

# The Sabbath Recorder

Copy for this page, devoted to the Denominational Building, was prepared by Frank J. Hubbard, Chairman of the Building Committee, with his own hand so long as he had the physical strength to do so; and then at the hand of another, under his direction, until his death.

We pause now to pay tribute to his labor in this behalf, his courage in leadership, his devotion to this task, and to his unalterable faith in its final completion.

C. F. R.

The mysteries of the Bible should teach us our nothingness and our greatness, producing humility, and animating hope. I bow before these mysteries. I knew that I should find them, and I pretend not to remove them. But while I thus prostrate myself, it is with deep gladness and exultation of spirit. God would not have hinted the mystery, had he not designed to explain it hereafter. And, therefore, are my thoughts on a far-off home, where rich things surround me and where the inhabitants seem not of earth. Every voice in my soul seems to say, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I also am known."—Henry Melville.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 102, No. 13

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MARCH 28, 1927

WHOLE No. 4,282

*Our Father who art in heaven, we thank thee for the love that sent the Savior to tread life's weary way, in order to show thy Fatherhood, and to demonstrate thy matchless love for lost men.*

*As thou sendest rain and dew to replenish the earth, so wilt thou send showers of reviving grace upon thy people until their hearts are filled with the warmth and glow of Pentecost, and all the icy indifference shall disappear.*

*Help us, we pray thee, to see our shortcomings as thou seest them, and to confess our sins in the lowly contrite spirit which thou canst approve, and grant unto us the full and free pardon that brings perfect peace. Awaken in us all, the sensitive conscience that promptly puts under ban every form of temptation and that enables us to enjoy thine approving smile as the days go by. In Christ's name. Amen.*

**The Second Gift From a Loyal Aged Friend** This morning—March 18—a welcome letter came to hand bringing a gift of \$50 from Sister Julia A. Ormsby of Alfred Station, N. Y. She is one of Alfred's most loyal aged Christians, always deeply interested in the welfare of her home church and in the work of the entire denomination.

Mrs. Ormsby is a war widow and is now more than four score years of age, whose loved ones have gone to their eternal home. My attention was attracted by the fact that over her pension check sent from Washington, and also by her requesting the one who wrote the letter to say that she is "a descendant of the Babcocks and Satterlees." This message started a half-forgotten memory that sent me to an old letter file for refreshing as to the facts.

There I found that this is Sister Ormsby's second gift for the new building, the first one having been made two years ago last January, as what she called her "free-will offering." In her letter written by herself, at that time, she said, "I am sure we will feel so well about it when it is completed."

Then she referred to the Babcocks and Satterlees, of Rhode Island, and of Berlin,

N. Y., and assured us that in memory of her loyal forebears she is now deeply interested in the work of the denomination they loved.

It is indeed refreshing to witness such loyalty to the faith of our fathers and to the Sabbath of Jehovah as is manifested by this aged friend who is nearing life's golden sunset. If this spirit of consecration were more widely manifested in all the dear churches, I am sure we would not have to wait much longer for funds to complete the good work.

**Golden Opportunities** Years ago I saw the account of a shipwreck in which the hope of safety depended upon the quick action of jumping from the deck of a ship to the life-boat, lying for a few moments only, alongside for the purpose of saving all who would jump aboard. A young woman was urged to jump, but the leap looked hazardous to her, and she hesitated. Then friends pleaded with her to improve the opportunity now or it would soon be too late. Soon the life-boat shoved off, and then her chance of being saved was gone forever. She called and cried for the boat to come back, but it was impossible and she went down with the ship.

This tragic scene illustrates the fact that there come times in human life when everything depends upon improving opportunities when they come, and that sometimes there is no remedy after they are allowed to pass.

When we think of it, many times the very best things in life depend upon prompt and proper improvement of a very few minutes, and failure to improve them seals the fate of the enterprise for all time.

One of the world's greatest generals said: "There is a crisis in every battle wherein the issue hangs upon ten or fifteen minutes of time. These minutes properly improved turn the tide toward victory, but left unimproved, defeat is certain."

This principle holds true in the battle of life. The color and character of future



success in any one's life generally depends upon what he does, how he improves his time, during the three or four first years after he becomes his own master. During those years golden opportunities, such as never come again, are offered for shaping destiny and for insuring success or failure in the years to come.

To neglect the sowing time, makes sure of an empty harvest. To sow bad seed in life's springtime, makes a bad harvest inevitable.

What can be sadder than a fruitless life in which one must lament over opportunities lost and forever face the sad fact that there is no remedy! Happy is the one who gleans the proper lesson from his retrospect of years gone by.

Such a review of life's lost opportunities should bring an earnest desire to do something for the cause we profess to love—something for human betterment, something that will tell for good in the future years. And with that good desire should come the impressive lesson that the future is in our hands today and if we would do anything worth while for coming years, we must do it now.

Our own golden opportunity is right here today. Happy will we be if we improve it well.

**"The Warm End Of the Plank" Is Greatly Needed** An editorial in the *Baptist* emphasizes some characteristics of present day preaching and makes a plea for the kind of preaching which made "the common people hear Christ gladly."

The article starts with the story of a drowning man whom people are trying to rescue by offering him a plank to hold on to and so keep him from sinking. In their carelessness they offered him the end of the plank that had been in the water until completely cased in ice. Of course the poor man could not cling to the cold, slippery thing, and he exclaimed, "For God's sake do give me the warm end of the plank!"

That writer wonders if this illustration does not show something of the inner feeling of many who attend the churches today, and also of too many who have ceased to go to church altogether.

Then follows these words, full of sugges-

tions as to the much-needed "warm end of the plank" in the Church's efforts to save men:

Possibly preaching never was better in its intellectual discriminations, in its academic phrasing, in its modern terminology and in its supplementary aids. The half hour given to the sermon is usually a study in lexicography and a laboratory demonstration of the literary menu from which the sermon was selected. Another type of preacher throws literary models to the winds, expounds the Bible in true traditional form, shrieks his shibboleths, and walks the platform in the hope of making up in agility what he lacks in ability.

In the meantime the drowning man is calling for the warm end of the plank. He can not get a grip on the glittering generalities of the first preacher, and as for the second preacher, it is as though a professional life-guard on the beach had struck a struggling swimmer with a handspike. The warmth of sympathy is the first requirement in a preacher. But sympathy does not grow in books, and compassion is not born of controversy. When Ezekiel received his commission to be the prophet of the captivity, he went and "sat where they sat." He felt the tug of the captive's chain, the sting of the lash on his own back, the homesickness that gnaws at the heart until life is hardly worth living, the weary looking forward to another interminable day of hopeless drudgery. The best things in the prophecy of Ezekiel grew out of vicarious experience.

The prophets were serving men under God's unchangeable law of fellowship and love. Whoever heard men like Jeremiah or Ezekiel must have been drawn to them by the sympathetic power of compassion that moved them to share with the multitudes in their burdens and sorrows.

This same spirit manifested by Jesus, moving him to be one of them, surely made the common people hear him gladly. D. L. Moody moved the multitudes in his day as almost no other man did, mainly because he offered them "the warm end of the plank." He possessed the most simple eloquence, but his love was so great that everyone felt its power. He sometimes violated the rules of rhetoric; he seldom indulged in the use of eloquent literary quotations in his preaching; but he did live close to his God and his fellow men. He manifested such genuine sympathy with those in trouble, and those who were drowning in the world flooded with sin, that multitudes were drawn to him as suppliants for divine mercy.

Look where you will today and you will find success attending the efforts of those who offer drowning men "the warm end of the plank."

**Fine Christian Courtesy Appreciated** In the *Presbyterian Advance*, one of the best denominational papers coming to the office of the SABBATH RECORDER, appears the following courteous statement regarding our "Manual of Seventh Day Baptist Procedure," which had been mailed to that periodical.

The editor, Mr. James E. Clarke, Nashville, Tenn., sends us the item clipped and neatly mounted and says: "Gentlemen: You will be interested in the following reference to some of your publications. It appears in our issue of March 17, 1927."

The clipping follows:

*A Manual of Seventh Day Baptist Procedure*, by W. L. Burdick and Corliss Fitz Randolph, American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J., pages 120. This is a second and revised edition, the first having appeared in 1922. It has official authority, being published for the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference. It contains a complete body of information and advice regarding the affairs of churches of this connection, including the organization of churches, the conduct of their meetings, model church covenants, the care of church property, the administration of the sacraments, ordination and discipline. Customs of church co-operation and forms of general organization are also described. It will be a useful handbook for churches and ministers of the denomination. For those of other denominations, the most interesting portions will be the statements concerning the doctrine of Seventh Day Baptists and their requirements for church membership. "Seventh Day Baptists receive into membership only those Baptists who keep the Sabbath of Christ and the apostles . . . they hold that Sabbath observance is essential to Christian living, and object to the substitution of a man-made day for the Bible Sabbath in the same way that they object to any substitution for baptism by immersion."

**In Desperate Straits** There lie before me two pamphlets containing the long wet speech of Senator Phillips of Pennsylvania, made in the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C. The pamphlet contains thirty-five pages of closely written fine type printing, by the *Congressional Record*. It must impress many a thoughtful loyal reader as a shameful disloyal tirade against the Constitution. How the word "Honorable" can truthfully be applied to one so bitterly opposed to his government is rather hard to understand.

Printed in an attractive square on the corner of the two large envelopes sent me are four statements—I suppose to show the

vital point in the enclosed message—to show why the amendment is "weighed in the balances and found wanting."

The first two reasons given are: 1. "It causes crime and creates criminals." 2. "It is intemperate, intolerant, and intolerable."

This is a fair sample of the current talk among extreme wets, and will have some influence among the unthinking multitudes. But it is difficult to see how their wet cause can be advanced in the minds of loyal, thinking citizens by such glaringly untruthful statements. As one reads such speeches by a member of Congress, he can hardly help wondering how a man given to such harangues, could secure votes enough to send him there. It is certainly a reflection upon the loyalty of his constituents.

Think of the *impossibility* of that first statement's being true! Anybody with common sense must see that the Eighteenth Amendment does not cause crime and create criminals. Might as well say, "The Ten Commandments cause crime and create criminals." Might as well say that, since God knew man's tendency to sin, it was "intemperate, intolerant, and intolerable" to make the Ten Commandments at all.

Such preposterous statements, in the very nature of the case, must discount the one who makes them and greatly injure the cause he represents. It shows the desperate straits the "wets" are in.

**Special Reasons For Being Loyal To the Church** Many Christians would probably feel offended if anyone should express

doubts about their being truly loyal to their church. And yet, if they should take pains to make a careful inventory of their own personal attitude by which their fellows must measure their loyalty, they might come to see some ways by which the verdict regarding their allegiance might be made much better.

A little careful thought will bring to mind several good reasons why you should be more loyal than you are. You should do more for your church—indeed, you should be true to it—first, because you *covenanted* to do so when you joined it; second, because of your *influence* upon the young people of your own home and upon those in your neighborhood; third, because you do not wish to add to the burdens of your pastor,

whose load would be heavy enough if you should do your very best to help him carry it.

There are several other reasons that should appeal to you in this important matter: You should live so that the unsaved who know you will have faith in your religion and in the church; you should prove by your attitude toward the church that you really do want it to live and prosper; and finally, you should be more loyal because, when you neglect the church, you injure its good name, weaken its influence, discourage its members, and last, but not least, you chill your own soul and destroy your own hope.

My friend, if I should express my best and truest wish for you, it would not be for greater worldly prosperity, nor for riches or the praise of men; but it would be that God's will may ever be your guiding star through sunshine and storm, that his smile of approval may be upon all you do, and that, day by day, you may rejoice more and more in the sunshine of his love.

**Some Questions That Will Not Down** As I bow down over this desk day after day, trying to make my pen tell the dear people all over this land some of the things that weigh me down regarding our denominational work—our needs, our hopes and fears, our Onward Movement prospects, our efforts to increase the RECORDER list—indeed, our every interest that needs the personal help which must come from the rank and file in all the dear churches, some questions will persist in pressing upon me which I can not put away.

Perhaps, if I present them here, there may be many scattered abroad who can help to answer them in a way that will make the outlook better. Will you please look them over carefully and do your best to make *practical* answers by *loyal action* as the days go by? If we all do this I am sure that by Conference time there will be results that will cheer every worker for the causes we love.

How is it with you, my friend, can you feel that the Lord could say of you this year, concerning what you have done for his blessed cause, "He hath done what he could"?

Have you met your pledges for the Onward Movement? Have you neglected to make any pledges whatever, thus making the outlook doubly hard for the burden-bearers?

Are you doing your share for your home church, both in money and by active influence?

How do your expenses for pleasure trips and amusements, month by month, compare with your expenditures for the cause of God and religion? Are you paying more for picture shows, each month, than you give for the Master's work?

Have you done what you could to increase the subscription list for the SABBATH RECORDER? Are you as loyal as you should be to the ten-year-old movement for a publishing house and denominational home, that will speak to coming generations of your faith in the cause our fathers loved?

Dear friends, do you wonder that after so many years of service in our denominational movements, with the sunset of a long life drawing near, such questions as these persistently press upon me for answers?

Please do not infer from these that I am overlooking the fact that great improvements have come during the sixty years of my service for Christ and the Church. I do thank God for the great strides of forward movements that have come since I was a boy, but the fact remains, that all these advance steps in missions, in education, in Sabbath reform, in publishing interests, have been bringing us to the present modern crisis, where *everything for our future depends upon the loyal, consecrated services of this generation.*

Responses suitable for our work fifty years ago *can not meet* the imperative demands of today. And we as a people are manifold times more able to meet the needs of our time than our fathers were to meet theirs. Will we stand true and make good?

Question: How is the so-called "lead" in pencils made?

Answer: The core of lead pencils is graphite and clay mixed together. According to the American Lead Pencil Company it is pressed into strings under a tremendous pressure, straightened, dried and burnt under a very high temperature. The graphite which is used is a natural mineral product.

## ST. PATRICK NOT A ROMANIST

REV. A. J. C. BOND

Leader in Sabbath Promotion

On another page of this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER appears a sermon preached Sabbath day, March 19, to the boys and girls of the Plainfield Church. I am not sure whether it was particularly interesting to the boys and girls, but I am sure that a great many of the older people of the congregation took particular note of what was said concerning St. Patrick. It may be that some of the older people who read this sermon on "St. Patrick's Day" (I have learned that some adults do read children's sermons) may wonder what grounds I may have for the statements made.

In my little book, *Sabbath History Before the Beginning of Modern Denominations*, appears the following:

The Latin Christians early began to dominate the Church, and they were not only anti-Jewish, but were anti-Eastern as well. Between their antipathy for the East and their political ambitions in the West, which early developed, the Roman Church took on pagan elements, developing ecclesiasticism as against the voluntary and personal faith of the first Christians.

The primitive type of Christianity prevailed, however, in many parts of the world, and was never wholly crushed. It was early planted in the British Isles, and here the Sabbath was kept to a late date. The evidence that St. Patrick kept the Sabbath is not to be despised. The church in Ireland was evangelical and accepted the Scriptures as the rule of life, and repudiated Rome.

Those statements were not made without some foundation, and the foundations were not sought in mere surmises of Sabbath advocates. As evidence that the church of Ireland, founded by Patrick, was evangelical and Scriptural, and was not Roman, I present the following statements taken from reliable authorities:

But while darkness seems to have settled down over the Western world, there was one bright spot—"The Island of the Saints." In Ireland the life of the early faith lived on. Armagh had become a great intellectual and spiritual center. From the days when Patrick flourished—about 440—the cloisters which he established had multiplied and spread their influence, which was to last through the Middle Ages and extend far and wide. The Irish Church was independent. There is no positive evidence that it ever had any vital connection with Rome—it rather seems to have lacked the organization that Rome would have given it.—*Moncrief, A Short History of the Christian Church.*

He (Patrick) was wonderfully successful and before long Ireland could justly be called the "Isle of Saints." The type of Christianity was much more evangelical than that of Rome, with which it had no connection whatever.—*McGlothlin, The Course of Christian History.*

Later Roman Catholic writers have sought to make it appear that he (Patrick) received a commission from the pope to evangelize the Irish. His own writings make no mention of such commission, and it is highly improbable that he consulted the pope with reference to his great life-work.—*Newman, A Manual of Church History.*

As a matter of fact the Roman mission of Patrick rests on no contemporary evidence. In his Confession, written especially to vindicate his call as the evangelist of Ireland, he makes no mention of such a mission. Nor in any of his writings is there reference to any relation to the pope. . . . Patrick himself, like Paul, attributed his mission to the direct call of Christ. In fact, the first Celtic Church was not troubled with too much reverence for the pope. Columba never sought his sanction for the conversion of the Picts, nor Columban for the conversion of the Germans and Swiss. We clear our minds of much misconception when we cease to transfer later theories and conditions into the earlier ecclesiastical history.

—*Hurst, History of the Christian Church.*

Concerning his work in Ireland there are only late accounts, exaggerated and full of the marvelous . . . He was never canonized at Rome and passes as a saint merely by popular usage.—*The New Schaff-Hersog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.*

It would seem that he was sent by no one, but relying wholly on his divine call, without bishop, pope, or council, he went to win a pagan nation to Christ, and he did it.—*McClintock and Strong, Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Cyclopedia.*

The Roman Catholics have proudly and exclusively claimed St. Patrick, and most Protestants have ignorantly or indifferently allowed their claim, thus giving to error a gratuity which it is difficult to recover. But he was no Romanist. His life and evangelical church of the fifth century ought to be better known.—*Encyclopedia Britannica, Ninth Edition.*

The authorities quoted above are such as I have at hand. Doubtless such references could be multiplied many times were other reliable histories available.

It is true that the *Catholic Encyclopedia* states very positively that Patrick went to Rome and received his mission from Pope Celestine. But it makes many *obviously absurd* claims with like show of confidence in their truthfulness. The *Britannica* article says that for all this there is no evidence whatever, the whole story being the result of the confusion of Palladius with the real Patrick. It declares that his going to Rome for ordination was invented in the tenth or twelfth century. "Jocelyn wrote about



1130 and has the praise or dispraise of bringing the Irish Church into Rome. Not being embarrassed with facts, dates, or contemporary history, he presented a life of the Irish saint that exactly suited his times. This was readily received by Rome and adopted as the only true life of St. Patrick."

Doubtless what has been said is sufficient to convince the reader that the evidence that Patrick was never at Rome is quite substantial. One of the best evidences is the evangelical character of the Irish Church, and its Scriptural doctrines and practices so greatly at variance with the Roman Church, with its many pagan elements both in its doctrines and in its practices. It is now necessary to offer some evidence that it is not a wholly unreasonable assumption that St. Patrick may have been a Sabbath keeper.

Here again the evangelical and Biblical character of the church is the first consideration. But we are not left without some definite and direct testimony. Bishop John F. Hurst in his excellent two volume *History of the Christian Church* says in so many words: "The monastic Church of Ireland, like the early Jewish Church, kept Saturday as a day of rest, with special religious services on Sunday." Vol. 1, page 625. And again: "The Scots had kept up the practice of the primitive Jewish Church and the *ancient monastic Church of Ireland* of observing Saturday as a day of rest and Sunday as a day of religious service, but not of cessation from work." Vol. 1, page 639.

In Sanderson's *Story of St. Patrick* we read, "Nor was his teaching about the observance of the Sabbath and the worship of God less strict. In the early Irish Church this day was devoted to the divine service, and its sanctity most strictly guarded. By the ancient Brehon Law the people were required to give 'every seventh day of the year to the service of God.' This is really the requirement of the fourth commandment of the Decalogue."

It is true that the author considers that the day thus observed and called "Sabbath" was Sunday, but this again may be a case of fitting ancient thought and statement into modern conceptions. The fact is that in St. Patrick's time Sunday was never called the Sabbath, nor was it ever kept with religious strictness, or thought of as being enjoined

in the Ten Commandments. Whatever consideration was given to Sunday was based upon the belief that it was the day of the resurrection. There is little doubt in my own mind that the day which was so strictly observed by St. Patrick and the church which he established in Ireland was the Sabbath of the Bible which was his sole authority.

It is very clearly stated also that this strict observance of the Sabbath began "when they heard the sound of the vesperbell." While the author states, of course, that this was on Saturday evening, everything but his own statement would indicate that it was on Friday. And his statement to the contrary can best be accounted for as has been suggested by the not uncommon habit of some writers of clothing ancient truth in modern dress. Of course this is usually done unconsciously.

All must agree at least that this is a subject of very great interest, not only in view of the popularity of the Irish saint, but especially in view of the evident character of the early church, both in Ireland and Scotland. Here for five hundred years, or from the fifth to the tenth century, was maintained a primitive type of Christianity, free from the paganism that flooded the Roman Church during that same period. The genuineness of the work of Patrick and Columba was long questioned by Rome because they took these lands for Christ without bloodshed. One of Queen Margaret's complaints against the Scots in the tenth century was that they kept Saturday. Historians praise her for making Scotland Christian. What she did was to make it more Roman, one evidence of her success being that she enforced the observance of Sunday as a resurrection festival.

Doubtless the Christianity of Ireland is spoken of as the "early Jewish type" because it was the Sabbath-keeping type. It must not be forgotten that it was a beautiful and simple Christ type. The Christ whom Patrick introduced was not the theological Christ, but the Christ of the Ireland road. He is said to have ordained three hundred sixty-five "bishops"; but since that number just equals the number of churches he is said to have established, it would seem that these "bishops" were simply pastors, each in a single parish.

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

### OUR BULLETIN BOARD

April, May, and June remain in this Conference year.

### SHORT MESSAGES ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

No. II

GOD

It is fitting that we often turn our thoughts to him who is "not far from every one of us: For in him we live, and move, and have our being."

The Bible has no elaborate argument in proof of the existence of God. It begins with the declaration, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth."

Evidences of his existence are everywhere. The Psalmist said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number."

There is implanted in man's nature the consciousness that God exists. "It is said that an ignorant African woman, after hearing her first Christian sermon, remarked to her neighbor, 'There! I always told you that there ought to be a God like that.'"

This natural belief in God often finds expression in prayer to him when in our distress we look for help. Lincoln said, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go; my own wisdom and that of all around me seemed insufficient for the day."

Everywhere in the Bible the existence of God is taken as a self-evident truth. Its teachings about his dealings with his people, his promises, commands, and high ideals, his wonderful plan for man's salvation confirm our belief in him.

He is a wise man who studies the Bible to learn more about God.

Think just now of a few of the many teachings in the Bible about God.

"I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God besides me."

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us."

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

These words from the book *The Meaning of Faith* are full of truth:

"When faith in God goes, man the thinker loses his greatest thought."

"When faith in God goes, man the worker loses his greatest motive."

"When faith in God goes, man the sinner loses his strongest help."

"When faith in God goes, man the sufferer loses his securest refuge."

"When faith in God goes, man the lover loses his fairest vision."

"When faith in God goes, man the mortal loses his only hope."

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

It is great to be rich in faith. Faith gives every cloud a silver lining. Faith enables us to hear songs in the night. Faith so cheers us that we rejoice in the midst of tribulation. Faith gives a clear, undimmed vision of Jesus Christ. Faith packs the Bible with the power of God. Faith enables us to walk in fellowship with patriarchs and prophets. Faith grows clearer and brighter until the perfect day, when faith becomes sight indeed.—*J. Wilbur Chapman.*

## FROM THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

It has been the lot of the present writer to live and labor at long distances from our denominational, educational, and religious centers the most of the years of his ministry. Among strangers to our people it is very seldom that events and circumstances cause a refreshing of the very pleasant memories of the by-gone university days and faces.

But at last I have had a most wonderful season of refreshing, which has brought the old scenes and associations back to mind almost as vividly as if they all belonged to yesterday. It seemed that the long term of intervening years has almost vanished.

The old stalwarts—President J. Allen, Dr. Thomas R. Williams, Dr. A. H. Lewis, Dr. D. E. Maxson, Professor A. B. Kenyon, Professor Charles Coon, Professor George E. Tomlinson—again people my mind. The old classmates and societies are there. The old Chapel, "The Brick," Memorial Hall, that wonderful stone building on the side hill, the Observatory farther up the hill, and President Allen's old home are all before me again.

What caused all these new awakenings of memory? It was the coming of President B. C. Davis and Mrs. Davis among us, just from Alfred.

It was their first trip to this coast, and we are glad indeed that we were privileged to meet them on this trip. We hope it will not be their last.

There is quite a large number of Alfred students in this city and vicinity. News of President Davis' arrival was hastily circulated among them. A banquet was soon arranged for the evening of March 9, that all might have an opportunity to meet him and Mrs. Davis. Not all the old students could be reached in time, but at the table were thirty-two students and companions. Four of those old students were of my classes.

Among those present were Dr. Marcus Clawson of Plainfield, N. J., an Alfred University trustee; Mr. Orra Rogers of Plainfield, who is the chairman of the Board of Trustees. The Plainfield families were on a vacation trip to this coast.

President Allen's son, Professor Alfred Allen of this city, was at table; and the

daughter of our old friend, Rev. L. E. Livermore, Mrs. William Satterlee of Monrovia, was with us.

The oldest class represented was that of 1878, by Mrs. Almy of this city. The youngest class was that of 1926, of which Professor Woodward of Los Angeles was the representative. The oldest living alumnus, and also the oldest living ex-professor of the university, is Professor Wightman of Long Beach, Calif., of the class of 1858. He has seen more than ninety years of time pass by, and was not able to be present. The day after the banquet President and Mrs. Davis called on him at his home.

Before closing the foundation for a permanent Alfred University Alumni Association was laid, in the election of Professor Max Compton of the class of 1922, as president, and Professor Woodward of the class of 1926 as secretary. Both of these men are of this city.

This banquet-rally of old students of Alfred University was greatly enjoyed. It made everything seem so very real, in refreshed memories, to have President and Mrs. Davis with us. This is the first meeting of the kind ever held west of the Mississippi River. It came to its close far too soon. We separated with great reluctance, but carried away influences and memories that will long remain with us.

But more. There is another chapter.

President and Mrs. Davis attended service with us in Los Angeles on the following Sabbath, March 12. It was the occasion of the Seventh Day Baptist Pacific Coast Association's Semi-annual Meeting. A very fine delegation was present from Riverside and the day was ideal.

The association was called to order at ten o'clock in the morning by its president, J. R. Jeffrey. The services opened with music, led by Sister Ethelyn Davis of Riverside, followed by Scripture reading and prayer. Brother Robinson, recently of South America, and Pastor Hills spoke on the Sabbath school lesson. Professor N. O. Moore gave his part on lantern slides, which were very excellent and forceful and was enjoyed by all.

At eleven o'clock President Davis gave a very able and impressive sermon. After lunch, at two o'clock, Pastor Hargis of Riverside gave an excellent sermon. This was

followed by a very deep, spiritual testimony meeting, led by Rev. Mr. Ballenger of Riverside. This part of the services was much more than an ordinary meeting in interest and value. Among those who participated were recent converts to Jesus and the Sabbath, old veterans of the cross, slum workers, jail workers, prison workers, workers among the "down-and-outers," midnight mission workers, visitors to the county farm and to the hospitals of the city, etc. We have a variety of work and workers in this western city, and it seems that the most outstanding, practical side of the religion of the God man of the cross—that of helping the helpless—is taking the front rank among our workers here.

It was also with much reluctance that this associational meeting came to its close. All the services of the day were encouraging, with a strong forward urge to full consecration and a deeper devotion to Jesus and his service.

But deeper, higher, and better than all else, the Holy Spirit was perceptibly present in all the exercises. It was a deep, spiritual, strong, inspiring day of service, for "him whom not having seen we love."

## EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

REV. J. F. RANDOLPH

The ten days of evangelistic work carried on by the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church, March 4-13, were days well spent, both by the workers and the many faithful ones who attended the meetings and did their part to make the meetings a success. The attendance was good, being much larger than the usual attendance for both morning and evening meetings. This was brought about by the hearty support we received from our sister church at Milton, Milton College students, and members of our neighbor churches in Milton Junction. The co-operation of the community was worthy of commendation. This co-operation was not only expressed in attendance but in the manner in which the people entered into the spirit of the meetings and took part in the after meetings. Every evening service was followed by a testimony meeting, and almost every one brought out a hearty response from the congregation. The Sunday morning services were turned

into prayer and testimony meetings, as seemed fitting for the nature of the congregation, and these two meetings were specially impressive.

Those in charge of the music rendered a valuable service and those who gave special music in nearly every meeting—organ music by the organist, anthems by the choir in charge of the chorister, solos and duets by members of the choir and by Rev. Mr. Hill, quartet music by the associational male quartet and by a double quartet of Milton men, as well as other men who helped out. The addition of members of the Methodist choir to assist our choir was a real help for the closing night.

While there will be only a few additions to the membership of the church, much more good was accomplished than can be measured by new members. Sometimes when we read such a statement in a report of an evangelistic effort, we feel that is an optimistic way of saying that not much was done, but that is not the case here. There was much tangible good done that we can not print.

We are glad that we could have Rev. Claude Hill with us. We made no mistake in our choice of him as evangelist, or in feeling that we could be benefited by his services. He goes from us feeling as we do, that the results have been gratifying.

## NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT

A woman, noted for her calm and peaceful disposition, was asked how she attained it. She replied:

"One cold frosty morning I stood at the window looking out on to the barnyard where the cows, oxen and horses were quietly waiting to drink. One of the cows attempted to turn around. In doing so she happened to hit her neighbor, who kicked her neighbor, and in five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother, standing by me, saw it all, and putting her hand upon my head, said in tones I never forgot, 'Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble!'"—*Ida Q. Moulton.*

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.—*Proverbs 3: 5, 6.*



## MISSIONS

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

### A STATEMENT FROM THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL BOARDS REGARDING WORK IN CHINA

All boards doing work in China are facing the same problems as to the future of their work and must be more or less interested in what each other is doing and plans to do. In the *Christian Advocate* for March 17 appears a statement from the corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions and the president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. Statements regarding what other denominations are doing regarding school work in China have been appearing recently in the daily press, but one is not always sure that the daily papers can be trusted. For the sake of keeping our people posted, it is hoped that the Missions Department can report from time to time what other boards are doing regarding the school problem and other matters in that war-stricken country. The statement in the *Christian Advocate* regarding the Methodist work in part is as follows:

"Our missionaries are not fleeing from China. They are not being driven out of China. They are not being recalled by the Board of Foreign Missions. Their work is far from finished. Christianity and Christian missions are not dead in China. There have been no deflections of Christian Chinese to other faiths. Our investments in churches, in schools, in hospitals still stand. Colleges and universities are generally maintaining normal enrollment."

The statement then goes on to say that the two Methodist organizations named above employ seven hundred fifty missionaries. "Of this number four hundred fifty are in their usual place of service." Seventeen are enroute to the United States on furlough. Thirty-one, mostly mothers and children, are in Manila. Forty-five from interior towns of West China have gone to

Shanghai on advice of American consuls. "They await favorable opportunity to return to their posts." No missionary "has left a station because of opposition to him or her personally, or because of opposition to Christianity in general or to his or her church or institution or service in particular. In certain instances services are being carried on, schools conducted, and clinics operated by Chinese men and women who have been trained by missionaries."

Regarding schools the statement says:

"In general the Southern leaders demand that mission schools have a majority of Chinese on the governing body, that the president or principal be a Chinese, that Bible study be voluntary and not compulsory, that obeisance be made to a picture of Sun Yat Sen displayed in the school, and that his three principles of action—self-determination of nations, sovereignty of the people, government control of economic factors—be studied. To most of these demands many schools give ready acquiescence. Some hesitate to bow to Sun Yat Sen, interpreting it as idolatry; others think of it as we think of saluting the flag. But there is no attempt to wipe out Christianity or Christian institutions, or to dismiss the missionary."

#### NOTES BY THE WAY

Rev. William L. Burdick,  
Corresponding Secretary,  
Ashaway, R. I.

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

I thought perhaps a few "Notes by the Way" concerning our trip from Boulder, Colo., to Kingston, Jamaica, might be of interest to you. We do not deny that it was hard, very hard, for us to leave our three girls. It was hard for us to leave our good home in Boulder. It was hard for us to leave our Boulder Church. Into this church I received forty-five members during the four years I was with them. Their weekly prayer meetings and Sabbath school and regular meetings of the Ladies' Missionary society, all well sustained, not only when I was serving the church but when we were absent upon the missionary field, were of very special inspiration and help to us. There are very few if any churches among us that take better care of their Sab-

bath services during the absence of a pastor than Boulder does. It was very hard for us to say good-by to our Denver congregation, that has now grown to be about equal in size to our Boulder congregation. Their well organized Sabbath school and live Ladies' Aid society furnished us much cheer and hope. Then, the ever increasing calls and interests outside of Boulder and Denver on the great Colorado field made a mighty appeal to our hearts. It would have been a great delight to us to have continued work on that field. But the call to Jamaica seemed to be louder and stronger. We hope and pray that the good Lord will send a more efficient leader to the Colorado field.

Not till shortly before leaving Boulder for the East did I have any idea of taking our Willys-Knight sedan with us to Jamaica. But your letter received at that time stating that we would need an auto in Jamaica, convinced us that we had better drive the car through to New York and ship it from there to our destination in Kingston, Jamaica. Assurance from you that the Young People's Board would assist in defraying the expenses of the car enroute helped us much in this decision.

Before starting we well understood that crossing the states with an auto in the dead of winter might be thought of as hazardous business. We traveled from Michigan to Colorado at the same season of the year four years before in a Ford touring car.

At ten o'clock Sunday morning, January 9, our car was loaded and we were ready for our start. The car was in fine condition except that I thought the brakes needed tightening a little before leaving Boulder. I drove into the garage where was a trusted and tried workman to have this done. Imagine our surprise to find that not more than ten feet from the garage door—as evidenced by parts found—one of the brakes had broken right there square in two in two places. Why or how no one could tell. Fortunately for us the welding could be done on this Sunday by a Seventh Day Adventist concern. But this matter caused us a delay of four hours in getting out of our home city. It was well for us if the brake had to break that the brake broke when and where it broke. This was episode number one.

The next day, when we were five miles east of Burlington, Colo., the wheel the garage man had off for fixing the brake dropped from the car. The car did not change its course, and no one was harmed. But I had to telephone back to Burlington to get men to come out to put the wheel on. Battered and worn threads were the cause of this mishap. This was episode number two.

We had good weather till after getting over the dirt roads in Kansas. Before reaching Topeka, Kan., we came upon paved roads and had them practically all the rest of the way. Before reaching Kansas City it began to rain. Every day of travel from there on till our last day with the car we had storms of some kind or other. The car was running fine; the brakes were working well. But driving through the snowstorm and slush was very unpleasant. Before the middle of the afternoon, going down a long hill with gentle slope, I had the strangest sensation of my car-driving life. There was a big road-scraper being drawn by a large tractor going before us near the foot of the hill. A Ford car was coming from the opposite direction that might meet the scraper about the time we might wish to pass it. We were on a high, narrow grade about some fifteen feet above the level on either side. I purposed to give plenty of time for the Ford car to get by before we should pass the scraper. When I applied the brakes the queerest feelings came over me. Because of the long continued slush and snow getting into the brake linings, the brakes had completely lost their gripping power. Might just as well have had no brakes at all. I knew that if I loosened the clutch under such circumstances it would but add to the speed of the car giving me no chance whatever to change gears. The emergency brake would help me not a whit. There was nothing left for me to do but either to plunge head-on onto the scraper or to turn to the left in a faint hope that the Ford would get far enough along to let my car between it and the scraper. All in vain! In a jiffy it was all over. My left front wheel was torn from the car, every spoke being broken and some other damage being done to the car, and the Ford looked like a wreck, and was within a foot of going

right over the embankment into the depths below. Episode number three. To be continued.

Sincerely yours,  
D. BURDETT COON.

*Dufferin,*  
No. 2, Bon Air Road,  
Cross Roads P. O.,  
Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

#### LETTER FROM ELDER COON TO HIS DAUGHTERS

[Though this letter from Brother Coon is addressed to his daughters, it is full of interest to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER, and is given here by permission.—SECRETARY.]

##### MY DARLING GIRLS:

The address below is to be our home for a time. Send letters addressed that way and they will reach us. "Dufferin" is the name of our cottage that you may find on the iron gate in front of our cement walk. "Cross Roads" is simply the distributing post office for this section of Kingston. We are located close to the northeast section of the city. There is just one house between us and the trolley car line that will take us to the down town section or close to our present church meeting place. Our meeting place is a rough tabernacle sort of building—just a temporary building. But it answers here for all times of the year.

We came over to this place last Friday afternoon. We were paying \$5 per day over at the hotel. It would have been \$18 or \$20 per day had we gone where Secretary Burdick felt we ought to go first. But he did not know of this other place where our folks here had arranged for us to go till we could find something else. Here we pay \$35 per month for a five-room cottage, unfurnished. So we have to buy all our furnishings. This is a disappointment to us, as we had hoped we could get two or three furnished rooms at a reasonable price. Although we had to pay almost twice as much here for furniture as we would pay in the states, we believe we are following the more economical plan. But we have purchased no furniture yet; had no money for furniture when I got through with the customs house officers. Duties on the car and the umbrella tent, and the extra

fees connected with getting them let free, and the license for the car amounted to about \$80. Then I must pay more license fees for the car next month. Then after paying our hotel bill we found ourselves about strapped for money. So we just decided we would move right over here where I had paid a month's rent and camp out for a while. We hope to get more money from the board within a couple of weeks. Then we hope to purchase a bed and a few other things so that we can begin in a small way to keep house. There is a garage for our car back of our house; but we are leaving the car outside the garage now so that we can sleep in it in comfort. It is in a good shade nearly all day; plenty of good shade in both the front and back of our house. Even if it did cost so much to get the car here, it is saving money for the cause now. We are sure it is going to be of very great use to us after these days. We are using the camp stove for our cooking. We cook and eat, etc., in the house. Have nothing but the "Denver Kitchen Kit" dishes for serving meals yet. But we are making the best of things. Our folks here have brought in a table and three chairs for our temporary use. But by the middle of April we hope to be better fixed. We are on the electric line, but haven't had our connections made for using electricity yet. So we have no lights except the flash light or car lights. But we are getting along fine.

I wish you might have attended our meetings here yesterday and the Advisory Board meeting of the Jamaica Association this forenoon. Sabbath school convened at nine-thirty yesterday morning. Classes are alive with questions and answers. After the Sabbath school I preached; more than sixty people were present. Our folks came from different parts of the island to greet us. One man came forty miles, another sixty miles. The forenoon meeting closed a little before noon and met again in Christian Endeavor at three in the afternoon. That was a good meeting and a long one. Everybody there. After the Christian Endeavor meeting Pastor Mignott conducted the vesper service which continued till six o'clock. I think this is their regular weekly Sabbath program. For the vesper service Brother Mignott read several passages of Scripture, commenting on the same. Yes, they sang

a number of songs. They all take right hold of the song service. They have some excellent voices. Many prayers were offered, and they had a very warm and hearty testimony meeting. They seemed so whole souled and real that it all just did our hearts good. I was melted to tears a number of times. I just wish that all of our churches in the states, without seeing or thinking of the color of these people, could have *listened in* to these services. There was a fine body of young people there taking excellent parts in the services. A more orderly, respectful, and better behaved people you never saw. Practically all who took part in these services spoke very good English. The impression we gained from our first Sabbath in Jamaica is that we have an intelligent, earnest, spiritual minded people in Jamaica.

Today at ten o'clock the Advisory Board of the Jamaica Seventh Day Baptist Association met in a private home. The officers of the Kingston Church met with them, twenty-five of us all together. They made mother and me members of the board. This meeting was especially to help us in getting hold of the situation here. It was a very earnest and serious meeting and was conducted in a most worthy manner. Such a meeting would be a credit to us if conducted in any of our churches or associations or in connection with the General Conference. The earnest and thoughtful discussions of this meeting continued for three hours.

The folks here have arranged for the real reception for us to come at their tabernacle tonight. I may be able to write a little about that tomorrow. Enough of this for tonight. It is now about six o'clock.

Monday morning, March 7.—Yes, they had a wonderful service last night; nearly two hundred people were in attendance. It was by far the greatest ovation ever tendered us. Mother and I had the places of honor on the platform. I can not enter into details describing the program; but they had some very good music—they have some excellent voices here—and an excellent literary program, all strictly evangelistic and missionary in character, giving us the most hearty welcome to a part with them in the evangelization of this island. Their loyalty and fidelity to Seventh Day Baptist principles and faith were emphasized again and

again. Parts in the service melted me to tears many times. I think they expect to furnish some things of this program for the SABBATH RECORDER. But what you see in the RECORDER can not give you the real spirit of the meeting.

It seems that they have been having Sunday night meetings in the tabernacle. After the meeting last night a young woman by the name of O'Brian came to mother saying that she had been attending some of our Sunday night meetings, that she is not a member with us, but that she thinks she will unite with us. Pastor Mignott has never met her; she had been coming upon invitation of a friend.

I would like to tell you a thousand other things about our experiences here, but must stop and get at other matters. We are thinking much about each of you in these days. We expect letters from you this week.

With very much love,

FATHER.

*Dufferin,*  
No. 2, Bon Air Road,  
Cross Roads P. O.,  
Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

#### MISSIONARY COMMITTEE OF NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

A called meeting of the Missionary Committee of the Northwestern Association met at the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage at Milton Junction, Wis., March 8, 1927, at 2.30 p. m.

The members present were: C. L. Hill, Farina, Ill., chairman; E. A. Witter, Walworth, Wis.; J. F. Randolph, Milton Junction, Wis.; J. L. Skaggs and George O. Sayer, Milton, Wis. Only one member of the committee was absent, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.

Chairman Hill appointed J. F. Randolph secretary of this meeting that a record of its proceedings might be forwarded to the RECORDER for publication.

The meeting was called at the request of George O. Sayer, chairman of the sub-committee which is in charge of quartet work for the summer of 1927. This committee consists of George O. Sayer, J. F. Randolph, J. L. Skaggs. The object of the meeting was to discuss the work of the sub-committee as outlined in the report of that committee.



The report of the sub-committee was given by the chairman, stating that there had been two meetings of the committee for the purpose of choosing the personnel and forming a quartet. While the personnel is not fully determined in the case of one part, we are assured of a quartet of young men for evangelistic work this summer. The chairman read letters from W. L. Burdick, C. L. Hill, E. F. Loofboro, George B. Shaw, and others regarding the work.

The meeting was then thrown open to general discussion of a field of work for the quartet. Within our own association the Iowa field; Stonefort, Ill.; Exeland, Wis.; Farina, Ill., and vicinity; and the Colorado field were suggested as possible fields. Outside our own association the Southwestern Association was discussed. The chairman of the Missionary Committee and the chairman of the sub-committee were instructed to write certain individuals regarding the desires of some of these fields. It was agreed that in case a field was chosen outside our own association, the quartet should be placed in direct charge of the Missionary Board.

The question of an evangelist to accompany the quartet was necessarily left indefinite, depending on the field chosen, whether the field chosen already had an evangelist with whom the quartet might work or whether the field was without a worker.

The question of financing the campaign was discussed and the buying of a car for the use of the quartet. The matter of the car was left in the hands of the chairman of the sub-committee. It was agreed that in case the quartet desired to go to Conference on their own time, their expenses should be paid.

After prayer the meeting was adjourned.  
C. L. HILL.

#### CABLEGRAM FROM CHINA

Westerly, R. I.,  
March 24, 1927.

THE SABBATH RECORDER,  
Plainfield, N. J.

Received Shanghai cable today: "We are well and safe for the present." Publish this week.

S. H. DAVIS.

#### HOME NEWS

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—I believe this is the first time I have written to the RECORDER this year. It is hard to think what news from here would interest RECORDER readers, therefore I do not write often.

The weather here is delightful. Robins and blackbirds are singing and it really seems like spring. Winter came early, but it has not been very bad. Our people have kept mostly well, for which we have been truly thankful. Some are sick at present, but are on the gain.

We have had several all-day socials, with good dinners, good programs, and good social times. One was a birthday social. There were twelve tables, one for each month of the year. There was a birthday cake for each table, which was made by the lady who decorated her table according to the month it was to represent. At each table sat the guests whose birthdays occur in the month which the table represented. Mrs. E. H. Socwell won the prize for having the best decorated table—having the month of October. Then after dinner a nice program was carried out, consisting of harmless stunts, singing, etc. So we all had our birthday party at once. However, I had a birthday this week and dear friends came to call on me and brought tokens of love. I also received a great many cards and loving letters. It was an ideal day, and all was very pleasant and enjoyable.

We have a visiting sister here at present, Mrs. Etta North, mother of L. H. North, the business manager of the publishing house. Our hearts have been made sad by the death of Brother Frank Hubbard of Plainfield. One by one we cross the river.

Our church and society are still "carrying on," but we keep losing our young people; for which we are very sorry. Two young women of our number have gone this winter with young men of their choice—Miss Doris Holston and Miss Charlotte Langworthy—but they come home quite often and we hope they always will.

ELLEN CHURCHWARD,  
Correspondent.

"It is the biggest mistake in the world to think that you are working for someone else. Try to realize that someone else is paying you for working for yourself."

### EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.  
Contributing Editor

#### MILTON'S \$1,000 AND OVER CLUB

It seems a colossal undertaking to try to raise \$500,000 for Milton College. And so it is. But the management has tried to prepare our minds for a huge effort, and only so can we hope at all to reach the goal. It has shown us a worthy cause, a needy cause, a very limited field from which to draw our help, and hence the tremendous effort absolutely necessary to accomplish the needed result.

We can not begin by passing the hat and throwing in our dimes. That would get us nowhere. If there were a million of us, the dime collection would get only one-fifth of our goal. Being only eight to ten thousand of us, the figures loom up big. And so they have been trying wisely to get us to think in big figures. Where we are accustomed to think in cents, they are asking that we think in dollars. Where we have been thinking in dollars, they ask us to think in tens, twenties, or fifties. Where we have thought in twenties or fifties, they ask us to think in hundreds. And hundred dollar men they are urging into the thousands, and the thousand dollar men to get into the five thousand dollar or ten thousand dollar class perhaps. So nothing we have done heretofore should be a criterion of what we attempt now. In former years when the agent came around and got our subscription for \$50 or \$100 or more, we thought we did pretty well; but now they have the "\$1,000 and Over" class that they ask us to join, and they wish us to stress the "Over." One thousand dollars any way, and up to \$5,000 or \$10,000, if we can. Personally I am getting used to the "thousand" idea, as I am already in (and not yet out of) my second \$1,000 class.

And then they suggest how these pledges may be paid. First, is the straight pledge, payable monthly or semi-annually over a period of five years. Next, the estate pledge, payable by administrator after the

death of the donor. Then annuity pledge, donors pay now and receive interest on the same as long as they live, the principal going to the college at their death. Finally, life endowment pledge. The donor endowing the school with a given amount on which he pays it five per cent interest until the principal is paid. According to age and financial conditions, these different methods will have their appeal to different persons. With some of us older fellows the "will" or estate pledge, leaving what is left after we are all through with it, might seem the easiest way out. But this would make no provisions for present and immediately pressing needs, and probably should be substituted by some method that would furnish income at once.

The great burden of this effort must, of course, fall upon Seventh Day Baptists. Milton College is our own child; and if her own mother fails her, who can be expected to take her up? She has her alumni, yes, her local and neighborhood friends, and the nearby churches that will have special interest, and will be given their great chance. My appeal through the RECORDER (if this message appears there) is to our own people everywhere, to make their supreme effort in this the crucial hour in the life of Milton College. Many friends of Milton, and would-be givers can not qualify in the \$1,000 list; and for all such there is still the \$100 unit plan provided for, where one can give by "\$100's" instead of "\$1,000's," which will provide for a multitude of givers. Let us all join this summer school; and be careful not to drop in the primer class, when we belong in the advance class; not to play freshmen, if we are really a senior.

G. M. COTTRELL.

Topcka, Kan.,  
March 18, 1927.

#### HEIGHTS

GILBERT MALCOLM FESS

They alone who climb the mountain  
Realize  
How far from heaven's eternal fountain  
The low earth lies.

Only from earth's topmost ridges  
May human love  
Behold the dim immense of bridges  
To That above.

## PRESENT TRUTH

(A sermon preached in Battle Creek by the late Rev. George E. Fifield)

Scripture reading: 2 Peter, chapter one.

Text: *Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth.* 2 Peter 1:12.

*Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season? Blessed is that servant whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing.* Matthew 24:45, 46.

"Meat in due season," "present truth"—these two expressions, one by Jesus to Matthew and the other by his servant, Peter, are synonymous, conveying the same idea, and we want to know what that idea is. "What is truth?" Pilate asked the question lightly, perhaps sneeringly, awaiting not an answer. And yet, it is for the answer of this one question that serious, earnest men, in science, in theology, in every department of thought and effort, have ever burned the midnight oil.

The Psalmist said, "As panteth the hart after the water brooks so panteth my soul after thee, O God." The hunger of the soul for truth, in the last analysis, is the hunger of the soul for God. Men seek truth; God is Truth; every truth is a thought of God, harmonious with every other truth, since God's thoughts are harmonious; he does not ignore the law of consistency; he is the law of consistency. All men, in all the centuries, in discovering and contemplating truth, have been doing what Kepler was doing, when, on discovering the three great laws of planetary motion, he said, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." Again the Psalmist said, "How wondrous are thy works, O God, and thy thoughts are very deep." Happy would it have been for the world if all men had sought the truth as reverently as these, realizing its relation to the Infinite. God, then, is the all Truth, not abstract but concrete, living, loving, and personal. He is omnipresent and immanent in all time and space; and he says, "I am the Lord, I change not, with me there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning." Truth, then, in the absolute, is ever present, ever the same.

Truth, also, in a general sense, in its relation to human need and to human salvation, is ever the same, though there are different ways of revealing it, different methods of expressing it. But the idea that God has had three or more different ways of saving men—one in the patriarchal age, without either the law or the gospel; another in the Jewish age, with the law but without the gospel; and a third in the present age with the gospel but without the law—is entirely unscriptural, as it is unreasonable and unlike God. The true gospel is what the Scripture calls "the everlasting gospel"—everlasting from the beginning. There is no other name under heaven known among men whereby we may be saved, only the name of the Son of God. The song of redemption is not a dual song of salvation through the law and salvation through the gospel; but "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever; for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

As we have seen, God is the same in all ages. Sin, also, is the same in all ages. It is the transgression of the laws of God, which are the laws of happiness and life, accordance with which is life; discordance with which is misery and death. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Man, too, is essentially the same in all ages, dual in his nature, having in him a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde, the spirit lusting against the flesh and the flesh against the spirit, "so ye can not do the things that ye would."

The only thing, therefore, that can save man in any age is a spiritual power to come inside of him and so strengthen his spirit as to enable it to do the things that the spiritual nature would do, so triumphing over the world, the flesh, and the devil. That power is the power of the divine Spirit, the divine Life, flowing from God, the "Fountain of life" through Christ, in our spirits.

Nothing in all the Bible is more clearly stated than this fact—"God so loved the

world," "everlasting life," "infinite fulness of life." "I am come that ye might have life." "The riches of the glory of this mystery is Christ in you, the hope of glory." And, "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them (the world, the flesh, and the devil) because greater is he that is in you than he who is in the world." Nothing is plainer than that salvation is by the given, imparted life of God, through Jesus Christ.

Life is a positive, active, transforming power, on all planes, vegetable, animal, and spiritual. Christ himself was made, we are told, not according to a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. Death is a negative quantity, the absence of all power, and from it alone no power, no salvation can flow. And yet there are some who say, "The death of Christ was the supreme business which brought him into the world; all which precedes that death is but preparation for it; and from it flow all the blessings which God ever has or ever will bestow upon man."

Salvation is a new birth—new life—and it is a divine, universal law, that life can flow only from life. "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, even so he that believeth on me shall live by me." This is the supreme meaning of the ordinance of the bread and wine, partaking of Christ, the "Bread of God" sent down from heaven to give life unto the world. "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood ye have no life in you." "Whosoever eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life (infinite, eternal fullness of life) and I will raise him up at the last day."

So far we have seen that truth in the absolute, and also truth in a general sense, in its relation to human salvation, are everlasting and ever the same. What then is "present truth," "meat in due season"? Truth is progressive. First, in its relation to human comprehension, truth is infinite as God is infinite, and we are but finite. Truth, therefore, is ever beyond us. Our views of it are but partial glimpses, and we should recognize this and ever keep our minds and hearts open to its dawning—never allow ourselves to think we have all truth—never allow ourselves to become creed bound. If we do this, in humility, relate ourselves to the dawning truth, ever

willing to do *his will*, we shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, "He will lead us in a path that shall grow brighter unto the perfect day." His Spirit shall take of the things of mine, and show them unto you, for all things that the Father hath are mine." Thus it is the privilege of each individual Christian to have a constantly progressive experience in the spiritual truth and power of God, and so it is the privilege of the Church itself, collectively, ever to walk in the dawning light of God. "For God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

This will help us to understand what is meant by "present truth" and the "meat in due season." Individually and collectively, it is the latest glimpse that God, in his love, hath unfolded to our vision, preparing the soul, the Church, for its present needs. God does not unfold his Word, his truth, in a haphazard way. "As thy day so shall thy knowledge, thy strength be." You recall Jesus said to his disciples, "When ye are brought before kings and rulers, give no thought to what ye shall say, for it shall be given you that same hour what ye shall say; for it is not you that speaketh, but the Spirit of my Father who speaketh in you." What a wonderfully precious promise. This is not to encourage slackness or to prevent us constantly thinking and studying, but we can not foresee our special present need, but God can, and so he promises to have us ready. It is so with the living Church, in human history. God foresees, as man can not, just what is needed, and unfolds that portion of truth to the Church that is able to receive it.

And this brings us to another, a little fuller thought, of what is meant by "present truth." Although truth is the same, unchanging, yet each truth does not sustain the same emphatic relation to the changing needs and conditions in all ages. John said, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God. Whosoever confesseth that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God." The mere confession of Christ was a true test then. Men did not lightly confess the crucified One, when to do so laid them open to persecution unto the death both from the heathen and Jew. To confess Christ then meant



that there was an experience within that must not, that could not be suppressed, making them like Peter and John, who told the assembled Sanhedrin, "We can not but speak of the things which we have seen and heard." This is a true test today, if the confession is not on the lips only but in the heart and the life. Many today make the mere oral confession when, alas! the heart and the life deny the word.

When Luther preached "salvation by faith" to a world that for centuries had known only salvation by works, "works" no longer meaning "obedience to God" but only obedience to the Church and the priesthood, he preached the "present truth," the "meat in due season," which released unknown forces and transformed the world.

When to a world held in the cold, cruel grasp of the exaggerated doctrine of the eternal decrees of God, believing that most men had been predestinated from all eternity to be damned and burn forever in hell, and only a few had been predestinated to be saved, and neither party could escape its fate—when to such a world John Wesley preached, "Whosoever will may come," it was present truth. It was the very voice of God from on high to hungry hearts. These are truths today, but some people believe them only as a theory, and they do not come with the same emphasis and the same power to human hearts, though there is no salvation outside of them.

The Bible and even the words of Jesus himself make it very plain that in the consummation of the age, when Christ is to return and his kingdom and dominion under the whole heavens be fully established, the prophetic Word of God will be so unfolded to the devout human comprehension that his people will know and be prepared, and will preach it to others that they may know and be prepared. He will come upon some as a thief. "But ye brethren are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of the day and not of the night." And it was of this proclamation of his coming and kingdom being set up that Jesus spoke specifically when he pronounced a blessing upon those who gave the Church "meat in due season."

In spite of all the mistakes of the past, all prophetic students believe we are now

nearing the consummation of the ages. We should be watching and praying and asking of God an unfolding of his light on this truth.

Wherein may lie, at this moment, the present truth to him who has eyes to see and faith to comprehend it? Practically all the Christian denominations seem on the point of being rent asunder by the controversy between two great religious factions, and at present there seems no way to avoid this result. If all the truth were on one side and all the error on the other, it would be a comparatively simple matter. *But this is not the case.* There is truth and error on both sides, and the triumph of truth and righteousness does not, therefore, lie in the triumph of either side and in the overthrow of the other. I am compelled to refuse to allow myself to be labeled. I am not a "fundamentalist" because I believe many things they teach are *fundamentally wrong*, and subversive both of the truth and the liberty of the gospel.

Likewise I am not a "modernist." I sympathize with them in their progressive spirit and in their denial of dogmatism, but I deeply regret that the authority of the Word of God over the conscience is weakened, rather than strengthened, under their teaching. I feel that much of the dogma they have rejected *needed to be rejected*, because it is not in the Word at all, but only in a mistaken concept of the Word, that has come in from heathenism in the middle ages. As I see it, these have been more successful negatively than positively—more successful in their denial of error than in their comprehension of the great spiritual truths of the Word, which should take the place of the rejected error. The man, who, today, with the vigor and strength of youth, can see the saving spiritual truth of God's Word, purified from error, and so preach it as to save Christianity in this crisis, will be preaching the "present truth" and giving "meat in due season."

I am not sure that all denominationalism will be or should be saved. Perhaps, in the transition which seems sure to come, indeed, is almost upon us, there will be a separation between that which is merely churchanity and real Christianity, and that under this separation much of sectarianism will go,

(Continued on page 415)

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### A COLLECT FOR CLUB WOMEN

Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.  
Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.  
May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face, without self-pity and without prejudice.  
May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.  
Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.  
Let us take time for all things; make us grow calm, serene, and gentle.  
Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are as one.  
And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all; and, O Lord God, let us not forget to be kind.  
—Marie Stewart.

It seems strange to me that with all the progress made in scientific research during these last years, no one has been found who is able to tell us in advance just what the weather will be like. True, we have a government weather bureau that has gone a long way in determining weather conditions a short time in advance, and we are told each day what kind of weather we may expect from the hands of the weather man, but now and again we are prepared for a storm that never reaches us, and occasionally after a promise of fair weather a terrible storm comes upon us unawares. Then after it is all over, we are told that the wind changed or went down or came up, or whatever it did, and so of course we did not get the weather we should have had. To be sure these reasons are all very good and satisfying, but they come to us as history and not as advance information. We are told that there are too many unknown elements entering into the composition of the weather to allow of certain prognostication, and we have to admit the truth of this. We are told that two opposing currents of air coming together will cause some sort of a disturbance, but we may not tell how great a disturbance it will prove to be.

A few years ago I was one of a group of people who stood for some time watching a battle between the clouds of two such opposing currents of air, wondering which would prevail. We little realized that the battle was producing a cyclone less than half a mile from the place where we were standing. Of course we pride ourselves now on knowing what a cyclone looks like from the side lines, and we know that it was caused by the war of those opposing currents, but that is as far as our knowledge goes. We might spend some time in research and discover, possibly, just where each current started, but even then we may not tell why they met just as they did. Even in this day when we understand so many more things than we used to know, we are not able to understand why some storm clouds meet and pass at varying altitudes and others meet and do not pass, but do battle. However we know that they do, and that they do not.

Today, as I write, is the day scheduled for the arrival of spring; the time has been set some years, and yet—and yet the ground is white with snow and the snow is still falling. Last week the days were wonderful and some of us worked in our gardens. Is there someone who will arise and tell us that the laws of nature are immutable? But then is it that nature does not govern the weather? It is, perhaps, wise to let this question drop. There are other questions we are unable to answer. Occasionally we read the statement of someone who says he is able to explain all the miracles of the Bible. Perhaps he may to his own satisfaction, but usually he falls back on some point of his theory that is unexplainable even to his own satisfaction. If someone should tell me now that I never saw that cyclone and that this snow storm of today could be explained, I should not worry because, you see, I know I saw that cyclone in the making, and no one has ever been found who has been able to explain fully all the details of its arrival and departure, its beginning and end. And the snow that is here today, driving away the spring of last week that came ahead of time—no one on earth is able to tell me why that spring went nor when it will come back. Even the most devoted advocate of Mother Nature can not answer these simple questions, and why should I let

someone who has but a little knowledge of such things injure my faith in God and his goodness? I say "little knowledge"; for the greater the knowledge in the realms of science the less we hear of one's ability to explain all happenings in the world.

The day of prayer for missions was observed in Milton Junction and in Milton by union meetings of all the missionary societies of the churches. Mrs. West reports a well attended and interesting meeting in Milton Junction, in which three churches united, and place on the program was given to the student volunteer organization of Milton College. At Milton three churches, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the Young Women's Christian Association of the college united in an afternoon service. Mrs. Edwin Shaw presided and members of the three divisions of our Woman's Benevolent society had charge of various topics. In addition special music was presented by members of our organizations. The president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. M. G. Stillman, and the president of the Young Women's Christian Association, Miss Emma Maxson, increased the number of Seventh Day Baptist women having charge of divisions, and brought messages of encouragement and cheer from those organizations. It was an inspiration to feel that we were one of many bands of praying women met that day in many towns all over our country for prayer for missions.

#### MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

The Woman's Board met on Monday, March 7, with Mrs. Edwin Shaw.

Members present were: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. Nettie West, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. J. F. Whitford, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. E. E. Sutton, Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Mrs. J. L. Skaggs.

Pastor Claude Hill of Farina, Ill., was a guest of the board.

Mrs. A. B. West read Hebrews 12:1-15, and Pastor Hill offered prayer.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read.

The treasurer's report showed receipts

for the month to be \$351.60; balance on hand \$961.30. This report was adopted.

Mrs. Whitford also read a letter from Mrs. E. M. Saunders of Westerly, R. I.

The corresponding secretary read a letter from the Committee on Reference and Counsel of the Foreign Missions Conference, calling for a day of prayer for missionaries on March 16.

It was voted to ask Mrs. Shaw to confer with the president of circle 3 of the Milton Benevolent society and Mrs. Daland with the president of circle 2 in regard to arranging a short service of prayer for missionaries during their meetings on March 16.

A communication from the ladies' society of Denver, Colo., gave the names of the officers of this new society. Mrs. West suggested the corresponding secretary write a friendly letter to this society.

Mrs. J. B. Morton, a long time member of the Woman's Board, having passed away. Mrs. W. C. Daland had prepared the following minute for the record of the board:

"Since our last meeting we have lost the oldest member of our board. Mrs. Jennie Bond Morton died on February 22, 1927, at the age of ninety-four. She was a member of the Woman's Board for thirty-one years. Only one other, Mrs. Sherril Clarke, has equaled this term of service. Mrs. Morton was an active member nearly up to the time of her death. She was with us last at the meeting held at Mrs. J. F. Whitford's on October 4, 1926. Despite her great age it may almost be said of her that her 'eye was not dim, nor her natural force abated.' She took the keenest interest in the work of the board, and we shall sadly miss her encouraging point of view and her sound advice."

Mrs. Shaw gave a report of the day of prayer held in Milton on March 4. It was a union service, arranged and conducted by Mrs. Shaw. Women of the Methodist, Congregational, and Seventh Day Baptist churches, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union took part in the service. There were about forty in attendance.

Mrs. A. B. West reported the prayer service held in Milton Junction. This was a union meeting led by Mrs. West and participated in by Methodist, Seventh Day Adventist, and Seventh Day Baptist women. There were thirty women present.

It was voted that the bill for flowers for the funeral service of Mrs. Morton be allowed.

Mrs. West called the attention of the board to some of the minutes of the Executive Committee of the Federation of Woman's Boards and read a greeting from the new president, Constance Emerson Gill.

The corresponding secretary had prepared a letter which the board voted to send to the various societies through the associational secretaries.

Pastor C. L. Hill told something of the work and the problems of the Farina ladies' society.

Mrs. A. E. Whitford conducted the program on the Pacific Coast Association in a very interesting way, with many pictures of people and places along the coast. Helpful letters were read from Pastor H. G. Hargis, Pastor George W. Hills, and Associational Secretary Mrs. C. D. Coon.

It was voted that we consider the situation in China as related to our Seventh Day Baptist mission at our next meeting. Mrs. A. B. West and Miss Nettie West will conduct the program.

The minutes of this meeting were read, corrected, and approved.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. G. E. Crosley in April.

MRS. A. B. WEST,  
*President.*

MRS. J. L. SKAGGS,  
*Secretary.*

#### NEWS ITEMS

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has been elected president of the Greater New York Federation of Churches.

One thousand homeless men were served breakfast on Christmas morning by the Christian Endeavor society connected with the Great Arthur Street Mission in London. After breakfast a service was held, at which Rev. W. A. Ashby was the speaker. He gave a very inspiring message to which the men listened attentively and seemed deeply impressed. His majesty the King sent a telegram to the society commending them on this great "effort to lighten the lives of so many men this Christmastide."

A special committee on camp sites will

be on the job in Cleveland, during the International Christian Endeavor convention, July 2 to 7, 1927, to see that all delegates who come tourist style, with their own tents and camping outfits, will have proper places to pitch their tents.

The Irish Christian Endeavor Union has purchased a new holiday home, formerly a hotel, at Port Rush. The hotel faces the sea front and is excellently suited for the purposes of the union. The cost will be about \$35,000. After conducting a holiday home for four years called Rock Castle, they have found that the home is now too small for the numbers that want accommodations.

Every girl in Silliman College is a Christian endeavorer, most of them active members of the society. The college society has charge of the vesper services each day and devotional services are held daily as well.

A British society recently held a pound night, the members bringing parcels weighing one pound each. One hundred fifty-six pounds were contributed this way. The parcels contained flour, raisins, jam, and other things, and the food was sent to poor families.

Sixty dollars worth of articles was collected by a Junior society in Arlington, N. J., for the church bazaar. This same society gave fifty-one glasses of jelly to the Old Soldiers' Home, and provided forty sick and shut-ins with flowers and candy.

Three members of an Irish society in Bethany Presbyterian Church, Belfast, have gone out to do Christian work. One member recently sailed to take up mission work in Nigeria; another has entered a theological college for training; and a third has been accepted by the Belfast City Mission.—*Edward P. Gates.*

Question: Why are walnuts raised in France called English walnuts in this country?

Answer: Because they came to the United States by way of England. This same species is called French or European walnut. It grows in many parts of Asia and Europe, as well as in the New World. This species of walnut was cultivated in Palestine in the time of Solomon. The Romans knew it as the Persian nut, a name by which it is still sometimes known.—*Pathfinder.*



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK  
R. F. D. 5, Box 165, Battle Creek, Mich.  
Contributing Editor

### CHRIST IN US—POWER FOR A NEW LIFE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
April 16, 1927

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Christ's promise (John 14: 20-24)  
Monday—Christ conquering within (Rom. 8: 10, 11)  
Tuesday—Paul's experience (Gal. 2: 19-21)  
Wednesday—Fruit-bearing (John 15: 1-12)  
Thursday—Transforming power (2 Cor. 4: 15-18)  
Friday—The higher life (Col. 3: 1-8)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Christ in us—Power for a New Life (Eph. 2: 1-10)

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN

#### SUGGESTIVE HELPS FOR THE MEETING

This is the season when "new life" is springing up all around us. We see its manifestation but we can not understand it. This is one of God's mysteries; but it is a blessed fact. And, regardless of the mysterious nature of its power, we count on it in all our life plans. We depend on the recurring of the springtime in nature. We rejoice in the renewing of our spiritual life through the presence of "Christ in us." Thank God that out of our failures, our disappointments, our sacrifices, rise beautiful, joyful, vigorous spiritual growth and fruitage.

Make the entire service serious, reverent, and joyous with renewed hope of better, purer, nobler living through "Christ in us."

Have special music, appropriate to the thought of the meeting, and let it be sung at the *beginning* of the service. It should "pitch the tone" for the meeting.

Have each "daily reading" given by a different member, the leader reading the selection for Sunday. Following each passage, the reader should comment briefly, bringing out the appropriate thought which the Scripture contributes to the topic.

An object lesson may be used to illustrate.

For Monday: Show a bulb which is just pricking through the soil—a glimpse of renewed life.

For Tuesday: A common potato dies to give life to the new plant.

For Wednesday: A broken-off branch from a grape vine.

For Thursday: A cocoon and a butterfly.

For Friday: A blooming plant or vase of lovely flowers.

The society read together Ephesians 2: 1-10.

Two appropriate hymns chosen by the Music Committee.

Prayer chain of five links.

Testimonies.

Pastor's closing message.

Silent prayer for a renewing of the Christ-life in each heart, followed by consecration hymn sung softly with bowed heads.

Have the room beautiful with flowers, which the Flower Committee will later carry to the shut-ins with messages of love and sympathy from the society.

### A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

I live near a church which has a large clock. Every night this clock is illuminated from within, so that those passing along the street can see what time it is. If it were not for this light from within the clock would not render much service to the public at night, for its face would be invisible. Christ within the Christian makes him shine, and the world judges Christianity by the way he radiates that light. How are you radiating this light?

*Christ in us* gives us power to obtain salvation. Our Scripture lesson tells us plainly that we are not saved of ourselves, but salvation is the gift of God. We get this gift through taking Christ into our lives.

*Christ in us* gives us the hope of eternal life, and it is a wonderful hope. I can hardly conceive of what this earthly life would be without it—it would be utterly void and empty.

If there are any of my readers who have never taken Christ into their lives, let me ask, in a spirit of love, that you consider this matter seriously, and let him come in and change your life, giving you the new life. Do not delay, my friends, for "now is the day of salvation."

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

## JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR SABBATH DAY, APRIL 16,  
1927

MRS. EMMA JEFFREY

For this lesson an outline of a tomb might be drawn on the board, also a cross.

The thought of spring with the buds, flowers, and grass coming into new life, and the singing of the birds, makes everyone joyous and happy.

Compare this new life with the resurrection, the opening of the tomb, and the new life in Jesus, that should make us all happier and freer.

Appropriate songs should be sung.

*Nortonville, Kan.*

## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

(Sermon to the boys and girls, Plainfield, N. J.,  
March 19, 1927)

#### I BIND MYSELF TODAY

To the power of God to guide me,  
The might of God to uphold me,  
The wisdom of God to teach me,  
The eye of God to watch over me,  
The ear of God to hear me,  
The Word of God to speak for me,  
The hand of God to protect me,  
The way of God to lie before me,  
The shield of God to shelter me,  
The host of God to defend me

Against the snares of demons,  
Against the temptations of vices,  
Against the lusts of nature,  
Against every man who meditates injury to me.

Whether far or near,  
Alone and in a multitude. —*St. Patrick.*

Day before yesterday was St. Patrick's day. Did you wear any green that day? Would you like for me to tell you something about good St. Patrick today? He was a good man, and we may well know and remember who he was and what he did.

St. Patrick is called the apostle to Ireland, and we usually think of him as being an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. The fact is, he was neither. It is not known just where he was born, but it was not in Ireland. It seems most likely that he was born in northern Britain, in what is now Scotland. We do not know very much about

his life, for records were not kept then as they are in these days.

When he was sixteen years old he was captured by Irish pirates and sold to an Irish chief, whose flocks he tended for six years. At the end of that time he made his escape into France, where he was converted to Christianity. He went back to his home in Britain. But he was constantly haunted by the thought of the need of the Irish for Christ. He says, "I fancied I heard the voice of the folk who were near the wood of Fochlad, nigh to the western sea." He studied in France to prepare himself for his great missionary work, and then went back to Ireland where he preached to the people and established mission schools. He was wonderfully successful in his work and before long Ireland could justly be called the "Isle of Saints."

During his years of slavery Patrick had learned the language and the customs of the country, so he knew how to work among the people. He gathered them by beat of drum into an open field and told them of the sufferings of Christ for man's salvation. He had an attractive appearance which drew men to him. Ireland was converted in a few years, and was thickly strewn with churches. The people in these churches lived quiet and good lives, and studied the Scriptures. It was because so many missionaries went out from here to take the gospel of Jesus to other countries that Ireland was called "The Isle of Saints."

I told you a moment ago that we usually think of St. Patrick as a Roman Catholic. I looked in six different histories in my own library and every one of them said that St. Patrick was never at Rome, and that his church was founded upon the Scriptures, and not by the authority of the pope.

Dr. James Lee Gamble, who was my history teacher in the seminary more than twenty years ago, believed that St. Patrick was a Sabbath keeper. The more I read history and study the books that tell about what happened so long ago, the more I think he may have been right. That seems very strange to you, doesn't it, to think of St. Patrick as a Seventh Day Baptist, or as a Christian saint of the long ago who kept the Sabbath. Well, we all know, of course, that St. Matthew and St. Mark and

St. Luke and St. John and St. Peter and St. Paul were Sabbath-keeping Christians, who followed Jesus in baptism. Then were they not Sabbath-keeping Baptists? St. Patrick lived only four hundred years later, and he got his gospel from the same source. We know, too, that Christians in Ireland and Scotland kept the Sabbath five hundred years after St. Patrick preached and built up churches in Ireland. St. Columba seems to have taken Christianity and the Sabbath from Ireland to Scotland.

Churches that make and unmake saints, or rather, who claim to do so, have never *made* Patrick a saint. He was just a good, saintly man, and belongs to all of us. The Church of England has just pushed St. Valentine off his saint's pedestal, and now he belongs to all of us alike, and we shall go right on sending valentines to those we love.

I read you in the beginning some of St. Patrick's own words. You might use them for your quiet hour. They would be very good for early morning devotional reading. And remember, there are no Christians today who have a better right to call St. Patrick their own saint than have Seventh Day Baptists.

### SOME CHOICE SELECTIONS

#### THE SABBATHS OF LONG AGO

I thought they were long in passing—  
Fancied the clocks ran slow;  
But now I'd give my heart strings  
For those Sabbaths of long ago.

They've gone to a wide hereafter,  
They're part of an unpaid debt,  
But for me their quiet safeguarding  
Is linked to a great regret.

For my eyes were blind to their beauty—  
The grace and charm they wore;  
The hush on the fields of the morning,  
The light through the open door.

The peace that was mine without asking,  
The joy to walk hand in hand  
With him who gave us the Sabbath  
As a step to the Promised Land.

#### THE CHILD MIND

The mind of a child is a garden-place  
Where the sweetest of flowers grow;  
Where sometimes they live, in silent grace,  
As a rose lives under the snow;  
Where sometimes they bloom, these blossoms rare,  
More wonderful every day;  
Oh, we who are grown-ups must take good care  
That they do not fade away.

We must tend these gardens with loving hands,  
And gather the blossoms with pride;  
We must show that the kind heart understands  
With a sympathy deep and wide.  
For a garden to grow with a healthy zest  
Must know patience and faith supreme;  
Oh, a garden thus helped will do its best  
To sparkle and glow and gleam.

Violets and bluebells and mignonette,  
Thoughts that are as fine as lace;  
Pansies for dreams that one can't forget,  
When glimpsed on a small child's face;  
Lilacs and tulips and maiden-hair,  
And lilies as pure as snow—  
These are the precious flowerets  
That the garden is helped to grow.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

[As I have been copying this child-flower poem I have thought that every Sabbath school teacher, especially in the primary department, is having just such a flower garden to cultivate and make the most of. Happy indeed may she and her flowers be if she has the gift and the knowledge of this kind of floriculture.—H. W. R.]

#### KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR

Get acquainted with your neighbor!  
Stop and pass the time of day;  
You may get a lot of pleasure  
From the things he has to say.  
You may find a better fellow  
Than you thought him at the start;  
You may form a mutual liking  
Though your views be far apart.

He may make a good suggestion,  
Just the one that you may need,  
That will bring you fame and fortune  
If you'll cultivate the seed.  
He may need some small assistance,  
In a purely personal way,  
That you'd feel quite free to give him,  
So why treat him like a stray?

How is one to love his neighbor  
As the Bible bids us do  
If we never get acquainted,  
If he's not a help to you?  
Would a happy wife be married  
To her present choice of man  
If she had not learned to know him  
In a way no stranger can?

You may some day be a stranger  
Like the man who's just "moved in,"  
Meeting folks with good intentions  
But who just forgot to grin.  
Friend, regardless of your calling,  
Whether business, field, or labor,  
Know the fellow at your elbow  
Get acquainted with your neighbor.

[Then invite him to your church and Sabbath school, and you'll know him still better.—H. W. R.]

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### EASTER MEANS HAPPINESS

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
April 16, 1927

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Jesus is risen (Matt. 28: 6-8)  
Monday—Jesus remembers us (Luke 24: 13-16)  
Tuesday—We live beyond death (2 Cor. 5: 1)  
Wednesday—Jesus lives in us (John 17: 26)  
Thursday—Hope of meeting loved ones (1 Thess. 4: 13-18)  
Friday—Eternal life in our Father's house (John 14: 1-4)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Why Easter means happiness (Mark 16: 1-15)

MRS. WILBURT DAVIS

Winter is past. The brown grass has begun to turn green. The trees are putting out their new foliage and blooms. The tiny bulbs which we planted down deep in the ground last fall, and which have been cared for so well by God and Mother Earth, are bursting forth into new life and beauty.

That is why Easter means happiness. That which was dead is now alive and fills our souls with happiness. Just so, our lives should bloom for Christ that we may bring happiness to God and our fellow men.

How may the lives of Junior boys and girls express happiness? By kind deeds, kind words, and loving obedience to God's commands.

"See the land, her Easter keeping,  
Rises as her Master rose;  
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping  
Burst at last from winter's snows.  
Earth with heaven above rejoices,  
Fields and garlands hail the spring;  
Sloughs and woodlands ring with voices  
While the wild birds build and sing."

### A BIBLE PUZZLE

H. V. G.

Once upon a time there were two little girls who were neighbors. In fact their houses were so close together that these two girls put up a pulley line from the second story window of one to a second story window of the other house. Then they attached

a little covered box to the line and sent messages back and forth to each other. In order to have these letters very secret they would write them in code, and the other would have to decipher the code before she could read what her friend had sent. It used to be great fun, and many puzzling codes were invented. Here is one code that was used. See if you can figure it out and also tell what Bible verse is used. To help you, we shall whisper that 8 stands for e. There are fourteen e's, so now you have a good start.

6-20-25 4-23-10-15 10-15 23-10-15 7-13-  
12-12-6-20-25-12-8-20-4, 4-23-6-4 17-8 15-  
23-13-16-21-25 26-8-21-10-8-3-8 10-20 4-23-  
8 20-6-12-8 13-24 23-10-15 15-13-20 22-8-  
15-16-15 7-23-5-10-15-4, 6-20-25 21-13-3-8  
13-20-8 6-20-13-4-23-8-5, 8-3-8-20 6-15 23-  
8 9-6-3-8 16-15 7-13-12-12-6-20-25-12-8-  
20-4.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.—  
1 Corinthians 13: 13.

### JUDY STORIES

H. V. G.

#### MARY'S SURPRISE

There were a few excited whispers and hushed laughter as with hurried footsteps Judy and Betty ran up to Mary Walker's back door and tried the key in the keyhole. It fitted and turned, and there the door was open. On tiptoe they walked in and then stopped in the middle of the darkened kitchen. This was such a new and strange adventure that they half expected to hear something to frighten them away. That morning both had risen an hour earlier to practice their music lessons, so now after school they had time to make their surprise for Mary. That was to do her dishes and her other household tasks for her so that, when she came home, she would find her homework all done, and then all three could play in the little house just as they used to do. All this time Mary did not know her friends' plans, and she was expecting no



more play times now that she was to care for Mrs. Robbins' little boy an hour after school and then work when she reached home. It was to be a big surprise for her, and Judy and Betty felt greatly excited over the fun of it.

"Did you hear something?" whispered Betty, clutching Judy's arm in the dim lit room.

"No," replied Judy stoutly and then she listened as intently as Betty. "'Course nobody's here. Nobody should be here anyway. But—"

"It's dark," whispered Betty again.

"Let's put up the shades so we can see." Judy was determined to be brave although she really did think she had heard a noise in the other room.

"It feels so queer to come into an empty house, doesn't it?" volunteered Betty a little louder this time, and then both gave a jump. There certainly was a sound somewhere in the house. Then suddenly came from the other room, "Hello, hello, better be careful."

Judy let the shade go up with a bang to the top and Betty gave a little scream.

"O-o-oh, who's that?" she gasped.

"Here we are, ho, ho," came the voice again.

Judy turned toward the sitting room door as if she expected to see two or three giants stalking in all armed with clubs. Then as nothing more happened, curiosity made her peep around the door. Betty tiptoed after her.

"Why," suddenly Judy laughed, "it's Poll Parrot. We forgot all about him. Oh, I was so scared."

"I thought it was some terrible spooky person who doesn't belong here," Betty confessed with a giggle. "I was going to run only I couldn't."

Both laughed and felt better.

"Now let's hurry or Mary will get here before we are ready." And Judy put on the apron she had brought.

"Let's take turns," Betty suggested. "You do the kitchen today, and I'll dust the other rooms. Then tomorrow we'll exchange."

"All right, and I bet I can beat you, too." Judy hurried and was soon busy in a pan of hot soap suds. In the other rooms the duster went the rounds vigorously while Poll made a great clamor with, "Well, well, well, well, I never."

Judy stood the racket as long as she could, and then she walked into the other room to shake a soapy finger at Poll.

"Poll, for shame," she scolded. "Don't you know us? You know, this is Judy and Betty, so now be quiet."

"Ho, ho," the bird chuckled, but he still seemed much ruffled over this strange interruption of his afternoon's meditation. After that everything went quietly except for an occasional, "Judy and Betty, so now be quiet. Crer-ack-er," from Poll. Betty finished her dusting first, but Judy claimed she lost time because she had to stop to reason with Poll Parrot. When it was time for Mary to arrive, they pulled the shades, locked the door, and, running to a nearby hedge, hid there to watch for her.

Soon down the walk came a little girl in a brown dress, with brown hair, and dark brown eyes. She unlocked the front door of the little house and went inside. Soon the two hidden in the shrubbery saw the shades go up, and they heard Poll's cry of "Hello" again.

"Do you s'pose we can go now?" whispered Betty.

"Yes," Judy replied and cautiously stepped out towards the front yard. "And be careful—not a word about our being here before. We must keep it a secret."

In a few minutes both appeared at Mary's front door, and there stood Mary looking in amazement at the room.

"Hello," called Betty, "we came over to play."

"Betty, Judy, look at this room, and come here, too," Mary said excitedly as she led the way to the kitchen. "Somebody's been here and done my dishes and done the dusting. It can't be mother, either, as she is sewing at Mrs. Robbins' today, and I just left her there. Isn't this the strangest thing!"

Just here Judy with a gasp of dismay saw her apron on a chair back where she had forgotten it.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "what if Mary sees that!" And sure enough, right then she did.

"Oh, look, here's somebody's apron." She held it up for Judy and Betty to see. If Mary hadn't been so puzzled over the

(Continued on page 415)

## SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.  
Contributing Editor

### MRS. SHERWOOD NINETY-EIGHT YEARS OLD

Certain duties of mine take me once a month up to the Wisconsin Veterans' Home at Waupaca. While there I have usually about three hours for visiting the good old people at home there in the various buildings. It is a good place for the study of human nature. This home was established forty years ago by the Grand Army of the Republic for needy veterans of the Civil War, also for wives, widows and mothers of veterans. In 1923 it was opened for soldiers and wives, widows, and mothers of soldiers of the Spanish-American War. At the present time there are one hundred thirty-eight men and two hundred ninety-nine women enrolled—more than twice as many women as men. About fifty-five of these are Spanish War people. The average age of the Civil War veterans is about eighty-two.

I am writing to tell in particular about one old lady there, Mrs. Mary Sherwood, who was ninety-eight years old the eleventh of last February. A special birthday dinner was then prepared for her, and a group of those nearing her age were invited to dine with her. It was a most interesting occasion. Mrs. Poole, the matron who planned the little banquet, told me about it, and she herself enjoyed the dinner as well as any of the ninety-year-old guests. Good deeds always bring happiness.

Mrs. Sherwood's husband died of wounds early in the Civil War, and she went to teaching. She taught in the same school in Stevens Point, Wis., thirty-three years. Some of her girls and boys there have come to be prominent men and women in business and other activities of life—some high in public positions. They gratefully remember her now on her birthday, sending her gifts and flowers as loving tokens of their regard for her and her uplifting influence in their lives. This is one of the happy compensations for the work of the real teacher—better than money.

Mrs. Sherwood's mind is clear and bright. She speaks intelligently upon matters of general information and mature reflection. As I sat talking with her last Wednesday, something said about Sabbath keeping led her to remark: "My father was an old-fashioned Puritan—very strict about Sunday observance. As a little girl I was not allowed play upon Sunday at all—not permitted to do anything so natural for young children to enjoy. I must sit upon my little stool and read my Sunday school book and the Bible—was made to feel it to be wicked to want to do anything else. How I did want to run and play. I remember being one Sunday afternoon out behind the house, out of sight of my father, and I did run and play. I'd have been truly happy were it not for the fear that it was wicked. Even now I feel sorry for that little girl ninety years ago."

I have thought not a little of what Mrs. Sherwood said about her father's way of cultivating a Sabbath conscience. Was it the best way, or was she thereby led to dislike everything about a Sabbath day and decide that when she became older and got away from home she would break away from all such puritanic notions? Mrs. Sherwood said she came near hating Sunday.

We wish our young folks to grow up with a Sabbath conscience—a love for the Sabbath and all that it brings to us, and not to dislike it. How may it best be done?

#### LESSON II.—APRIL 9, 1927

PETER'S LESSON IN TRUST. Matthew 14: 22-33.

Golden Text—"Be of good cheer: it is I: be not afraid." Matthew 14: 27.

#### DAILY READINGS

Apr. 3—Peter's Lesson in Trust. Matt. 14: 22-33.

Apr. 4—The Floating Ax. 2 Kings 6: 1-7.

Apr. 5—Jonah in a Storm. Jonah 1: 4-16.

Apr. 6—Paul in a Storm. Acts 27: 27-44.

Apr. 7—Hope, the Anchor of the Soul. Heb. 6: 13-20.

Apr. 8—Trusting in Jehovah. Psalm 31: 1-14.

Apr. 9—The Security of the Godly. Psalm 91: 1-10.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"The main reason why so few dishes are broken in the White House is that 'company' is not expected to help wash them after dinner."

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### GRATITUDE

DR. FERDINAND RUGE

(Sermon preached in Salem, W. Va. Prof. Ruge is a teacher in Salem College.)

Text: Luke 17:11-19—Healing of the Lepers.

This text treats of gratitude. It puts before us in wonderfully simple language how rare gratitude is and how base is ingratitude. "Blow thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude and benefits forgot," says Shakespeare, and yet "Ingratitude is the world's pay," as an old proverb has it. It is the most common of all experiences. We are all eager and clever to look for friends when we need them, and we are just as prone to forget them when their help is no longer needed. So base is our nature that we are inclined to dislike those who have done us the greatest services because their memory makes us feel smaller and confers an endless obligation upon us; we rather consider ourselves self-made men. If we had the courage to recollect all the innumerable kindnesses and favors we have received from others, we should be bound to acknowledge that, of whatever we have achieved in life, very little is our own entirely. And that reflection does not flatter my vanity; I resent it.

There are times, though, when we feel very keenly what a base thing ingratitude is, that is when we observe it in others. When we hear or read of a case like that in our gospel where people turned their backs upon their benefactor to whom they should have been bound by ties of everlasting gratitude, we wax indignant. Our better moral judgment asserts itself when we condemn King Lear's daughters as fiendish monsters. Even the most low and degraded recognize the baseness of ingratitude observed in others. We feel more contempt yet against those to whom we have been of assistance and who have not regarded us with abundant proofs of their gratitude, even if our help was given from a selfish motive or with an offensive show of charity.

That reflection on the commonness of in-

gratitude should be particularly humiliating when we find the most striking instances of gratitude amongst the brute creation. Is there a human being who equals the dog, the common dog, in his undying gratitude to his master? Will he not remain loyal to his master when he has lost his fortune, and share the beggar's bread with him? Will he ever forget you when you forget him? Have you never felt ashamed before a dog as I have? The prophet Isaiah quotes another instance from the animal world, "I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." The Savior gives us in our text as an instance of gratitude the action of a Samaritan, a man belonging to a tribe which was looked down upon by the Jews in the same way we look upon lower races, the members of which, according to the fashion of the Orient, were called "dogs." The one of the ten lepers whom people would least suppose to act on high principles, the Samaritan dog, only performs the duty of gratitude, as it will happen that those whom you expected to be more particularly grateful to you, may disappoint you; yet there will be someone whom you have forgotten long ago, whom you never thought much of, who keeps your memory in the shrine of a grateful heart as long as he lives and will plead for you at the throne of God on the day of judgment. "I was hungered and he hath given me meat, I was naked and he hath clothed me, I was sick and in prison and he hath visited me." I said that the reflection on the commonness of ingratitude should be particularly humiliating when we find the most striking instances of gratitude amongst Samaritans and dogs. Alas, the Savior almost suggests to us that we should look for the exhibition of the most elementary virtues, like gratitude, outside of the Church, as he suggests in regard to mercy in the parable of the good Samaritan.

Instances of ingratitude would be less glaring if they were confined to the lowest classes to which presumably those ten lepers belonged, because there we might expect dullness of feeling and bad manners. But how shocking is such an instance of ingratitude as we see when people of wealth and

position, surrounded by friends eager to catch a smile from their lips, are suddenly overwhelmed by misfortune and their means are gone; how their society friends are quickly blown away by the storm when they can entertain no longer nor keep up appearances. I met an aged politician once living in a little house in the suburbs of New York, and he said to me, looking out of the window, "There have been other times when the street in front of my city house was lined with carriages on many occasions." Some even had the cruel experience of the politician David, which he expresses in the Psalm—"Yea, even mine own familiar friends whom I trusted, who did also eat of my bread, hath laid great wait for me. It was not mine adversary that magnified himself against me, for then peradventure, I would have hid myself from him. But it was even thou, my companion, my guide and my own familiar friend. He laid his hands upon such as be at peace with him, and he broke his covenant. The words of his mouth were softer than butter, having war in his heart; his words were smoother than oil, and yet be they very swords"; which complaint reminds one of the old saying, "God guard me against my friends, I can guard myself against my enemies."

We are told to love our enemies. That is a Christian duty. But first comes that of loving our friends as even the Publicans and sinners do. Much has been said of the wonderful capacity of the pagan Greeks for friendship. Achilles and Patroclus, Damon and Phintias, Castor and Pollux, Orestes and Pylades—should they shame us? Let us be quick to forget insults and slights from our enemies, but let us be more anxious to remember favors and benefits from our friends and be loyal to them and do good to them. We find amongst the great financiers and other eminently successful men of affairs an exceptional ability for making and keeping friends which is identical with an ability for gratitude. Brains and the love of money are not sufficient to make a great business man. Once I was called upon to judge of a certain young man's prospects in business, and I arrived at the conclusion that in spite of his talents and superior advantages, he would never go to or stay at the top because his conceited and languid indifference toward

others incapacitated him for that greatest asset in business, friendship and loyalty—by which, I would not wish to say that one should cultivate gratitude for business for profit's sake. Anyone who practices a virtue because it pays, will find that it does not. There is one of the most wonderful books in the world written by the gayest of gay Frenchmen on that subject, entitled "Gil Blas." I advise every man (It is not a woman's book) to read it. It contains a number of frivolous stories in order to attract a certain class of men who would otherwise not read it. But it has a tremendously serious purpose, and it is the only book in the world written on that difficult subject. It shows us a man who sets out with the purpose of making a success of life by practicing loyalty and who fails miserably. In the very depth of his misfortune, he sees his mistake and now begins to do his duty without expecting any return; from that moment on he is blessed and goes on from success to success. He is no longer grateful and loyal to his friends for what he might get out of them, but from his heart and for conscience' sake.

I do not know how you feel on this point, but looking back on my past life there is no recollection which humbles me more than the thought of the many, many people who have been kind and helpful to me and whom I never repaid. Let me also say that there is no reason which makes me yearn for heaven more ardently than the desire of meeting them and pleading for forgiveness of my ingratitude. When I remember especially the debts of gratitude that I never paid and never shall be able to pay because the cold earth has closed over those who loved me most and helped me most I can not lift so much my eyes unto heaven but smite upon my breast, saying, "God, be merciful unto me, a sinner!" Oh, my friends, let us be grateful to one another before it is too late; let us gather roses for one another while we may, tributes of gratitude in this life. Try to recollect some one living now to whom you have not repaid what he or she has done for you, and let not the sun set before you resolve and begin to prove your gratitude. This sermon will not be lost if only one single one will set out today to pay some debt of gratitude, long delayed, or altogether discarded. Will



not everyone of our friends to whom we have been ungrateful stand up against us at the throne of God on that last day when we shall cry for mercy? There are many sins for which we can never atone, but the sin of ingratitude in the case of our living friends we can make up for; let us not tarry. Sometimes we are not able to reach our benefactor; in that case we can show our gratitude by passing on his kindnesses to others.

Gratitude also, like any virtue, acts back upon our own happiness; nothing makes life sweeter than a heart full of gratitude to our friends. And may I remind you of this too, let us not shirk our obligations to persons lower in their state of life. Are we not particularly inclined to forget those of our benefactors above whom we have risen? We all have seen men rising upon the shoulders of others and then kicking their supports away, being ashamed to recognize those who helped them up the ladder. We come across cases of parents who educated and dressed their children above their own station, and those children look down upon their old-fashioned, ignorant parents. Yet there is no end of meanness in our nature. Do we often realize that all of us who belong to the higher walks of life are standing upon the shoulders of that vast part of mankind whom we commonly call the masses? Is it not the men who make our roads, who lay the tracks, who plough the soil, who feed the furnaces, who attend the machines, upon whom not only our physical comfort but our intellectual and moral culture depends? Do we ever think of the masses with gratitude? I hear some one say at once, "Whatever they do for us we pay them for it, and that is the end of it." I have with the same reason heard a man say that he would not say grace at meals because he paid for his food with his hard-earned money. In the same strain you may hear your son or daughter coming home from an up-to-date college where they study social sciences say to you, "I owe you no gratitude for what you do for me because I did not ask to be born; it was your desire and now you must pay for it according to your station in life." That argument is perfectly logical, yet we do not want to hear it. It is just as logical to say that we owe no gratitude to the

lower classes who build the superstructure of our civilization because they worked for our pay and worked voluntarily.

Some years ago a society was formed in England of all born and bred gentlemen for the purpose of furthering the welfare of the masses. The war swept that society away, but that generous acknowledgment of indebtedness to the masses on the part of the most cultured class is certainly nobler than the view of the Prussian general who speaks of the common people as cannon fodder, or that of the sociological philosopher who looks upon the masses as the manure pile necessary to produce the few fine flowers of culture. Would it not, at this time of social unrest, be the wisest as well as the most Christ-like philosophy of life if we considered the gratitude we all owe to one another as members of the community as the leading incentive of our actions? We could indeed bring the millennium near. We talk of human brotherhood, but we act upon the principle that life is a competitive rivalry and struggle for rulership.

What do we really do for the masses? To keep them quiet is almost the only aim of our policy. When you walk through the slums of our great cities, what is always the most conspicuous imposing public building? The police station. What do we give the masses? The social reformers have not gone much beyond closing up places, forbidding things, taking away things. What do we give them instead? What do we do as a community? What have we done in this town for the people who used to enjoy the saloon? What have we given them to take its place?

Though I constantly read that mankind has risen above the ages of the past and is coming nearer and nearer to the goal of perfection, when it comes to the details of our social life and of my own life, I can not share that happy view. To me the old doctrine of the Bible and the Church of original sin, remains eternally true, that there is no good in us and that we have nothing to glory in. The old Adam born in sin and conceived in iniquity has not made away; our souls need washing in the blood of Jesus and daily repentance as much today as in the rougher days of old if we are to appear before God in the wedding garment; nothing shows it to me more clearly

than the observation, how common and deeply rooted ingratitude is in us. I have spoken so much of the duty of gratitude toward our human benefactors, though this might seem an unusual subject to be treated from the pulpit. But if we do not cherish gratitude toward men whom we see, how shall we learn to be grateful to God whom we see not? Let us cultivate and teach our children to cultivate gratitude toward men, which must expand to the brotherly love of all mankind, and their hearts will naturally be lifted up in gratitude to God, who, the giver of all good gifts, bestows his gifts to us by man's hands. Our religion will then turn to the truest and simplest form, that of gratitude to God to render thanks for the great benefits that we have received at his hands, and to show our gratitude not only with our lips but by our lives, giving up ourselves to his service and by walking before him in holiness and righteousness all our days, thus making our whole life one thank offering.

### JUDY STORIES

(Continued from page 410)

surprise, she would have noticed a very queer expression on Judy's face.

"Why, it's a small apron," Mary exclaimed. "It must have been a small person. Now, isn't that queer!"

Judy glanced at Betty, and then with a weak sounding "oh" she clapped her hand to her mouth. There was Betty with her apron still on and the dust cloth sticking out of the pocket.

"Oh, goodness," Judy thought, "why didn't I notice that before!" Then as Mary started for the sewing room, Judy made frantic signs to Betty for her to take off her apron. Betty looked at herself and began to laugh. It was lucky Mary was in the other room. Hurriedly she undid the strings and took the tell-tale garment off. Now if she could only hide it before Mary returned.

"Everything's in order here, too," called out Mary from the sewing room. Betty was making a quick run for the front door when Mary appeared. Betty with a quick movement thrust her apron behind her back, but she was not quick enough. Mary had seen her.

"What are you hiding, Betty Lane?" Mary pointed her finger at Betty who was blushing. Then looking, Mary cried, "It's another apron. Oh, now I see. You and Judy have—but how did you get in the house? You are the ones, aren't you, and somebody gave you a key. I was really beginning to think fairies had been here."

Betty and Judy were indeed extremely puzzled to know what to say. Mary began to laugh.

"I thank you a thousand times. I think you are real, good fairies."

Judy made one more attempt.

"Really, Mary, you must believe we are—I mean, this was all done by fairies. We couldn't get in, you know, I mean without a key, and fairies could, so you see it must have been fairies."

Then came the last give away from Poll himself.

"Ho, ho," he cried out. "Fairies, you know, Judy and Betty, so now be quiet. C'er-ack-er."

### PRESENT TRUTH

(Continued from page 402)

that real Christianity may emerge with new light, new liberty, and new power, that the prayer of Christ may be answered: "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." "That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." "Neither pray I for these alone, but them also which shall believe on me through their word. That they all may be one: . . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me"; and that "thou lovest them as thou lovest me." Oh, the joy and hope of this final word, "thou lovest them as thou lovest me." This should enable us to face the future with faith and without fear. We may not yet see the final outcome of all things, but God is still Almighty and will work through us if we let him. His final victory over all evil is assured.

The high cost of rheumatism and its wide distribution have made it an international problem, says the American Medical Association. At present this disease costs the world as much as tuberculosis in loss of wages and labor.—*Pathfinder*.

## DEATHS

**COTTRELL.**—Mrs. Emogene Mason Cottrell, daughter of Charles L., and Desire E. Bass Mason, was born near Leonardsville, N. Y., February 27, 1847, and died at Beloit, Wis., March 17, 1927, aged 80 years and 18 days.

Mrs. Cottrell was married three times. Her first husband was Francis Clark, who died in 1887. Her second husband was Ambrose Phillips, of Edgerton, Wis. In 1904 she was married to Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell, then pastor of the Leonardsville Seventh Day Baptist Church. Later they went to Alfred Station, and then to Alfred, where Mr. Cottrell served as assistant pastor, and where he died in 1925. For two years Mrs. Cottrell served as chaperon to a sorority of young women in Alfred University.

In 1866 Mrs. Cottrell united with the Leonardsville Church, later at Alfred, and was ever an active and efficient worker in her Master's vineyard. She loved young people and exerted a strong influence over them. She was a woman highly respected and greatly beloved by all who knew her, and her passing will be mourned by many friends.

She leaves a son, Dell W. Clark of Beloit, Wis., a sister, Mrs. Ella Meeker of Leonardsville; and five nephews and nieces.

Funeral services were held in the Leonardsville church, March 20, conducted by Rev. F. E. Peterson, and interment made at Unadilla Forks. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." F. E. P.

**CHANEY.**—William Anthony Chaney, born in Allen County, Ky., May 29, 1843; was the son of Washington and Malinda A. Chaney.

He was reared a farmer and resided with his parents at Neuro, Ky., until 1862, when he came to Illinois. October 4, 1866, he was united in marriage to Nancy E. Furlong the daughter of George W. and Leatha A. Furlong. To this union eight children were born, five of whom preceded him in death. He located in Kentucky, but soon after his marriage he settled on a farm ten miles east of Marion, where he spent the better part of his life.

During this period—about 1888—he became identified with the Bethel Seventh Day Baptist Church, located near Crab Orchard, Ill. He lived a life devoted to his church and faith. He retired some eight years ago when ill health had overtaken him, and he has been an invalid ever since.

He leaves to mourn his departure his wife, Nancy E. Chaney; two sons, Robert Lee and Roy C. Chaney of Stonefort, Ill.; one daughter, Mrs. Nellie Cowan of West Frankfort, Ill.; one brother, Bickley Chaney of Woodburn, Ky.; four grandchildren—James R. and Robert Lee Chaney of Stonefort, Ill., Paul L. Cowan of Dowell, Ill., and Ruth M. Cowan of West Frankfort, Ill. He also leaves one great grandchild, Wanda Lee Bowling of Elkville, Ill. R. C.

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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 Month . . . . . .25  
Per Copy . . . . . .05

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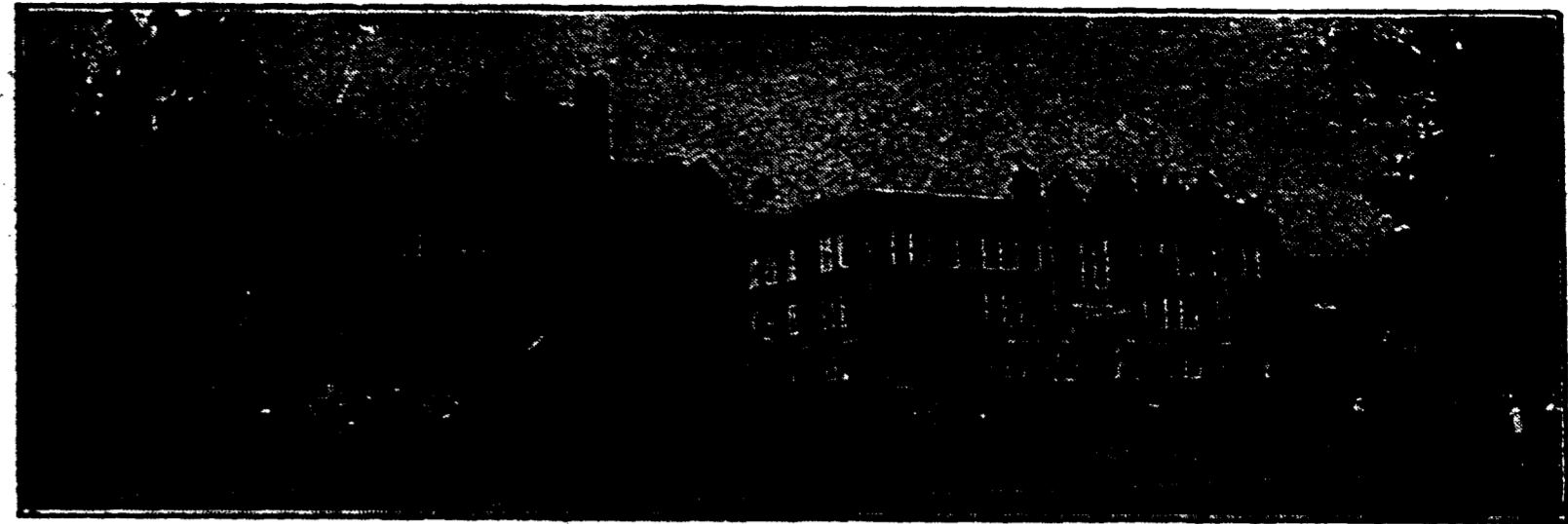
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