to sell our books and calendar.

Do not fail to secure the *Eclipse Calendar* and *Denominational Directory*—price twenty-five cents, from the publishing house or from agents.

### GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Sometimes it is difficult to decide on suitable Christmas presents to send to friends and relatives, and so I am calling your attention to some that I think are especially appropriate and helpful.

Our people enjoy good literature. I do not know of a home among us where papers are not taken or where books are not read. The atmosphere and surroundings in the home are such as to encourage the reading of books and papers, and it is no uncommon experience to find boys and girls *lost* to their surroundings in the book they are reading.

That reminds me of the days when my mother would send me to the milk cellar to churn. Of course I had to take a book or paper, if I could, and *occasionally* I would

awaken to the fact that the crank of the revolving churn had nearly stopped, for I was absorbed in what I was reading. How thankful I am now that my parents provided as much good reading matter for their children as they could!

I do not remember a time when the *SABBATH RECORDER* did not come regularly to our home, and for over a half century I have been reading it. Sometimes I hear people say that the paper is expensive, but the *SABBATH RECORDERS* that came into my father's home and my home during the last fifty years have not cost \$125 and several of us have been reading these 2,600 papers. Worth \$125? Yes, many times that to me alone. And the paper ought to do you as much good as it has done me.

I recommend this as a suitable present to give to your children or to any friend, for it will make regular visits each week for a year, and at each visit will give information that the reader needs.

We have other literature that will make good presents.

Read Pastor Bond's review of *Letters to the Smiths* in last week's *SABBATH RECORDER*, and give this safe, sane, and sensible book to young people and parents.

*Church Membership for Juniors*, by Rev. William M. Simpson, is especially designed for use in classes, but is a very good book to give to children in L. S. K. homes. The Plainfield Church has just voted to supply Pastor Bond with these books for his use in classes and to send to children in the homes of non-resident members. Other churches could profitably spend money to make such a present to their pastors and children.

A few weeks ago a man examined *Letters to the Smiths* and *Church Membership for Juniors* and told me that he thought they were books that his grandson ought to have, and arranged for me to have the books sent. We shall be glad to send the books to other grandchildren.

Another attractive and useful present is the calendar and denominational directory. It is of real educational value and is a ready reference library concerning denominational boards, schools, dates of meetings, and matters of interest to us as Seventh Day Baptists. You will be interested in the new collection of pictures in the calendar. I call this one the "Eclipse Calendar."

We have other books that are worth considering when you think of giving presents.

We wish an agent in every church to sell our literature, and are offering a liberal commission on most of our books and the calendar. Ask your pastor who your agent is, and give him or her your order.

### MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the request of the trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society, the president of the Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society has arranged for a meeting to be held in the Philadelphia Bourse, in Philadelphia, on Sunday, November 28, at eleven o'clock a. m., the central feature of which will be the commemoration of the life and public service of Samuel Ward, a colonial governor of Rhode Island, and a member from that colony to the Continental Congress as well as a member of the Newport Seventh Day Baptist Church.

The committee in charge of the program of the Yearly Meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist Churches of New Jersey, of New York City, and Berlin, N. Y., which meets with the church at Shiloh, N. J., this year, has left Sunday and Sunday evening, November 28, free, to accommodate those who wish to attend the Philadelphia meeting. It is hoped that all Seventh Day Baptists, as well as others, who can arrange to do so, will be present on this occasion. C. F. R.

### THE HERITAGE LEFT BY ONE FAITHFUL WOMAN

FRANK L. GREENE

Edward Burdick of Westerly, R. I., married Sarah Clarke, daughter of Elder Thomas Clarke of the Westerly Seventh Day Baptist Church. Their daughter, Prudence Burdick (born 1735) married Joshua Whitford and won him to the Sabbath truth and to the church. From this couple has descended a long line of ministers, teachers, and leaders in church and society:

Major Edward Whitford, of Adams, N. Y.; Deacon William Whitford, of Brookfield; Deacon John Whitford, of Berlin; Deacon Edward Wells Whitford, of Farina, Ill.; Deacon William Bliss Clarke, of Andover, N. Y.; Deacon Hosea Whitford, of

Persia; Rev. Halsey C. Stillman, of DeRuyter; Deacon Nathan G. Whitford, of Adams Center; Deacon J. Byron Whitford, of Berlin and Nile; President William C. Whitford, of Milton College, and state superintendent of public instruction in Wisconsin; Professor Albert Whitford, of Milton, and his son, President Alfred E. Whitford, now of Milton; and his daughter, Mrs. Anna Whitford Crandall, professor of German; Rev. O. U. Whitford, pastor of many churches and corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society; Deacon Asa A. Whitford, of Farina, Ill.; Dr. Myron J. Whitford, of Dunellen, N. J.; S. Whitford Maxson, long-time teacher and school superintendent; Deacon J. Murray Maxson, of Chicago; Rev. William C. Whitford, of Alfred; Professor Edward E. Whitford, City College, New York City; Professor Roert C. Whitford, Knox College, Ill.; Deacon Abert Whitford, Plainfield, and his sons, Dr. Otis B., of Plainfield, and Dr. Edwin, of Westerly; Miss Ruth L. Phillips, minister of music, Pittsfield, Mass.; Superintendent Holley Maxson, West New York, N. J.; Deacon Sherman G. Crandall, Independence; Deacon C. Milford Crandall, Independence; Deacon D. E. Livermore, Independence; Deacon Daniel Whitford, Hartsville; Deacon Silas S. Whitford, Hartsville; Deacon Sylvanus C. Whitford, Alfred Station; L. Sherman Greene, state director of Industrial Education, Gainesville, Fla.; Superintendent B. Frank Whitford, Stamford, Conn.; Professor J. Fred Whitford, Milton College; Deacon Ferris Whitford, Little Genesee; Professor William G. Whitford, Chicago University; Professor Earl L. Whitford, University of Wisconsin.

These and many others are the fruit of Prudence Burdick's faithfulness.

God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.—*Romans* 5:8.

Take time to ask yourself the question: Is my heart full of a great and steadfast faith in God's love? If this is not the case, do not begin to pray at once! Faith does not come of itself. Take some text of Scripture in which God's power and faithfulness and love are revealed. Appropriate the words, and say: "Yes, Lord, I will pray in firm faith in thee and in thy great love!" —*Andrew Murray*.



## MISSIONS

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK, ASHAWAY, R. I.  
Contributing Editor

### SERMON

REV. L. D. SEAGER

(Preached at the Southwestern Association,  
Sabbath morning, September 11, 1926)

*Lift up a standard for the people.*—Isaiah  
62:10.

Standard, ensign, flag, colors are quite synonymous as terms for the emblem of leadership. It is said that in primitive times the chief occupied the center of the camp and the ensign was displayed at his tent. This seems to have been the order with Israel on the march to Canaan. They camped in the following definite order: Judah, Issachar, and Zebulon on the east; Reuben, Simeon, and Gad on the south; Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin on the west; Dan, Asher, and Naphtali on the north. Each tribe had its own insignia, supposed to have been the colors of the precious stones worn on the breastplate of the high priest when he entered the inner sanctuary, bearing the people, as it were, upon his heart. These camps formed a hollow parallelogram within which was pitched the tabernacle. Three divisions of the Levites camped about it, and Aaron and his sons camped with Moses on the east. Their standard—the emblem of Jehovah's presence—was a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

We should not think of it as an ordinary cloud. Surely nothing could be magnificent enough to adequately mark the divine Presence. May we not imagine a cloud of gold and of purple, silver lined—the fire by night, a column of glory more mysterious and awe-inspiring than the aurora of the north? This marvel made the people conscious of the presence and leadership of God and assured them of success.

This great migration was in fulfillment of a promise God had made their ancestor, Abraham; but it is evident that he understood that more was included than just the earthly country, for we read, "For he looked for a city that hath foundations,

whose builder and maker is God"; also, "Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." Even in Eden there is a hint of it. Moses understood it, for he spoke of a prophet greater than himself. David was promised that his throne should never lack an heir.

Nobler souls in Israel ever looked through the world kingdom to the eternal. God throughout the ages has been preparing a people to inherit these promises. His means of gathering them culminated in Jesus Christ. To carry out the figure of our text we refer to one promise of his coming, Isaiah 11:10—"There shall be a root of Jesse, which will stand for an ensign to the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious." Now we "are not come to the mount that might be touched, but are come to the general assembly and church of the first born." Their ensign was visible—ours invisible. When Jesus ascended to the Father, he had commanded his disciples to tarry "in the city of Jerusalem, until endued with power from on high." "I send the promise of my Father upon you." This was the Comforter, the Holy Ghost of which Jesus spoke, "Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but if I depart I will send him unto you." In obedience to that command the upper room was made their place of assembly, and after ten days of waiting the promise was made good. There was a sound from heaven, there were cloven tongues as of fire, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues. These were but outward manifestations; the matter of greatest importance was the promised power, the presence of the invisible God. The sound as of wind was not heard again; the tongues of fire were seen no more, speaking in tongues ceased; but surely Peter knew what he was talking about when he said, "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

God manifested himself at Sinai in the pillar of fire—he manifests himself today in power in the inner man—the hidden man of the heart. His ensign then was a glory in the heavens. His ensign today is the Holy Spirit from heaven, a glory in the

soul. This is the standard we are to lift up for the people. It was *the feature* of the Church at the beginning. It marks the Church of God today.

Like light, electricity, every power we know is revealed by its effects. At Atlantic City we saw folks sitting under canopies of glass, thinking to take a sun bath. Later a lecturer at Shiloh informed us that they were deceived, the beneficial rays of the sun are excluded by the glass. The world awaits some genius who will give us a material for our homes that will admit the whole sunlight. When God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, it is found that it has the antiseptic ray that sterilizes from sin and purifies us to be fit for "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." It is God's one great specific for sin. It has been proved during the centuries, in many lands, by many people. This light is the anointing whereby we discern error and know the truth—our spiritual insight. "The wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein." There is also born within us that "new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Having thus become a son of God one naturally loves the Father. The first words of the Lord's Prayer become a reality to him.

A physician once asked, "What do you mean in your preaching by heart—this organ in the breast?" I said, "What causes the blush when certain emotions are stirred, in that sense our nature is nine-tenths heart, is it not?" He replied, "Well, yes, or more than that." There is no emotion to compare with the love of God. It is known only to those who have it. It is not acquired, it is born. It passeth knowledge. It is of the fullness of God. Naturally it is accompanied by great joy. Well did Peter say, "Whom having not seen ye love, in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." There is peace also—not the mere deliverance from trouble, nor yet the conquering of fear—it is immeasurably greater than such helps. David sings of it, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." It is the peace that floweth like a river. It is the

"peace of God which passeth all understanding." Love, joy, peace are part of that galaxy of virtues including also long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control. Under the magic of this heavenly light these qualities develop in us as the beauty in the rose, fragrance in the flower, the luscious flavor in the fruit, by the sunshine and showers.

The World War has aroused a desire among the nations to destroy Mars from the earth. Men are busy devising plans, but God has the plan that will work—the transforming of human nature. Those who love God love their fellow men, hence hatred and hatefulness can not exist. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor."

It is this presence of God, a banner of flame, that is the standard to be lifted up that the people may rally to it—to him. Three thousand were added on the day of Pentecost—it is the divine plan. Thomas Carlyle asks, "How did Christianity rise and spread among men? Was it by institutions or establishments and well arranged mechanisms? No, it arose in the mystical depths of a man's soul and was spread by the preaching of the Word, by a simple altogether natural individual effort, and flew like hallowed fire from heart to heart, till all were purified and illuminated by it." The tabernacle was succeeded by the temple at Jerusalem. Each, when dedicated, was filled with glory, proving God's acceptance. The temple which God is building, to use Peter's figure, is composed of living stones built upon the living Rock; it grows, it is for the offering of "spiritual sacrifices acceptable unto God by Jesus Christ." The glory that fills this temple is not in cloud or smoke but in the true glory—it does not fill the house but enters into each living stone—not just for the hour of dedication but is ever present, continuous. This, our banner of flame, kindles other hearts. It is God's method of propagation.

Very early in the Church, even in the apostles' day, the mystery of iniquity began to work. The man of sin supplanted the fundamentals of true religion with practices and beliefs from pagan sources, and the truth was hidden under the clouds of false doctrine. Formalities and ceremonies performed by sinful men superseded true worship. The Dark Ages closed down in the awful night of superstition and godlessness.



The arm of civil power crushed out every flame. However, there were smouldering remnants—the Bible was not destroyed. A flame burst out in Bohemia but was smothered at the martyrdom of Huss. A hundred years later it again broke out, when Luther, climbing St. Peter's stairs, heard, "The just shall live by faith." Conflagrations burst out in England under the preaching of the Quakers, of Whitefield and Wesley and Booth. In our country the fire spread from them till large benefits accrued. Every denomination has been helped.

However, there are grave dangers confronting us, that seem to threaten the very existence of Christianity. Every foul bird of unbelief and false religion, old and new, is finding a home among us. Irreligion abounds; perhaps the greatest menace is discrediting spiritual experiences—classing them as mere emotionalism, neurotic vagaries. Shall we despair? Christianity will succeed—it can succeed by the plan of its Founder. We must become possessed of the "Mind of Christ." He promised, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." His word will not return unto him void. But we must preach the gospel; we must lift up the standard, his standard. How? Jesus said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." It is no use to ask unless we care, if we care we shall be willing to supply the conditions; but oh, we love our own ways—the cross is too heavy, the price too great. We shame the young man who turned away rather than part with his wealth, but we shame ourselves far more by our failure to grasp the great opportunities of our day.

The church is in the kindergarten stage, we need to grow up. The proof of the Bible is Christianity. The proof of Christianity is the Christian life—the embodiment of the virtues, the graces, the true worship. God's ensign, the banner of flame, is the standard to be lifted up if men are to rally to him. Worldly people will flock to worldly leaders. "They are of the world, therefore the world heareth them." The Church must possess and maintain the realities of true religion. Christianity is demonstrable. "If any man will do his will, he

shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." Believers must turn away from such as have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof.

Glimmering sheen of glory in light,  
Silvery cloud in the daylight fair,  
Pillar of fire in the darkest night,  
Israel's token of Infinite care.

One is the shepherd, one is the flock,  
One is the glory—successful the plan—  
One the foundation—the animate Rock—  
One the true temple—God dwelling in man.

Wonderful love that forgives every sin,  
Wonderful light on the pathway of life,  
Wonderful power o'er evil within,  
Wonderful home where we rest from our strife

Take up the cross, the promise believe.  
On your surrender, the truth you will know.  
Taste of the fullness—the Spirit receive;  
Then your whole being with glory will glow.

#### Chorus

Lift up the standard, a banner of flame.  
Jesus, the Master, is calling his own.  
Rally the people, the gospel proclaim;  
Boundless the kingdom, eternal his throne.

### DOCTOR GARDINER HONORED

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

In looking over the proof of the report of Salem College for the *Year Book*, recently, I learned that at its commencement last June, Salem had conferred upon our beloved editor of the SABBATH RECORDER the degree of Doctor of Laws.

This must have been an impressive occasion. Doctor Gardiner in a very literal sense, carried Salem College on his shoulders for many years. He traveled over the West Virginia hills many, many long weary miles, in scorching heat in summer time; in snow storms, in face of bitter winds, over rough frozen roads, and through mud knee deep, in the winter time, to visit parents and young people to press upon them the importance and value of higher education, and importune them loyally to support Salem College, both with their money and their patronage.

Among the students he was an inspiring teacher. At the head of his faculty, he was an enthusiastic leader, with lofty standards of attainment and character. To the trustees, he was a veritable godfather, filling them with hope and confidence amid appal-

ling discouragement, and cheerfully taking of the best of his physical energies and persuasive powers and spending days and weeks in canvassing, far and near, among the friends of the college and his personal friends, all alike, for funds with which to replenish the empty coffers of the struggling institution.

It may very truly be said that Salem College crawled across the deepest morass of her history on the back of Theodore Livingston Gardiner, and when he laid down his labors there to enter other fields, Salem was ready to enter upon the period of development and prosperity she has enjoyed since, only because of his long years of ceaseless toil, sleepless nights, and sickness of heart amid it all.

No less distinguished has been his career as editor of the SABBATH RECORDER for nearly two decades. In that position, he has carried his full share of all the burdens of the entire Seventh Day Baptist denomination. If to this task, he did not bring a technical training of a journalist, he did bring an acquaintance of rare intimacy with all our people and a sympathetic contact with all our interests, such as to give him an insight into the needs of our people and an appreciation of their needs, rarely possessed by a man in such a position.

That as an editor he has been no less successful than as a college president is well attested by the well nigh innumerable assurances that have come to him through many, many ways, and of many tones and hues. That he has the full confidence, respect, and affectionate regard of the trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society, the publishers of the SABBATH RECORDER, it is the gratifying privilege of the present writer as president of that body to testify in unqualified terms.

Again we say that the occasion of conferring of this degree was an impressive occasion; and well may it have been so. With the venerable and impressive figure of the candidate before him, as President Bond, one of Doctor Gardiner's own pupils, in measured words recited the events of the public career leading up to this occasion and the incalculable value of the service involved; and when the words of admission to the degree were pronounced and Doctor Gardiner was invested with the hood accompanying it, at the hands of his grandson, it

was a sight to impress all who saw it. In truth, Salem honors herself more than Doctor Gardiner. We salute thee, Theodore Livingston Gardiner, D. D. (*Divinitatis Doctor*), Alfred; LL. D. (*Legum Doctor*), Salem.

### A VISIT TO ASBURY PARK

REV. R. B. ST. CLAIR

On September 6, 1926, I visited Asbury Park, N. J., and after locating several of our Seventh Day Baptist friends, held an informal conference at the residence of Evangelist and Sister Leon J. Williams. This was attended by about ten persons, inclusive of children. Brother C. A. Crichlow gladdened our hearts by the statement that the teaching and polity of Seventh Day Baptists, were, in his opinion, best suited for the needs of a dying world. Brother Crichlow is now strongly attached to our church and rejoices in the good reports of our splendid Conference.

The occasion was a most enjoyable one for us all, and plans were considered for the extension of the work in Asbury Park.

The hospitality of Evangelist Williams will long be remembered. As it had commenced to rain during the session, Brother Williams slipped out quietly and walked a mile to the center of the town, secured a taxicab, and returned to his home. Brother and Sister Crichlow and the writer were given places in the vehicle, and after dropping the Crichlow couple at their destination, Brother Williams directed the chauffeur to take me to the Hotel Taft, a first-class hostelry in exclusive Seventh Avenue, North Asbury Park. Brother Williams not only paid for the taxi and the hotel accommodation, but, in addition, left money for cab service to the depot in the morning.

Surely when we have such sterling people as these, we need not be discouraged concerning the future of the work in Asbury Park.

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson which ought to be learned, and, however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson he learns thoroughly. —*Waterford Review*.



## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.  
Contributing Editor

### THE MENACE OF MEDIOCRITY

(Address delivered October 21, 1926, at Cape Charles, Va., before the Salisbury District of the Epworth League.)

It is indeed a pleasure to meet with you tonight and a privilege to stand here and speak to you, a group of splendid young folks dedicated to the service of man and of God. As I look at you I am reminded that you are liaison officers between a glorious past and an even more glorious future. You are not only to enjoy the accumulated human wealth of the ages but you are the producers of the greater wealth of the present and the distributors of it to the unborn generations of the future. It is to such choice groups of youth as you that we oldsters must look for those who, like Merlin in Tennyson's poem, will follow the "Gleam."

I am a confirmed optimist, yet I want to talk to you tonight about a sobering subject, a grave menace to our country and to our civilization which you as young people who are committed to the Jesus-way of life will shortly be coming to grips with. I refer to the menace of mediocrity—mediocrity in aspiration, in vision, in thought, and in character.

If you do not know what mediocrity means, I counsel you as soon as you get home to consult your dictionaries. It signifies half-way-ness, middle-ness, middling-ness, commonplaceness in a bad sense. Being mediocre implies lacking distinction, being inferior. It means lowness of motive, spiritual shortsightedness, narrowness of thought, instability, insufficiency, insubstantiality of character. Mediocre describes folks—men and women who are unsuccessful as people, who are putty-minded, muddle-headed, satisfied with "any old thing."

I recall a story about Master Johnny Jones whom the teacher one day asked to tell how much four and five were.

"Nine," replied Johnny promptly.

"Good!" said the teacher.

"Good, nothin'," retorted Johnny. "It's perfect."

Too few Americans, like Master Johnny Jones, are dissatisfied with anything short of perfection. They are content with just getting by. Mediocrity is a pet American short-coming. Too infrequently Americans strive for distinction in virtue, thought-power, in knowledge, or in public service. To be sure, they appreciate efficiency in business, in engineering, in applied science, but, apparently, they have slight regard for expertness in citizenship, in government, in scholarship, or in art and letters.

America produces politicians but few statesmen. It turns out a host of middling teachers but few scholars. It numbers its writers and scribblers by the thousands, but where are its great dramatists, its world poets? Where are its great musicians, its great sculptors, its great painters? The national set of mind seems opposed to excelling in fields where other nations and races have won great triumphs. It sometimes appears as if America were to be a nation of half-men. This fact is what I mean when I speak about the menace of mediocrity.

The welfare of America is menaced by a mediocrity of intelligence. When a prominent agriculturist writes that farmers today need only an elementary school education, he is disregarding the peril of half-baked intelligence to the farmers as a class, and through them to the nation. Any class of folks held down by lack of education so that they can not form among themselves an enlightened public opinion on religious, community, national, and international affairs, are enslaved to ignorance and themselves constitute a danger to the nation of which they are a part.

In spite of the fact that last month twenty million boys and girls started school and college; in spite of our boast that America is one of the best educated nations of the world, an examination of the facts proves that we are a people of seventh-graders taught by tenth-graders. That is, our average national intelligence is that of the normal boy of thirteen, and the average intelligence of the American teacher is that of the normal boy of sixteen.

What can we expect of ourselves as a nation when a large proportion of our people are of such mediocre discernment and appreciation of values in service that

A prize fighter's wage exceeds by far the time earnings of a railroad president; . . . a cross-eyed screen comedian literally rolls in wealth, while a professor in an educational institution is obliged to dodge bill-collectors; . . . a professional athlete earns more in one football game than the President of our commonwealth draws as his salary in a year; . . . a Mary Pickford becomes the ideal of thousands of gold-and-fame-thirsty young men, and a Jane Adams, who pours out her life for the needy, is quickly forgotten?

Wetstone.

American intellectual mediocrity often shows itself in conspicuous and dangerous ways. A few weeks ago the daily paper recounted the actions of the mob which rushed the church in New York City where the body of Rudolph Valentino lay in state for several hours. A foreigner, unacquainted with the deeps of American life—and there are deeps—and contemplating the conduct of the actor's admirers, might very easily have concluded that the national mind was a flapper mind. He might readily agree with the cynic who remarked that American intelligence was a speck swimming in a sea of sentiment.

I wish to cite one more instance of the menace of mediocrity in intelligence. Some of you recall the case of the Negro, Butler, who, last year, was imprisoned at Georgetown, Del., for assaulting a woman. An angry mob tried to get him from the jail and string him up to the nearest tree. He was saved and the dignity of the law preserved only by the timely arrival of state police and by the planting of machine guns in the courthouse yard.

After he was finally hanged, the jail gates were thrown open and a wolfish throng satisfied themselves by gazing at his lifeless body suspended between heaven and earth.

A Delaware friend, describing the scene, said that he had never before known that there were any such people on this peninsula as showed themselves that day. The trial and execution drew the riffraff of the entire countryside from their retreats and set them in motion against the authority of the state of Delaware. They came from Maryland, from as far south as Cape Charles, and from as far north as Wilmington. They buzzed about the embattled courthouse and jail like an angry swarm intent on destroying, if possible, the reasoned procedure of civilized society and on substituting an unreasoning reign of terror in its stead. Their conduct illustrates the

menace of mediocrity. How far can our government assure justice and equality for all if its actions are to be determined by such a mob?

Fortunately the courage and promptness of the Delaware authorities preserved order, and yet too often on similar occasions the mob works its will and civilization breaks down, at least momentarily.

The more I study the problem of war, the more I am inclined to believe one potent cause is the overwhelming number of shallow, mediocre intelligences in the world which unrestrained by knowledge and reason, can be whipped into a fury of unreasoning hatred.

The presence of such active ignorance constitutes a grave peril to America and presents a staggering challenge to Christian education and to the Christian Church.

The Christian religion has no place for mediocrity. It is a sworn and untiring foe of halfway-ness. It is a world force impelling men to completeness of living. We have come to see that true religion stimulates them to all-roundness. It incites them to soundness and cleanness of body—"your bodies are the temple of the living God"; to soundness and rightness of mind—"as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he"; to soundness and purity of soul—"the soul that sinneth, it shall die." It urges men to seek after truth—"ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free"; it recognizes that men love beauty—"worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness"; it woos men to goodness—"blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." The Founder of our religion set before us in his own life a perfect pattern and exhorted us to be perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect.

You and I as Christians, therefore, are launched on a great adventure. Under our divine leader we are engaged in nothing less than the fight against mediocrity, half-ness, incompleteness, a fight for all-roundness, completeness, perfection. There is no such person as the so-called "easy-going Christian." The phrase is a contradiction in terms. I am not, however, urging you to become fanatics or to make yourselves disagreeable trouble-makers. Yet I have used the word "fight" on purpose, for arraying one's self with the forces of righteousness in the world that the will of God may pre-



vail, is indeed a battle. Struggling against laziness, half-heartedness, low ideals, the sins that do so easily beset us in our own persons, is a fight. Struggling to know the right, to do it, to gain ascendancy over ourselves, to achieve a sweet reasonableness, to make ourselves personalities that shall radiate rightness, to strive to become real servants of our fellow men, is a fight. To fashion our incomplete lives into good business and professional men and women, into dependable neighbors, into wise fathers and mothers, into up-standing, clear-headed, progressive citizens of our communities, of America, of the world, to make our souls into great lenses for focusing the spirit of Jesus on to the life of our fellow men, is a fight.

Men have been waging this fight for ages. Their triumphs we call progress, civilization. They are to me the supreme evidence of God's working through the minds, hearts, and societies of men to bring about a more and more perfect world where men may fashion themselves after the Great Pattern.

Progress is God marching through the ages. Unreason, muddleheadedness, inertia, mediocrity, and sin are opposing him. Our intelligence, which is the human engine of progress, our growing sense of decency, our inherited ideals of law, order, and justice, our improving political institutions, our growing reverence for womanhood, our strengthening solicitude for childhood, our sharpening vision of ideals, and our stiffening loyalty to the Divine are helping him. We are, in very truth, workers together with God.

But alack and alas, much remains to be done! The men, who, under God, fought for and produced our present civilization and brought it down to us, have laid it squarely upon our shoulders. They are gone. We are now responsible for it. What shall we do with it? If we prove mediocre, it will perish. If we prove ourselves God's men, we shall protect it, improve it, and pass it on to be an increasing blessing.

I want you young people to see that progress and civilization do not just happen. A fine field of corn does not just happen. A beautiful cathedral does not just happen. It did not just happen that Columbus discovered America. It did not just happen that America gained her independence from

Great Britain. It did not just happen that Woodrow Wilson achieved the League of Nations. All these things were brought to pass as the result of hard-earned vision and at the cost of sweat, exhaustion, and often blood.

Also I want you young people to see that progress and civilization are not the results of the work of some other fellow, of the city man, of the person who has been endowed with miraculous wisdom. I want you young folks to realize that it is the achievement of men and women who work, study, sacrifice themselves to the utmost, who are sworn enemies of mediocrity, who are great lovers of their fellows and great believers in God. I want you to feel that the civilization which is to pass on to the generations succeeding us is being worked out in the farms, in the shops, in the schools, and in the churches of this peninsula as well as in the great businesses, luxurious offices, splendid universities, and the towering cathedrals of the cities. It is being produced in Cape Charles as well as in Washington. I want you to understand that you and I can not delegate to any other person the responsibility for the kind of nation and world into which our grandchildren are to be born. "George" won't do it for us. We must do it for ourselves and for our children.

You and I live in two separate spheres. We are citizens of two distinct worlds. On the one hand, we inhabit the land of what shall we eat and what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed, a land where we strive for a living wage, for physical comforts, and for a decent place in the sun. On the other hand, we are denizens of a country where we hope largely, aspire greatly, love divinely; where we think with the immortal sages, look into some of the innermost meanings of life with the prophets; where we are conscious of linking ourselves with the enduring forces of divine truth, beauty, goodness, and love which started when the Creator turned primeval chaos into order and will last as long as God is God.

Sometimes, at the end of the day, we may feel like saying to ourselves, "My soul has been a clod today." Then we realize we have been living solely the smaller life. At other times, when we feel that we have been truly living with high and enduring

matters, we say to ourselves, "Today, I have been living the universal life." If we tend to become enamored of the smaller existence, forgetting our dreams and no longer feeling the tug of the divine and the lofty, we shall soon forfeit our citizenship in the eternal city. We shall then be menaced by deadening mediocrity. But we shall enjoy the most abundant life when we live the everyday roundly, zestfully, understanding it to be but a part of a greater whole, but the foundation for that finer structure, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thus only do we escape mediocrity. This finer product is our character, acting, growing, co-operating with other souls to perfect Christian civilization.

Let us forever get away from the idea, too long prevalent, that the man who gives his family a decent living, attends church regularly, and keeps out of jail, has done his full duty as a man and is an ideal Christian citizen. To justify that sort of life is to justify the mediocrity which today menaces us. In the business and professional world few men any longer satisfy themselves by producing enough simply for themselves. A farmer grows not only enough wheat and potatoes to supply his own family; more and more he is coming to feel that he has the wider task of helping to supply the world with these commodities. The lawyer does not practice law merely to protect himself against encroaching neighbors. The truly great practitioner feels the burden of a greater task: he is concerned that justice may increasingly prevail in human affairs. So the modern Christian. He no longer obeys the Ten Commandments merely to keep himself out of hell. Instead, he feels the world urge for righteousness. He realizes that righteousness must become a community, a national, a world matter. He radiates a rightness of life that inspires other souls. He perceives that a goodly fraction of his time, his goods, his talents, his vision, belongs to his fellow men. Accordingly, he accepts the burden and the privilege of public service in Church and State. He prays with a keener vision and a new vigor, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth."

Now, my young friends, I am coming directly to you. The fact that you belong to the Epworth League should signify that you have put away the mediocre desire of

being at ease in Zion. It should mean that you have committed yourself to a life of lofty vision, unremitting endeavor, enduring fidelity to the universal life, and indestructible faith in man and in God.

When America went into the war, she tried to discover the young men who by capacity and temperament were suited to leadership. She trained them on land and sea. She placed them in posts of responsibility. She knew that an army without leaders was a body without a head that would be defeated on every field. This policy won the war. Now, peace demands leaders also, men and women with special aptitudes in many lines and devoted to the great common welfare, that our Christian civilization may not go the way of Greece and Rome. America needs experts—engineers to build its highways; doctors to stay the ravages of tuberculosis and cancer; economists to show how every man may share more justly in the resources of the earth; statesmen to guide more wisely affairs of State; artists to refine men's natures by the gospel of beauty; preachers to inspire more largely to lives of vision and righteousness. Some of you young people sitting before me tonight have resting upon you the inescapable responsibility of leadership. Let no obstacle stand in the way of your preparing yourself to meet God's challenge. Be "strong to seek, to find, and not to yield."

"O young Mariner,  
Down to the haven,  
Call your companions;  
Launch your vessel,  
And crowd your canvas;  
And, ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the Gleam."

But some of you may be saying to yourselves, "After all, I am a mediocre person. What can I do? Do I not therefore fall under utter condemnation?" Not at all. No one is mediocre who sees the "Gleam," who is conscious of the stirrings of divine discontent within himself—and keeps moving onward, upward. However commonplace your powers may be, you can dream great dreams, forge great and realizable purposes, and hold tenaciously to lofty ideals. You can emulate the example of the lowly postage stamp—which sticks until it



gets there. You can not do these things without eventually gaining a goal, glorifying your life, and enriching your service.

There is nothing mediocre in God's challenge to you—be you officer or private in his army. There is nothing mediocre in your opportunity for service. You are called with a great calling. You have been reared in a great civilization, in a great land, in a grand faith. You have come upon the scene at a time of great battles between right and wrong. Your field is no less a place than the wide world itself. Your companions may be men of all climes and all ages. You are confronted by an infinite need. God is trying to win you to the universal life.

"But how may I find my way out of the mediocre into the larger life?" you may ask.

No age was ever richer in the means of discovering the universal life than ours. In conclusion I wish to emphasize one such means—*education*.

So many people hold wrong ideas about it that I wish to point out some of the things which it is not. It is not a scheme by which a man may earn more money with it than without it. It is not securing a pass to a better society than a man is born to. It is not a magic road to getting out of work. It is not a process of filling a man's head with facts so that he is esteemed wiser than all his neighbors. What is it?

Do you remember in *Lady of the Lake* how, when Roderick Dhu, wishing to rouse the Highlanders against the Saxons, sent, by a relay of messengers, a burning cross among his people to incite them to war? Do you recall how one torch-bearer would hand the flaming emblem to the next who, whether burying the dead or marrying his bride, was required to drop everything to speed the message of the chieftain?

You are messengers. Our Christian civilization is the great message you bear. Education is the torch which, lighted by the generation preceding you, brings the message home to the generation following you. Says an educational statesman, "Never . . . were we as a people so dependent upon popular education for the retention of the best in our culture, morality, idealism, government, and home life." Education will initiate you into the interests, purposes, information, skill, aspirations, and ideals of their fathers and forebears. Prepare

yourself to the utmost that your torch may burn brightly and bear its light far. The followers of Roderick Dhu heeded the summons of service. Your great Chieftain is calling you to carry the precious heritage of the past to the swelling host of the future. I know that you are going to respond.

In the increasing numbers of youth now crowding our high schools and colleges, I see splendid promise for the years ahead. Young people nurtured in a thorough-going education constitute the best safeguard of Christian civilization, the surest guarantee of its widening and deepening effectiveness. If my voice could reach them, I would say to them as I say to you:

#### YOU ARE YOUTH

You are the hope of the world!

You are boundless in health, dauntless in courage, restless in energy.

On the threshold of life you stand, face-front with your future.

You crave nutriment for your dreams, inspiration for your heart and hand and brain.

Within you slumbers a spirit of industry, a desire for leadership, a will for service.

Turn to education to save yourself from mediocrity—to waken yourself—to summon forth your hidden powers—to steady your impulses—to safeguard your ideals—to ripen your judgment.

Fortified by education, find your sphere, do full service to yourself, your country, and your God, and carry the banner of civilization to those who shall come after you.

In education invest your todays and live in the anticipation of abundant tomorrows.

May the God of your fathers grant you guidance and give you strength to follow the "Gleam."

Speaking of the Coolidge reserve, a reporter attempted an interview:

"Do you wish to say anything about prohibition?" was the first question.

"No."

"About the farm bloc?"

"No."

"About the World Court?"

"No."

The reporter turned to go.

"By the way," added Coolidge, unexpectedly, calling him back, "don't quote me."—*Boston Globe*.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### THANKSGIVING

Thanks do we give this chosen day;  
Thanks do we give the heavenly hand  
That brought us hitherward and set  
Our borders in this pleasant land.

Thanks do we give for shining skies,  
The early and the latter rain,  
For flocks and herds and fruit and flowers  
And boundless fields of golden grain.

Thanks for the peace that with us dwells,  
For love of neighbor and of friend,  
For long-tried laws that lift their shield  
And all our happiness defend.

Thanks that we weep not for our own,  
Thanks that our homes are fair and free,  
Thanks that we have no foe abroad,  
And for the separating sea!

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

With the return of Armistice day our thoughts inevitably turn back to the closing days of the war and to the almost universal feeling that right had triumphed, that the avarice and greed of man had been overcome, and that we had taken a long stride on the way toward the millennium. Now, after eight years, we are apt to become a bit discouraged and sometimes wonder why we felt as we did then. The wonder should be, rather, that we find ourselves after so short a time forgetting our high ideals of service. The ease with which we sometimes are able to forget the high aims and purposes that come to us when we are under some great stress is, to say the least, rather disturbing to our self-respect.

The past summer found us in Washington, D. C., on our way to attend a medical meeting in Atlantic City. I have not been in Washington many times, and I can not imagine myself becoming so familiar with the city that I should not be thrilled as I walked its streets.

Our former visits to Arlington were made before the erection of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and before we left home we decided that our trip should include a visit to this shrine. Accordingly, we joined a

personally conducted party in a sight-seeing bus and after driving about the city for a short time, we were taken out to Arlington. As our party was hurriedly shown through this beautiful city of the dead, we were glad that upon our first visit we had been alone and that we had not been compelled to hurry—it seemed almost a sacrilege to rush through those streets.

The objective for all the party seemed to be the wonderful white marble Memorial Amphitheater, erected through the efforts of the Grand Army of the Republic. Passing slowly through this amphitheater we came out upon the eastern facade, where in the distance may be seen the Potomac River and the city of Washington, while across the road in the immediate foreground stands the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. This tomb is guarded all the time by soldiers. I wondered why a soldier should be required to march up and down before this tomb. I supposed it was to give greater honor to the dead, but I soon learned that it was done to protect the tomb from vandals. I learned that people came to that tomb to chip off pieces of the marble for souvenirs! I suppose they are shown to friends as proof of the owner's patriotism! Still others seemed to come from idle curiosity. We were told that picnickers had actually spread their lunch upon the flat surface of this tomb. The President has been compelled to place a guard at the tomb to protect it. It is not a nice thought that the tombs of our heroes must be protected from our vandalism, is it? We seem to have come a long way since that first Armistice day.

In this connection I like to think of the young man who shared our seat in the bus. I noticed as we entered the gates of Arlington his hat was almost the first to come off and he replaced it as we left the grounds. Not all the other men removed their hats as we entered the grounds, but all stood with bared head before that tomb. Thinking of these people who were our fellow passengers and their attitude, I feel that the vandalism must have been limited to a very few people, that most of us do not have such sordid souls. And now as Armistice day is at hand I can still see that tomb with the young soldier marching before it and a great company of men, women, and chil-



dren standing with bowed heads, as if in the presence of God. And I remember that we have been told that it is God-like to give one's life for others.

[The above article arrived too late to be printed in last week's RECORDER.]

### MINUTES OF WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. M. G. Stillman on the afternoon of November 1, 1926.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. A. B. West. Mrs. W. C. Daland read the twenty-first chapter of St. John and offered prayer.

Members present: Mrs. West, Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Mrs. E. E. Sutton, Mrs. Nettie West, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Mrs. J. L. Skaggs.

Visitors: Mrs. Oscar Davis, Mrs. Horace Loofboro, Mrs. G. W. Coon, Mrs. J. F. Randolph, Mrs. L. M. Stringer, Mrs. A. B. Stillman.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read.

The treasurer gave the monthly report—receipts \$99.60, disbursements \$38. The report was adopted.

Mrs. West read a letter from the executive secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of North America. It was voted that the treasurer be instructed to write for definite information in regard to our obligation to this organization.

The president had asked Mrs. W. D. Burdick to bring a message to the Woman's Board and its guests, and Mrs. Burdick gave a most interesting review of the progress of the work of the home mission fields, with some of the problems and the needs of these fields of service.

Messages were brought from several of the ladies' societies as follows: Mrs. J. F. Randolph represented DeRuyter, N. Y.; Mrs. Horace Loofboro, Welton, Iowa; Mrs. George W. Coon, the Milton Junction society; Mrs. Oscar Davis, New Auburn, Wis., and Mrs. A. B. Stillman, one of the Milton circles. The ideas and suggestions brought by these ladies were very interesting and we trust will prove mutually helpful to the Executive Board and the ladies' societies.

The minutes were read and approved.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. W. C. Daland the first Monday in December.

MRS. A. B. WEST,  
President.

MRS. J. L. SKAGGS,  
Secretary.

### THE CHURCH'S CALL

Of what avail is the Church in the world unless she can swing the plummet of the Cross to the deepest chasms of human loss? Have you ever stopped to think just how thin is the social crust through which the Church penetrates? We are so far—so immeasurably far—removed from the unnumbered souls who have passed through the gates over which is written: "He who enters here leaves all hope behind." By a sheer waving of the hand we can not dismiss the socially ostracized. We can not deny the fact that we brush the skirts of those for whom we have long since ceased to pray—the unchurched, the long-since forgotten, is the world's vast sepulchral place. Just the other day we read of some men executed in Sing Sing prison. When they were led to the chair, two of them were in the last stages of consumption, two of them had been condemned for murder committed in an attempt to escape from an asylum, and three others had not received a visit, inquiry, letter, or any other sign of interest from the outside world during the entire period of their confinement. The alarming fact is that the vast bulk of this human flotsam is not in Sing Sing. They are on our streets and in our parlors. The great problem of the Church in this age is how to salvage human society.—*J. Marvin Nichols in Presbyterian Advance.*

To worship God in silent wood,  
Or by the tossing sea—  
To worship him in solitude!  
Is not enough for me.  
My vows to him I fain would pay  
Where mortals congregate,  
And at one common altar pray,  
And praise, and meditate.

My sins I would confess with those  
Who, like myself, have erred,  
And bring with them our common woes  
To be of heaven heard,  
Of heaven forgiven, and cast away  
From God's most holy sight,  
That all may live a perfect day—  
A day where is no night!—*J. B. Lawrence.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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Contributing Editor

### CHILDREN IN OUR COMMUNITY

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
December 11, 1926

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Help children's play (Zech. 8: 1-8)  
Monday—Teach children (Acts 22: 1-3)  
Tuesday—Help orphans (Isa. 1: 17)  
Wednesday—Bless children (Luke 18: 15, 16)  
Thursday—Lead them to God (1 Sam. 3: 1-10)  
Friday—Shield children (Matt. 2: 13-23)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: The children of our community: what shall we do for them? (John 21: 15-17; Matt. 25: 40)

The wording of our topic demands an emphatic answer—what *shall* we do for the children? When the spies of olden times went into the promised land, some came back with the report that it was a land flowing with milk and honey. Every Seventh Day Baptist community in our country is a community flowing with milk and honey, in a figurative sense. Every community has its boys and girls, its milk and honey. They are the community's priceless jewels, its costliest gems, its greatest assets. Yes, somebody is sure to say that they are generally a community's greatest liabilities. If boys and girls become liabilities it is someone's fault. Is it your fault, is it the fault of your Christian Endeavor society, the fault of your church? Missionary work is just as needed and important at home as it is across the seas. Children are not by nature bad, they do not usually mean to do bad things. On the other hand, they are active and full of life and their energy must seek some channel of escape. They must be taught the right from the wrong. They are hero-worshippers, and Christian endeavorers can be their heroes if they will. If Christian young people, and older ones as well, are not the heroes of our boys and girls, then can we wonder why so many children and young people are in our penitentiaries or roaming our streets? Let us be honest with ourselves and answer this topic

in the spirit of our Master, who loved little children and suffered them to come unto him.

We must love the boys and girls. There is something in every child, even in the outcasts of the street, which we can love if we will but find it. We must trust them. Nearly every child has some sense of honor and in a kind, loving, forceful way we must teach them true honor. We must sympathize in what they try to do and in a tactful way direct their work and their play into right paths. We must understand their motives. We must be true to them. One false word or deed on our part may forever lose the confidence of the child. We must be living Bibles before them. We must live the things we believe. We must live as true Christians at all times so that the children can see Jesus' love and ideals in us. For if we would win the soul of a boy or girl we must live our own lives in close contact with that of the Savior of the world.

Now that we are going to be all these things to the so-called assets in our communities, we will want to work for them and with them. I need not tell endeavorers what a Junior society is nor what it does. If you want faithful and active senior endeavorers begin training the children in the Junior society. If there isn't a Junior society in your church, organize one. Every church needs a Junior society which trains its boys and girls for future church members, church deacons, church officers, church workers, Christian leaders, ministers, and missionaries. A story of one Junior society in one of our churches reveals the facts that its members can conduct a business meeting in a more businesslike manner than the church members do; its members are ninety-five per cent more faithful in their attendance at their weekly meetings than the church members are at their prayer meetings; and its members are far more ready and willing to give to missionary work than the majority of the church members. What that society is doing for the future church in that community one can do for your church. A whole set of plans for a year's work and any suggestions for organizing will gladly be sent on request. Determine now to do one of the biggest tasks in your church and organize a Junior society.

There is also a message in this topic for Christian endeavorers in whose church



there is a Junior society. The Junior superintendent may be one of your own members, but she can not do your duty for the boys and girls; she can only live up to her own God-given task. You can do your part by co-operating with her. The senior members should at all times be friends to the juniors. There should be a Junior Committee composed of those senior members who are willing to give a definite part of their time to Junior work. Others may offer their services. If you are interested in social work, you may help the Junior Social Committee plan and carry out their socials; if you like missionary work, you might offer to help with a Junior mission study class, and so there are numerous ways in which you could work with the juniors. And if given in the spirit of friendly co-operation, the juniors themselves will appreciate your offer to help them.

In closing, let me give you just one sentence in a series of beautiful word pictures which one author draws in describing the dedicated lives of leaders of children: "Blessed is he who knows the secret paths which lead to the conscience of a child; for him the gates of peace shall hang on golden hinges and the ending of his life shall be like the ceasing of exquisite music."

### THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Topic for Sabbath Day, December 11, 1928

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Honesty and danger (Dan. 3: 16-18)

Monday—Samuel's practice (1 Sam. 12: 1-5)

Tuesday—A change of policy (Luke 19: 8)

Wednesday—Keeping one's word (Psalm) 15: 4)

Thursday—A dishonest attitude (Acts 5: 1-11)

Friday—The man that played Jesus false (Luke 22: 1-6)

Sabbath Day—Topic: Is honesty always the best policy? (Deut. 25: 13-16)

#### DOES HONESTY PAY?

A leading business man in a certain town would probably answer "No" to the above question. He is considered by some as the town's ablest money-getter. Yet his idea of getting money is to outwit someone else. He expects others to be honest with him and feels badly if he is cheated. But if you buy a bushel of apples of him, you are almost sure to find poorer apples in the bottom than there are on top.

Yet this man is not happy. There are none who trust him, and few even to show him friendliness. Such a man has not made a success in life but a miserable failure. For no matter how much money one may have, he has made a failure of life unless he can show to his credit some help rendered his community and some loyal friends whose trust he has never betrayed.

Another man is barely getting along on the wage of a day laborer. The only business venture he ever engaged in was a failure. He was honest, but he trusted others too much. He could never say "No" to those who wanted to borrow from him. Consequently he failed. Probably he feels a disappointment to this day, and people are apt to say of such a man, "Why is it that such a good man can not succeed in business?" They seem to forget that this man has succeeded. He has managed by hard work to pay up all his debts. He has a name for honesty in the community, and the Lord is taking care of his wants. He will never be rich, nor even well-to-do, but it may be all the better for him that he isn't. He has learned to be happy with little.

I have used these two extreme illustrations because there are so many nowadays who say that in order to make a success in life you have got to be willing to "do" the other fellow. It shows us that the success which dishonesty brings is only a deceitful dream, while "Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich."

Aside from the two illustrations above, we can think of many good and honest men, who were also able to win plenty of this world's goods, and could use it wisely too. We can think also of many, many who hoped to win wealth by dishonest methods, and failed. Let us remember that there is really only one kind of success that amounts to anything. It is contained in Paul's letter to Timothy: "But godliness with contentment is great gain."

FROM THE "QUARTERLY VISITOR" (MILTON)

The (Intermediate) society is getting under way for a new year of work. We received two new members and expect others to apply for membership. We are also in process of revising our roll by asking all members to sign pledge cards.

On the evening of September 30, there

was a church social at which all organizations of the church were asked to present a representation of their work as an ingredient helping to make a very wonderful "Church Salad." The intermediates were represented by the superintendent and three members of the Executive Committee.

(The member of the society who won the RECORDER Reading Contest this year, used the five dollar prize to buy a C. E. pin and the following books: *Into All the World*, Wells; *Expert Endeavor*, Wells; *Daily Messages for Christian Endeavorers*, Clarke; *Next Steps*, McCauley; *Eighty Pleasant Evenings*. It looks as if the winner were deserving of the prize.)

### JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR SABBATH DAY, DECEMBER 11

This is the last of our torch-bearer meetings, and it is quite appropriate that we study the life of Paul. No one special part of his life need be selected to illustrate the lesson which we want to teach today, for his whole life was one of service.

On the torch for this meeting, besides Paul's name write "Service," and then emphasize that one lesson as you tell the story of Paul from his conversion to his death.

*R. F. D. No. 1, Westerly, R. I.*

### "LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY"

ALFRED L. PERRY

(Oration given at the Pre-Conference Young People's Meeting at Alfred, N. Y.)

A young lady once said, "If you want a good Christian Endeavor meeting don't have any prayers. They are dull and no one wants to listen to them."

If some one in our society should say that, we would turn and stare astounded. Yet her impression must have been formed from what she had heard at the meetings. In Matthew 6:7, we find, "When ye pray use not vain repetitions as the heathen do for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." In other words, we should pray, earnestly meaning what we say.

There is a painting by Tissot called "The Pharisee and the Publican." In the foreground is a Pharisee mid the splendors of the temple. His head is high, his hands

outstretched, his mouth open as if he were talking loudly. His whole attitude says, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican." Behind him stands the Publican. What a contrast between them. The Publican is dressed in a humble robe, his head bent, his figure stooping, one hand pressed against his heart and the other upon his forehead. Everything about him is reverent. His lips seem to move as he whispers, "Lord, be merciful unto me, a sinner."

How often do we think of God as some far off Power—way off in the universe, unmindful of our prayers or our petty affairs. Sometimes, perhaps, we pray for something that we think we need and the prayer seems to be unanswered. We decide that God does not answer our prayers, so we give it up and go on, getting along the best we can without God. We find that our efforts amount to nothing without his help and encouragement.

James Montgomery writes:

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire  
Unuttered or expressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of the eye  
When none but God is near.

O thou! by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod.  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

*Verona, N. Y.*

### TRIANGLES

MARY A. WELLS

(Contest Oration, Young People's Pre-Conference Meeting)

Geometry is the study of the shapes and sizes of figures and the correlation of the sizes to the shapes. From this study we learn that a triangle which has its three sides equal contains more area than any other triangle having an equal perimeter. Since this fact is so clearly proved by geometry, we shall see if it applies to other fields as well.

The triangles we are going to consider are our lives. The sides of the triangles represent the three factors of our lives, physical, mental, and spiritual, and the areas



the fullness of our lives. If one side of our triangle greatly exceeds the other two, then there may be very little area, or none at all, for the area depends upon the product of the base and altitude and not upon the base alone. If two sides alone are developed, neglecting the third, there is no area, for two straight lines can not bound a surface. There is a tendency today toward specialization in one of the three phases of life, but upon considering these facts we can quickly see the resulting harm.

Christian Endeavor has for its aim a three-fold purpose, to develop us physically, mentally, and morally. It gives us new fields of study; it gives us broader visions of service; it gives us strong and noble leaders, young people to work with; it gives us a desire for upright living. If a society for Christian doing, for Christian living, for Christian thinking, can help me build an equilateral triangle, I want to belong to it.

*Nile, N. Y.*

### ENDEAVOR TO BE TRUSTWORTHY

ALBERT N. ROGERS

(Contest Oration, Young People's Pre-Conference Meeting)

In many of our Christian Endeavor societies, some of the members seem to have the undesirable habit of letting their duties slide. This habit should be kept out of our Christian Endeavor work.

In taking our Christian Endeavor pledge we promise to be true to all our duties and to willingly take part in all the activities of the society so far as possible. If we are true to our pledge, we will always strive to be faithful.

The proper functioning of every officer and member is really necessary to the life of any organization, just as the proper functioning of every organ of the body is necessary to the life of the body. In the same manner, if an individual gets in the habit of being slack, his moral principles must suffer.

The society can do its best work only when its workers are "on the job." We need to be ever faithful to set a good example for those who may not be directly connected with us.

By being faithful we form a habit which is of much benefit to us. In Luke 16:10 the Savior says, "He that is faithful in that

which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

When we know our work is well done we are conscience-free. It is not pleasant to feel guilty of failing to do something which we know we should have done. Shakespeare said, "This above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Through the little things of Christian Endeavor we fit ourselves for the bigger things of life. Experience is a good teacher and we should lose no opportunity to benefit ourselves by her ability. Here again comes up the proverb, "Practice makes perfect." If we would do the great things of later life we must first do the seemingly small duties of everyday life.

By unceasing faithfulness we claim the respect and trust of those around us and put ourselves a little nearer square with God.

Therefore we should always strive to be trustworthy in everything no matter how small the task may seem. We should perform our duties promptly, willingly, and to the best of our ability. *Be faithful!*

*Brookfield, N. Y.*

### WELTON CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS ENTERTAIN DE WITT EPWORTH LEAGUE

LEONA BENTLEY

The Christian Endeavor society of the Welton Seventh Day Baptist Church invited and entertained as guests, the young people of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church of DeWitt, at a Hallowe'en social on Monday evening, November 1.

The social was held in our church basement. Guests were escorted in and over a path laden with different objects which made the journey a very uncomfortable one; nevertheless, they found peace and rest, also much enjoyment at the end of this path, for they entered the circle which was wonderfully decorated with black cats, witches, pumpkins, etc., according to the season. In the center of this lighted circle was a witch's kettle over a fire. When all had placed themselves, Hallowe'en stunts and games were played, adding much laughter to the merriment. A fine lunch was

then served, and fortune telling enabled all who attended, to find out about their futures.

One verse of "Onward Christian Soldiers" was sung and a prayer was offered by Rev. O. Sandbach of the DeWitt Methodist Episcopal Church, which closed the happy social event.

*Welton, Iowa.*

### BILL, HELEN, AND UNCLE SAM

(A "Chalk Talk" given by Albert C. Mitchell, of the Texas State Board of Health, at the U. S. Children's Bureau exhibit at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.)

When you and I talk of our government we are likely to speak of "Uncle Sam." It is Uncle Sam who delivers our mail, builds our battleships, trains our soldiers, gives advice to our business men, and helps to see that our food is pure. It is to Uncle Sam we send our regular offerings in the way of taxes every quarter. All in all, Uncle Sam has a lot to do with all of us, and we generally think of him as a dignified old bachelor.

But I suspect it is time we began to think of Uncle Sam as a bit more human. Even bachelor uncles, you know, may be favorites with nieces and nephews and have a warm spot in their hearts for fathers and mothers and babies. Just to show what I mean take the story of young Bill and Mrs. Helen, his wife.

Bill and Helen fell in love mighty hard and got married with hope, faith, and youth in their favor but very little cash in the bank. But they had heard of a generous Uncle Sam who was willing to help young folks help themselves by providing land which they could plough and tend and harvest and finally call their own. Bill and Helen applied for a homestead and were given one in a western state.

Their new home, when they arrived there, looked wild and desolate enough—a stretch of prairie with sagebrush and wild grasses (wild animals at night, too) and no houses, streets, telephones, electric lights, movies, or any of the things we sometimes think we can not do without. "Here's where we go to work," said Bill to Helen.

Discouraging work, maybe, but for Uncle Sam's help. A county agent advised Bill how to clear his land and what to plant and what stock to buy, and a home demonstra-

tion agent helped Helen to make a scanty food supply go farthest. From Washington (D. C.) offices Uncle Sam sent government bulletins which helped Bill to raise his young lambs and Helen to make an iceless icebox.

So after a few years Bill and Helen had a cozy little house—you might have called it a shack. It was made of logs and covered with tar paper and it didn't have architectural beauty, but it was a real home. And then something very nice happened to Bill and Helen—they found that they were soon to be parents.

Here was a new problem to be faced, for both of them wanted to be as good parents as they were homesteaders; and they knew as little about this viewpoint as they had known about some of their farming problems. "Let's write to our good friend Uncle Sam," said Bill. "I do not think the government does anything for mothers and babies," said Helen, but they wrote. Here is their letter:

"Dear Uncle Sam: We are going to have a baby and we want it to be a prize baby. We have some prize stock and we want our baby to be a blue-ribbon winner, too. We live thirty miles from a town and twenty miles from a railway and there is no doctor near here. Mrs. Jones lost her baby last year, though her husband drove fifty miles for a doctor but he came too late. We go by your bulletins on sheep. Don't you have any on babies?"

Carried by Uncle Sam's postmen their letter reached Washington, and there went to the Children's Bureau; and soon a letter was flying back to Bill and Helen. Yes, Uncle Sam cared about mothers and babies and had passed a law called the Maternity and Infancy Act in 1921, giving a million dollars to states which wanted to co-operate in helping to make it safer for mothers and their children. Bill's state was co-operating, and the Children's Bureau asked the wise and efficient doctor who directed their State Bureau of Child Hygiene to write to them. Also the Children's Bureau sent two little books and Prenatal and Infant Care which have already gone to five million homes. Pretty soon another letter came to the little farm home, and a few days later came a visitor. To Bill and Helen, as to hundreds of other young prospective par-

(Continued on page 666)



## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### PAUL

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
December 11, 1926

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Paul's torch kindled (Acts 9: 3-9)

Monday—Paul, the persecutor (Acts 8: 1)

Tuesday—Paul's first sermons (Acts 9: 20-22)

Wednesday—First mission (Acts 13: 2, 3, 47, 48)

Thursday—What Paul endured (2 Cor. 11: 23-27)

Friday—Paul in Rome (Acts 28: 30, 31)

Sabbath Day—Topic: Paul, who carried the torch  
to other lands (Acts 16: 9, 10)

The first words of Paul after he was converted laid the foundation of his whole life—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" From that moment he spent his life in trying to do the things that God wanted him to do. He became one of the greatest missionaries of the gospel. Again he tells us just what his life work was to be, "The grace was given me of God, that I should be a minister of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles." Again Paul gives us the secret of his life and influence, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

It is no wonder that a man with such ideals and plans for Christian work should do so much good in a world of sin and shame. Wherever God led him he was always ready to go. He preached not only to the Jews but to the Gentiles as well. His life was one of hardships and discouragements, but he kept ever onward trusting in God and working to bring Christianity more fully to the hearts of men.

There are many lessons which we can learn from the life of Paul today as we review it briefly. One of the greatest lessons is that of service. Paul was content to go or to stay as long as it was God's will. Juniors, too, can live a life of service—service for others right at home or away from home.

R. F. D. No. 1, Westerly, R. I.

### BILL, HELEN, AND UNCLE SAM

(Continued from page 665)

ents, Miss Brown, the county nurse, whose salary was paid in part by the money appropriated under the Maternity and Infancy Act, was a warm friend, and the cheerful toot of the horn on her trusty little car was welcome music in the ears of families whose visitors were few. Miss Brown told Helen just how to prepare for the coming baby and brought the good news that a child-health conference was coming to the nearest town the next week. A doctor from the State Bureau of Child Hygiene and Miss Brown would open the first clinic for mothers and babies ever held in that county as part of the state work under the Maternity and Infancy Act. Moreover, letters from the state bureau would come every month to Helen advising her how to give herself and her baby every chance. "Uncle Sam is good to us, isn't he, Bill?" said Helen.

This little story is just one illustration of what the Maternity and Infancy Act means to thousands of mothers and children in America. Forty-three states are now co-operating with Uncle Sam in this work. And it is high time we in the United States did something for mother. Here's a flag-pole, and on it I'm going to mark the nations of the world in the order of their maternal death rates. The lowest death rate among mothers occurs in Norway—2.2 per 1,000 live births. Then comes Holland (2.3), little Denmark (2.6), Italy (2.7), Uruguay, the same (2.7), Japan (3.3), Finland (3.6), England and Wales (3.7), South Africa (4.5), New Zealand (5.0), Australia (5.1), Spain (5.1), Germany (5.2), Belgium (5.4), Ireland (5.7). And here comes the United States (6.6) at the top of the list but one—the most dangerous of all the great nations except Chile (7.4) for mothers to have babies. Eighteen thousand mothers die in the United States every year. As for the babies—here's a calendar for any month. On each day of the month I'm drawing a little gravestone. Each of the 30 gravestones stands for 500 deaths of little babies, for every year in the United States we bury 180,000 babies under one year of age.

It was because Congress felt that a nation which could spend \$75,000,000 a year

on good roads could afford just \$1,250,000 a year on saving the lives of mothers and babies, that the Maternity and Infancy Act was passed. The Children's Bureau in Washington administers this act in partnership with Children's Bureaus in the states.

This partnership is very much like the partnership of members of a united family—each parent just as interested as the other in the welfare of the children, and each parent doing part of the job. The Maternity and Infancy Act binds together Uncle Sam and all his nieces and nephews, the states, and this combination brings health to mothers and babies.

This work has been going on for four years. Of course it takes time to get a big job like this started, and the first year was spent in planning work to the best advantage. After things were started, however, an enormous job was accomplished. I am going to give you the figures for only two years' work under the Maternity and Infancy Act.

Child-health conferences where a doctor and nurse are present to advise mothers and to examine babies are one of the important parts of the job—33,701 of these were held in two years—594,346 children were examined at these conferences.

Prenatal conferences where mothers may learn how to plan for the coming baby are another important part of the Maternity and Infancy work. There were 9,869 of these conferences held, attended by 74,662 mothers. Here are some more totals which show good hard work; 35,592 midwives attending classes, 127,029 mothers attending classes, 448,100 home visits made by nurses, and 3,320,000 bulletins on the care of mothers and babies distributed.

And what do you suppose the cost of all this is to you and to me? One cent a year per person for the whole United States.

The Maternity and Infancy Act was passed by Congress as an experiment. It certainly has proved its value. Next winter Congress will be called upon to decide whether this work shall stop next June or continue for two years more. According to the original law, money for the Maternity and Infancy work was to be granted for only five years, from 1922 to 1927. The five years are ended June 30, 1927; but if we all feel that mothers and babies are important enough to get a helping hand from

Uncle Sam, Congress will undoubtedly see that this work does not stop, for I am sure that those men down in Congress, as well as all of us plain citizens at home, think that Uncle Sam would be just a bit more human if he would look like this—jolly and smiling and interested in the small baby that even bachelor uncles like Uncle Sam like to play with and care for.

[Mr. Mitchell illustrated his talk with chalk drawings which, unfortunately, can not be reproduced here.]—U. S. Department of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington.

### BOY, WHERE ARE YOU?

This little paragraph appeared recently in a daily newspaper:

"To my boy, who left home Monday night, September 16.—*My darling boy*: If you see this, which I pray our heavenly Father you may, please let your distressed mother know where you are. MOTHER."

That was all—no name, nothing to let the world know; only the cry of a mother sent blindly out into the crowded streets; no syllable about whose fault it was—no blame, no reproach; only the reaching out of a mother who can not help loving her boy.

Perhaps there never was a boy really worthy of a mother's love. But the mothers never care for that—they just keep on loving.

Boy, how far are you from your mother? Not in miles—the other way? Couldn't you be just a little kinder, a little more thoughtful, a little closer friends? You don't know how far you have gone from her in the last few years; she does, though. Come back, *close*, boy. Some day you won't be able to, you know.—*Selected by T. L. G.*

Over a year ago a movement was started in China for the careful presentation of a million copies of the New Testament to the people of that land. The plan was endorsed by the Bible societies and the missionaries who made request for 750,000 copies of the book for wise distribution among the people of their districts. A half million of the books are now being printed in Shanghai and it is planned to begin the nation-wide distribution this autumn.—*The Baptist.*



## SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.  
Contributing Editor

Two or three days ago I went to school to see what I could learn. Having been a teacher myself, I am interested in young folks in school. There is something inspiring in seeing and hearing a lot of them in a lively class recitation. It is enough to set us older ones thinking. For the best result, the minds of both teacher and pupils must be lively. This liveliness must depend mostly upon the teacher. She must be the guiding spirit, with her own mind and the minds of her pupils well under control. She should be able to follow well the course of study under the general direction of her superintendent. Yet she should happily be capable of supplementing those directions with her own good knowledge of what she is teaching and how best to do it. Also she should be able to understand as fully as practicable the minds of her pupils and how best to come into touch with them.

I would not be writing this had I not, when at school last week, been led to think of it. The boys and girls there were sixth graders. Those who have had some experience with nine and ten year olds, either in school or at home, understand somewhat how active their minds are apt to be—in one way or another. It is a wise teacher who knows well how to guide that activity and make the most of it. I may say, too, that such a teacher has good reason to be happy, for what can be more interesting than watching in children of that age the awakening of their young minds day by day to fresh knowledge of things all about them—things they are glad to know and understand—and to feel that it is her blessed privilege to lead them into such knowledge and understanding? How happy it would be for all of us to have the vision to see clearly the growth of mind, of soul, as we do that of the body.\*

I was particularly interested the other day to see the teacher's manner of opening

the minds of her pupils into seeing something quite new in the lesson before them. She told me it was a memory lesson. They were memorizing a worth while poem as a class exercise. First she wrote a stanza upon the board before them; she did not scribble it off—any way to get it down after a fashion—but made it look neat and plain. She intended that her writing should be a model for her pupils. Then she asked them all to read it carefully, thoughtfully. After having erased half of the first two lines, she called for those who could do so to repeat them. Then she did the same with the last two lines, then with the whole stanza. With this intense attention the poem was soon memorized and the class was able to recite it in concert and separately.

I am not telling this to just say that those girls and boys thus committed the poem to memory, but to say something more about it. First, the lively attention they gave to the exercise came mostly through the lively manner and interest of their teacher. All seemed eager to respond to her questions and were ready at once when called upon to come to the front and speak before the class. She asked them the meaning of the principal words and their opinions concerning certain expressions. I was surprised at their quick readiness to express themselves. The teacher did not do much of the talking, but just enough to draw them out. It might have been easier for her to tell them all about it. What was particularly interesting was the wireless communication of thought back and forth between teacher and class, and the personality of the teacher, she being the chief operator.

Seeing this, I thought how good it would be for us in the Sabbath school to come into the same contact with the members of our classes—to *draw them out* in the same way. The teachers in the schoolhouse, though, have the advantage of us; they are with their classes face to face five days in the week, and we less than an hour. It becomes us, therefore, to make the most of what opportunity and Christian spirit we have.

How good and how beautiful it is for boys and girls to grow into manhood and womanhood with a familiarity with the good Book.

## HOW TO SECURE ATTENTION IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL

ELSIE L. TENNEY

There can be no successful teaching without the earnest attention of him who is being taught. Attention does not consist in quiet behavior and general assent to all said; but in that effort of will which enables us to concentrate the mind upon all seen and heard of the subject under thought.

"Attention is not the *condition* of our being good teachers, but rather the result of our being so."

How many of us when reading and about to turn a leaf have suddenly realized that we have been scanning the pages with our eyes only while our thoughts were elsewhere and therefore had to go back and re-read because of our inattention? It is a difficult thing to give undivided attention, even by those who are older. Let us realize this as we make demands upon the untrained mind of the young. Until a child's mind is enlightened by the Holy Spirit he has no curiosity about or appetite for sacred things; but he is inquisitive about all that he sees, curious about foreign countries and human inventions. The desire for sacred things must be created.

While we admit that attention is hard to get, we know that no good can be accomplished without it. Seed that never takes root will yield no fruit.

Attention can not be obtained by claiming it as a right or asking for it as a favor. Such arguments might do for us but never for children. Real, genuine attention will never be given unless you have something to say worth the child's hearing, and can say it in a way that he will feel its worth.

This demands study, accurate and abundant preparation on the subject given. To do this, first *know your class*. Visit them in their homes, learn what interests them, create a spirit of comradeship between them and you. Then study with each pupil and their special needs and tastes in mind. Give them something to do and see that they do it. Never preach nor use language beyond them. Of course we must use a more extensive vocabulary than they, but carefully explain any new word or term that they may add it to their list.

If you quote from an author, be sure he is a good one of whom you can relate

something that may create a desire for a closer acquaintance.

In emptying anything from one thing into another, something is always lost. Therefore in order to fill the minds of the children, our own minds must be pressed down and running over.

"The surest way to increase inattention is to seem unconscious of it or to allow it to pass unnoticed." Have your whole class in view. Let each one feel that not the slightest whisper or movement can pass unobserved, and never continue the lesson until the attention is regained.

Reviews are of great importance. While they are a test of previous attention they are also an incentive to it, if expected.

Use illustrations freely. To be a perfect teacher we must study a perfect example. The great Teacher himself taught through these mediums. How forcible are those used by Jesus so freely, as well as the psalmist and the prophets. We look about us and nearly every object in nature on which the eye rests brings to mind some precious lesson or promise in the sacred Word.

You say you can not describe what you see. Have you really tried? If God wants you to teach he will help you to cultivate those faculties which seem dormant. I say *help*. He will work with you if you do all you can yourself.

Never get into a routine. Expectant children are alert and attentive.

This is only an attempt at outlining a few thoughts for God-fearing, child-loving teachers. Who can aspire higher than to be able to claim the promise in Daniel 12:3—"And they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

### LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4, 1926

RUTH AND NAOMI. Ruth 1: 14-22.

*Golden Text*.—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Ruth 1: 16.

#### DAILY READINGS

Nov. 28—Looking Toward Canaan. Ruth 1: 1-10.

Nov. 29—Ruth and Naomi. Ruth 1: 14-22.

Nov. 30—Ruth Gleaning. Ruth 2: 1-13.

Dec. 1—Ruth Favored. Ruth 2: 14-23.

Dec. 2—A Kinsman Becomes Redeemer. Ruth 4: 1-11.

Dec. 3—A Name in Israel. Ruth 4: 14-22.

Dec. 4—Love. 1 Corinthians 13: 1-13.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)



## Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

### COMMUNION

MARY E. FILLYAW

Several years ago I read a sermon, the text for which was, "Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Revelations 2:4.

The preacher pictured the infant son in his mother's arms, his first smile as he looked into the love-revealing eyes of his first love, followed the wanderings of the boy till at last the world and its ways, having become more attractive than the faithful love and unselfish devotion of his first love, caused the boy—now grown to manhood—to step out from the parental home to live a life of utter worthlessness. But, by and by, after his mother's gray hairs had gone down with sorrow to the grave, the man remembered his first love, and turned his face homeward. But before reaching the old home he learned that his mother had been laid to rest, but there an aged father still lived who might tolerate his presence as a hired servant. Knowing that he had been a disobedient son, he dared not ask for a place by the side of that elder brother who had never transgressed a single command of their father.

Again the preacher pictured "the happiest man in the world eating his first meal alone with his first love, a different kind of love from that of his infancy and boyhood days, a new kind of love—so far superior to that of his infancy that no man had ever before experienced such love in its strength and utter abandonment of selfishness, that is, if you take his word for it. But time passes on, and the love of money becomes stronger and stronger, until his manhood love lies buried under a pile of rubbish; the once beautiful wife is pale, and her once shining tresses no longer attractive, because age and sorrow of heart are thinning and whitening them. She is stricken with fever and death stands at her door; but a repentant husband falls on his knees and begs for a longer lease of life for his first love.

Now we come to the saddest picture of all. A man has committed a great crime,

has been condemned; the gallows is ready and everybody waiting for the appointed moment when a soul will be hurled into eternity. Some are weeping, others talking and laughing, while still others are jeering at the criminal; only a few minutes more—a man, hatless and almost breathless, hands the sheriff a paper signed by the governor of the state, and the criminal is a free man. Terror has given place to joy, and with eyes upturned toward heaven he gives vent to his pent-up emotions in the unmistakable language of one that has passed from death unto life.

When a church leaves its first love, it is like the wandering son whose mother had prayed for him with her last breath. When a church becomes more and more fond of external forms and thinks more of the blowing of trumpets in self-praise than of the graces of the Spirit and of treasures to be laid up in heaven, it is like the man who let the love of money take the place of love and unselfish devotion which he felt on his wedding day toward his manhood's first love. When a church has gone so far as to commit sacrilege by robbing God of what belongs to him, it is like the criminal on the scaffold, apparently ready to be deprived of life. But there is hope for the wandering church, for the church too fond of externals and the one that fails in its tithes and offerings (see Romans 2:22; Malachi 3:8). For the erring son came back to his father's outstretched arms; the repentant husband lived a new life with his first love; and the criminal was pardoned ere his last hope had fled.

It is hard for a wandering boy to escape the influence of a faithful Christian mother or to wander beyond the reach of her prayers. It is hard for a man who once truly loved the wife of his choice to remain indifferent when death knocks at her door. It is hard for the criminal to give up the last hope of life, if he ever had a praying father or mother.

Now we come to the last and the most beautiful of the four pictures. A church had returned to its first love, and the day for communion had come; the aged pastor with trembling hands broke the bread and poured out the wine; a united church partook of each emblem; and if you had been there, you might have seen in each tear-

dimmed eye the holy flashlight of "charity which is the bond of perfectness" Colossians 3:14.

While I read on and on, scene after scene, either from historical readings or actual observation passed before my mental vision, but the following picture is from actual experience:

#### THE COMMUNION

The bread and wine men on the table laid,  
In trembling tones the aged pastor prayed;  
He prayed for a blessing on the bread and wine—  
Memorial of the death of a Savior divine.

He prayed for the church members present and  
away;

He prayed for the unsaved that were present that  
day,

He prayed for the workers in far-away lands;  
He prayed that all peoples might love God's com-  
mands.

In silence the bread passed among the little crowd;  
Some wept in silence, and some sobbed aloud;  
Then came a pause. And then  
In tones more tremulous still, the pastor prayed  
again.

He prayed for a blessing to enter each heart,  
That came to that death-feast to take its own  
part;

That every one there be sprinkled anew  
With the blood which the thorns, nails, and spear-  
head drew.

Then silence reigned again while slowly passed  
From trembling hands the cup, the last  
Of those sad tokens that showed the death  
Of Jesus "till he come," as thus the Scripture  
saith.

Then, rising up, they sang a hymn, the death song  
of sin and pain and death,

The victory-song of triumph and glory won by  
faith;

Then outward passed to mingle with the world  
again,

Their candles shining brightly in the sight of  
God and men.

In 1 Corinthians 10:16, we read, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

The Greek word *kainomia*, the word translated *communion*, means, first, fellowship, then partnership. Acts 2:42 says, "And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." Wherever the apostles' doctrine takes root, there you find fellowship and partnership. A fellow is one who loves what we love, who hates

what we hate, and enjoys what we enjoy, and is grieved when we suffer. When we are in need, his hands are opened wide for our relief; and when we are poor, he does not shun our company. Such a fellow soon becomes our partner, and we trust him in the fullness of perfect friendship.

When God raises us up until he delights in calling us friends, we have fellowship with him and are made partners with him in his glorious work of salvation. When he "has need" of us (see Luke 19:31, 34) we are glad to carry him to "the ends of the earth." We are glad to be guided by him and also to suffer with him. For if we partake of the fellowship of his sufferings we shall also partake of the glory of his kingdom; for St. Paul wrote: "Remember that Jesus Christ of the Seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel: Wherein I suffer trouble, as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sakes that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him: If we suffer, we shall also reign with him: If we deny him, he also will deny us: If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he can not deny himself." 2 Timothy 2:8-13. In Philippians 3:7-11, he also wrote: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them dung, that I may win Christ, And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."

There is also another word that means fellowship, and it was used in 2 Corinthians 6:14. This word in the feminine form represents the unity of action proceeding from those who are actuated by the same motives, and in the masculine form represents the actors themselves. In the mas-



culine form it is found in Hebrews 3:1, 14; 12:8, and is translated *partners*, and in Luke 5:7 and Hebrews 1:9 by the word *fellows*. And so we meet at the Lord's table to say to the world that we are partakers of his divine nature, that is, that we, through living faith in the power of his resurrection, are together memorializing his sufferings and death by eating and drinking together as partners the emblems of his flesh and blood.

Eating at the same table where others are eating is said to be the highest expression of social equality. When a certain newly crowned king of England was about to receive the holy communion emblems, he laid aside his crown, and the archbishop told him that was unnecessary; but he replied that we are all equal before God. So at the communion of the Lord's Supper are shown fellowship, partnership and equality while showing the Lord's death "till he come."

## THE PREACHER

"He held the lamp of truth that day  
So low that none could miss the way;  
And yet so high to bring in sight  
That picture fair—the world's great Light—  
That gazing up, the lamp between,  
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

"He held the pitcher, stooping low,  
To lips of little ones below;  
Then raised it to the weary saint,  
And bade him drink, when sick and faint:  
They drank, the pitcher thus between,  
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

"He blew the trumpet soft and clear,  
That trembling sinners need not fear;  
And then, with louder note and bold,  
To raze the walls of Satan's hold!  
The trumpet, coming thus between,  
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

"But when the captain says 'Well done!  
Thou good and faithful servant! Come,  
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,  
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp,  
The weary hand will then be seen  
Clasped in those pierced ones—naught between."  
—*Author unknown.*

## MARRIAGE

LINDAHL-LANGWORTHY.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Langworthy, in Ashland township, Minn., on October 31, 1926, occurred the marriage of Marvin N. Lindahl of Dodge Center, Minn., and Charlotte Z. Langworthy, Pastor Edward M. Holston officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Lindahl will reside in Minneapolis.

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Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

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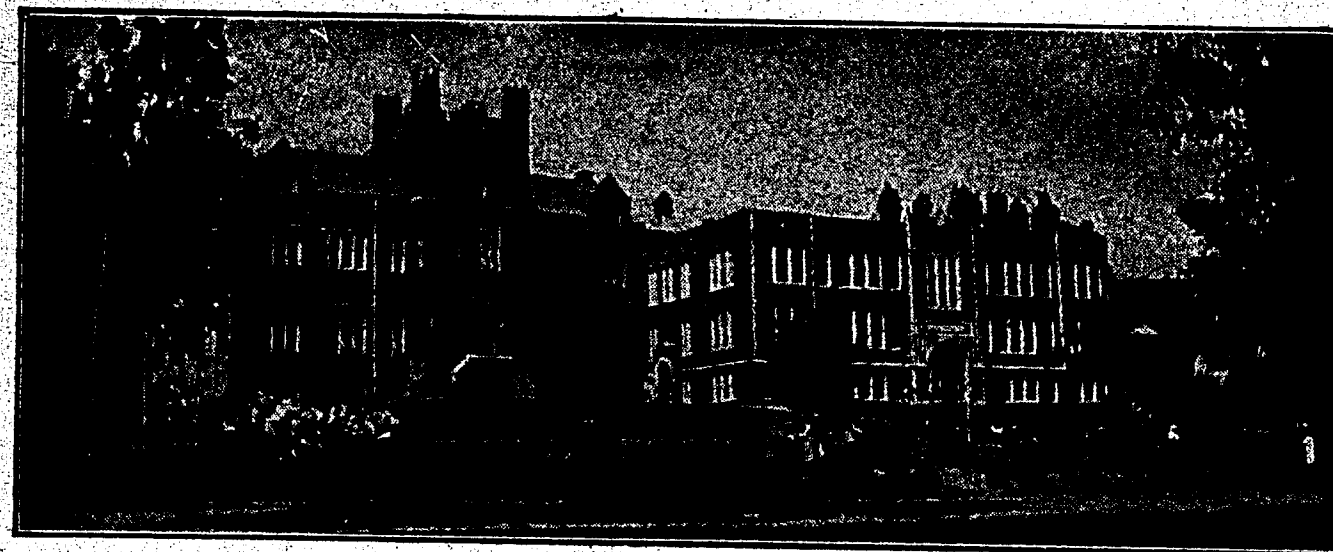
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## JESUS AND THE WOMEN

Women stood on the edge of the throng and listened to him with that thrill we feel when the sermon touches us. He spoke of the woman in the kitchen, like the one he knew in Nazareth, putting in the leaven and thinking of the kingdom of God, or the woman who had lost her piece of silver, and the woman who had lost something finer and in her shame found mercy and forgiveness. We think of the little daughter raised from the dead, of the restoration of the demoniac boy, of the fear and faith of one who touched the hem of his garment; and women in every part of the world are lifted up and transformed and find abiding joy in the vision and the satisfying activity in the work he has left to be done. Women do not need a new religion or a new philosophy. It is all in their Word from God. They only need to accept and practice it.  
—Mrs. Henry W. Peabody.

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