

The Sabbath Recorder

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F. J. HUBBARD,
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(A Vision in Material Form)
Plainfield, N. J.

A MESSAGE

George I. Sill

Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy
face from any poor man: and then the face
of the Lord shall not be turned away from
thee.—Tobit 4:7.

From Jewry in the ancient past
Down through the darksome mist of years,
Forever old, forever new, alive, alight,
Comes Wisdom's lore, true and unalterable,
To this our fevered time.

As from an altar far and dimly seen,
Where shines the sacred candle's light,
And incense burns;
We hear old Tobit's voice intone
In sweetest melody,
A message to our souls.

O man, take heed and practice well
The precious lesson taught,
The lesson of philosophy and love;
Then looking up a Face behold,
That from the heavens' highest seat
Turns smiling unto thee.

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ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA
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 Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, Dr. Grace I. Crandall, Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate, Grace Hospital, Liuho, Ku, China.

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 101, No. 23 PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 6, 1926 WHOLE No. 4,266

"O Lord our God, grant us spiritual vision! Help us to see the truth and walk in fellowship with thee! May we learn to recognize our Master and our Lord and to give him the honor which is his due!"
"Help us to enter into possession of those things which thou hast given us richly to enjoy! Thy kingdom is righteousness, peace, and joy, a precious heritage; and for them we praise thee. In Christ's name. Amen."

Yearly Meeting At Shiloh, N. J.

The old time Yearly Meeting of the four New Jersey churches was in later years enlarged to take in the church in New York City and that of Berlin, N. Y. For thirty years or more these six churches have alternated in holding a yearly meeting for mutual helpfulness and for advancing the interests of the kingdom of God on earth. In olden times whole families from south Jersey would drive through to New Market, taking two days for the trip one way; and during my pastorate in Shiloh, beginning forty-seven years ago, the old people of that day told me of those journeys made when they were children, and dwelt largely upon the blessed good meetings they enjoyed.

On November 26, this old Yearly Meeting convened once more with the dear old Shiloh Church. Representatives were there from Marlboro, New Market, Plainfield, and New York City churches, and a royal good meeting was enjoyed.

The day was dark and dismal enough, with heavy fogs until nearly night, when for a little while the sun almost broke through the cloud blanket that shrouded the earth, and it did seem as though there might be a good evening for the first meeting. But as time to begin drew nigh and darkness had settled down for the night, a severe thunderstorm came on, which threatened to keep everybody at home.

It was arranged for the editor—an old-time pastor—to preach and lead a conference meeting, with a view "to evangelism." For a time it seemed that no meeting could be held, but the storm slackened, and although compelled to begin a little late, a

hundred people were there, and a good testimony meeting followed the sermon.

Of course I had to look in vain for the familiar faces of other days, and I found that the boys and girls I once knew had put on gray hair and were now the fathers and mothers of a large company of young people. If I wished to find traces of the old friends and loved ones, I had to go to the cemetery and read their names on the tombstones. It is surprising what changes "the grim messenger" does make in a community within a few years! Several times I found myself dreaming around among the monuments in the city of the dead.

It was my good fortune to be given a home with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel V. Davis, on the very thirty-seventh anniversary of the day in which I performed the ceremony that made them husband and wife. After the evening meeting Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Davis informed me that it was the thirty-sixth anniversary of their marriage, in which I officiated on my last evening before leaving this pastorate.

Many dear readers know full well how one seems to walk in dreamland among the scenes of departed years, and so you can understand something of the reasons why I could be seen stopping in my walks here and there about Shiloh and standing as in a study of memory's book.

A Great Sabbath At Shiloh

On Sabbath morning the church was filled with a great audience to hear Rev. Harold Crandall of New York City preach. The yard around the church was as full of automobiles as the house was of people. It was an inspiring scene. I could but wonder what the old fathers of a hundred years ago would think if they could return to see the great changes that have come.

History tells us that it took them two days to make the trip from New Market and Plainfield, but on this morning there were loads of young people who had come all the way through from north Jersey in time for the Sabbath morning service!

When the time to open the meeting came,

Pastor Loofboro, Rev. Harold Crandall, and Duane Ogden were in the pulpit ready for duty, and twenty-three young people filled the choir corner. The young people are keeping up the reputation earned by their good fathers and mothers, and so the music was excellent all the way through.

The theme of Brother Crandall's sermon, "Forgetting God," was a practical one. He showed that the great sins of earth are due to the fact that men forget God. Abraham was chosen because he had not forgotten the true God. Such a man could learn of God and so become a help to other people. Thus it was that through the family first, and then through a nation, God has revealed himself until men know him as the Father God. The growth of true conceptions of God, not merely as the God of a nation but as God of the whole world, has thus obtained among men.

The world's troubles have always come by forgetting God. When men tried to make idols to represent God, they used for themselves first all they wanted of the tree to warm themselves and to roast their food, until they could say, "Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire"; and with "the residue thereof he maketh a god."

Thus the heathen provided for self first and devoted the left overs to God! I greatly fear that too much of this spirit prevails today. Judging by the way our offerings for the Onward Movement are coming in thus far this year, it looks as though many were forgetting God and are determined to get all the comforts and luxuries for self first and attend to matters of religion last. And so they make abundant provision for personal pleasures and luxuries, and then devote what may be left over to God! Yes, I fear that people are still forgetting God. After five months of our Conference year have passed by, we find that only one fourth of what is due to him, on the "budget plan for his work," has now been paid. Five months have gone by and only five weeks' dues to the Lord have been paid!

Again, how much of our life—our time—are we giving to God? Sometimes people wonder why men do not go to church. Really, if a man does not spend five minutes in prayer during the week, why should he be expected to go to church or to worship on the Sabbath?

Too many are like the convert who ran well until he got peeved about something and forgot God until he became very ill, and then he remembered him. How much such a man loses by forgetting God. The man who forgets God until in his last sickness he sends for the minister and repents, is only giving the leavings of his life to God.

Dinner Hours The ladies of Shiloh and Marlboro certainly had a heavy load to carry in preparing meals for the multitude; but they did it all in their old time cheerful and faithful way. The large dining room in the basement was as full as it could be of tables crowded with hungry people, who enjoyed the excellent dinners and suppers. I am sure that many tired women went home after the evening banquet; but no one seemed to regret having to perform this much needed service of hostesses in a good cause. Everything went off like clock work and the real spirit of Christian fellowship prevailed.

The Teen-Age Conference Brother A. J. C. Bond had made plans for the tenth Teen-Age Conference, with an excellent program for Sabbath afternoon and evening. He was assisted by S. Duane Ogden, who had aided in several such meetings.

Take the afternoon program and the fellowship banquet at supper time, and both together made the most wonderful meeting of its kind I have ever known among our people. Seventy-six young people in the teen-age company registered and wore the little silk badges. They were given the front seats in the audience room, and both choir corners were occupied by young people. On the right of the leaders was the boys' orchestra, with the piano; and on the left was the chorus of young ladies, supported by the organ; and the music was inspiring.

Brother Bond gave a brief history of the movement and spoke of the importance of the teen-age, because in those years most of the life decisions are made.

Missionary Jay W. Crofoot led in a service of worship and song, beginning with "Onward Christian Soldiers," which was sung by all and greatly enjoyed.

Then came "America the Beautiful," which, Brother Crofoot said, is as popular in China as in America:

Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruitful plain;
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Oh, beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness;
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in Law.

After Brother Crofoot's remarks regarding its value in far-away China, it seemed all the more precious to us, and was sung with much feeling.

In regard to the common expression, "experience religion," Brother Crofoot expressed the hope that it might come to mean an experience that continues *all the time*, rather than to be regarded as a once for all kind of experiencing of religion.

After a prayer in Scripture language, the congregation was asked to sing as a prayer, "Come thou, almighty King, help us thy praise to sing."

Then it was urged that every such conference should help to make us better, and this blessed devotional period was closed with the song, "In the cross of Christ I glory."

Then followed an address by Mr. Ogden on "God's Claim on Us," full of good thoughts for young people.

After the Young People's Rally Song, "We young folks are Seventh Day Baptists," Brother Bond spoke on "What Shall We Do With Our Father's Gift?" After speaking of this wonderful universe made by God for his children and after describing the glorious sunrise of that Sabbath morning in Shiloh and the beautiful scenery of mountains and valleys and broad plains filled with fruits and grains, all given by God for our comfort and welfare, he spoke of the Sabbath as God's special gift for our spiritual good.

When God had made the heavens and the earth and set the machinery of the universe going, he pronounced them good; and he has stayed right with it, and his great gift is ours. We should express our appreciation of all these gifts.

Then, lest his children should forget him,

God gave us the Sabbath to be kept holy in remembrance of him. Remembering it as God's day, is remembering God. In my boyhood days I used to think of the Sabbath as God's day, and when I saw the evening sunshine creeping to the hilltops, I would think of this blessed gift of God and reverently watch until the last shining ray faded from sight, and then I would say, "The Sabbath is over."

It is sad to think of one's going out into the world with no regard for God's Sabbath gift. It takes real Sabbath conscience to be true. We need this Sabbath gift as a tangible religious thing—something given us by our God to keep us near to him. Let every one say, "I will be true to the Sabbath if it does cost me something." Gifts that *cost something* are worth while.

I never wind my father's old clock without remembering him. I listen to its ticking as it marks the passing time for me, and I remember how many times I have seen him wind and care for that dear old time piece. Our Father, too, has given us a wonderful clock to measure the days and mark the coming of his holy Sabbath. He wants us to listen to it, for it speaks continually of God's Sabbath gift. Let us all listen to it and say, "I will be true."

I do not know when I have heard a more helpful and inspiring talk for young people than was this one, and the large company gave the speaker close attention.

THE TEEN-AGE BANQUET

After more than an hour of social acquaintance-making, seventy-six young people gathered in the dining room for their teen-age banquet. An excellent supper had been prepared by the faithful women of south Jersey, and all members of the Tract Board were invited to attend.

At one end of the first long table was Mr. Bond presiding, and at the other end Mr. Ogden had charge of the after-dinner speech making.

Here the after-dinner speeches began. Mr. Ogden at the other end of the room, took charge; and the next hour was filled as full as it could be of bright, enthusiastic songs, rounds, and cheers, distributed among speeches made by pastors and members of the Tract Board.

Mr. Ogden led the young people in singing between the speakers, and in "yells" of

loyalty, making a scene that will not be forgotten by those who were there.

"The S. D. B. Song" came first:

S. D. B. SONG

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the
S. D. B.'s.

(Repeat)

And every single one of us is sticking by the rest
of us,

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the
S. D. B.'s.

The enthusiasm of the young people grew with every line of this song.

Then came:

IT ISN'T ANY TROUBLE

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e;

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e;

So smile when you're in trouble,

It will vanish like a bubble,

If you'll only take the trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.

(Repeat with g-r-i-n, l-a-u-g-h, g-i-giggle-c, etc.)

You ought to see how the spirit of good cheer and friendship did grow as these rounds were sung over and over.

Then whenever any speaker was called upon to say a word, as he arose to speak the great company joined in singing:

Howdy do, Mr. ———, howdy do,

(Repeat)

We are with you to a man;

We'll do anything we can,

Howdy do, Mr. ———, howdy do, do, do.

Of course the blank place in this round was filled with the name of him who had risen to speak, and you can imagine something of the effect upon the great company that filled the banquet room as the young people made the house ring with this greeting.

As the time drew near for this wonderful meeting to close—a meeting in which eight or ten members of the board and pastors had made brief speeches—Brother Bond made some touching remarks, pleading for loyalty to our good cause and every one arose and sang:

CONSECRATION HYMN

Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way;

Thou art the Potter, I am the clay.

Mold me and make me after thy will,

While I am waiting, yielded and still.

Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way;

Search me and try me, Master, today.

Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,

As in thy presence humbly I bow.

Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way;
Hold o'er my being absolute sway.

Fill with thy Spirit till all shall see

Christ only, always, living in me.

No one can witness such a meeting as this Teen-Age Conference, in both the afternoon and evening, without feeling that Brother Bond has inaugurated a very great and good work that looks toward keeping our young people loyal to our good cause.

Brother Burdick at the evening meeting referred to the work of soul-saving for ourselves and for others, mentioning some problems that have to be met. Too many fail to thank God for the blessings bestowed upon them; all such things add to our problems concerning the work.

1. Indifference in the church among its members is a problem which the church must settle. We do need a revival to awaken the dead ones in our churches. The churches are not living up to the work of the Master. There is need of a live Christianity that has been tried and found good.

2. One great problem is, how can we hold our young people to the Sabbath? It is too bad that some seem to think that the Sabbath is against us. Here the speaker made a strong plea to the effect that the Sabbath is *not* against us, but that it is a blessing. It has been clearly shown that loyalty to God's holy Sabbath makes better moral fiber and gives us strong, true men.

3. Our people are too dead on the Sabbath question. There is an alarming lack of enthusiasm among us on this important question. We greatly need faithful ones in the pews as well as in the pulpit. We are lacking in a denominational spirit and in willingness to unite in real team work for the cause we claim to love.

4. Scarcity of pastors is another problem we must face. This problem belongs to our *homes* as well as to our churches. The right attitude in our homes toward the ministry would go far toward settling this problem.

Service in Philadelphia The usual Sun-Honoring Governor Ward day services of the yearly meeting at Shiloh were omitted this year in order to hold a sesquicentennial service in Philadelphia in honor of Governor Samuel Ward, of Rhode Island, a loyal Seventh Day Baptist, who was an active member of the Continental Congress and

had part in framing the Declaration of Independence, and who died in Philadelphia in 1776.

This memorial meeting was held under the auspices of the Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society and was conducted by its president, Professor Corliss F. Randolph. The place selected for the meeting was in the Bourse building, which stands on the spot once occupied by the burial place bequeathed to the Seventh Day Baptists of America by Richard Sparks of Philadelphia. This ancient burial place was for many years in charge of the Shiloh and Piscataway churches, and for several years the writer and Professor Edward Tomlinson were the trustees appointed to look after the lot. Finally the last foot of this burial place was absorbed by the city and the funds received therefor were divided between the two old New Jersey churches. The few bones left, and the inscribed monument—a large marble slab—were all transferred to the Shiloh cemetery, where the old slab of marble now lies on a brick base, completely filled with inscriptions.

Then the purchasers of the old Philadelphia lot placed a large bronze tablet in the pavement where these graves were, stating the facts about the bequest of Richard Sparks to the Seventh Day Baptist churches. This tablet is about half way from Chestnut to Market Streets, on Fifth Street, close by the entrance to the Bourse, and only a few rods from the Continental Congress Hall. The pleasant chapel on the second floor of the Bourse was indeed an appropriate place for the memorial service, and about one hundred of our people responded to the call. They came by auto from Shiloh and by train from Plainfield, and the meeting was an interesting one.

"America" was sung by the congregation, and after an invocation by Rev. Jay W. Crofoot, and Scripture reading by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, prayer was offered by the editor. Then President Randolph made some introductory remarks and read interesting letters from Brother Johanson, president of Conference; W. L. Burdick, secretary of the Missionary Board; Dean A. E. Main, of the seminary; President B. C. Davis, of Alfred University; Dean John Daland, of Milton College; S. Orestes Bond, president of Salem College; Presi-

dent Paul E. Titsworth of Washington College; and one from the secretary of the Newport Historical Society. I trust these interesting letters may in due time be furnished for the SABBATH RECORDER. Then came an address by Pastor Bond on "Seventh Day Baptists and the Kings of England." This, too, was an interesting talk.

The main memorial address on Governor Ward was presented by President Randolph and listened to with much interest. This, too, will doubtless be given RECORDER readers.

Everybody joined in singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and we went away feeling that the day had been well spent. We only wish that all our people could have enjoyed the inspiration and uplift of the meeting. These we can not give by the pen.

The Year Book Our readers will see by **Has Been Mailed** the notice from Mr. North, elsewhere in this RECORDER, that the 1926 *Year Book* is all printed and mailed to the various churches.

Here is an opportunity now for a careful and complete study of denominational work as reported to the General Conference, and also to learn what is expected of the churches in order to carry on the good work this year. Please do not fail to study it carefully.

"MARRYING IN"

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Leader in Sabbath Promotion

In a rather informal public discussion of the Sabbath question sometime since, the remark was made that many of our young people "marry out of the denomination." This was something that the man who spoke very much regretted. He added that his wife "married in."

At the close of the service a man came up to me and said, "That woman who spoke back there a while ago, telling of difficulties and victories in bringing up her children as Sabbath keepers while living in a community where there were no other Sabbath keepers, is one of those who 'married in.'"

Then I began to wonder whether we had been giving due consideration to this side of the question, and whether we had rightly estimated the strength that has come to the

denomination through marriage. We have had a good deal to say about the losses.

Now Professor Frank L. Greene, of Alfred, N. Y., comes along with an article in a recent issue of the SABBATH RECORDER and gives a long list of worthy Seventh Day Baptists, including several ministers and a goodly number of deacons, descended from one, Joshua Whitford, who "married in" many long years ago. Prudence Burdick was a loyal Seventh Day Baptist. Joshua Whitford fell in love with her and won her hand in marriage. But she won her husband to the Sabbath truth and to the church of her faith.

It seems to me to be quite worth while in this connection to give a bit of the history of one small church and to note some of the accessions to the membership of this church through marriage.

When this church was organized, more than fifty years ago, two deacons were chosen, one representing the older generation at that time, and one the younger generation. The senior deacon was a convert to the Sabbath, having married a Seventh Day Baptist woman. The junior deacon married a first-day girl, who became a faithful member of the church with her husband, and throughout a long life she has been a faithful deacon's wife. The third deacon to be chosen in this church, a member of the third generation in the life of the church, married the daughter of the village blacksmith, a conscientious Christian girl who became a Sabbath keeper and who is bringing up her children in the faith.

The Seventh Day Baptist church was the first meeting house to be built in that pioneer community fifty years ago. The man most responsible for the building of the church was a Sabbath convert through marriage to a Seventh Day Baptist girl. Through a long and active life this man was one of the most progressive men in the community and was an honored member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in which he was a leading worker.

This church has sent out one minister. The father of the minister married a first-day girl, who became a true Sabbath keeper and a loyal Seventh Day Baptist. I know something of the influence of that mother upon the boy who became a minister. I can not say too much in her behalf or praise her too highly for her Christian influence,

much of which relates itself in memory to the Sabbath day. She believed in the Sabbath, and she observed it and brought her children up to love it.

I could name others who "married in" in that little church, which I think never numbered more than fifty living members at one time. This ought to be sufficient to set us all thinking of the other side of the question. We sorrow because of those who "marry out." Doubtless often a little more faith would have won a convert. Meanwhile, let us not forget that the life of the denomination has been greatly enriched through the devoted life and faithful service of those who have "married in."

STUDENT MORAL STANDARD HIGHER THAN IN THE DAYS OF BOOZE

"We asked the college heads to give their views as to the effect of prohibition on the student bodies under their charge and on the body of youth in general. The questionnaire put the inquiry: 'Has drinking increased or decreased since prohibition, as you have observed it?' There are two hundred thirteen replies, representing forty-four states, or nearly a third of the total number of the higher colleges and universities in the country, a record-breaking percentage. They include higher institutions of learning of all sizes of population, from the University of Chicago, with fourteen thousand students, for instance, to the smaller colleges which enroll only a few hundred. The replies are well-nigh unanimous in reporting that drinking in the colleges and drinking by the younger generation as a whole has decreased under prohibition, that the tipsy student is as unwelcome as he is becoming unfamiliar, and many of them agree that the student body of today is of a much higher moral and intellectual standard than any generation in the days of booze and beer."—*Literary Digest*.

THE YEAR BOOK

The *Seventh Day Baptist Year Book* was completed November 30 and has been distributed throughout the denomination. If you can not procure a copy through your home church write this office and one will be mailed direct.

The Publishing House wishes to thank those who co-operated to make this early issue possible.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

December 31-January 4, 1927—Jamaica Seventh Day Baptist Association convenes at Kingston, Jamaica.

Rev. H. C. Van Horn is assisting in evangelistic meetings at Salemville, Pa.; Rev. William L. Burdick, at Salem, W. Va.; and Rev. H. M. Lawson of Washington, D. C., is conducting evangelistic meetings at Shiloh, N. J.

Will your church send one half of its quota for the denominational budget for this Conference year by the last week in December?

SOME OF OUR PROBLEMS

(Outline of address given at the Yearly Meeting at Shiloh, on Sabbath night, November 27, 1926.)

A person or a denomination with a mission must expect to face serious problems. These should be considered prayerfully, and courageous attempts should be made to solve them.

To guard against discouragement when facing these problems, one needs to keep constantly in mind the worthy objects in view in living the Christian life and being united in church and denominational work. These may be summarized in the purpose to honor, praise, worship, love, and obey God; to secure the personal benefits gained in salvation; and to help others to fulfill their obligations to God, to self, and to their fellow man.

A serious problem is that some of our churches are not living up to the privileges and responsibilities of the Christian life; they do not attend church regularly, and fail to give the cause their moral, spiritual, and financial support. The solving of the problem of enlisting the disinterested ones in the church will greatly help in solving other problems in the denomination. We need a regenerated membership. Every church needs a revival that will reach every person

whose name is on the church membership list.

A second problem is that of holding our people true to the Sabbath. The temptations to leave the Sabbath for financial interests are great. How shall we meet the problem? By giving proper place to our spiritual interests; by recognizing the significance of Jesus' teaching that the Sabbath was made for man.

Another problem is that of securing enthusiasm in living and teaching the truths we hold. It pays to hold truths that are not in public favor, to stand for something, to persist in well-doing. Such a course begets enthusiasm and makes others enthusiastic.

On the campus of Northwestern University there was unveiled, not long ago, a great boulder in memory of a young doctor who died in the recent war. He was not a student of distinction. He had never been able to make the first team on the football squad. The inscription on the monument is, "He played four years on the scrubs. He never quit."

We lack in the spirit of co-operative, sympathetic, aggressive work. Our congregational form of government and the interests of the cause that we have accepted, call for a common devotion to that cause.

One of the most serious problems that we face is that of securing recruits for the ministry. Nearly a score of men are needed just now as pastors in pastorless churches and for mission fields at home and abroad. The solving of the other problems that I have mentioned will have much to do in solving this one.

The promotion of our work in this and other lands requires regular and systematic financial support. This problem faces us continually. During our denominational existence we have developed boards and societies to supervise and promote interests that we wish to be engaged in. We ask these various agencies to let us know at General Conference how much money they need to carry on their work, *our work*, during the Conference year, and then we adopt a denominational budget covering these various budgets. This year the Onward Movement budget amounted to \$50,000. In the first four months the Onward Movement treasurer received \$5,042.55. He should have received \$16,666.67.

If the unified budget needs changing, we should change it at the General Conference and not turn it down in the middle of the year.

While it is a problem to raise the budget, I believe a more serious problem would be to abandon any line of work that we are promoting by the aid of the budget.

These, and all other problems, should be considered by individuals and by churches, and together we should seek to solve them in the interests of the cause we love.

ORIENTALS ON THE PACIFIC COAST

(How our Presbyterian Church ministers to Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, and other Orientals)

Walking up Grant Avenue from the heart of San Francisco, one suddenly sees the modern American city disappear and in its place are the curved roofs and the little spires of old China. The people on the street are talking in Cantonese and the silks and satins of the Orient have taken the place of American clothes. It is old China, but it is in America. Out on Post Street one may come as suddenly on Japan, and on Oak Street one may walk into Korea, but it is America, and nearly every city along the Pacific coast has its tang of the Orient and its settlement of Orientals.

The Orientals have had their difficulties, and the new land to which they have come has not been over hospitable, and in some instances has been far from Christian, but it isn't our purpose to discuss political issues but to give one a little insight into their life and into the work the church is doing for them.

The best known group of these people is the Chinese, but they are not the largest in number. In California there are sixty-five thousand of them. They are materialists today, having largely forsaken the ancestor worship of their fathers, and in the new land have really no religion at all. A number have become Roman Catholics and probably three or four thousand have some connection with the Protestant churches, but the vast majority live like the Americans around them and hope to come out all right in the end.

The greatest influence on Chinese life is the Tong or Chinese brotherhood. The Tong is not an importation from China but

a strictly Chinese American production growing up as a form of social life for these Chinese in a strange land. There are really only twelve or thirteen families from Canton and vicinity on the Pacific coast, and consequently the brotherhood life is natural and to begin with there was little harm in it. But later the fighting Tong developed, which is such a terrible hindrance to Christian work today. There are eighteen different Tongs on the Pacific coast and each Tong has many chapters. All the Chinese young men are welcomed into them and there they are skillfully taught all the vices of the underworld. The Tongs have three classes of members, those who pay the bills, those who pay some money and do the routine work, and those who pay no money and are the killers or warriors of the Tong. Absolute loyalty to the organization is the secret of their strength, and if any man betrays his fellows he is immediately marked and the killers never tell his story. These same men carry on the Tong wars which rage from time to time, and it is almost impossible for even the best police service to intervene as the loyalty and secrecy are insurmountable barriers.

The Presbyterian Church has two wonderful rescue homes for Chinese girls, where Miss Donaldina Cameron has so faithfully worked for many years rescuing hundreds of girls in the course of her career from the Chinese slave markets, where the girls are sold much like the slaves of the pre-Civil War days in the South. A Chinese girl brought from \$3,000 to \$5,000 on the market when sold to the highest bidder. Of course it is against the law, but with Chinatown undermined like Rome with its catacombs, only a few of the offenders are ever caught and prosecuted.

The Protestant churches are rapidly combining their power to help save the Chinese for God and America. This year the Protestant churches had a Union Daily Vacation Bible School with four hundred Chinese children enrolled in San Francisco and four denominations have now combined their language and night schools so that it is the largest school of its kind in operation anywhere. This school will teach the gospel of Jesus Christ to the young Chinese right through the year. The Presbyterian Church has twelve centers of work along

the Pacific coast, and Christianity and its influence is making itself felt upon the children from old China.

The smallest group of Orientals is the Koreans, who came to this country largely because of its possibilities as a fruit and truck farming area; but with the passing of the alien land law, prohibiting Orientals from owning or leasing land in California, the Koreans left the country in droves, and today only two thousand remain in all America. These are congregated largely in the metropolitan centers and follow business and professional pursuits. There is a small group in the San Joaquin Valley, where the faithful Rev. C. K. Oh has worked with scarcely any remuneration for years, so that his people might not forget Christianity. The Koreans are Christians, seventy-five per cent of those in America belonging to and attending either the Presbyterian or Methodist Church and being a splendid object lesson to their American neighbors.

The largest group of all is the Japanese, which is scattered all along the coast and far inland. There are ninety thousand in California alone, and in the inter-mountain district around Salt Lake and Ogden the Presbyterians and Congregationalists maintain three union churches and thirteen mission stations. Large groups of Japanese in the Hood River country of Oregon work in the fruit industry, and many more are employed up through Washington and even in Canada. The Japanese are Buddhists as a nation, and many beautiful temples have been built to Buddha all along the coast. In Hanford, Calif., the Presbyterian church stands on the property adjoining the Buddhist temple. Los Angeles has a temple which cost \$300,000, and Fresno, Calif., has one nearly as large. The Japanese last year brought over the leader of the Buddhist Church in Japan, who toured the coast and raised an enormous sum of money for Buddhist missionary work in America. The Japanese are a splendid people and many are turning to Christianity. They are the largest percentage givers of any of our Christians, and their churches come to self-support often early in their existence.

Last year one of the board's secretaries was called to Monterey by the Japanese, who were meeting in an old store building

instead of a church. Six representative Japanese met the secretary, and after an Oriental meal one of the Japanese said, "We need a church and we called on you to see what could be done. Now it isn't for ourselves we ask it. We are fishermen, and every night when our catch is in we tie our boats together and have our prayer meeting. But our children, they must have a Bible school." "Well," said the secretary, "the board has a big debt this year and we are very poor, but if the Board of National Missions could help a little, what could you do?" The leader of the group talked it over with the others in Japanese and finally turned back and said, "If the board will help us we will give our entire catch of tuna this year for a church, and we will guarantee it to bring in \$2,000." The deal was made, and on many a day last summer if one went down to the pier at San Pedro or San Diego one would see the Monterey Japanese fishing fleet, fishing for tuna—not for their own gain but for God and for the cause of Christianity—even as the fishermen of old on Galilee.—*Rev. Philip F. Payne, in Presbyterian Advocate.*

Sarah Bernhardt, after playing before the prisoners in the San Quentin prison last month, told the reception committee an appropriate little story.

"There was an old clergyman," she said, "who resigned his church in order to become chaplain of a jail. The good old man began his farewell sermon to his parishioners in this wise:

"My friends, I am leaving you because you do not love the church which you attend very irregularly. I am leaving you because you do not love one another—there have been no marriages among you during the last three years. And I am leaving you because you do not love me, for you contribute very little to my support. My text you will find in the fourteenth chapter, second verse of St. John—'I go to prepare a place for you.'"—*Selected by E. L. G.*

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—*Exchange.*

MISSIONS

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

IDENTIFYING OURSELVES WITH THOSE WHOM WE WOULD HELP

Four generations ago, there was a man in one of our communities who was noted for his skill in raising funds for needy people in his neighborhood. It is said that when a neighbor met a misfortune, such as losing a cow upon which the family was depending, he would go to the other neighbors, state what had happened, and then say, "How much do you pity the unfortunate one?" The people came to understand that he meant, "How many dollars does your pity for the neighbor and his family pull out of your pocket?" He was working on a fundamental principle of missionary and all Christian work; he was asking men to identify themselves with the misfortunes of their neighbor.

The identifying of the benefactor with those whom he would help is prominent throughout the Bible and is vital in Christian work. In the Sabbath school lessons the past year we have seen how Moses identified himself with the children of Israel, not alone in getting them out of Egyptian bondage but also in their sinning. In desperation he calls on God to cut him off on account of their sins. Paul expressed the same sentiment over and over. "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep." The attitude of Christ toward those whom he would help is set forth when it is recorded of him that he was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities"; and again, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

The road to success in missions, or any Christian work, is not an easy one; we must identify ourselves with the need or the woe of those we would help. These needs or woes must come to be our own. A common illustration is the work of the minister in trying to comfort the sorrowing. He

who does not enter into their sorrows never can comfort bereaved ones. They know how he feels; he does not need to tell them in words; they know whether he is identified with them in their bereavement; and unless he is, all his ministrations are nothing more than perfunctory affairs. Unless we as ministers, laymen, missionaries, churches, boards, and denominations identify ourselves with the mistakes, follies, and sins of men, we are powerless to help them. We must have more than sympathy; we must have agonizing hearts.

Sometimes there is a temptation to feel ill toward the wayward and sinning. This is wrong and ruinous. He who allows ill feelings toward anyone to rankle in his heart is poisoning his own soul past redemption. One can not afford to do this, no matter how he may have been treated. But if we are to be really successful in missionary or any Christian work, we must possess more than good feeling toward everyone; we must identify ourselves with others' follies and sins, troubles and disappointments, successes and defeats, joys and sorrows.

A DRIVE FOR SOULS

It should be kept in mind that the all-important thing in church work, life, and objective, should be the salvation of souls. Jesus taught us that there is one thing needful, that is, eternal life.

What does it amount to to have a magnificent church building, a scholarly pastor, great congregations, large collections, and what people call a good time socially, if we are not bringing sinners to Christ? The thing of supreme importance is to find the prodigal far away from the Father's house and bring him back to the open arms of his mercy.

God so loved the world that he gave his Son—for what? That the lost might be found, redeemed, brought into the kingdom of his grace, and eventually into the heavenly glory. This should be remembered as the supreme end and object of all phases of church work. If souls are not won to Christ, then we have failed, utterly failed in the great work to which we are called.

No minister of the gospel, no church organization, no congregation claiming to be the disciples of Christ, can be satisfied with various and sundry programs, plans, efforts

of one kind and another, that do not lead up to the attracting of the attention, fixing conviction, and drawing the unsaved by the cords of love and the power of the gospel to the Lord Jesus for salvation.

To the onlooker it seems that there are handsome church buildings, well educated pastors, large congregations, the collection of much money, many gatherings of a social character, much feasting, suppering, dining, speechifying, and yet the main object of the church—the salvation of sinners—lost sight of, entirely forgotten, the people going on cheerfully, seeming to have a good time! The pastor is popular, well paid, the people would not give him up and are eager to retain him, but where are the souls? Who is being led to Christ? Who is being born again, made new in Christ? What shall we have in the way of redeemed souls to show to our Master as the result of our faith, love, and labor, when he appears?

We have had many church drives—drives for missions, drives for education, drives for the benefit of aged ministers, drives for larger attendance at Bible school. Certainly we can not object to these drives, as they are important, and we need to be stirred up along these lines, to be urged forward in the discharge of Christian duty. How would it do to have a great drive for human souls—not to see how many people we could persuade to unite with some church, but how many lost souls we could stir up to flee from the wrath to come, to seek and find the Lord Jesus as a personal Savior?

A drive for souls could be made interesting. People would respond. There could be a day for fasting and prayer, there could be a week of prayer, there could be days of hunting among the people, prayers in their homes, solicitation of friends on the streets, on the farms, in the shops and woods and mines, and everywhere where there are lost sheep, with exhortations, entreaties, warnings, and invitations to come to our revival. "Come and see what the Lord is doing! We are having great singing and earnest preaching. God is in our midst!"

Revivals of religion are most interesting. They draw, they instruct, entertain, fascinate, produce conviction, sorrow for sin and repentance, and lead to saving faith and rejoicing in the Lord. I have never seen anything finer than the church mem-

bership stirred, awakened, determined to win souls to Christ.

It seems to me that a great drive for souls, a gracious revival of religion where people forgive one another, love one another, and unite themselves to win their fellow beings, is as near heaven on earth as we can hope to see this side of the millennium!—H. C. Morrison, D. D., in the *Watchman-Examiner*.

MISS MABEL WEST ARRIVES IN SHANGHAI SAFE AND WELL

Along the Coast of Japan,
October 27, 1926.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:

The *Empress of Russia* is taking us farther and farther from home and all of you good people, but it is also carrying us nearer and nearer China and the mission family waiting there. Yesterday letters from the Thorngates and Miss Burdick met me at Yokohama and greatly cheered me, of course.

Some of you know that I had not intended to leave home until February, but due to the sudden return to the United States of the principal of Bridgman School, where I have been doing some of my teaching, I was asked to return at once. I find that I am almost as much needed in our own Boys' School, because Mr. Davis was not as well as he might be, due in part, no doubt, to the excessive heat of the summer. You know that it is always hot in Shanghai in the summer, and this year was the hottest in some thirty-five or forty years. With Anna at home, probably Miss Burdick is more than busy, though she did not say. Eling is helping her, as well as in the Boys' School.

I left home in somewhat of a hurry early in October. The first part of the journey was an agreeable surprise. I was very comfortable on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad to Seattle. This is the very nicest time of year to travel there, I am sure. The colorings were gorgeous. Even the sage brush country was lovely in its shades of soft grays and purples, with some bushes and shrubs of dark browns and reds. While we did not have an opportunity to enjoy much of the Rockies, we did have the full benefit of the Cascades by daylight, and they were wonderful. I was

as thrilled with the West as the very first time I saw it, several years ago when I went out to Washington to teach. I never seemed to get over the wonder and the beauty of the lovely, lovely hills and mountains. Even those on which there are no trees are beautiful to watch in the changing colors of the day.

After reaching Seattle I did some business necessary to my sailing and hunted up some good friends in Tacoma. On my way back the next day by boat, the clouds lifted and good old Mount Rainier showed himself with his snow head glistening in the sun, a most majestic figure. We who do not live near the snow capped mountains do not know how much we miss of joy and inspiration, until it becomes our privilege to see them again.

In Seattle there was baggage to attend to and more friends to see. I had a most enjoyable afternoon with Chloë Clark Elder, whom some of you knew in Alfred. That evening I was entertained at dinner by friends with whom I had worked in Clarkston, Wash. They put me on my boat for Vancouver, where I was met the next morning by another friend from Milton Junction. She helped me with a little shopping and saw me onto my boat before noon. It was so pleasant to have a good send off!

The next morning found many or most of us unable to rise. We had run into bad seas and they continued for some days. I thought I would never get my sea legs, and when I did they were very wobbly. The officers of the boat have called it a "nasty" voyage. We have had the tail ends of two storms which have churned up the water to a great rate. But I was fortunate in that I have had very kind cabin mates. One jolly lady has been able to give us a good many hearty laughs. The heavy cargo has saved us from very serious results on the voyage.

Steamer letters have helped pass the time. We have had some good meetings among the missionaries on board. They tried to have a Bible reading with prayers every morning at ten in the dining room and some evenings a talk by some one of them on their work. I heard one such talk by an English gentleman who has worked in Ceylon for some forty years. It has been a pleasure to sit and watch the games on deck

when I was unable to enter into any myself. The worst trouble for some has been the limited deck space for so many second class passengers. We are full, or were before we left Yokohama. Now we are getting letters ready to post.

Shanghai, November 2.

I am here and so glad that the journey is at an end. We had a pleasant visit in Nagasaki, where two of us called on Miss Place at the Methodist Woman's College. But a rough sea that night made us realize that our sea trip was not over. Sunday morning we were steaming up the Whaungpoo, eager to get to the dock. The mission family here and the Thorngates, who had come in for the event, had been waiting for at least three hours. When we were yet too far to distinguish faces, I knew they were there by the enthusiastic waving of the children. I was fortunate in getting my baggage right through customs, so we could come right on out here.

Everyone looks well, though some may be a trifle thin. That is not surprising after the awful summer. Mr. Davis says he is feeling fine. After a tooth was extracted the sciatica disappeared. The children have made the most change, especially David who was a tiny baby when we last saw him. The place around here does not seem natural with the coffin factory all torn down and the roadway in front widened so the church is next to the street. The other improvements are the narrow road into the Boys' School, the change in the shape of the girls' playground and the new gatehouse and garage out by the east side of the church. This last is quite an advantage, I should say, because the gateman can keep an eye on people coming and going to the mission compound, while the foreigners and others are busy with teaching and other work.

While there is no fighting near here now, yet the French close their road out here at the corner at six in the evening, so that no trams or automobiles can enter the French concession after that time in the evening. The scare is dying down, though not dead. We trust that nothing more will come of it.

I am beginning to make my schedule of classes. I hope to be able to take some of the classes in each school here in the morning and do the normal work at Bridgman

in the afternoon. We are fortunate indeed to have Eling and her husband here. With the sudden dropping out of one of the old teachers in the Boys' School it has left everyone with very heavy schedules. I would that I were two people. I could then do more teaching and leave the others to do the hundred and one other things that need to be done.

The Thorngates say that the young Mr. Dzau is a great blessing to the work at Liuho. I hope that I can go out soon. Dr. Palmberg is putting in extra time with her women these days, in order to get things ready to send to America.

I am glad to be here. I had a wonderful time at home. It was so good to be able to attend the two Conferences and to see so many good friends in various places. I know that I am better able to go on with my work because of the experiences. I also know that really few people after all realize the great opportunity here and increasing need of workers. We are thankful indeed for those faithful ones who are doing so much in the schools and at Liuho. We all, Chinese and foreigners, need your earnest prayers to give us strength for the tasks that are before us and for guidance and sympathy in our contact with others.

Yours very sincerely,

MABEL L. WEST.

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The Pew and Pulpit had a wonderful getting together at the parsonage on the evening of October 3, when almost the whole congregation dropped in on the new pastor and family in a body and without warning. There is standing room for about one hundred people on the first floor of the parsonage, and it was well filled till some of the young people took to the lawn for their activities and chairs were brought from the church for the older people. A very pleasant program, followed by refreshments, was arranged by the ladies.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Churches at Milton, October 15, 16, was pronounced an unusual success. The presence of Rev. A. J. C. Bond, representing the Tract Board, and Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, representing the Young People's Board, added to the program. The Friday night sermon was delivered by Pas-

tor J. F. Randolph of Milton Junction, the Sabbath morning sermon by Pastor J. H. Hurley of Albion. Sabbath afternoon the pageant, "Two Dollars for Missions," was given by the young people of Milton, directed by Mrs. Babcock. Tract Society interests were presented by Mr. Bond in the evening.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Sabbath Promotion leader, conducted his eighth Teen-Age Conference at Milton Junction, Sunday, October 17. Seventy-two young people and a number of older young people attended either the forenoon or afternoon session and the lunch at noon. The hearty response of the young people to these Teen-Age conferences and the interest that we are now witnessing in the growth of a generation of faithful Seventh Day Baptists, such as we have never seen before, make us believe in our young people.

A class of older junior endeavorers who were ready for promotion this fall was organized into an Intermediate society in September. It is not a large society, nine members, but they are ready for work. One Sabbath after their regular meeting, they visited a shut-in and sang for her. One evening they surprised their former Junior superintendent, Mrs. E. E. Sutton, with a basket of fruit. A sunshine box was filled and presented to one of the seniors who was sick. Watch Milton Junction intermediates in the RECORDER Reading Contest. Some of them are reading "from cover to cover."

One of our shut-ins, Miss Amanda Johnson, who has not been able to attend church for four years, has been in her pew twice this fall. We rejoice with her that she can occasionally be at church again. We were also glad to have one of our nonresidents with us recently, Mrs. Caroline Steels, from Plymouth, Wis.—*The Assistant Pastor.*

Mrs. H. sent her small son to a neighbor's with the message that if it was agreeable, Mrs. H. would call in the afternoon. On his return the youngster was asked what he had said to the lady. "I told her," he replied, "that if she would make herself agreeable you would be over this afternoon." —*Boston Transcript.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

Football looms large in the interest of the nation. It is associated almost wholly with our institutions of learning and is conceded the leader of sports, both in college and high school.

This leads to a speculation as to the relative position of the country's sports and its education. Education is the very life of the nation—sports its pastime. The former, like our water and air, is taken for granted and almost considered routine; the latter is dramatic, impulsive, and full of motion.

We are not belittling the value of sports in the life of people. We recognize their unifying influence in our institutions. It is a healthful sign when our citizens grow in their love for outdoor play. There is a tendency, however, to indulge in these exercises and sports purely by proxy.

It is a fact that the nation's expenditure for spectacular sports makes the outlay for education look insignificant. We have recently completed the World Baseball Series, which approached a million and a quarter gate receipts; our last big prize fight, two million dollars. This latter figure is but a fraction of the cost of the fight, when the other expenses of the fans are estimated. The American public paid this price for a two-man combat that lasted a total of thirty-nine minutes, and yet in this country we spend but a billion and a half dollars yearly to train twenty-three million boys and girls for a fight that lasts an average of thirty-nine years.

There is another angle to this viewpoint of relative values. A middle western metropolitan newspaper sold 50,000 more copies the morning after the Dempsey-Tunney fight than it did the morning after the election November 2. Sport news is, therefore, looked upon as a matter of great importance by the newspapers, and, based upon public demand, naturally so. As a specialized subject it increasingly outranks the space of any other department in the

day's news. When the Corbett-Sullivan fight took place in 1892 a newspaper not overly devoted to sports printed more than seven columns about it during the two weeks immediately preceding the contest. In 1923, for a like period previous to the Dempsey-Firpo battle, the same paper used thirty-eight columns. In the Dempsey-Tunney fight this year, the same paper used ninety columns.

No process of thinking can lead us to conclude that education has gained a corresponding emphasis. Nor will it, until we have a shifting of demand on the part of the public.

We believe in the manly art of self-defense. Our conception of the greatest self-defense, either for the individual or the nation, is education. It costs less and gives more.—*Better Schools League.*

THE SIN OF INGRATITUDE

With the first thought, ingratitude or unthankfulness may seem but a small thing, a lesser sin—merely a neglect of polite return for some service rendered. "Oh, I am thankful enough for the favor, even though I did forget to mention it, and I am sure my friend knows me so well that I do not need to say it." Have you ever heard an excuse given in this light manner?

Unthankfulness may be but a small sin, and yet it can grow to be a very great one. In the Apostle Paul's second letter to Timothy we find it catalogued among the worst of sins. Here it is classed along with the "covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy," also with the "truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors," and others equally as undesirable.

Just how thoughtless people sometimes become in this way is well illustrated by a couple of true stories. A certain steamer was disabled and went down in the lake near Chicago. All on board, both of crew and passengers, perished except thirty-two women, and these would have lost their lives had it not been for the efforts of an athletic young man who was a great swimmer. Back and forth from shore to ship and from ship to shore he made his way through the waters, each time bringing safely back a passenger, until thirty-two were saved.

The exhaustion and exposure occasioned as a consequence of his heroic efforts brought on an illness, and he was taken to a hospital where he died six weeks later. It is said that between the time when he was taken to the hospital and the day of his death, not one of the persons whom he had saved sent a word of thanks, a flower, or even inquired as to his condition.

It seems almost unbelievable, yet the story is vouched for as being true. It is strange that thirty-two people, whose lives were given back to them through such heroic measures could be so thoughtless or neglectful, so lacking even in common courtesy as to pass along on their selfish way without even an inquiry concerning the welfare of the one who risked and finally gave his life that they might live.

There is another story, much older than this, but just as true. You have read it many times perhaps. It is the story of ten men who came to Jesus. They had been stricken with a terrible disease, that plague of the Far East, leprosy. He answered their pleadings and cleansed their bodies from the loathsome disease. You know the rest of the story—how only one of the ten came back to thank the kind Master for the wonderful blessing he had given them. Was it not something more than mere neglect or forgetfulness that caused them to leave this act undone? Surely it had passed far beyond that with them and well deserved to be classed just where Paul placed unthankfulness along with those other great sins.

We need to guard ourselves daily from this sin of ingratitude. Our lives are all filled with blessings for which we should feel the glow of thankfulness within our hearts. These blessings come to us from our loved ones and friends. Daily we are dependent upon others for the little pleasures, the joys, and happy, helpful things which make up our lives.

But more than this, there is One who courageously laid down his life that we might be saved—that we might have life and have it more abundantly. When we become engulfed in the whirling waters of sin and those elements destructive to our souls, he reaches out to save us. When we come to him, stricken in soul, though it may not be in body, his healing touch cleanses and

comforts us and bids us go on our way with a renewed life and hope. Daily we are dependent upon the heavenly Father for all that flows from his bounteous store, and he is anxious to bestow them upon his children.

In return, what are we doing? Do we go away and forget to thank him as did the thirty-two women who had been saved from the waters? Do we neglect, as did the nine lepers, to show our appreciation? Or do we turn back, as did the one, and with gratitude in our hearts praise him for his cleansing power, for the hope of renewed life which has come to us, for the power to move out once more and give glory to him for his abundant mercy?

Let us then today and every day give thanks for the life of his beloved Son which was given for us, for the wonderful opportunity of eternal life made possible through him. Let us give thanks for the cleansing which comes to our souls in the time of great stress and need, for the power to live again in him. Let us forever banish ingratitude. Let us this day give thanks out of hearts that overflow in love to him for all his mercies and blessings. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High."—*The Assistant Pastor, Milton Junction Church Paper.*

THE REFINER'S FIRE

He sat by the furnace of seven-fold heat,
As he watched the precious ore;
And closer he bent with a searching gaze,
As he heated it more and more.
He knew he had ore that could stand the test,
And he wanted the finest gold
To mold a crown for the king to wear,
Set with gems of a price untold.
So he laid our gold in the burning fire,
Though we fain would have said him "Nay";
And he watched the dross that we had not seen,
As it melted and passed away.
And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright;
But our eyes were so dim with tears,
We saw but the fire—not the Master's hand,
And questioned with anxious fears.
Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow;
And it mirrored a Form above
That bent o'er the fire, though unseen by us,
With looks of ineffable love.
Can we think that it pleases his loving heart
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah, no; but he saw through the present cross
The bliss of eternal gain.
So he waited there with a watchful eye
With a love that is strong and sure,
And his gold did not suffer a whit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure.

—*Western Recorder.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Oh! that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue may always tie
From ever speaking foolishly.
—Thomas Elmwood.

Last week mention was made of the search in the Library of Congress for some special scientific publications. From the library the search led us to the Government Printing Office, said to be the largest printing office in the world. Here we were met with the same courtesy as was extended to us in our visits to other government buildings. Here the man with the scientific mind (usually it is the man who has the scientific mind—most women wouldn't know what to do with such a possession) studied the lists of available publications and selected those titles that sounded most alluring. When the man at the desk looked over the list of required publications, and it really appeared quite formidable, we were informed that at least an hour's time would be needed to gather all the material together. Having to wait so long we decided to make a tour of the building. We learned that two personally conducted tours are made each day. As it was nearly time for the second one for that day we snatched a hasty lunch and presented ourselves at the proper entrance about five minutes ahead of the appointed time. Of course much that we saw may be seen in any up-to-date printing plant and need not be mentioned here, but some features of that two hour tour of the plant were of so much interest to the members of our party that I feel others may like to hear of them.

First there is the rather ordinary appearing linotype machine standing near the entrance of the linotype section; a second glance showed us that this was no ordinary linotype, for we saw the decoration it carried—two little flags and a little bronze tablet stating that this linotype saw distin-

guished service on the field of battle during the World War. Reading still farther we learned that it stood in Pershing's headquarters in France, where it printed his orders to the American troops. The man in charge of this valiant little machine seemed very proud of it and of the fact that it is still "in service."

The Congressional Record has always impressed me as rather dry reading, but the room where these papers are printed seemed interesting enough to make up for the arid condition of their contents. The presses are monstrous affairs, or so it seemed to me. A new one was being installed at the time of our visit. Our guide lamented the fact that these presses were not running and seemed to think that when they were running this was the most interesting room in the building. The papers when printed are placed in mailing sacks, which in turn are placed in a receptacle in the floor and are carried through a tube underground to the post office in an adjoining block.

I was much interested in a room where the edges of the leaves of books undergo the color process, called marbling. The man in charge of this department showed us how the various colors were put into the same pan at the same time without losing their individuality. This room seemed "messy" and the glue pots were too near, but I wanted to stay and get my fingers in the colors. But most of all I wished that I might take away with me one of the little pots that had contained more colors than are known by name to the rainbow, and each color had left a tiny bit of itself on the pot as a mark of identification; the result was a most bewitching piece of pottery. I felt that I must have one of these little pots, but I had regard for the feelings of my husband and refrained from asking for one—no husband likes his wife to do idiotic things, so I have heard in a roundabout way.

Another interesting spot—the most interesting to many of the party I judged—was the balcony where we stood and looked down on the presses that printed money orders and postcards. The money orders were fairly flying from the press; only one was working, and we marveled at the lightning like rapidity with which they passed through the hands of the woman whose duty it was to count them before they were

fastened together in blocks of the required number. At a little distance were two presses printing postcards. We were told that these two presses print two million postcards a day. From the presses they pass along a carrier, where they are automatically counted and deposited in packs of twenty-five. Six women are kept busy picking up these packs and placing them in cartons. Seeing so many postcards, I had the feeling that all the correspondence of the nation must be carried on with postcards.

Leaving this building we crossed the street and stopped in front of the post office to read the inscriptions above the entrance. They are as follows: "Carrier of news and knowledge, instrument of trade and industry, promoter of mutual acquaintance, of peace and good will among men and nations." "Messenger of sympathy and love, servant of parted friends, consoler of the lonely, bond of the scattered family, enlarger of common life." Reading these I decided that I might buy one of those postcards and safely trust it to the care of the post office department of the government—that it would be carried to its destination and that my money would not be lost.

WORKER'S EXCHANGE

BERLIN, N. Y.—Berlin has not become a Rip Van Winkle, though a lengthy silence might indicate a condition of coma.

Our Ladies' Aid society recently held its annual sale and supper, which netted them some over \$150.

But the energies of our ladies are not entirely bent on money making. Last week an afternoon tea was given at the home of Mrs. Arthur E. Greene in honor of Mrs. Addie Marley, who, ninety-two years ago, was born in Berlin, and who has gone to Cincinnati, where she will undoubtedly spend the remainder of her life. Many former residents will remember Mrs. Marley as a daughter of Winter Greene, a woman who has compelled all circumstances to leave her a bit richer in sympathy, finer in mind, and nobler in character. It is of such, that one is reminded of the words:

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be."

We regret the necessity of Mrs. Marley's leaving us, and wish her a pleasant trip,

new associations and relations as tender, as peaceful, as considerate as this dear saint so richly deserves.

Another event of interest among our people was the sixtieth wedding anniversary of Deacon and Mrs. Caleb Bentley. Deacon Bentley is eighty-two, his wife just a little younger. They were united in marriage by Elder Summerbell, and have five children, all of whom are living. At the family reunion were the five children, fourteen grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. Deacon Bentley was ordained to the deaconate during the pastorate of Rev. J. G. Burdick, 1905.

FOUKE, ARK.—At the passing of Mrs. Jennie Williams, we the members of the Fouke Ladies' Aid society, wish to express to the SABBATH RECORDER readers our appreciation of the work she did while among us. She was always at her post of duty, helping the sick and needy in our community, showing herself a kindly neighbor, and giving motherly advice to those who were around her. Her presence at our Aid society meetings inspired us all to do greater work.

After leaving Fouke she was ever thoughtful of the work here, sending gifts, quilt tops, and pieces to help our Aid in making quilts for use at the Teachers' Hall. All who knew her loved and esteemed her.

As she passed from earthly life
And reached the realms of heavenly light,
There remains a memory bright—
She did her best for what was right.

Our Aid society has begun its full activities since the canning and preserving seasons are over.

Mrs. C. G. Beard has returned to Fouke from her visit among relatives and friends in Michigan and Wisconsin.

We have arranged for our annual Thanksgiving dinner to be at Mrs. E. G. Scouten's. Collection is taken at this time as a thank offering.

FOUKE LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

If a man have Christ in his heart, heaven before his eyes, and only as much of temporal blessings as is just needful to carry him safely through life, then pain and sorrow have little to shoot at.—*William Burns.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

THE PAST YEAR—THE NEW

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 25, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Dangers of materialism (1 John 2: 15-17)
Monday—Dangers of pleasure (Eccl. 2: 1-11)
Tuesday—Opportunities for service (Matt. 17: 14-21)
Wednesday—Closer union with Christ (John 17: 21-26)
Thursday—Nobler integrity (Col. 3: 22-25)
Friday—Better consecration (2 Tim 2: 1-15)
Sabbath Day—Topic: The past year—its lessons; the new year—its possibilities (Deut. 8: 1-6; Phil. 3: 13, 14)

A MESSAGE FROM THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

ENDEAVORERS, GREETINGS:

The year 1926 is nearly gone; has each Christian Endeavor society done its best during the year? If not, 1927 is before us with its opportunities and it is beckoning to each of us to "Work, watch, and pray" that the Lord of the harvest may say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

The Young People's Board is well pleased with the reception which the new Activities Chart has received, but would be very glad to have the sixty per cent who have not reported to do so.

The awards this year are:

RECORDER Reading Contest: Society—emblem; Individuals (2)—\$5 of C. E. literature; Individuals (3)—C. E. pin. Intermediate: Society—banner; Individual (1)—\$5 of C. E. literature; Individuals (2)—C. E. pin.

Activities Chart: Award a secret.

Study Course: Not been announced.

Standard Social: Society holding eight or more standard socials, ?; society reporting in detail most socials, ?.

The Quiet Hour and Tenth Legion superintendents are not offering awards but wish you to belong to each group.

The young people are to have more time at Conference next August, and we hope a

large number will avail themselves of the privilege of attending. Plans for the meeting are being made. Another oratorical contest will be held at our pre-Conference meeting; why not choose your contestants soon? Study courses will be conducted, and E. P. Gates, secretary of United Society, has promised to be with us. He is a stirring and enthusiastic speaker.

Best wishes for a happy and a successful year,
FRANCES FERRILL BABCOCK.

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." "Thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways and to fear him."

These quotations from our Scripture lesson are very appropriate for our meditation at this season of the year. Moses exhorted the Children of Israel to remember how the Lord led them during the forty years of their sojourn in the wilderness. The Lord has been gracious to us during the past year. He has led us over the rough and crooked paths of life. Perhaps he has led some of us through the vale of sorrow, and our faith has been strengthened. He has blessed us more than we realize. So let us, at this season, remember all the ways in which our Lord has led us during the past year.

For the Christian the greatest possibility of any year is to become more like Christ in it. We can do this by keeping his commandments, walking in his ways, and fearing him. We must also follow his example in serving our fellow men. Let us ask our Father to help us remember what he has done for us during the past year, and to grow more like him during the new year.

Battle Creek, Mich.

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Topic for Sabbath Day, December 25, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—There would be no Christ (1 Cor. 15: 1-8)
Monday—There would be no redemption (1 Cor. 15: 12-15)
Tuesday—There would be no hope of immortality (2 Tim. 1: 8-10)

Wednesday—There would be no heaven (John 14: 1-11)

Thursday—There would be great darkness (Matt. 4: 13-16)

Friday—There would be no motive for high living (1 Cor. 15: 32)

Sabbath Day—Topic: Suppose there were no Christmas (John 10: 9, 10; 14: 6, 7)

THE LOST NAME

Little Hassoun awoke with a pain in his head. Slowly he opened his eyes and looked around for the familiar water hole. There it was, sparkling and cool, under its shade of date palms. Thither he crawled, bathed his swollen forehead till the pain subsided, then he sat down and tried to remember. There lay the thick stick, whose impact upon his head had been the last tingling sensation before consciousness left him. Thinking farther back, he remembered the camels fighting over the water, the rage of his father, the unmerciful beating of one of the camels, his own meek protest, and then the fateful blow with the words from his father, "Never speak that Name again in my hearing."

Since the child's mother died there had not been a cordial understanding between him and his father. He had been sent away to school for a time, and the things he had learned there, while they made him happy, were distasteful to his father and the older men. He had heard them say often that it was a mistake to send children to a school where the religion of the foreigner was taught. And so, while they were forsaking the Koran and its teachings, and some were drinking strong drink, yet they still had the greatest bitterness toward the foreigner's religion.

These things passed slowly before the awakening consciousness of the little boy. Yet somehow there seemed to be a gap in his memory that would not be filled up. Think as he would, he could not remember the content of the teaching he had received from the kind man away at school, nor the Name that had brought so much happiness and contentment to his mind.

But now a familiar sound is heard. It is the call to prayer. Five times a day must the men leave all other business, or come out of their tents if resting, and prostrate themselves toward Mecca, the holy city. In his heart, Hassoun rebelled, but because he could not remember the Name nor the new

teaching, he did as the others were doing. The monotonous words were repeated, but the prayer had little meaning for him, and he knew it had less for the men near by, who soon would be gambling and cursing again.

Dusk drew on, and with the cool of the day preparations were made to resume the journey. A long trip was ahead of them to the next oasis, provisions were getting scarce, and the camel-loads of rich merchandise must be delivered soon.

But what was this? Someone was being left behind. A man, delirious with fever, lay by the water-hole, and beside him a small basket of food was placed. The caravan was already on its way. Hassoun ran among the men to urge against this act of barbarity. But the teaching and the Name were gone from his mind. He could think of no good reasons, and his tongue remained speechless. Rough hands seized and dragged him along, while a gruff voice argued, "The man will die, but we can use the boy."

Hassoun tore himself away and ran back. His heart sank as he beheld in the purple face and wild eyes the features of his own father. Now he understood the harsh treatment he had received from his father the last few days. A new feeling toward this man filled him, choked him, till at last it found outlet in tears.

Of the events of the next few days, the less said the better. Such things are better forgotten. A frail lad must tax his strength and his wits to the utmost to prevent a fever-crazed man from plunging into the water or wandering away into the desert. The food must be hoarded like precious treasure, for sometimes when the fever abates there comes a ravenous appetite.

With the return of reason to the disordered brain, Hassoun wished more and more fervently that he could remember some of the teaching and the ineffable Name. If they must die in this desert, he would first that his father might know the peace that the new religion brought. Thus meditating, with a longing that amounted to prayer, he went one day a little way into the desert, and knelt, but not toward Mecca. Of hunger he might have known the pangs, if he had stopped to think of himself, for their little store of provisions was almost gone. But there was a sort of lightness in his head that would have warned a more experienced

person of the emptiness in another region.

And now a vision was forming in his mind. Some forgotten picture of a woman bending over a little cradle and shepherds standing around. Then there blazed out this message, "Thou shalt call his name *Jesus*." With a cry of joy he ran back to his father. The lost was found!

It was a different parent who listened now to the glowing words of the boy. Still weak from his sickness, he yet appreciated what his boy had done for him and wondered at the spirit that led him to do it. Hence it was *good news* that he heard now, for the first time with open mind.

"But see," cried Hassoun, "yonder are camels. A great caravan is coming hither, and already the leaders are stretching their necks and hastening at the scent of water. Is it not a sign that God is pleased, that we have found him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life?"

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR SABBATH DAY,
DECEMBER 25

Make this a resolution meeting. Each junior might write a resolution on a piece of paper, beginning with, "I will—," and during the testimony meeting read the resolution and then come forward and drop it in a basket.

The juniors might help work out the following blackboard lesson. Write the letters which spell Christian Endeavor, one below the other on the board with the words, "I Will Be More," above them. Now let each junior come forward and fill in one word as their resolution for 1927. It will work out something like this:

I Will Be More

C-heerful	E-arnest
H-elpful	N-eighborly
R-ighteous	D-evoted to God
I-nterested in others	E-fficient
S-incere	A-mbitious
T-ruthful	V-irtuous
I-nterested in Bible	O-bedient
reading	R-eligious
A-ctive	
N-eat	

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

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION

(From the report of the Associational Secretary, Leonard Hunting)

A large representation of Seventh Day Baptist young people was present at a County C. E. Rally at Richburg, N. Y., September 25; and, at a similar rally at Belmont, N. Y., November 5, nearly half of those present were Seventh Day Baptists, proving that although small in number our young people take a more active part in C. E. work than do others. At this last meeting they had the privilege of hearing Dr. Ira Landrith, a most interesting and powerful speaker.

The young people's meeting at the Semi-annual Meeting of the Western Association was conducted by the associational secretary. The topic was, "How Would Christ Serve?"

The society at Alfred is having very interesting meetings this year under a new system of "Vital to Students" topic.

A BOARD SHOWER

Not a shower of boards as the heading might suggest, but a miscellaneous shower for our newest Young People's Board newly-weds, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Maxson. The members of the board met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Babcock, while Mr. and Mrs. Maxson were being entertained at supper by Mrs. Frances F. Babcock. Later, connection was made between the two groups, somewhat, at least, to the surprise of Russell and Marjorie. Games suitable to the occasion were played and a recipe book of autographed recipes was made and presented to the bride. After watching the bride and groom unwrap their gifts, refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Frances and Mrs. Ruby Babcock.

Even in the days of the doctrinal discussion there may be too little study of the Bible. There is a tendency to assume that we know what the Bible teaches and then to show how this agrees or differs from our view of the truth. There is some danger of taking for granted that one has the right interpretation of Scripture and of then concluding that all who hold different views are heretical. There are men who need to cultivate more modest views of their own infallibility.—Dr. Charles R. Erdman.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

"I WILLS" FOR 1927

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 25, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A good resolution (Luke 15: 18)
Monday—"I will" in prayer (Matt. 26: 39)
Tuesday—I will praise (Ps. 89: 1)
Wednesday—I will follow Jesus (John 12: 26)
Thursday—I will serve (Gal. 5: 13)
Friday—I will obey (Matt. 7: 24, 25)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Some "I wills" for 1927
(Josh. 24: 15)

I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

—Harold Arnold Walters.

RESOLUTION

To do my task, whatever it may be,
Far better than I ever yet have done;
To face my tiresome problems honestly
And lighten them with optimistic fun;
To bear my burdens uncomplainingly,
To love the word of truth and hate the lie,
To follow where God leads me, willingly,
And never for a moment question why;
To ask for strength sufficient for my need;
To gather wealth that I may comfort give,
To help mankind regardless of his creed,
And every passing hour to gladly live.

—Alice Whitson Norton.

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

[Juniors, here is a genuine surprise for you in the nicest kind of letter from China. Perhaps some of you juniors are the same age as little Briar. Wouldn't it be fine if some of the juniors in America would write little letters to Briar, telling him about things and places in the country where he was born? I'm sure he would just "love" to hear from any of you. We hope he will write other letters, too, because he and his mother tell about things in such an interesting way.—E. K.]

DEAR JUNIORS:

My mother says that perhaps you would like to hear about our little Stephen's first ride to Shanghai. She will help me, because I am only five. Five is pretty big for some things but not for letter writing. My brothers—David and Stephen—are nothing but babies, and Stephen is very new yet.

Mother had the toothache and she wouldn't let daddo or Aunt Grace pull it, though they pull lots of teeth for the Chinese out in the dispensary, so we all went to Shanghai in the hospital car. We had to get up real early so as to start right after breakfast. David thought it was very smart to sit up on the front seat and wave "bye" even before we backed out of the garage and out of the big bamboo gate, where a crowd of Chinese always gather to see the car go away. Stephen just slept away in his basket beside me on the back seat. I like to watch as we go along. This day there were only a few buffaloes here and there going round and round under their little sheds pumping water from the canals onto the rice fields. The little canals have to be crossed every minute, most, and sometimes there are yellow lilies in them and sometimes flocks of ducks or big white geese. Sometimes the water is high and boats are being paddled by a big sweeping oar in the back, but at other times of day the banks are all muddy and the boats still. This is because of the tide, my daddo says, which is the water that comes in from the sea and then goes out again.

We passed lots of little patches where the people were picking cotton. Sometimes even boys as little as I had bags tied about their waists and were walking along pulling the cotton from the brown bolls that had burst open. The seeds are still inside to be pulled out later. Between the fields are single rows of tall sugar cane. Sugar cane is most as good as candy. Almost everywhere you look you see Chinese stripping off the green outside of a section of cane, chewing the sap out, and then spitting out the pulp. I like to eat it too, but mother thinks it is a terribly messy habit. After we passed Da-Zang, where the new schools are to be, we began to see the smoke and tall chimneys of the city. The first person to see a Shanghai chimney can "holler" about it. I saw them first this time, because

mother and daddo were singing a song about college at Milton and didn't notice.

We passed a silk place, where the cocoons which have been boiled and partly unraveled are hung out to dry. It smells very bad, my daddo thinks because of the poor little silkworms that have thus been killed. As we got nearer to Shanghai we began to meet rickshas. A ricksha is a little two-wheeled carriage pulled by a brown-legged Chinaman, clothed mostly by a big straw hat that was worn out before he ever saw it. Other coolies were pushing heavy wheelbarrows, sometimes with old fat pigs tied one on each side of the high wheel in the middle; and the pigs squealed and the wheel squeaked, and you couldn't tell which was which. We passed a whole village of beggar huts made of mud with straw roofs, or sometimes just made out of matting. The little bare-naked children played right in the street and made daddo grind his teeth and slam the brake when they dashed in front of the car. When we really got into town the narrow streets without sidewalks were so crowded with people, babies, rickshas, wheelbarrows, two-wheeled wagons pulled by long rows of coolies, tramcars, busses, and carts that resemble portable "five and ten cent" stores and Chinese "delicatessens," that a continual honking was needed to clear a track. When we reached the foreign settlements, the streets were wider and we could hurry faster.

We stopped at the big market to get baskets of fruit and vegetables which we can not get at Liuhoo. Then we went on across the city to Zia Jau, where we found everybody very busy. It was the first day of school at the Girls' School, and Miss Burdick was flying about attending to books and classes. Mr. Davis was overseeing the changing of the wall on one side of the place and the building of a new garage and gatehouse. Of course Richard and Winthrop Davis were helping and came leaping out to greet us as we honked in. I piled out and began to play, for Winthrop and I are buddies, although he is lots bigger. Marcia is nearer my age, but she's just a girl. Daddo and mother unloaded us children and rushed down to the dentist's. When they came back we ate dinner at Aunt Susie Burdick's. Aunt Susie wasn't too busy to see that we had ice cream for dessert, because daddo

and I like it so well and can not have it at Liuhoo. I saw the cook grinding it in the courtyard before dinner, so I had it for a secret from daddo, who was most surprised. Don't you just love ice cream?

I wasn't nearly through playing with the Davis children when daddo and mother came back from what they called an "orgy of shopping" down town and began loading us up hastily to get started before darkness and dampness began falling. There was the usual upheaval to get the side curtains and buckle them on, then juggling the boxes and baskets to get everything possible in, and tying the left-overs on the outside. This time we brought a lawn mower for the Liuhoo compound, in addition to the usual things. When all was shipshape we waved good-bye to the Davises and Aunt Susie and were off down the street, already shining with wet pavements. Finally we hit the dark Liuhoo road; David bawled, was given a drink of milk, and jogged off to sleep. Then Stephen bumped his little head against the end of his basket. He bawled, was fed, and went off to sleep under his blanket. But I didn't bawl. I'm too big. I just snuggled down and ate fat bunis out of a paper sack. But after a bit I found I had been helped over the front seat and my head was leaned away over onto daddo's lap. But it was so very comfortable and the engine sang such a nice little song that I didn't bother to move. And the first thing you know the thirty miles had flown by and we hadn't been held up by robbers, as mother is always scared we will be on dark nights—just as though daddo and I could not take care of us—and we were tooting for As So to open the gate for us to come into the garage. Next thing I was sitting up in bed drinking a bowl of hot potato soup, and I guess that's all.

Mother says taking three kidlets to Shanghai on a one-day shopping tour is not her idea of a restful day—but I think 'twas loads of fun.

Lovingly yours,

BRIAR THORNGATE.

P. S.—I have a little black dog. He can beg.

Grace Hospital,
Seventh Day Baptist Mission,
Liuhoo, Ku,
October 2, 1926.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society of New Jersey met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, November 14, 1926, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, Alexander W. Vars, Willard D. Burdick, Ahva J. C. Bond, William M. Stillman, Iseus F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Irving A. Hunting, Harold R. Crandall, Frank A. Langworthy, Laverne C. Bassett, George R. Crandall, Theodore J. Van Horn, Courtland V. Davis, Arthur L. Titsworth, and Business Manager L. Harrison North.

Visitors: Rev. Loyal F. Hurley, Rev. J. W. Crofoot, Mrs. Theodore J. Van Horn, Mrs. David E. Titsworth.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Crofoot.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

Corresponding Secretary Willard D. Burdick presented the following report:

I have had considerable correspondence since our October meeting with the president of the General Conference and others about the choice of a denominational representative to the World Conference on Faith and Order to be held at Lausanne in 1927, provided the necessary funds to meet the expenses can be raised.

The question is of considerable interest to the Sabbath Tract Society, as an exceptional opportunity would be offered us before the Conference convenes to send literature to the members of the various commissions of the Faith and Order Movement, informing them about Seventh Day Baptists and Seventh Day Baptist beliefs.

The president of the General Conference informs me that the Commission has chosen Rev. A. J. C. Bond as the delegate.

After the expenses are provided for and the sending of a delegate is thus assured, our Advisory Committee will offer recommendations to you concerning the sending of literature to the various commissions of the Faith and Order Movement.

Among the interesting letters that I have received is one from Miss M. E. Rogers, a recent convert to the Sabbath, who is in the Confederate Women's Home at Fayetteville, N. C. She is distributing our Sabbath tracts and writing articles for papers, calling attention to Sabbath truth, and offering to send our literature to inquirers.

A letter from A. Israel Whiting, of England, thanks us for Sabbath literature sent him, which he is using to good advantage. He writes that the Sabbath question "has lately become quite a live topic here."

Dr. Charles L. Goodell, executive secretary of the Commission on Evangelism and Life Service of the Federal Council, has asked for one hundred

copies of each of our evangelistic tracts to send as samples to the other denominations and city federations of churches. One hundred of each of the eleven evangelistic tracts that we have in stock have been sent him.

These are some of the ways in which Seventh Day Baptists and Seventh Day Baptist beliefs are being made known.

Orders have been placed for new editions of *Why a Seventh Day Baptist*, by Dr. A. E. Main, and *Sabbath History 1*, by Rev. A. J. C. Bond.

During the past month the book, *Church Membership for Juniors*, by Rev. W. M. Simpson, has been printed.

The last two Sabbaths in October I spent in the Central Association, speaking twice on denominational matters at the Semi-annual Meeting of the Brookfield Churches at Brookfield, N. Y., on October 23, and four times at Adams Center the following week. At these places I presented the matter of selling our denominational literature, and was assured that each of these societies would be canvassed.

Report received.

Leader in Sabbath Promotion, Ahva J. C. Bond, reported on the Teen-Age Conference recently held at Milton Junction, Wis., at which ninety people were present, sixty-six of whom were of teen-age. He also embodied in his report the following commendations on the conferences:

TEEN-AGE CONFERENCES

In the hearty response of the young people to these Teen-Age Conferences and the interest shown, we are now witnessing the growth of a generation of faithful Seventh Day Baptists, such as we have never seen before. We believe in our young people.—*John F. Randolph, pastor the Milton Junction S. D. B. Church.*

I think your program in such conferences is a most excellent one. You are carrying out some of my own feelings in regard to the approach to our young people. I think it is wise to utilize some of the more modern ways of bringing the young people together and capturing their enthusiasm.—*Alfred E. Whitford, president of Milton College.*

Report received.

The following report was received:

The Advisory Committee would report the following recommendations:

1. That Pastor W. M. Simpson receive from the Tract Society twenty-five copies of *Church Membership for Juniors*, of which he is the author.

2. That Dean A. E. Main be reimbursed for the money paid (\$12.50) for the fifty copies (printed) of his address presented at the Salem Conference of 1925.

3. That the following resolution identical with the one passed by the Missionary Society at its meeting in Westerly, R. I., October 20, 1926, be passed by this board. We recommend that this board in turn recommend to the Commission of the General Conference that it consider the pro-

priety of inaugurating an inquiry throughout the churches of the denomination for names of possible candidates for the ministry and for a suitable follow up of such inquiry, and that the Commission further consider the propriety of providing for a suitable delegation to visit each of our colleges—Alfred, Milton, and Salem—and hold conferences with our Seventh Day Baptist young people in these respective colleges to a similar end.

4. That twenty-five copies of each style of *Letters to the Smiths* be sent the author, Hosea W. Rood.

The report was adopted by items, and after very general discussion, especially with regard to the third resolution, which was followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. Loyal F. Hurley appropriate to the resolution, the report as a whole was adopted.

The Supervisory Committee reported business good at the publishing house, and that the *Year Book* for 1926 is practically printed and will soon be ready for distribution.

The following report was received and adopted:

The Committee on the Distribution of Literature would make the following report:

1. We recommend that the price of the book, *Country Life Leadership*, be reduced from \$1.50 per copy to \$1.25, and that the price of the calendar be twenty-five cents per copy.

2. In view of the fact that the Young People's Board does not see its way clear at present to handle the sale of our literature, we recommend that this board take up the matter with the local churches, with the view of interesting the women's or young people's societies of the churches in this work.

The Committee on Teen-Age Conferences reported progress, especially in regard to a promising summer camp, to be held in Rhode Island next summer.

President Randolph expressed his pleasure in having been able to attend the last meeting of the Missionary Board. He called especially to the attention of the board the memorial service to be held two weeks from today in Philadelphia, Pa., in memory of Governor Samuel Ward.

Correspondence was presented from Mrs. Alice W. Fifield, expressing her appreciation of the letter of sympathy recently sent her on behalf of the board. "I will ever keep in kind remembrance the love of the denomination extended to Dr. Fifield in his life time, and to me since he has gone to rest."

Minutes read and approved.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

THE VOICE AND THE BOOK

There was a time when the voice alone was trusted to bring Christianity to the people. The Book, in its full strength, was considered dangerous. Bibles in the common speech were burned as heretical documents.

For his "heresy" in translating the Bible into English, Tyndale met death. Last year we honored the fourth centenary of his translation of the New Testament. This year we study the dramatic sequel.

What a change of scene! Four centuries ago, a world in which the Bible was the esoteric property of a few. Now, thanks to the labors of Tyndale and his successors who have made the Scriptures speak in more than eight hundred tongues, the prophecy of Tyndale has come true, and many a man at the plow knows more of the Bible than did the priest of four hundred years ago.

Then, the Book must be strained through the voice of the ecclesiastic, in order to eliminate all "dangerous doctrine" that might inflame the people. Now it is given pure, and the voice seeks only to accent and reiterate its teachings.

Always, the voice and the Book must go together. It is not too much for mortal man to claim that the holy Book would have fallen far short of its achievements if it had not been for the constant service of the voice of the preacher and missionary, emphasizing, repeating and applying the sacred precepts. Indeed, it is not paradoxical to say that as the relative importance of the voice has declined, its influence has increased. When the voice took second place, and the Bible was given the position of sovereignty in the language and homes of the people, then arose a popular demand for religious leaders to teach the truths of the people's Book. The wider the spread of the Book, the greater the call for the voice, and the more respect and attention paid to it.—*American Bible Society.*

A little girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk and found a "church letter," which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer rushed into her mother's presence shouting: "O mother! I've found your religion in your trunk."—*Christian Union Herald.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

STORY TEACHING IN SABBATH SCHOOL

I spoke last week about a little book I had, the title of which is "The Intermediate Teacher and His Work." I presume it might better be said, and *her* work, for the most of such classes are led by women rather than men.

One chapter in the book is headed, "The Story and Its Uses." In both the subject matter and the way in which it is told it is very interesting. I will quote here the first paragraph:

"There is one instrument of teaching that is perennial and universal. It began with the ancients and is ever green today. It is found among philosophers and savages, among poets and peasants, among preachers and children. It has been the powerful ally of prophets and statesmen. It has been truth's most efficient teacher. It has done more to mold the lives of men and nations than anything else that has been used as an appeal. It has been employed by nearly all the great teachers and leaders of men from the beginning. The most skillful handlers of the story have been the most potent in moving men to do their will. . . . It is the most important of the arts of the teacher—that for which he is willing to give and do the most. He who can tell a good story well is master of almost any situation; he who can not tell a story is at the mercy of every situation but the most favorable. . . . our Bible is full of stories. History is one long story made up of related stories. . . . It is said of the Master Teacher, Matthew 13:34, that 'without a parable spake he not unto them.'"

I have been counting up forty-five recorded stories of real life, parables our Savior used to illustrate spiritual truth and make it impressive to those he taught, many of whom could not otherwise fully understand. And there were a few even among his disciples to whom he had especially to explain some of the parables. It is very likely that he made use of yet more parables

than were written down for us to read. Yes, indeed, the great Teacher made good use of the story method in his instruction.

While stories are of much interest to all of us, they are especially so to the younger of us. Children are always delighted with stories. Who of us does not remember with pleasure the stories told in the long winter evenings at the home fireside? There is no little difference between the home life of those early days and that of these later years. So much is going on evenings outside the home that the members of a family are not together half as much as used to be the case.

So far as stories are concerned, there is a great difference in them. In order to use them to advantage such should be selected as will be likely to make a good impression, such as will show in one way or another the worth of right living and the beauty of manly, womanly character. There should be in every Sabbath school story a high moral tone, plain enough to be felt without having to be pointed out. They should not be, for the intermediates, what may be called goody-goody stories, for as such they are not natural. Boys and girls at that age are apt to see the difference between such stories and those true to nature.

For Sabbath school stories many good ones may be got from the Bible. It would be well worth while to ask Edward to tell before the school the story of Joseph up to the time when he was made a slave boy in the house of Potiphar—to dwell in particular upon his upright, manly character; and then for another Sabbath let George or Henry go on with the story. Also, for some Sabbath let Ruth tell the story of her Moabitish namesake; and so on with other Bible characters, until by so doing they come to be quite familiar.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 18, 1926

SAMUEL THE JUST JUDGE. 1 Samuel 7: 3-12, 15.

Golden Text.—"Direct your hearts unto Jehovah, and serve him only." 1 Samuel 7: 3.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 12—Samuel the Just Judge. 1 Sam. 7: 3-12.

Dec. 13—Strong in the Lord. Josh. 1: 1-9.

Dec. 14—Strength in Weakness. Joel 3: 9-17.

Dec. 15—Chosen for Service. Acts 6: 1-8.

Dec. 16—A Servant of the Lord. Acts 27: 20-25.

Dec. 17—Triumph in Christ. 2 Cor. 2: 12-17.

Dec. 18—The Secret of Strength. Psalm 46: 1-7.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*.)

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

SEEING THE INVISIBLE

REV. JAMES L. SKAGGS

And Elisha prayed, and said, I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see. And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. 2 Kings 6: 17.

It was at a time when Syria was making war against Israel. The Syrian king found that all plans against the king of Israel seemed to come to naught. He almost concluded that there was a spy among his own servants; and so he inquired which one of them was for the king of Israel. Then he was told that there was a prophet of God in Israel who was making known the plans of the Syrians and thus defeating all the purposes of the Syrian king. Then the Syrian king ordered that the prophet be found and brought to him.

"Therefore sent he hither horses, and chariots and a great host: and they came by night and compassed the city about. And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, a host with horses and chariots was round about the city. And the servant said, Alas, my master! How shall we do?"

This servant of Elisha who gave this despairing cry is typical of a material world. From his point of view the situation was desperate. The chances were that he and his master, Elisha, would be taken captive and perhaps executed. It is no wonder he cried, "Alas, my master! How shall we do?"

Such is the fate of him who looks out upon the world without seeing God. And when we look out upon the life of men we can hardly escape the conviction that vision is almost limited to material things. I do not mean that many people are not religious, that they do not have some conception of spiritual reality, but that the whole of life, even its religious phases, is submerged in material considerations.

It is hard for men to see God in the midst of politics and the spoils of office. It

is hard for men to see God in business competition. It is hard for men to see God in the strife between power of capital and the power of labor. It is hard to see God in the mad scramble for money and the things and pleasures which money will buy. And indeed is not the individual almost forced to nerve himself and elbow his way through the crowd that he may get to the place where he wants to go and possess the things which he feels that he must possess?

Then is there not a tendency toward personal sufficiency for all things? Men are learning to improve upon nature as we find it in native state, in a thousand ways. They go into their biological laboratories and tell us how life in its multitude of forms has changed, evolved into finer and finer types. And even now we are being told that low forms of life may be generated at will through chemical processes—though such claims have not yet been verified and accepted. Man has gone far toward annihilating space and bringing the world together so that nations may serve breakfast to each other and gossip about an invention, a threatened war, or the latest scandal.

And do we not see those who scoff at the idea of God, gathering to themselves through greed and violence the power and riches of the world?

Only a few years ago the allied nations thought they were moved by a great idealism as they fought to win the World War. They had taken up the sword to save civilization. The nations were moved by the thought of ending war and bringing the nations of earth together into a bond of brotherhood. In those days we seemed to have caught a vision of something spiritual, something that would refine the nations and peoples of earth, even the things of trade and commerce and money. We were made to believe that the millennium would come with the cessation of war. But when the celebration of Armistice day was over, a prominent statesman and publicist said in a trade convention, "The moral ideals of the war were all right in their time and place. They served to sustain the hopes, energies, and endurance of the common masses throughout the struggle. They enabled us to win the victory. But now the victory is won, let us forget as soon as possible those iridescent dreams and turn to practical affairs." And he indicated that he meant by

"practical affairs" merely business prosperity and aggrandizement. And forthwith we turned our eyes from the spiritual vision which we thought we had in those days. And more and more men feel that they were deceived and mocked even in the chamber of death by the politicians and leaders of those days.

We have turned in this country to a material prosperity such as the world never before has seen, and our sense of self-sufficiency seems to have grown apace.

Then where does God come in? The great masses of people in town, city, and country do not go to church. We are told by students of the situation that more than twenty-five million of our youth are growing up without any religious education in connection with any of the churches of our country—Jewish, Catholic, or Protestant.

Should our country awake some morning on the verge of being overwhelmed by some great disaster, would it be more prepared for it than was the servant of Elisha, who upon seeing the horses and chariots of the enemy surrounding, cried, "Alas, my master! How shall we do?" In such a circumstance would we see only our army and our navy, our big guns and poison gases, our great factories and railroads, our tremendous natural resources? Or would we be able to see God?

No people, it would seem, has ever been so blest from a material standpoint as are we. We have our institutions of learning and culture. The thing that we need most of all is a vision of spiritual things. Our godlessness, our sins, are our weakness. If our nation goes down, as have other great nations, it will be because we forget God, because we lose sight of spiritual realities.

When Elisha's servant gave his cry of despair, we are told that Elisha prayed and said, "I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see. And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

We must not stumble over the figure used in telling this story. I do not know whether there were horses and chariots of fire visible to the eye of flesh or not. But one thing seems certain: the young man became conscious of the presence and power of God. That was all he needed. Some-

times it takes real danger, or a great calamity, to bring a man to that state of mind in which his eyes can be opened.

They who are wise do not wait for calamity to stare them in the face before they recognize the presence and power of God. Elisha was prepared for the emergency, and he could meet it on a basis of friendship with God.

We see Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. The disciples were drowsy with sleep, but Jesus saw and talked with the invisible God.

Was not Paul right when he said, "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal"? We do not need to go beyond experience to feel the truth of this.

The great forces of a temporal world are not seen.

There is the force which we call gravitation; we can not see it, but we know it is real. Here is electricity; we can not see it; but it lights our buildings and streets, moves our trains, and runs our machinery. There is life; we can not see it. We may take a seed, but we can not discover the element in it which makes it grow. We may take an animal; today we say it is alive and tomorrow we say it is dead; but what is the difference? What has gone out from it that changes it from an active, hungry, passionate thing into an inert, decaying mass? The visible part is all there. But that which we term *life* is gone, and our explanations are without point.

And here we are as men and women. We have all that the animal has—and something more. That something we call "person" or "personality." But what do we mean by that? If we analyze the body can we find it? When we look into each others' faces what do we see? Do we see the real person? The person may say, "I have face, hands, feet." These we may see, but we can not see the person.

Then how about seeing God? What was the trouble with the servant of Elisha when he awoke that morning and could only see the mountains and the enemy with the horses and chariots? How was Elisha different? He was able to recognize a Presence which was not visible to the eye of flesh.

Elisha and his servant are in some real

sense typical of people today. There are those who believe that "In him we live, and move, and have our being," and who agree with the poet when he says:

"Speak to him, thou, for he hears,
And spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is he than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet."

Then there are those like the shoemaker, who could see only the old shoes and other material things about him, and put up a sign in his shop, "God is nowhere." And a little child coming into the shop read the sign, dividing the last word differently from the shoemaker, "God is now here."

From a practical standpoint we are greatly benefited today because our fathers for generations have been able to see through and beyond material things and perceive the invisible things of God. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Where there is vision there is growth and progress. Faith in God and in Christ forms the background of all we prize most in life and experience today. Only where there has been a vision of God has there been education, the development of science, invention, industry. We have all these things on a scale such as the world never before has seen. And the question may well be asked as to whether men in their spiritual power and vision are keeping pace with their creative genius. Or are we building up a material world, or even an intellectual world, in which spiritual vision may be obliterated; in which the very forces which have made material progress possible, shall be lost? Are we building up a great material structure, which we call our civilization, which shall crumble about us because the spiritual foundation is no longer maintained?

It seems to me that the need of our day is not less of material things—give us more, so long as we are able to produce and use them for the further enrichment and comfort of men—but more of God in the midst of material things. Not less of intellectual education, but more vision of God and more culture of the spirit. Not less of government and statesmanship, but more godliness in office.

The late Bishop Williams of the Episcopal Church, said, "Above all, we need the wide horizon of prophetic vision, the insistent, uncompromising, unmitigated assertion

of the divine right of our Master to universal sovereignty, that the kingdoms of this world must become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ; that there is and can be no domain of politics, national or international, industry, commerce, business, or society outside of his jurisdiction, where his laws will not run; that there is no aspect of life and no relationship of men to which his principles can not or must not apply." —*Prophetic Ministry*, p. 181.

It takes the power of seeing the invisible things of God to sustain life on that level. And we must admit that we have to go a long way yet, individually and socially, before we come to that level or to that height.

Hence the confusion that we find today on every hand: there is fear, panic, ungoverned passion. And on every hand men come to a crisis and say, like the servant of Elisha, "Alas Master! How shall we do?"

We note that Elisha prayed and said, "I pray thee open his eyes that he may see. And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

I believe vision may be obtained through prayer. It may not always be a formal prayer. It may sometimes be a quiet waiting with mind and soul opened toward God.

It is well frequently to seek quiet away from the rush of things: just be quiet with soul open toward God—(Pause in perfect quiet).

"Take time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in him always,
And feed on his Word.

"Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each motive
Beneath his control."

I do not know a better method by which to gain the power of seeing the invisible.—*Quarterly Visitor*.

"Is the world round," a schoolma'am asked the little boy.

"No'm."

"It isn't? Is it flat then?"

"No'm."

"Are you crazy, child? If the world isn't round and isn't flat, what is it?"

"Pop says it's crooked."—*Selected*.

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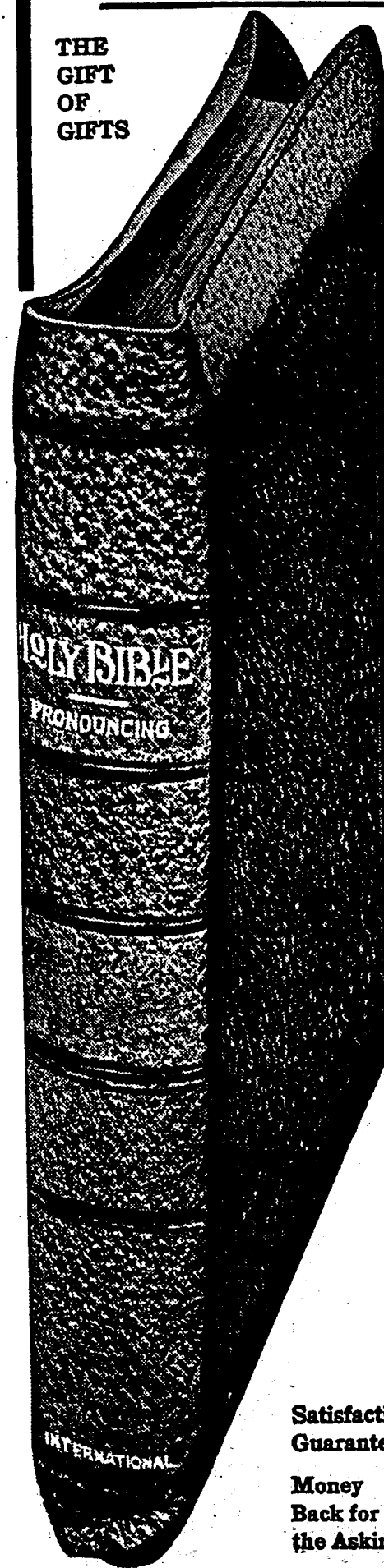
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and of Ar'pad? where are the gods of Séph-ar-vá'im, Hé'ná, and I'vah? have they delivered Sá-má'ri-á out of mine hand?

35 Who are they among all the gods of the countries, that have delivered

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MARRIAGES

GODFREY-SEVERANCE.—At the Marlboro parsonage, near Bridgeton, N. J., on November 21, 1926, Mr. Earl Vincent Godfrey of Chester, Pa., and Miss Alberta Marie Severance were united in marriage by Rev. R. J. Severance, father of the bride.

DEATHS

THORNGATE.—Flora Davis Thorngate was born October 7, 1867, at El Paso, Woodford County, Ill.

About 1878 she moved with her parents to Harvard, Clay County, Neb. From Harvard she went to North Loup, in 1888, where she lived until September of last year, when she and her husband and daughter Alice moved to Milton, Wis., that they might make a home for Alice while she finished her course at Milton College.

On November 24, 1891, she was married to R. G. Thorngate. There were six children born to this union: Arlie, who died December 11, 1920, Melva, Arthur, Walter, Aletha, and Alice.

Since Arlie's death she has been a loving mother to little Walter, who has made his home with his grandparents all his life. She has always been a most faithful wife and mother and a wonderful home maker.

There are left to mourn her death, her five children and three children-in-law: Clarence Davis, husband of Arlie; Rolland Maxson, husband of Melva; Grace, wife of Walter; also six grandchildren, one brother, B. F. Davis of Denver, Colo.; a sister, Mrs. Ruth Morris, of Edmond, Okla.; and many other relatives and friends.

When she was a young woman she was baptized by Rev. G. J. Crandall at Harvard, Neb., and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church at that place. Later she transferred her membership to the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church, where it has been ever since.

Although aware that Mrs. Flo Thorngate had not been well since she suffered a stroke of paralysis more than a year ago, her friends and relatives were shocked and grieved when the message came from her home at Milton that she had suffered another stroke and could not recover. A fire on the roof of their house had given her a fright before it could be extinguished, and soon after she was taken suddenly, becoming paralyzed, and a little later, unconscious. She remained in this condition until Monday afternoon, when the end came. The body, accompanied by R. G. Thorngate and Arthur, arrived in North Loup, Wednesday. Brief funeral services were held at Milton before leaving. Rev. James Skaggs of the Seventh Day Baptist Church read the Scripture lesson, Rev. Edwin Shaw offered prayer, and Professor Stringer sang. Funeral services were

held at the Seventh Day Baptist church in North Loup, Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. H. L. Polan, and interment made in the Hillside Cemetery.

A quartet, consisting of Roy Lewis, Esther Babcock, Susie Patterson, and Del Barber furnished the music. Many beautiful flowers covered the casket and rostrum—a mute token of love and sympathy from friends and relatives.

The No-Lo club of which she was a former member attended the services in a body. "Flo," as she was familiarly known to almost everybody, was a woman whose chief interest and concern were in her home and family. Her industry, hospitality, neighborliness, and skill as a cook were known to all. With her passing the ranks of that group of old friends known among themselves, even since heads are gray, as the "Young Married Folks," have again been broken, and one more has gone on to join the group waiting on the other side. The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved husband and children.

H. L. P.

HOSHAW.—Sally Betsy Maxson, was born on Truxton Hill, near DeRuyter, N. Y., February 16, 1842.

She was baptized in early girlhood and joined the Utica, Wis., Seventh Day Baptist Church. Later, when the family were living in Dakota, Wis., she spent some time with relatives in New York and Minnesota, but since about 1886 she has been at home in North Loup, except for a short time spent at Page, Neb., and in Boulder, Colo.

She has been a woman of energy and ambition to work and serve others. She has done a great deal of sewing, quilting, knitting, lace-making, and served in a very useful way in this community as a nurse.

In May, 1925, Aunt Betsy, as she was lovingly known by so many people was taken very ill and was in bed for several weeks, never fully regaining her strength.

However, she has been able to sit up in her chair, but was unable to read and sew as she had formerly enjoyed doing so much. During this time she has been tenderly cared for by a niece, Mrs. Cora Alberry. Just recently she was taken worse again and at times suffered intensely but passed peacefully over to the shore of the land of the blest, Friday evening, November 12.

Shortly before her passing she requested the hymns, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," and "I Shall See Him Face to Face," and these were sung for her. Her kindly disposition, her great desire to be of use, the helpful services she has rendered her friends and neighbors, and her trust in the Savior will all be remembered and cherished by those who knew her. A good woman has gone to her reward.

She leaves behind three sisters: Mrs. Annis Weaver of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. Nettie Swan and Miss Mattie Maxson, both of North Loup, and other relatives and friends.

Brief farewell services were held in her home according to her request at three o'clock, Sabbath afternoon, conducted by her pastor. Two hymns which she had called for just before passing away, and tried to sing as they were sung for her, were rendered by Esther Babcock, Minnie Davis, Arch

THE DELUSION OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

I want to say very emphatically that I have no sympathy with the doctrine of universal brotherhood and universal fatherhood; I don't believe one word of it. If a man lives in the flesh and serves the flesh, he is a child of the devil. That is pretty strong language, but it is what Christ said. It brought down a hornet's nest on his head and helped to hasten him to the cross but nevertheless it is true. Show me a man that will lie and steal and get drunk and ruin a woman—do you tell me he is my brother? Not a bit of it. He must be born into the household of faith before he becomes my brother in Christ. He is an alien, he is a stranger to the grace of God, he is an enemy to God, he is not a friend. Before a man can cry, "Abba, Father," he must be born from above, born of the Spirit.—D. L. Moody.

The *American Issue* reprints from the *News-Democrat* of Belleville, Ill., the announcement that "another powerful national organization is being formed at the present time. The name of the fraternity is 'The Friends of the Saloon.'" According to the statement of purposes of the new organization, it proposes, among other things, "to oppose by all lawful means the attempt to enforce prohibition"; "to propose and advocate the restoration, legal and physical, of the American saloon, exactly as it was before 1920, and to free it, once it is restored, from excessive license fees, police espionage, and other agencies of corruption"; and "to bring a powerful persuasion to bear upon members of Congress and other public men that these ends may be attained."—*Union Signal*.

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Moulton, and David Davis, and she was borne to her last resting place on the hill, by the assistance of five of the deacons of the church and one of the trustees.

There was a goodly number of neighbors, friends, and relatives among whom were: Mrs. H. A. Maxson, sister-in-law of Aunt Betsy; and Mrs. Fred Dawe and son Albert and daughter Jessie; Arlo Maxson; George Maxson, wife, and child; and Mrs. Nellie Butcher—all of the latter being nieces and nephews of the deceased from Burwell and Valley View, Neb. The three sisters were unable to be present at the services because of declining health.

H. L. P.

TAYLOR.—Cornelius Taylor was born October 20, 1844, and died November 7, 1926, at the age of 82 years and 18 days.

He was raised in Missouri, near Rushville; and in the year 1871, he came to Kansas, settling in Atchison County, not far from Nortonville. On November 18, 1873, he was married to Miss Maggie Newman. To this union, four children were born, two of whom survive him. Through the death of his wife in early days, he was left with two small children.

In 1891, Mr. Taylor was married to Mrs. Ella Champlin. They resided in and near Nortonville until 1924, when they moved to Topeka on account of poor health. Mrs. Taylor's death occurred January 17, 1925, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Myra Cosby, at which place Mr. Taylor continued to reside for some time. He later made his home with his son, Samuel F. Taylor, until the summons came to the home beyond.

With his many afflictions, he was very patient and kind, and he will be greatly missed by those to whom he was very dear.

The two surviving children are Mrs. Cora VanLeeuwen of Hollywood, Calif., and Samuel F. Taylor of Topeka. A step-daughter, Mrs. Myra Cosby, also survives.

There are two living sisters: Mrs. Mary Jane Moser, Doniphan, Kan.; and Mrs. Laura Newman, Atchison, Kan. Almond Champlin, a step-grandson, who grew up in his family; Mrs. Garland Hartman, Henry, and Dorothy Cosby, also step-grandchildren; and two grandchildren, Madge and Gretchen VanLeeuwen, make up the second generation of descendants. Little Richard Hartman is the only one of the third generation.

"Neal" Taylor, as he was familiarly called, was a man of generous impulses and never forgot the hospitable ways of the pioneer. He delighted in all kinds of neighborly offices. He had quietly filled the relations of life, as son, husband, father, brother, friend, and filled them well.

He lived nobly and died peacefully at an advanced age. The stern Reaper found him, "as a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest."

The funeral was held Tuesday, November 9, at two o'clock, at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church, of which the deceased had long been a faithful member. Rev. H. L. Cottrell preached from the text, "Be thou faithful unto death." A male quartet rendered several selections. Representatives of the Woodman lodge attended in a body in honor of their departed neighbor. Interment was made in our beautiful cemetery.

H. L. C.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work in Pangoengsen, Java, will be gladly received and forwarded by the American Sabbath Tract Society.

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

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

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

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

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

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night at 158 Date Street. Church services in United Brethren Church corner 8th and Park Avenue. G. D. Hargis, Pastor, 1497 Lime Street, Phone 3024.

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

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

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

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

Services are held each Sabbath in Daytona, Florida, at 10 A. M., during the winter season at some public meeting place and at the several homes in the summer. Visiting Sabbath-keepers and friends are always welcome; telephone 347-J or 233-J for additional information. R. W. Wiig, Pastor

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

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription
Per Year \$2.50
Six Months 1.25
Per Month25
Per Copy05

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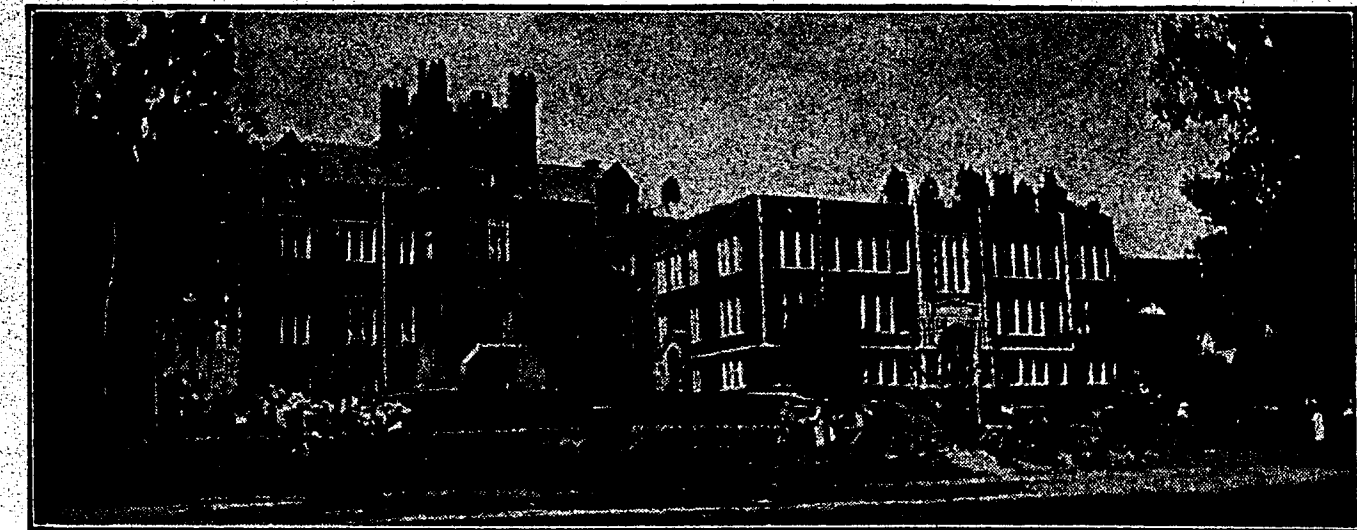
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SUNSET'S PROMISE

There were clouds in the sky today,
With patches of blue;
There were showers of rain with the storm,
But the sun broke through.
What a marvel, that sunset hour,
With its brilliance there!
Better still, the promise it gives
Of a morrow fair.
Now the tints have faded to shades,
The pinks to old golds;
Yet the hope of a cloudless morn
The beauty still holds.

There were clouds in my life today
With moments of peace;
There were storms that broke over my soul,
Yet there came release.
For the promise of God's great grace
And of deathless morn,
Broke through the clouds in my heart,
And peace was born.
Thank God that the clouds of life
Give sunset peace!
Thank God that his promise of love
Makes fears to cease! —P. G. Van Zandt.

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