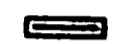


To Understand Is To  
PARTICIPATE.



Have You  
PARTICIPATED?



The Denominational Building

ETHEL L. TITSWORTH, Treasurer

203 Park Avenue

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

# The Sabbath Recorder

"I will not quarrel with you about opinions. Only see that your heart is right toward God; that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ; that you love your neighbor and walk as your Master walked; and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them. Give me a solid, substantial religion; give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man, a man full of mercy and good fruits, a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, wheresoever they are and whatsoever opinions they are of. Whosoever thus doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother and sister."

—John Wesley.

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# SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.

Write the Secretary or Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 103, No. 24

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 12, 1927

WHOLE No. 4,319

*Our Father who art in heaven, thou knowest our hearts; thou understandest our yearning desire to know and do thy will. Thou seest our weakness without thee, and we pray for the help which thou alone can give. We turn to thee as the great searcher of hearts, praying for the Spirit's indwelling, in order that we may be able to lift up the fallen and give new courage to thy children in their efforts to be the light of the world.*

*Help us to overcome our impatience and to master our selfish wills. Forbid that the spirit of controversy shall weaken or hinder the advancement of thy kingdom in the world. May thy children ever abide in the bonds of love and walk in the way of peace. In Jesus' name. Amen.*

## Feeling the Way Through Fog

New York fairly outdid London on Wednesday morning, November 30, in the density of her fog. It was the day before the wonderful rededication of Alfred's famous "Old Chapel," after its transformation into "Alumni Hall"; but I do not think that Alfred's movement had anything to do with the foggy conditions of this day. Alfred is the last place to have even so much as a suggestion of anything like fog. A foggy morning there among the hills is almost an unheard-of thing. But the scenes around New York and Jersey City are often wrapped in the mystery of impenetrable fog. Perhaps this is well for some sections of a great city, but it does not add anything to the pleasures of ferry boat travelers.

This morning we could not see half the length of the boat. The fog seemed to smite one in the face, and almost to choke his breath. To add to the tensivity of feeling caused by being deprived of sight, the fog was filled with hideous sounds, some of them almost deafening. Toots and screeches of fog horns, boat whistles, and warnings of signal bells fairly filled the country with untold bedlam. Then the boat would seem to stop breathing for a time and the life-pulse of its machinery would all but cease. Then every eye would strain to see some phantom shadow dimly looming up, and every ear was strained to catch the signals which flew back and forth, to tell of

approaching dangers. At one time a collision with a boat, which loomed up not forty feet away, seemed so inevitable that the crowd standing on the bow of our boat made a regular stampede toward the stern. But, by careful managing on the part of two captains, and amid the din of many signals, the two boats were not allowed to touch, and everybody seemed glad when faint shadows of our slip heads began to show and our boat ran her nose between them.

The two trips across the bay consumed so much time that I would have missed Erie's number one at Jersey City if it had not been my good fortune to catch a train earlier than I had planned to get in Plainfield.

Once aboard our train, in real comfortable quarters, we knew that its wheels could keep the track with no danger from being side-swiped by some other craft; and so I settled down to wait for her to creep out of the fog into open sunlight.

This she did after some hours, and it did seem good to see the outlines of mountains and valleys emerge slowly from the vapory sea that had so completely shrouded them.

I was glad to see my old-time friend "Will" Clarke, of Nutley, who came aboard at Passaic, and made a most generous and enjoyable companion for the next twenty-four hours.

The Erie train was right on time all day until we reached Corning, about half past four o'clock. There the trainmen informed the passengers that the train could go no farther toward Hornell on the main line, owing to floods and wash-outs in several places.

Soon after leaving Elmira, we noticed heavy black storm clouds in the west, and Brother Clarke said, "It looks as though we are going to meet a storm," but we little realized how serious it really was and what a delay was awaiting us for the next seven hours.

The train had to take the Rochester division to Wayland and the Shawmut road back to Hornell, reaching that city some seven hours late, only to find that it could not go farther on the western division. So there was nothing for us to do but to stay in Hornell the rest of the night. That city was partly under water, and our train had crept along, feeling its way through water two or three feet deep more than once, before reaching Hornell. For one time it seemed as though there could be no morning train or bus line in operation between Hornell and Alfred, on Thursday morning—the day of the rededication—but fortunately the water fell fast, and the way train was able to run.

The train from the west on Wednesday night was held up at Belmont seven hours, so those enroute for Alfred were also late. In view of these conditions President Davis postponed the rededication meeting from ten o'clock until two. Thus all the speakers had ample time to get ready to attend.

It has been a long time since this section of New York State has had such a deluge. After the rain ceased, snow began to fall—and mercury, too, for that matter—and we soon found ourselves in a very different climate. The cold began to pinch, and after two days we found the mercury hovering close around zero, as I was starting for the home run.

**Founders' Day and Alumni Hall** Alfred University has met with quite a complete transformation, and it is henceforth to be known as Alumni Hall. For several years the university has celebrated Founders' day, and this rededication was arranged for the ninety-first anniversary of that day.

The university has long needed a larger auditorium, and this dear old building, so familiar to students of more than fifty years ago, where we of olden times attended recitations, lyceums, and daily chapel services, is now coming into its own as the place for pleasant gatherings on all the great occasions in university life. It will seat fully a thousand people. The stage occupies the place of the old upstairs recitation rooms and will, alone, seat one hundred people. The greatest changes noticeable from the outside are the making of two short windows where the old long ones used to be,

for the second floor, and the painting of the building white.

A fine balcony gallery has been built on three sides looking toward the stage. The back end of this gallery is over the place where the bellroom used to be, and occupies the space where the old-time library was. The audience room is well lighted with electric lights, and is equipped with auditorium chairs. The stage is well fitted up with fine scenery.

Here are a few words from *Fiat Lux* of October 4.

Rich in historical associations, unique in New England "meeting-house" architecture, and hallowed by a wealth of sentiment, Old Academy Hall has endured as one of the most outstanding features of the life of the college. It was begun in 1851—over seventy-six years ago—as a two-story building, fifty feet wide, one hundred feet long, costing \$7,000. It was used for the commencement exercises in 1852, and since has served as the Alfred Academy, High School, and as Alumni Hall. It has been the scene of commencements, lyceums, athletic contests, and social affairs. It is one of the most beautiful and revered structures on the campus.

The first floor has been partitioned off into five lecture rooms, well-lighted and equipped, to relieve the congestion in other buildings. This change, filling an acute need of the college, has been made at the cost of about \$30,000.

On Thursday, December 1, 1927, at two o'clock, a large congregation assembled to witness the dedication program. A long procession of teachers, officers and students marched in and completely filled the stage and several rows of front seats, which had been reserved for students. All the upper class wore caps and gowns, as well as the teachers and some of the alumni.

As the procession reached the door, the great congregation arose and remained standing until all were ready to be seated.

President Boothe C. Davis presided, and the following program was carried out, with one exception—Dr. James Sullivan of the State Education Department could not be present.

Academic Procession, Processional  
Song—"Song of the Classes"

Prayer

Recollections of the Building of Academy Hall

Alfred's Early Faculties

Alfred in the Sixties

Song—Alfred's Old Alma Mater

Alfred in the Seventies

Alfred in Transition

Rev. A. E. Main

Chester B. Stillman

Dean A. B. Kenyon

Mrs. Isaac B. Brown

Rev. T. L. Gardiner

Mrs. W. L. Ames

Alumni Hall in the Making Hon. J. J. Merrill  
Song—Alfred's Alumni Song  
Alumni Hall's Dramatic Possibilities

Prof. C. F. Binns

Alfred's Centennial Program Mr. Orra S. Rogers

Alfred's Future Alumni Mr. D. E. Devitt

Alfred and the State Education Department

Dr. James Sullivan

Song—"Alma Mater"

Benediction

President Davis

After an enthusiastic "Song of the Classes" by the congregation, Dean Arthur E. Main said: "Let us all be united in mind and heart, in praise and confession, in thanksgiving and petition." He then offered the following fervent prayer:

O Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were born,

Or ever thou hadst brought forth the earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art, O God.

Thou art the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Our fathers and mothers worshiped and served thee, and with all of our powers we would magnify thy great and holy name.

We thank thee for the ideals and loyalty, for the faith and hope and love, and for the achievements of the fathers and founders of Alfred. We are not worthy of our great heritage which has come to us on the flying years.

And today as we rededicate this building to learning and culture, may high resolves, lofty motives, Christian aims, stir our hearts as their hearts were moved who witnessed, long ago, the laying of the cornerstone.

Bless our Board of Trustees with their president and the president of the university. Grant unto them needed strength and wisdom for their great tasks.

Bless our faculty. Help us to realize our opportunities and responsibilities for bringing religion more and more on to the campus and into the lecture rooms.

Bless our fine body of students. On ideals as on ladder rungs may they climb toward the infinite and perfect.

Help our university to become increasingly worthy of multiplying friends. Bless the officers and committees who have been appointed to raise funds to make it possible for the university to do its growing work with greater and greater efficiency.

We bring to thee, O God, our praise and confession, our offering of gratitude, and our requests in the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Savior and Lord, in and through whom thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

President Davis then had the large picture of Uncle Maxson Stillman placed on the platform in view of the audience. Mr. Stillman was the architect who built the "Old Chapel" three quarters of a century

ago. After appropriate remarks by Brother Davis, Mr. Chester B. Stillman, the aged son of the builder, was requested to say a word regarding his own recollection of the day when the frame was raised. The president helped out by stating some interesting things about that raising which Mr. Stillman had told him before. This whole scene was inspiring, and as Chester stepped out behind his aged father's picture there was a great applause.

On another page of this RECORDER you will find Dean Alpheus B. Kenyon's interesting remarks regarding "Alfred's Early Faculties."

Mrs. Isaac B. Brown—formerly Miss Hannah Partington—then gave reminiscences of Alfred in the sixties, and the editor followed with reminiscences of "Alfred in the Seventies." The audience seemed to enjoy both these addresses, but space will not permit the details of these reminiscences.

The song, Alfred's "Old Alma Mater," was sung between these two addresses:

OLD ALMA MATER

Tune: Amici

Where the hills of Allegany  
Stand as guardians 'round,  
Nestling fondly in the valley,  
Lies our college town.

Chorus

Alfred, hail' our alma mater,  
Thee we'll always praise,  
Sons and daughters ever loyal,  
Songs to thee we'll raise

College days will soon be over,  
Far from thee we'll roam,  
But we'll think of thee, old Alfred,  
Ever as our home—Chorus

I am hoping that other addresses on this program will reach me in time for this number. If they do not you may look for more in this line next week.

It was some time after the evening shadows began to gather before this great meeting could adjourn. This gave us a good opportunity to see the hall brilliantly lighted. The electric lights are fine, and the foot lights, in various colors, give the stage a charming illumination.

The services closed with Rev. L. C. Randolph's appropriate song, "Alma Mater":

Nestled away 'mid the Empire State hills,  
'Neath the watch-care of sentinel pines,

Where the murmuring song of the brook hums  
along,  
And a favoring sun ever shines;  
In a valley so fair where the forest trees share  
Dominion o'er hillside and glen,  
Stands the pioneer college of Western New York—  
Alfred the mother of men.

## Chorus

Hail to thee, Alfred, thou guide of our youth,  
Sweet, benign mother, all hail!  
Sing on thy anthems of duty and truth;  
May thy clear ringing music ne'er fail.  
She was founded in toil, cemented with blood,  
And nurtured thro' yearnings and tears,  
Her treasure the hearts of brave heroes who stood  
Undaunted throughout trying years;  
Each stone was a prayer and her battlements there  
Have mem'ries of purposes strong,  
Staunch daughters and sons are her monument  
fair,  
And they lift up the grateful song.—Chorus.  
Others may boast of prestige and size,  
Of numbers and treasure and fame;  
But Alfred's pride lies in manhood's clear eyes,  
And womanhood's high, stainless name.  
Old Alfred, we say; Alfred now and for aye—  
Kenyon and Allen and Main,  
And the gallant young leader we honor today,  
Her honor and power maintain.—Chorus.

**An Old Commencement Program at Alfred** Before me is an old program for commencement day at Alfred University in 1874—fifty-three years ago. It was read by the editor at the close of his reminiscences in the rededication meeting, December 1, 1927. It was the thirty-eighth commencement.

I simply give you the names of the graduates who finished up on Wednesday, July 1, 1874:

Uri M. Babcock, Humboldt, Neb.  
Alice A. Dunham, Farina, Ill.  
Wealtha V. Tucker, Ward, N. Y.  
John P. Wager, Watkins, N. Y.  
Julia M. Davis, Shiloh, N. J.  
Martha J. Davis, Shiloh, N. J.  
Alpheus B. Kenyon, Hope Valley, R. I.  
Inez R. Maxson, Rodman, N. Y.  
James McHale, Shongo, Pa.  
Rev. George J. Crandall, Richburg, N. Y.  
David H. Davis, Verona, N. Y.  
Rev. Darius K. Davis, Hartsville, N. Y.  
Theodore L. Gardiner, Nile, N. Y.  
Rev. John L. Huffman, Portville, N. Y.  
Rev. Benjamin F. Rogers, Alfred, N. Y.  
Horace Stillman, Potter Hill, R. I.  
Oliver D. Sherman, Alfred, N. Y.

**Letters that Encourage Us** One of the encouraging things that indicate deep and widespread interest in the matter of secur-

ing candidates for the ministry is to be seen in the many responses to Dean Main's appeal for our people to pray the Lord to send forth laborers into his harvest.

Many RECORDER readers have been cheered by these letters. They have come from far and near, and reveal a renewed interest in this important matter. Here is one from a faithful pastor, one of the dean's old students, who is doing a good and faithful work as a minister of the gospel of Christ.

DEAR DOCTOR MAIN:

I take this opportunity to let you know that the content of your letter has been much on my heart these weeks since receiving your very timely message.

I am sure that I realize something of the urgency of the need; and I do pray that consecrated young men may respond to the call of the Lord of the harvest for more laborers in his vineyard.

Allow me to express my grateful appreciation of your thoughtfulness in calling my attention to this all important matter.

The pointed question will stimulate me to be more persistent and definite in influencing young people to give their lives in full time service to the Lord and Master.

## SALEM AND WASHINGTON

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Leader in Sabbath Promotion

Upon receiving an invitation to call and see President Coolidge Wednesday, November the second, I decided to accept the invitation, but to leave home early enough to go on to Salem, W. Va., and thus kill several birds with one load of birdshot. Of course I do not mean to infer that the President himself invited me to come and see him. He had indicated his willingness to receive a delegation of churchmen on that date, and I happened to be one of the fifteen or twenty ministers who had been invited to go. Leaving Plainfield, therefore, after the Sabbath, October 29, I arrived in Salem before noon the next day.

## SALEM

An appointment had been made for me to speak in the Salem church Sunday evening, at which time I gave a talk on the Lausanne Conference. I appreciated this opportunity to speak to another congregation on this great meeting, especially because it gave me the opportunity to answer questions.

Monday morning at the chapel hour I addressed the students of Salem College at their regular assembly. This is always a pleasure, and I never enjoyed it more than I did that morning. Of course the students might have a different tale to tell.

The younger generation has many difficult problems to face, problems left to it by the passing generation. Of course we shall have to work many of them out together, and this task should be faced with sympathy and understanding. The biggest problems confronting the world today are moral. If the proper solutions are to be found, our colleges must turn out, not young men and women with sharpened wits, but young people with seasoned moral fiber and with a deep appreciation of spiritual values.

The primary object of my visit to Salem at this time was a conference with a group of our older young people. There has been a widespread interest in the work with the teen-age young people. Seventeen conferences have been held, during the last two years and a half, for young people of the teen-age. These have extended all the way from Rhode Island to Kansas, in America, while two have been held in Europe. Members of the Tract Board have expressed the wish that something similar might be attempted for older young people, with a program arranged to meet the needs of a more mature group. In an attempt to carry out this desire it is hoped that during the present Conference year such conferences may be held with our young people in our college communities. The first conference of this type was called to meet in the Salem church Monday evening, October 31.

Thirty-nine persons sat down to the luncheon at five o'clock, and participated in the discussions which followed. Professor Ernest R. Sutton of Salem College headed a committee to arrange for the conference, and he had invited Seventh Day Baptist students of the college, and Seventh Day Baptist school teachers who are employed in the vicinity of Salem. Every church in the Southeastern Association was represented at the meeting, namely, Salem, Lost Creek, Roanoke, Berea, and Middle Island, all in West Virginia, and Salemville, Pa. Three other churches were represented also. These were Jackson Center, Ohio; Battle Creek, Mich., and Plainfield, N. J.

The subject for discussion was the Sabbath. As is often the case in such informal discussions, we found it difficult to hold ourselves always to the vital issues. It is easier to discuss the manner of keeping the Sabbath because it makes possible the introduction of concrete examples of various sorts of Sabbath keeping. After all, it may be that we are dealing with the vital issue for those who believe in keeping the Sabbath holy, when we discuss specific cases and instances in an honest effort to know what is true Sabbath keeping. Participation in the discussion was quite general, and the spirit was sincere.

It was revealed in the course of the discussion that the important posts in the various organizations of the college which are held by Seventh Day Baptist young people are clear out of proportion to their numbers in the institution. Various explanations were given for this situation, which has obtained for some years. Doubtless these explanations were valid to a certain extent, but I am convinced that the very fact that these young people were members of Sabbath-keeping families, and were brought up in Sabbath-keeping homes, and have breathed a Sabbath atmosphere throughout their lives, has had more to do with it than we sometimes think. Of course there is a sense in which we do not want our young people to feel that they are "better" than other people. That folly should be guarded against. But on the other hand, if true Sabbath keeping has any value, if it is worth while to be a Sabbath keeper, with all the difficulties to be met with in making the attempt, then there ought to be something to show for it in strengthened Christian character and in ability to bring worth while things to pass. Other things being equal, the Sabbath keeper has the advantage. Recognition of that fact should not interfere with the development of the grace of humility, and a quiet poise and confidence which will not give offense, while it brings its own reward.

At a conference such as that held in Salem, where the purpose is to draw out the young people themselves, to find out what they are thinking, and to lead them to think straight on this question, the tangible results usually seem rather meager. However, it is hoped that many may have been helped in their future thinking and that the im-

portance of the subject may have been emphasized in the minds of all present.

#### WASHINGTON

My day in Washington was a busy one. The first thing I did on my arrival was to call on the Honorable Jesse F. Randolph of Salem, who was at the home of his daughter suffering a very critical illness. For some days he had hardly recognized anyone, but this morning found him slightly better. He was able to see me, and I am thankful I had this privilege of spending a few moments at his bedside. He talked about denominational matters, and expressed his desire to help in their promotion.

My next objective was the Washington headquarters of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. At noon we went to call on the Secretary of State, and about an hour later we made our visit to the White House, and called on the President. There were about a dozen in the delegation. Bishop William F. McDowell was our chairman, and Doctor Charles S. Macfarland, secretary of the Federal Council, was our spokesman.

The object of this visit was to present a memorial, signed by seven hundred church people throughout the country, asking our government to give consideration to the proposal of Prime Minister Briand of France that France and the United States enter into an agreement never to go to war to settle difficulties between these two nations. Doubtless the readers of the RECORDER are more or less familiar with this proposal which Briand addressed to the American people. It provides the best talking point now available to the millions of Americans who would like to see our timid and hesitating State Department take some reassuring step toward international peace. I suppose I shall be revealing no secrets that will prove damaging to our cause when I say that it was understood in the Committee of Direction in the Federal Council's Commission of International Justice and Good Will that President Coolidge would welcome such a memorial preceding the convening of Congress. He received us cordially, listened with evident interest to what we had to present, made a few remarks of appreciation and of exhortation, and within a very few moments from the time we arrived the interview was over.

It is hoped that if Congress gives con-

sideration to this matter, or to any other that looks toward a larger participation of our country in plans or movements toward world peace, our people will keep themselves posted and will let their senators and congressmen know how they feel about it.

Having a large share of the afternoon to myself, before the time for the meeting scheduled at the People's Seventh Day Baptist church (colored), I set myself the pleasant task of visiting three national shrines in immediate succession. I walked over, therefore, to the Washington monument, and meditated for a few minutes upon the significance of that plain but imposing shaft. Then I went, on foot again, to the Lincoln memorial, and looked for a time on the face of the immortal Emancipator, and read some of his words weighted with wisdom and with human sympathy. Then by bus I took the long drive to the tomb of Woodrow Wilson, the third of the trio of America's greatest men. They all "belong to the ages," and their souls will go ever marching on.

I was greeted in the evening meeting at the church by a good sized audience, which included ten young people who were organized into a Teen-Age Conference. When they had been grouped together Mrs. C. C. Crichlow pinned on each a conference badge, and we proceeded with our program. Following this part of the service I addressed the larger congregation, although most of them were present to enjoy the young people's part.

It was a pleasure to meet Pastor Sheafe and his congregation. I was pleased to meet again, also, the Crichlow family, and especially to observe how the boys are developing. Luther, who is now seventeen, still thinks he will be a doctor. I hope he can realize his ambition, and I have no doubt he will. The other two boys are promising boys too.

The ladies of the church prepared a luncheon, which was served in the church parlors at the close of the meeting in the auditorium. I had suggested a luncheon for the young people, but they had made it more inclusive.

Our young people's meeting at Washington was Teen-Age Conference number sixteen. Pastor Theodore J. Van Horn has reported number seventeen in this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER.

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

### OUR BULLETIN BOARD

Send in your orders for the Denominational Calendar. Twenty-five cents each. Fifteen cents each when five or more copies are ordered.

Received by the Onward Movement treasurer in July, \$1,057.19; in August, \$445.30; in September, \$1,374.86; in October, \$1,898.83; and in November, \$1,964.92, making a total of \$6,741.10.

The Wellsville Church is on the honor roll, having paid one half of its quota on the Onward Movement budget.

### EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS AND PAPERS

"At this (Christian Endeavor) meeting it was voted to undertake the building of a parsonage for the church. Plans were discussed for the raising of money, and several subscribed and many contributed money toward the fund. One hundred dollars was voted out of the society treasury, and a special offering was planned for the next prayer meeting of the society. About \$37 was contributed in this offering of Friday evening, October 21."—From the November issue of "The Waterford Review."

"For our encouragement we may note that our subscriptions to the Onward Movement have gradually increased for the past three years."—From "The Pastor's Assistant," Milton Junction, Wis.

Rev. D. Burdett Coon writes from Jamaica: "We have distributed thirteen thousand pages of tracts in just a short time, that have been called for. We make no effort to give them out. . . .

"Work, work, work on every hand here. Many people are pleading for us to come and help them. It makes our hearts ache to know of the great needs and to think there are so few laborers in the field."

Leader R. S. Wilson, Bog Walk post office, Jamaica, wrote November 4: "Our

little chapel at Bower Wood is not finished, but we are worshiping in it till we shall be able to make another move for its completion.

"Jamaica, though a small island, has much work to be done. We trust that in the near future God will give us much joy for labor put forth. The Seventh Day Baptist message has not yet reached many of the hilly parts of the island. We are doing our best to give the message to the people in some of these places."

Another leader, C. M. Flynn, goes several miles into the forest to teach school and conduct meetings. October 17 he wrote: "My school has been increasing in attendance and merit ever since the start. The pupils have been progressing in their lessons, reading, writing, arithmetic, and other subjects. Above all they make rapid improvement in their Scripture studies. But, I am sorry to say, we are on the border of the forest and we have no schoolhouse and not a hall in which to hold meetings. We have a small place loaned to us. It is only fourteen by seven, and we have on our books thirty-five pupils. It is quite inadequate for that number. As the rainy season set in last month with very severe weather, I have closed the school for this year.

"Efforts are being made to build a school-room to be finished by the end of the year. The people are very poor and are so pressed down by heavy taxation they can scarce help themselves, and this year our whole crop of pimento has failed, owing to a heavy drought between February and April."

Brother Flynn receives but little pay from the people for his school work, and as he has a family of eleven persons to support, he has to do other work. He desires to do Bible colportage work, thus earning something, and at the same time doing real missionary work.

### STATEMENT OF ONWARD MOVEMENT TREASURER, NOVEMBER, 1927

Receipts	
DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET	
Alfred, First	\$192.90
Alfred, Second	178.25
Brookfield, First	60.00
Brookfield, First, Woman's Benevolent society	50.00
Dodge Center	27.50
Edinburg	13.30
Farina	100.00
Foulke	5.00

Friendship .....	63.00
Independence .....	260.00
Milton .....	300.00
New Auburn .....	2.50
New York City .....	94.97
New York City, Woman's Auxiliary society .....	27.10
Richburg .....	30.00
Salem .....	65.87
Shiloh .....	236.53
Shiloh Sabbath school .....	39.00
Syracuse .....	6.50
Verona .....	30.00
Walworth Ladies' Benevolent society .....	10.00
Waterford .....	52.00
L. S. K., W. H. Tassell, M. D. ....	10.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,854.42

## SPECIAL

Albion Willing Workers society: For Woman's Board .....	\$ 35.00
Alfred, First: For Ministerial Relief .....	5.00
Alfred, Second: For missions .....	\$ 25
For Tract Society .....	.25
	<hr/>
Shiloh: For denominational building .....	10.00
Verona Sabbath school: For Missionary Society .....	\$35.00
Verona woman's society: For Woman's Board .....	25.00
	<hr/>
	60.00
	<hr/>
	\$110.50
Denominational budget .....	\$1,854.42
Special .....	110.50
Balance November 1, 1927 .....	33.31
	<hr/>
Total .....	\$1,998.23

## Disbursements

Missionary Society .....	\$ 773.79
Tract Society .....	252.53
Sabbath School Board .....	121.14
Young People's Board .....	73.98
Woman's Board .....	204.72
Ministerial Relief .....	139.64
Education Society .....	33.66
Historical Society .....	16.74
Scholarships and Fellowships .....	40.32
General Conference .....	201.78
Contingent Fund .....	52.20
	<hr/>
	\$1,910.50
Balance December 1, 1927 .....	87.73
	<hr/>
Total .....	\$1,998.23

81 Elliott Ave.,  
Yonkers, N. Y.,  
December 1, 1927.

HAROLD R. CRANDALL,  
Treasurer.

## ALFRED'S EARLY FACULTIES

DEAN ALPHEUS B. KENYON

(Address given on Founders' day at the rededication of the "Old Chapel," as Alumni Hall, Alfred, N. Y., December 1, 1927.)

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Permit me to express my pleasure in being present on this Founders' day occasion, especially as it includes the rededication of this dear old building, of precious and almost sacred memories.

This building and I are nearly the same age, and we have been acquainted for a little over three fourths of our lives.

I had hoped that Mr. Stillman would tell you this incident in the early history of the building which he told me some time ago.

When the frame, of massive timbers, was ready to be raised, and as many men as could get around the first section, or bent, had lifted it part way up, they said, "It can't be done." Maxson Stillman, in charge of the work, shouted, "It *can* be done; it *must* be done! Now men, all together, yo heave O!" and up it went.

This incident was characteristic, not only of Maxson Stillman, but of Alfred University. Down through Alfred's history a number of crises have arisen, involving lifts which seemed impossible. But, with an "All together, yo heave O!" they have been successfully lifted. Let us have faith to believe that Alfred will continue thus to conquer.

## ALFRED'S EARLY FACULTIES

Alfred's earliest faculty consisted of one man, Bethuel C. Church, the teacher of the select school opened in December, 1836. He was an able teacher, enthusiastic, positive, with faith in himself and in his pupils. He advocated the need in this community of a high school or academy, and thus planted the seed from which grew Alfred Academy, and later Alfred University.

The second faculty was also a one-man faculty, James R. Irish, a student from Union College, who came in the fall of 1837. He taught two years, after which he was ordained to the ministry, his chosen life work, and became pastor of the local church.

He was succeeded in 1839 by William C. Kenyon, another Union College student, a native of Rhode Island. Under his management the school grew, so that other

teachers were added, including Rev. James R. Irish, for part time, from 1841 to 1845. The result was an academy organization with a modest building and small equipment. In 1843 an academy charter was secured from the state.

Time will not permit even a mention of the names of all the men and women who were members of the faculties during these early years. They were able and earnest, and worked faithfully. They often contributed liberally from their meager salaries to the varied needs of the school.

As an example, seven teachers made a contract in July, 1849, to work for five years on a salary of \$400 each, per year, including the vacations, which they spent in repair work on the buildings, work on the school farm, or whatever was needing to be done. Their avowed object was to build up a non-sectarian school. Surely this was a shining example of loyalty and self-sacrifice. The names of the seven are: William C. Kenyon, Ira Sayles, Daniel D. Pickett, James Marvin, Darwin E. Maxson, Darius Ford, and Jonathan Allen.

The school grew, and new buildings were planned and erected, including this one. Other members were added to the faculty, including a number of women. The training of teachers for the public schools was emphasized, and for a number of years more than a hundred young men and women went out each year as teachers.

In March, 1857, a university charter was granted, permitting the taking over of the property of the academy and the organization of college, theological, and other departments.

William C. Kenyon was made the first president of the university. He was very energetic in his efforts to increase the size and efficiency of the university. For a decade he and his able assistants worked earnestly, and he, at least, overworked, till failing health and death cut short his strenuous life, in 1867.

Jonathan Allen, who had been the youngest of the thirty-seven pupils in the original select school, and who, after his graduation from Oberlin College, had been connected with the academy and university, was elected to succeed President Kenyon. He very ably filled this position for a quarter of a century, until his death in the fall of 1892.

The first faculty of which I have personal recollection is that of my student days, from 1868 to 1874. So, for me, that is Alfred's early faculty. I am pleased to pay grateful tribute to that faculty. They were imbued with the spirit of loyalty and love for Alfred and for its students.

My observation and my experience have shown me that Alfred faculties, all through its history down to the present time, have been true friends of the school, and true friends of its students.

Of the members of my student day faculty, I think that only one is now living, Professor Anderson R. Wightman, now over ninety years old and living in California. He taught Latin and was manager of Ladies' Hall.

William A. Rogers, who had been professor of mathematics from 1857 to 1868, was the first incumbent of the then newly organized department of industrial mechanics. In 1870 he became one of the astronomers in Harvard Observatory. C. E. Moore occupied the industrial mechanic's chair from 1870 to 1872, and Rufus Anderson from 1873 to 1874.

Prosper Miller was professor of natural science from 1868 to 1872, being succeeded by Henry C. Coon, who also taught history and civics.

Albert Whitford was professor of mathematics from 1868 to 1872, and John R. Groves from 1872 to 1874.

Edward M. Tomlinson was the efficient professor of Greek.

Ida F. Kenyon, widow of President Kenyon, was the energetic professor of German and French.

If time permitted I might speak of the nine or ten other members of that early faculty. They were imbued with the Alfred spirit, and worked loyally for Alfred and her students.

President Allen, the head of that faculty, was a giant physically as well as mentally. He was over six feet tall, broad shouldered, erect, with long white beard and white hair. He was dignified in his walk and general carriage, impressing all who saw or met him. As a public speaker, he was clear, logical, convincing, eloquent. His gestures were graceful and appropriate to his thought. His education was broad, and included theology and law, in addition to college. Such was this leader of a number of

Alfred's early faculties, loved and remembered by a host of his students and friends.

Standing in this "Old Chapel," now looking so new and fresh, which in the past three score and ten and six years has resounded with so many eloquent appeals to clean living, to thorough scholarship, and to manly and womanly character, upon Christian foundations, may we hope that these may continue in the years to come.

By whatever name you may be called in the future, dear Old Chapel, may the Lord continue to bless you and keep you useful.

### ANOTHER "TEEN-AGE CONFERENCE"

REV. THEODORE J. VAN HORN

"Will there be a Teen-Age Conference?" The question came from South Jersey to New Market about a week before the date for the yearly meeting. It was relayed to the promoter of Teen-Age Conferences at Plainfield; and immediately a message was sent to the state president of the West Virginia Christian Endeavor Union, Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn of Lost Creek. These were links in the chain of events that culminated in one of the most interesting and profitable parts of the yearly meeting program. An affirmative answer was sent to the above question to South Jersey, with an urgent invitation for all the Seventh Day Baptist young people in that end of the state to come. It precipitated the plan of Pastor Ahva J. C. Bond to have another of these conferences, which he has happily instituted, to be held in Plainfield at an early date. The program of the yearly meeting was gladly readjusted to meet this unexpected contingency, and it all showed the large place which the young people are having in all our plans for forward looking work.

The big bus load of boys and girls from Shiloh and Marlboro was unavoidably delayed, but they reached New Market in time for dinner and the afternoon meeting of the Sabbath. The Christian Endeavor meeting at four o'clock was in charge of Pastor Bond, and the large block of teen-age people occupied the front seats and engaged in the singing of special songs, including the Rally Song of Seventh Day Baptist Young People. Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn had responded, accepting the invitation to attend this meeting. He was

present and gave a most interesting and inspiring address on this year's Christian Endeavor slogan—"Crusading with Christ." This will be long remembered by that fine company of young people who heard him that Sabbath afternoon. They were again seated together for the quiet vesper service in the evening when Pastor Bond again led them in the devotional meeting at that hour. It was a reverent company as he led them so thoughtfully and prayerfully in the singing of their teen-age song:

Have thine own way, Lord,  
Have thine own way;  
Thou art the Potter,  
I am the clay.  
Mold me and make me,  
After thy will,  
While I am waiting,  
Yielded and still."

A drizzling rain spoiled the plan for a play spell on the parsonage lawn Sunday morning, but it did not prevent many of them from visiting the publishing house after the adjournment of exercises of the Sunday morning session. Pastor Bond had arranged with the ladies of the Plainfield Church to provide a noon-day luncheon for these young delegates. Pastors and wives, still remembering that they were once teen-age people, were graciously invited to join the young people on this happy occasion. The luncheon, with its delightful menu, skillfully served *a la* the Plainfield ladies, was thoroughly enjoyed, judging from the way it disappeared and the mirth that accompanied its disappearance. Pastor Bond, the promoter of these conferences of our young people, happily presided and encouraged the merriment, and might lead one to doubt the casual hint he dropped that he had long since passed the teen-age in his development.

Although the time was limited for this feast, every one seemed willing to give time for two very interesting after dinner speeches. One was by Miss Margaret Kimball, who related incidents in the recent New England flood, which gave them some thrilling experiences where she lives. Miss Esther Vars told of the joy they had in the special relief work of distributing Thanksgiving dinners to some destitute people in Elizabeth, her present field of activity. After these entertaining speeches, the honor guest of the occasion, Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn, was introduced. There was sufficient

evidence in his manner that he felt entirely at home in this crowd of youngsters and was thoroughly in sympathy with young life. He made it easy for us all to laugh, and that was a good preparation for the serious things that he wanted us to think about. In spite of their love of fun, these young people are taking seriously the sober problems that they must solve, and showed by their attitude that they were appreciating the suggestions for the solution of life's difficulties that we must all face.

At the close of this short address there was most enthusiastic expression of appreciation of the generosity of the Plainfield ladies in providing such a fine luncheon, and to Pastor Bond, under whose wise planning this good time was provided.

Before we left the room and were dismissed, he had us form in a circle with joined hands, while we sang again the prayer, "Have thine own way, Lord," and "Blest be the tie that binds." One who had the privilege of looking upon that company of young Christians, standing in that circle with bowed heads, could not entertain gloomy thoughts about our future as a people.

### LOISANNA TOMLINSON STANTON

Loisanna Tomlinson Stanton was born at Shiloh, N. J., September 17, 1841, and died at Alfred, N. Y., November 22, 1927. She was educated at Union Academy, Shiloh, N. J., and at DeRuyter Institute, DeRuyter, N. Y.

Soon after completing her studies at DeRuyter Institute, she was married to Doctor V. R. Stanton of Philadelphia, Pa. While living in Philadelphia she studied music and art, and for one year attended medical lectures. She also continued during these years the study of Latin, French, and German, which she had begun in her school days.

After the early death of her husband she turned her attention to teaching, which she continued for eight years in southern New Jersey and in Jersey City.

About 1887 she came to Alfred and became editor of the *Sabbath Visitor*, a children's paper published at that time by Edwin S. Bliss of Alfred.

In 1888 she became also preceptress at Ladies' Hall, and held this position in con-

nection with her editorial work, for about three years. During these years she also took various courses in the university in literature, history, archeology, art, and science.

In 1891 she was appointed associate librarian at Alfred University, under the direction of Professor Edward M. Tomlinson, who ten years before had been made librarian of the university, but whose teaching duties required the major portion of his time.

From 1891 to 1910, a period of nineteen years, Mrs. Stanton gave this important position her undivided time and interest. Her wide acquaintance with literature and history and art, and her keen and discriminating mind, together with her interest in students, made her exceptionally successful as a librarian.

This was a period of great development in the character of the library and in its use, by both the faculty and the students.

These nineteen years constitute the crowning period of Mrs. Stanton's life work. In 1910, at about seventy years of age, Mrs. Stanton retired from the strenuous duties of this position, and devoted herself, as her health permitted, to the literary work of her choice and to travel.

Such is, in the barest outline, the life career of a gifted woman, who has left a lasting influence on this university and on this community in which she has lived for forty years.

There are a few outstanding characteristics of Mrs. Stanton's life, that I think it not inappropriate to mention in connection with this farewell service.

1. In the first place, she was a member of an unusually intellectual and capable family. All of us who can remember Professor Edward M. Tomlinson, who was Mrs. Stanton's cousin, can understand just what I mean by this statement. He was scholarly in mind and cultivated in spirit, and gave to this university a life work of the finest and noblest quality.

I did not know Mrs. Stanton's brother, the late Rev. George E. Tomlinson, but my father, who knew him well, repeatedly said of him, that he was one of the most brilliant, able, and successful pastors in the Seventh Day Baptist denomination in his generation, now fifty years ago.

Many other members of this distinguished

family might be mentioned in this connection. Mrs. Stanton inherited her full share of this fine intellectuality, strength of purpose, and executive ability.

As a student she was never idle. She always had tasks to do, and she took pride in doing all tasks well. These qualities fitted her excellently for her great work as a librarian.

Until 1887 Alfred University library was a very small affair, and consisted of a few hundred books, mostly public documents, collected in the little office room on the first floor of the Old Chapel, now Alumni Hall. Each of the four lyceums of that day had a library of a few hundred books kept in the lyceum rooms, for use of the members.

Through the efforts of Doctor Daniel Lewis, all five of these scattered libraries were consolidated into one library in 1887, and moved to the second floor of Kenyon Memorial Hall. Miss Eva St. Clair Champlin was at first assistant librarian and kept the library open two hours each day. With the aid of two students from Columbia University, in summer vacation work, this consolidated library was catalogued, and duplicates were disposed of.

When Mrs. Stanton took over the administration of the library as associate librarian, three years later, in 1891, she found a collection of about eight thousand volumes, and only the beginnings of a working college library.

With insight, energy, and ability, she threw herself into the administration problems and soon developed a system, organization, and efficiency unusual for the smaller colleges of that day.

When she retired from this position, after nineteen years, she left a well selected, practical, working library of about twenty-five thousand volumes. She had endeared herself to all students and patrons of the library, as a friendly, intelligent, and tireless worker in her great field of education.

No one but a person of great mental vigor and tireless energy could have accomplished this great task, even though aided by the fine culture and discriminating intellect of Edward M. Tomlinson, chief librarian.

2. In the second place, Mrs. Stanton had fine artistic tastes and temperament. She had an appreciation of art in literature and music and design. She was particularly in-

terested in architectural design. Few people have made a more careful and discriminating study of the cathedrals in Europe than she.

She accumulated prints and sketches, and familiarized herself with the history of the architecture and architects of all the great churches of the old world. On her return from her European trip, where her chief aim was to verify her studies in religious architecture, she presented before the Amandine Club and other organizations the most illuminating and interesting papers on her studies of cathedrals in Europe.

• As a further evidence of her artistic tastes, as well as of her loyalty to Alfred University, she earnestly wished to see tower chimes installed in the tower of Kenyon Memorial Hall. She requested me to make careful investigation as to the practicability and cost of installing such chimes there. I brought to Alfred a representative of the Degen Tower Chimes Company of Chicago, who made a careful study of the problem.

When we reported to her that it was a perfectly feasible thing to do, and that the tower of Kenyon Memorial Hall is admirably adapted for such chimes, but that the cost would be about six thousand dollars, Mrs. Stanton said that much as she wanted to see chimes installed there, and to hear them during her life time, the cost was beyond her means, and she would have to forego the pleasure. She exacted a promise of me, however, that I would continue my efforts in the hope of finding a way to get such chimes installed there.

Having given up the chimes as a memorial to herself, Mrs. Stanton then turned her attention toward the establishment of a memorial fund for the development of art at Alfred University. She gave to the university funds amounting, in all, to \$4,000, on which she was to receive interest during her life time; and at her death these funds, less all excess interest that had been paid her over and above what interest the funds earned for the university, are to be set aside as a memorial fund and the income is to be used for the promotion of art, including art lectures and the purchase of art pieces. Thus she made provision for the perpetuation of her name, her interests, and her work, in the development of art at Alfred University.

3. In the third place, Mrs. Stanton had an unusual sense of loyalty. For example, she was born at Shiloh, worshiped in the old Shiloh meeting house, and attended school in the old Union Academy, which at first occupied the old meeting house, after the new church was built. After this old building was torn down, she felt that some memorial marker should be erected on that sacred spot. She helped to organize a committee and raise a fund to erect such a memorial. She contributed generously and worked long and faithfully to bring the enterprise to success. Two or three years before the task was completed she had plans made for the dedication of this memorial. She insisted that I must go to Shiloh and be one of the speakers on that occasion. It was my great pleasure to comply with this request, and to go to Shiloh, some three years ago, and make that address. I felt that in some sense Mrs. Stanton had helped to place there one of the many monuments to herself and her own loyalty.

I have already referred to some evidences of Mrs. Stanton's loyalty to Alfred University in addition to the more than twenty years of faithful and able service, at a very small salary compensation. She was always getting compensations out of her sense of loyalty and of service rendered, which were more to her than money values. Many more such evidences might be enumerated.

She took great pride in the campus of Alfred and felt that it was home to her. She loved the traditions and the memories that cluster about buildings and trees and personality. She had come to be a part of this institution, of this church, and of the community.

She was one of the charter members of the Amandine Club, and it had a place in her heart and in her loyalty, which could never be effaced.

4. In the fourth place, Mrs. Stanton was a person of deep religious convictions and experiences. No person could have loved the old cathedrals as she did merely for the beauty of their form or decoration. There was a soul significance to them which made their deepest appeal to her.

She was broad, scholarly, and scientific in her approach to these religious convictions and experiences. There was nothing narrow or sectarian about them. But that fact added to their richness and depth.

Her long and useful life work is finished. She requested that her body be cremated and that her ashes be buried in the old cemetery at Shiloh, near where, a little while ago, we dedicated that memorial monument, for which she had planned and worked and given.

But her soaring spirit has gone to the home of "Many Mansions," of which the cathedrals she loved are but the earthly emblems. — *Funeral address by President Boothe C. Davis.*

### THE DAY OF THE GOLDEN RULE

Once more Golden Rule Sunday brings to mind the needs of the thousands of orphaned children in the Near East who have been supported by American friends of little children. The day falls on December fourth this year. The observance is always the same—the eating of a simple meal, one that brings to mind the life of these young wards of America in Greece and Armenia and the Holy Land; then, with hearts filled with sympathy for these parentless boys and girls who must all too soon go out into the world to care for themselves, the making of a contribution that they may have food throughout the year.

There are still hundreds of small children being made healthy and happy and many more hundreds of older boys and girls learning trades and crafts by which they will be able to support themselves when they have to earn their living. More than half of the youngsters in the orphanages are still under fourteen and they must be sheltered and taught until their turn comes to face life independently. Near East Relief has done a splendid piece of work in arousing initiative and independence in its charges, a thing hard to do in institutions, but it realizes that after all they are only little boys and girls, entering upon their career at an age when our American sons and daughters are still given parental care.

It is for all these activities, some so definite, some so undefined but richly important, that the donations of Golden Rule Sunday go. Any donation may be sent to the Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York, whence it will go forth on its mission of maintaining life and building life for the future.—*John H. Finley, editor of the New York Times.*



## MISSIONS

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

### DOING GOOD WHILE THE DAY LASTS

As Christ was approaching the hour of his death, he said to the Father, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." One of the significant things in this statement made on the eve of Christ's tragic death is the expression of satisfaction that he had finished the work assigned him. He could have done infinitely more had not others hindered him; but the Father had taken this into account and Christ could say as he looked both back over his life and forward to the cross that he had done what was given him to do.

One of the greatest satisfactions that can come to us is to look back over life and be able to feel that amidst stress and struggle, victories and defeats, we have fulfilled life's mission. No finite being ever so completely accomplished the mission of life as did Christ, and there must be more or less of regret on the part of imperfect men; but if they have tried earnestly, sincerely, and lovingly to fill their places in life, they have a satisfaction that is akin to that experienced by Christ as he approached his passion.

To realize this satisfaction we must endeavor, to the best of our ability and opportunity, to establish the kingdom of Christ on earth. Every Christian is under the obligation of propagating his religion. If he does not make an honest effort to do this, he loses his religion. He loses it as soon as he ceases to disseminate it. This is so from the very nature of the Christian religion. Could John the Baptist, Paul, Peter, and the other disciples have remained Christian without endeavoring to promulgate that which they had received from Christ? Not to have entered loyally into the spread of the gospel would have brought disaster to any one of them; and it will to us. Our religion is missionary through and through, and every follower of Christ is under the obligation of propagating it throughout his life.

The central message of the Christian reli-

gion is love. But love is more than a sentiment. Love is a matter of the will primarily; it is willing the greatest good to the greatest number possible and working to accomplish this. By virtue of this fact all may be, all should be, missionaries. All should endeavor to do good to the greatest number, beginning at home and extending their efforts around the world to all nations and races. Instead of making the lot of men hard and instead of being indifferent to their struggles and sufferings, we should enter into all that pertains to them and help the greatest number possible in the best ways open to us. This is going about doing good; this is Christian missions; and only in this way can men feel in the least degree the satisfaction Christ felt as he approached the end of his earthly career.

Not only is there abundant opportunity and urgent need, but there is a demand for diligence. Every year, every month, every week, and every day brings its opportunities. If the opportunity is not seized, it passes beyond our reach. Another like it may be presented, but not that one, and the time will come all too soon when all opportunities are past in this life. Now is the time to say a kind word, do a helpful deed, lead a soul to a higher life, help your church, support the boards, and save the world in this crucial hour.

### THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

(A part of the secretary's address as president of Conference, Battle Creek, Mich., August, 1919.)

If we are to establish and maintain churches and thus help evangelize the world, we must increase and strengthen our ministry. The quality and the quantity both must be improved. This is our most urgent need in this hour of crisis; matters can not long continue as they are, and we can not remain indifferent to the situation; to do so means suicide.

Look at the situation a moment. Two facts stare us in the face. The first is that the Church has accomplished her incomprehensible work largely through the Christian ministry. It was so in the Apostolic Age and has been so in every generation since. Beginning with Enoch who walked with God, Noah the preacher of righteousness,

and Moses the formulator of a world code of morals and religion, the prophets, John the Baptizer, Christ and the apostles, the ministry has played an indispensable part in the world's elevation. The ministry is not all. But it is no less necessary and important today than when Christ on the shores of Galilee called out the twelve and trained them. The ministry has not been perfect and there have been many derelicts along the way, but they have, as a class, been princes among men and men of God, who have made possible the progress of the kingdom of God on earth. Next to the Church itself, the ministry must be maintained if the world is to be evangelized; let the ministry decline, and the Church, the kingdom of God, and every worthy institution on earth must ultimately decline. A denomination without a strong ministry is like a man without head or hands.

The second fact is not so agreeable to face. It is that our ministry is going out. So far as I can observe, it has in the past generations been in quality equal to any, but the fact stares us in the face that in numbers it is being sadly depleted. I know some would not have me mention this fact, preferring that public speakers cry "peace when there is no peace," but to hold our peace any longer on this question is a sin against Christ and the Church, his bride. In twenty-five years our ministry has fallen off in numbers about forty per cent. This can no longer go on. It is time we turned our attention to it and remedied it. The fact that other denominations are in similar trouble may serve to salve our consciences, but it does not help the situation or lessen our responsibility.

To heal a disease we must get at the causes. What are the causes that have dried up the ministerial supply and driven those already in the ministry from it? There have been four causes at least. First, other openings in the field of religious work have drawn away many who otherwise would have entered the pastorates and the mission fields. Second, the criticism that has been poured out on the ministry by a thoughtless, heartless and semi-godless element in the churches has made the ministry appear repulsive in the eyes of the young. Third, the fact that in so many churches there are church "bosses," who are unwilling to follow a pastor's lead-

ership or to allow him to guide the work out of the old established ruts or in any way be the leader which he is expected to be, unless he first gets their consent, has driven some from the work of the ministry and deterred others from entering it. Fourth, the support that the ministry has received, as the prices of the commodities of life have sailed sky high, has not only discouraged men from entering the high calling, but has forced those already engaged in its work to turn to other things to support their families.

It is the fourth, the financial proposition, that is the main factor in the present situation; for the ministry comes to expect criticism, both to the face and behind the back, just as a horse doing his best expects the lash from a brutal driver, and the ministry can endure church bosses as they do other pests; but when it comes to bread and butter and clothing they can not make brick without straw, nor can their wives make bread without flour. This is a new situation, or, rather, an old one aggravated five or six times. The lot of the ministry has always been a hard one financially, but in the last decade it has reached the point of impossibility in many cases. In the last twenty or twenty-five years the price of necessities of life has increased from three to six times, and, in the last four years, has about doubled. Twenty and twenty-five years ago we were buying milk at two cents a quart, butter at twelve cents a pound, a quarter of beef or pork at five cents a pound, flour at four or five dollars a barrel, and other articles at corresponding prices. (I copy these prices from an account book bearing date March 22, 1896.) Twice in the last three months when I have mentioned these things, men have said to me, "That may all be true about the things you name, but it is not true regarding many things"; thereupon I have asked them to name a single important article needed in the material wants of a family that has not increased from three to six times, and none of them was able to do it. Now have the salaries of the ministers and missionaries increased in like proportion? Only in a very few, if any, cases has there been any proportionate increase, and in the most instances the increase has been but a pittance compared with the increased cost of living. What \$1 would buy twenty or twenty-five

years past, now requires from \$3 to \$6 to buy; what \$300 purchased then, now takes \$1,200 to \$1,500; what \$500 would buy then, now takes \$1,500 or \$2,500; and what \$1,000 would buy then, now costs from \$3,000 to \$6,000. Have the churches increased the salaries at any such rate? No, they have not, as a rule, and the salaries which many of them offer make it impossible for men to live upon them. From fifteen to twenty per cent of our ministers have been doing other work during the past year to supplement their salaries. The wages of others, teachers with the rest, have gone up and up, and, in some instances, the ministers have helped from their own starving stipends to put such wages up; but the ministers' wages have been held down, and, as a result, young men have refused to enter the ministry and older men have left it.

There are two things to be noted about this treatment of the ministry: First, it is morally wrong for churches and boards to treat the ministry in this way. The prophets of old cried out in hot indignation because the wages of the laborers were kept back. Is it any better to hold back a reasonable support for the ministers and missionaries than the wages of the man who works in the mill or on the farm? Is it any better because of its being done by churches and mission boards? Is it right to ask the ministers and their families to do all the sacrificing while these same people increase their incomes and pile up money? Was the monkey right when he took the cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the coals? Is that Christianity? Is that the religion of Seventh Day Baptists? Why does not the laity bear its share of the sacrificing? The ministry and laity must both sacrifice if we succeed.

The other fact that we must note here is that, under this treatment, the ministry is fast going out of existence, and we must remedy it to save the Church; and this is the only reason why I mention it. The ministry would rather starve than mention money matters; we are always criticised when we talk of lack of support; people commence to cry, "Mercenary! Mercenary!" But I, for one, am willing to receive criticisms and be branded as a hireling if I can get you to see your duty and do it before it is too late.

Churches say, "We are not able." Grant

that for a moment, and what does it mean? It means extinction. But churches are able to support the ministry in a way never undertaken by most churches. Suppose there is a little church with only ten families and they pay their tithe to support the pastor. In that case he and his family would fare as well as the average family. There are few churches, indeed, that do not have ten families. Seventh Day Baptists are not poorer than other people, and they can support the ministry. Partly from the work of the Commission of the Executive Committee in the nine months past, and partly from a sense of justice, many churches have increased their pastor's pay, and, in justice to themselves and the cause, the good work must go on. I know that the vast majority of our people have intended no injustice to the ministry, much less to jeopardize the life of the denomination; they have not realized the situation; but now that the situation is known there is no excuse, either in the sight of God or man, for letting these conditions remain.

We must have more men as well as better supported men in the ministry, four times as many, and even in the face of the dark picture just given, I turn and plead with the young to dedicate themselves to the work of the ministry of their Lord and Master. The people are going to rise and give the ministry a reasonable support; I would not ask you to consider the ministry if I did not believe they are. Why enter the ministry? Enter it for the same reason Christ came to earth—because of the great and boundless need; enter it because it is the highest and holiest work on earth—so high and holy that I wonder God ever entrusted it to men; I wonder he did not ordain that angels be called to it; enter it because it calls for the highest powers in the gift of men and angels; enter it because it calls to the brave and heroic as does nothing else, except the life of a soldier on the field of battle; enter it because of its unspeakable joys; enter it because called of the Holy Spirit. Do not dare refuse if God calls you; and do not enter it if he does not call you.

"A politician thinks of his welfare at future elections, but a statesman thinks of the welfare of future generations."

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### THE CHRISTMAS HOPE

A dim, wintry world! The leafless trees  
Show, bare and dark, against the reddening  
sky;  
River and field are clothed in icy frieze,  
And now and then a moaning wind sweeps  
by,  
The earth seems desolate; it can but dream and  
wait  
The sweet light, sure, if late, that parts the  
Orient's gate.

But 'tis Christmas day, and far away  
Some happy chimes begin to play;  
Listen! hear the voice that floats from the  
bells' sweet throats;  
And the strain it sings a glad wind brings,  
While the East grows bright, and the world is  
still;

"Glory, and peace, and to men good will!"  
And to the message of Christmas day  
Brings brightness and peace and gladness always,  
Each waking year hath less of fear  
And more of freedom and hope and cheer;  
And more and more is understood  
The open heart of God's fatherhood,  
The holy bond of man's brotherhood.  
O sad heart, be still,  
And listen again:  
"Peace, glory, good will—  
Good will among men!"

—Selected.

The end of our visit to Washington came all too soon, for there were many other places in the city we wished to see; these will have to wait another time. It was Friday and we wanted to reach the home of our brother in Plainfield before night, and we wanted to stop a few hours in Baltimore on the way, so early Friday morning found us hurrying with our breakfast and our packing and trying to hurry a very phlegmatic doorman into calling a taxi, that we might catch an early bus to Baltimore. He insisted that the bus we wanted would stop at the hotel. Finally, despairing of his assistance, we sallied forth with our baggage in our hands and flagged a taxi, whose driver listened a moment to our tale of woe and started off at full speed. We were sure we would be five minutes too late, but

the bus driver saw us afar off and came running for our baggage, and by breathing quite rapidly I managed to reach and board the bus without too great a delay. When we had recovered our breath we asked the driver if the bus stopped at the hotel where we had been staying, and we learned that if we had waited for it we should have waited all day and longer. I am wondering if that doorman's ears remained intact throughout that day, or if they were burned to a crisp—and the worst of it is I shall never know.

The ride that morning to Baltimore was very pleasant, and we enjoyed the glimpses of the city that we caught as we hurried along. I have always felt cheated because, in approaching Baltimore on the train, we never were able to see anything of the city. I suppose tunnels make for safety and efficiency, but they do not advertise the beauty of the city to strangers just passing through. The highway led us through some pleasant streets. One thing attracted our attention; no matter whether the houses were new or old, white steps led from the street to the doors. In the older sections these steps were wooden, painted white; often the paint was almost worn off, still we could see that they had once been white. In the new sections the houses, of course, were more pretentious, and here the steps were of white marble.

Finding that we could not complete our journey to Plainfield by bus, we went over to the Baltimore and Ohio station, and upon inquiry learned that we might take a train from Baltimore to Plainfield early in the afternoon, but whether or not the conductor would allow us to leave the train at Plainfield depended on circumstances over which we had no control. That is one reason I prefer not to ride on trains; there are so many circumstances over which we have no control. They told us we should probably have to leave the train at some station along the way and wait for another train to come and pick us up. We said that would be all right with us if we could stop in Philadelphia, but it seemed that was just what we couldn't do and catch the train we wanted. They said this train from Baltimore stopped at Plainfield only for "passengers from the west." We said we were from the west, but that didn't seem to impress them the way it should. Two girls and one young

man did their best for us, spent some time trying to find some way that we could go to Plainfield without delay. They called up other stations and did everything except offer us the use of their automobile—I hoped they would think of that, but they didn't.

Finally we purchased our tickets and started out to call up our cousin, Miss Ina Maxson, who is dietitian at the Baltimore City Hospital. Our taxi driver, after conferring with one or two others, said he thought he could find the hospital—we learned later that it had long been known by some other name and had been renamed just recently, and that was the reason the driver seemed confused.

We enjoyed the long drive very much. The distance really seemed many miles. We saw many things interesting to mid-western eyes. None seemed stranger to us than the long streets, closed on both sides with an almost continuous wall of red brick masonry, having at regular intervals two white marble steps leading from the street to doors set in the masonry. These looked like modern dwellings, and the dates cut on some of the marble steps were of recent years. I could hardly believe, though, that these residences could be modern; perhaps they are model dwellings, having lawns and gardens in the rear. We were glad that we were not looking for our cousin in one of these houses, because unless one were absolutely sure of the number, no description could be given that would help tell one house from another, or at least that was the way it looked to me.

We finally arrived at the hospital, a group of buildings set well back from the street and upon a hill commanding a wide view of the city and Chesapeake Bay. Our driver was interested in our finding the right building and then left us. Our cousin was expecting us, but she did not know when we might arrive, and of course we stopped at the building farthest from the one in which her diet kitchen is located, but we were bidden to remain while someone telephoned her, and soon we saw her coming. A very pleasant two hours followed.

It is always pleasant to see friends after long absences, and we had many things to talk about, of her sisters back home, and of her work in the hospital, and of our attendance at the convention. We went into

her kitchen and inspected the facilities for preparing special diets for patients here. While she and doctor conferred on some questions of diets for various troubles, I made talk with one of her assistants, who I learned, came from my native state, so we occupied ourselves very profitably mentioning a few of the advantages that come to one born in that state.

We went to her room to enjoy the wonderful view from her windows, out across the bay, and here we met the head dietitian of the hospital, who had insisted that her first assistant should be a graduate of Battle Creek College rather than one from the famous Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore.

Then we went back to take the train to Plainfield. On board we found that there were other "passengers from the west" who wanted to leave the train at Plainfield, and when they got down we were able to follow.

### A PROMINENT LAYMAN SPEAKS

MY DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

This clipping speaks for itself:

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, a few years ago looked upon as the leader of the modernists who were carrying on an attack against fundamentalism, now declares that the whole controversy was a waste of time and that henceforth the two camps will view each other with the greatest good will. Writing in *The New Age Illustrated* under the title of "What Future Religion?" the man who on Sunday, May 21, 1922, preached his famous sermon, "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?" today says of the next few years: "There will almost surely be an era of good feeling so far as theological differences are concerned. The modernist-fundamentalist controversy has petered out. No problems have been solved by it, as is generally the case in such controversies. They are uniformly a lamentable waste of time and energy for all people concerned. After this recent outburst will come, as usual, an epoch during which both conservatives and liberals will recognize that whatever may be the truth about theology, good will is religion. There will, of course, be die-hards in both parties who will wish to keep up their vehemence. In general, however, alike the militant fundamentalist and the supercilious liberal will meet with scant sympathy from the Christian public."

I am in hearty accord with the idea that the so-called modernist-fundamentalist controversy "has petered out," and I am very sorry that the pages of the RECORDER will be given over to that controversy. I might suggest, as a layman, that a definition be

given as to just what a modernist and a fundamentalist is. I defy any one to classify me; as I am frank to say I do not know which I am, if either. As a layman, again it seems to me that the pages of the RECORDER could be put to so much better use than to carry on this discussion, which will get nowhere and convince no one. There certainly is nothing constructive about it, and, as Doctor Fosdick says: "There is a lamentable waste of time and energy for all people concerned."

If they (these contestants) would spend the same amount of time and energy on talks and sermons, our churches would not have to worry so much about their dwindling congregations.

Fraternally yours,

O. B. W.

### CHARACTER BUILDING

MRS. R. J. MILLS

(Paper read before the Southwestern Association at Fouke, Ark., and requested for publication.)

While love is the greatest thing in the world, character is the grandest. Slowly, day by day, hour by hour, we build it; with sighs and tears, with laughter and joy, with pain and with pleasure the structure is reared—our work—the only thing about us that is entirely ours, and we will rejoice or grieve over it according to the material we have put into it, good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be.

We do not start with the same material in this character building process. Some have more obstacles to overcome than others, but the very *strength* which is put forth in overcoming unpleasant traits and habits, will enrich the character, making it, in the end, more noble, more sympathetic, more beautifully rounded.

We can not get away from our characters, so it behooves us to have agreeable ones. A cheery and sunny disposition is to be envied by many of us, but it ought to be cultivated and persisted in even when life is doing its worst for us. Talk happiness. The world is sad enough without your woes. "Keeping sweet" is a habit of the soul.

It is this inner life that helps form our character, that makes our little world. If

our hearts are sweet, patient, gentle, loving, we find sweetness, patience, gentleness and kindness wherever we go. But if our hearts are bitter and suspicious, we find bitterness and jealousy on every path. The secret of that fine art of character building, which some people possess, of always finding good and beauty in others, is, they have goodness and beauty in *themselves*. I believe that the lack of this forbearance and charity, so often seen in our lives, does more to dishonor our Master and the cause of his kingdom than all our other shortcomings.

There are so many qualities that enter into this character forming. We so often neglect to ask Christ's guidance and strength in the common tasks of life. Our Master knows all about work. We know how he went about doing good, healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, blessing the children, comforting the sorrowful, and teaching men the way to heaven. If we are his, he is dwelling in us, and as we perform our share of the daily tasks of life we show the world the face of the Christ who dwells in our soul.

In the secret of his presence  
How my soul delights to hide.  
Oh, how precious are the lessons  
Which I learn at Jesus' side.

We so much need to "talk with Jesus often" because of the silent influence we are constantly shedding upon those about us. The worldly person is so ready to judge the whole Christian religion by perhaps just our one mistake when we are not on our guard. Some one has said: "Do not forget that your life may be the only Bible your neighbor ever reads. Your words, your actions, are spread ever before him like so many pages to be read. You may think *lightly* of some inconsistent action of yours; he does *not*, but is quick to take advantage of such, to defend his shortcomings." An infidel after being converted said, "The one argument I never could answer was the consistent life of my Christian mother."

Oh, could we all more fully realize that each act of our lives speaks for or against our dear Savior. Thus, day by day, we are building for eternity.

"The person who worries and fusses three-fourths of the time has very little confidence in divine leadership."

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK,  
R. F. D. 5, BOX 165, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,  
Contributing Editor

### VALUE OF DAILY DEVOTIONS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
December 31, 1927

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Devotions give access to God (Eph. 2: 18)  
Monday—Intimacy through prayer (Eph. 3: 14-21)  
Tuesday—Knowledge of Scripture (Ps. 119: 97-104)  
Wednesday—Fellowship in prayer (Matt. 18: 19, 20)  
Thursday—Increased consecration (Rom. 12: 1, 2)  
Friday—Desire for service (Isa. 6: 1-8)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: What are the values of daily devotions? (Quiet Hour consecration meeting. Ps. 40: 1-8)

The first three topics for the new year are Quiet Hour topics. They are: What are the values of daily devotions? What prayer can accomplish. What difference does reading the Bible make?

The idea is a good one, is it not, to start the year with prayer and communion with God. Let us, in our societies, not merely study about these things, but practice them. Then in the strength of that prayer and communion let us make our plans for the new year's work. Most of us plan and pray, but too often we do it in that order, making our own plans and then asking God to help us carry them out. We need his help all through, of course; but let us, this year, pray before we plan, as well as afterward.

These lessons afford a good setting for the work of the Quiet Hour superintendent, also a good opportunity for the comrades of the Quiet Hour to testify to its value, and to give suggestions for the observance of it, which will be helpful to the new recruits that will be secured during these weeks.

Dr. Francis E. Clark said of the Quiet Hour: "Spend the 'morning watch' with God. With open Bible and uplifted heart every day 'practice the presence of God.' Surrender to him self, the thief, self, the robber of time and energy and life itself; sacrifice the self life, and in its place he

will give you his life, abundant life; life that has leisure for every duty; life that has abounding vitality; life that is roomy, large, and ample; life that will enable you to take up unattempted tasks and new burdens, and to carry them easily. Make room in your lives for God. Find leisure for him, and he will give you leisure from yourself and for a life work larger and fuller than you can at first conceive.

"God has a right to have a chance at us. "God is ready to bless. His promises are sure; his power is omnipotent; his love is almighty. Are we ready to receive the blessing and carry it to others? That is the only question we have to decide."

### A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

In our daily devotions we communicate with God through prayer, and meditate on some passage of Scripture. We come to feel that God is a personal Father, like our earthly fathers, and so we feel free to talk with him. We feel that we are in his presence, thus we are drawn closer to him.

The influence of the family altar in the home can not be over-estimated. I am sure many of you can look back with pleasure to the time when the members of your family came together for prayer, Bible reading, and meditation. Perhaps you can still, in memory, hear the voice of your father and mother in prayer. The influence of that sacred hour has stayed with you through the years.

We need family altars in our homes today. Children need to hear the voices of their fathers and mothers in prayer. We need the spiritual atmosphere of the Quiet Hour. Are we receiving it?

### THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON  
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Sabbath Day, December 31, 1927

Topic: Starting the year with God (Matthew 6: 5-15).

#### THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE

How can we start the year *without* God? If we forget him, or disregard his plan for our lives, or fail to commune with him, or openly disobey him, we do not thereby annihilate him. God is. He continues to

be our Source, our Strength, our Wisdom, our Life, our Providence. "All things were made through him; and without him was not anything made that hath been made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men" (John 1: 3, 4). It remains for us to live in right relationship with God. That is "communion" with him. "Lord, teach us to pray."

#### SOME QUESTIONS

What are the essential elements in the Lord's Prayer?

What are some of the dangers of hypocrisy in prayer?

What are some of the dangers from "vain repetitions" in prayer?

What is the Christian Endeavor Quiet Hour?

Who is the Quiet Hour superintendent in our Young People's Board?

What is the Quiet Hour slogan for this Conference year?

What are the main points in the book entitled, "When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door" (by Amos R. Wells, International Society of Christian Endeavor, 41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., for 75 cents)?

### MORE NEWS FROM THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION

[Are you not all enjoying these news notes from the societies of the Eastern Association? You are, I know, and I am sure that those societies would enjoy a report of what you are doing. May we not hear from many more societies.—R. C. B.]

#### DEAR ENDEAVORERS:

The Shiloh society reports a large percentage of attendance at every meeting. At one meeting nearly forty people were present. A social is held every month. A drive is being staged for membership. The society is divided into two groups, and as there is competition, it makes the drive very exciting.

The Ashaway society has recently revised its roll, and now has eleven active members. Standard socials are held once a month. They have had three very interesting ones this fall. In the spring, the Christian Endeavor society, with the help of some members of the church, purchased a stereopticon machine, and this is greatly enjoyed. The meetings are held on Friday evening in place of the regular church prayer meeting.

Everyone is invited to attend this service, and many of the church members do attend and take part regularly, so making the meetings more interesting and helpful.

There are several societies in the Eastern Association who have not sent in any report of their activities. Who will be the next? Surely your society is doing something worth while, so pass it along, that others may know and be helped by what you are doing.

If you enjoy reading these reports send in yours, as I have reported upon all the letters received up to date, and we want a report each month.

Yours for Christian Endeavor,

MRS. BLANCHE BURDICK,  
Associational Secretary.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S PART IN THE PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

RIVERSIDE, CALIF., OCTOBER 21-23

The Christian endeavorers, assisted by Pastor and Mrs. Hargis, spent much time and thought in preparation for their program of the association, and the results were most gratifying, as you may judge from the following.

The candle-light vesper service began at six forty-five on the evening after the Sabbath, with this thought before us on the program—"In the hush of the even, when day is done, I wait in reverential silence and hold a tryst with him who in my heart would dwell."

This impressive service was followed by a pageant, which portrayed the history of the Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavor society in California from its organization, in 1896, in Colony Heights, up to the present time.

The new challenge was given through the opportunity of service to the hospitals, to foreigners in our midst and in other lands, and to act as guardians of youth, inspiring them to consecrate their lives to him in worship, faith, love, service, and being willing to bear his cross.

The pageant closed by a processional while singing "Lead On, O King Eternal," each one bearing a white cross and carrying a candle which had been lighted by the "Spirit of Christian Endeavor." No one could witness this beautiful scene without

being inspired to go forward in better service and unselfish love.

We close with the cast of characters, knowing that it will be interesting to those in the denomination who are acquainted with these young people.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Page	Duane Hurley
Heralds	Wayne Rood, Lloyd Pierce
Spirit of Christian Endeavor	Alice Baker
Light of History	Ethel Babcock
Echo of the Past	Stella Davis
Herald of Opportunity	Mildred Van Horn
Evangel of Love	Marian Hargis
Nurse	June Davis
Inmate of County Hospital	Ord Babcock
Indian	Stanley Van Horn
Negro	Bert Van Horn
Japanese	Leta Farrar
Chinese	Vera Chapman
Mexican	Harry Van Horn
Guardian of Youth	Lucile Hurley
Recruits—Virginia Pierce, Jean Pierce, Rowena Babcock, Robert Hargis, Mary Pierce, Buddy Pierce, Jeanette Hurley, Junior Pierce, Steve Kelley	
Spirit of Consecration	Ada Babcock
Spirit of Worship	Clara Hurley
Spirit of Faith	Marie Baray
Spirit of Love	Katie Davis
Spirit of Service	Ethlyn Holibaugh
Spirit of the Cross	Maleta Curtis
Torch Bearer	Rex Brewer

ETHLYN M. DAVIS.

### BALTIMORE CHRISTIAN UNITY CONFERENCE

JANUARY 12 AND 13, 1928

The first nation-wide conference on Christian unity to follow up the work of Lausanne will be the Baltimore Christian Unity Conference on January 12 and 13 at the First Presbyterian church, Rev. Hugh L. Hodge, minister, Baltimore.

It will be under the direction of the Christian Unity League, which was organized in Baltimore in the spring of 1927 for the study of all approaches to Christian unity. The first day of the conference will be given to the discussion of attitudes making for unity, the social approach as expressed by the Federal Council, the ethical approach as expressed by the Stockholm Conference, and the theological approach as expressed by the Lausanne Conference, with an interpretation of the purposes of the Christian Unity League.

The second day's session will be devoted

to the discussion of unity in worship, in education, in evangelization, and in social betterment. In the evening there will be a sermon and the celebration of the Lord's Supper, with a Presbyterian presiding, assisted by an Episcopalian, a Lutheran, and a Baptist.

Among the speakers are Bishop Francis J. McConnell of Pittsburgh, Bishop W. A. Guerry of South Carolina, President G. W. Richards of Lancaster, Pa., Doctor C. C. Morrison of Chicago, Doctor William Adams Brown, Doctor Finis S. Idleman, Doctor Frederick Lynch, and Doctor Robert A. Ashworth of New York, President W. A. Harper of Elon College, N. C., and Doctor Robert A. Hume of India. Other names will be added to the program.

The morning and evening sessions will be occupied with special addresses. Each afternoon will be given to discussions, in which any person who has enrolled may take part. Committees will bring in their findings as the result of the discussion. There will be no special invitations sent out, only announcements through the religious and secular press. All Christians are invited to come and thereby it may be possible to find those Christians who are definitely interested in a united Christendom.

Peter Ainslie, minister Christian Temple, Baltimore, president, and Samuel M. Hann, 2 Somerset Road, Roland Park, Baltimore, secretary, to whom all correspondence may be addressed.—*Peter Ainslie.*

### THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING

GEORGE H. GREENMAN

At this Thanksgiving period there are many things to be thankful for, among which I will mention a few, namely, that our fathers and mothers were honest, upright, God-fearing people, law abiding, loyal citizens, lovers of their fellow men, solicitous for their well being and happiness, that we are endowed with fairly healthy bodies and minds, that we are capable of discerning between right and wrong, and with a will and purpose to do the right. We should be thankful that we live under a republican form of government, where we can worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences without fear or molestation, that we are not engaged in war with any nation, that material prosperity

abounds, that the moral and religious condition of the country—while not at as high standard as could be desired—is moving toward a higher plane.

But there are some things we should *not* be thankful for. For instance, we should not be thankful that we are spending millions upon millions of dollars annually to maintain a standing army and navy. We should not be thankful for so much disregard for law and order as exists today, that the liquor traffic is still doing its deadly work, that enforcement of prohibition meets with such poor success.

We *should* be thankful that the only sure road to secure good will among nations, is not by the power of the sword, but by the more sensible and rational agency of arbitration; and that the Christian Church is coming gradually, although slowly, to realize that the only way to establish the kingdom of God in its fullness on this earth, is by adopting and practicing the principles taught by Jesus, our divine Teacher, who declared in his Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the peace makers for they shall be called the children of God."

*Mystic, Conn.*

November 24, 1927.

### HOME NEWS

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—The services this week were all in keeping with the Thanksgiving season. There was not quite as large a number as usual at the Friday night prayer meeting, but it was a good service nevertheless. The Scripture was a Psalm in which thankfulness was expressed. Many of those present spoke of blessings we enjoy that others are deprived of, or of things we do not have to endure that others suffer. Surely we ought to be a thanksgiving people.

Pastor Polan preached an especially helpful sermon Sabbath morning on God's goodness to us, which caused many to determine on a more active service for him in return.

The attendance at Sabbath school was noticeably larger than the attendance a year ago and the offering was generous.

Iva Stillman led the Junior meeting. It would do you older people good to attend one of these Junior meetings. Sunday morning the juniors met at the parsonage

for a work bee. Here group committee work was taken care of, officers were nominated for the coming six months, letters were written to absent ones and to the children of our missionaries in China, boxes of vegetables and other things to bring Thanksgiving cheer were arranged and carried to some of the shut-ins, and other true missionary work was planned and begun. Let us aid and encourage these busy juniors in every way possible.

At the Intermediate meeting, Mr. I. O. Greene was present and gave a talk, showing these young people how thankful they may be for the things they do not have. They were led to see more clearly how much worse could be their lot. One person summarized the meeting by saying "it was a good meeting and he told us everything." This society has formed itself into two groups for another contest.

Leona Thorngate was to have led the Senior meeting, but on account of sickness she was unable to be present and so her plans were carried out by Elsie Rood. An interesting part of the program was a debate given by the intermediates. The question was, "Resolved, that a poor family has more to be thankful for than a rich one." The affirmative side was taken by Lenore Van Horn and Roger Johnson, and the negative by Ruby Babcock and Delmer Van Horn. The judges decided the affirmative had it by a small margin. The seniors hope these debaters will be on hand at some future meeting also.

Some of the members of the Younger Missionary Society met at the home of Celia Moulton at a special meeting on Sabbath night and tied comforters.

Arlene Eyerly gave an instrumental solo at the Junior meeting.

This old world has three questions it asks everyone—What do you *know*? What can you *do*? and What *are* you?

The latter is the main question of the three, because it is the most abiding. As religion is the thing that abideth forever, if you exclude that, what sort of a foundation have you?

That great educator Horace Mann would not allow a poor character to graduate from his college, however fine a scholar that person might be. He held that an educated rascal was just so much the worse rascal.—

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

MRS. WALTER L. GREENE, ANDOVER, N. Y.,  
Contributing Editor

### PRAYING EVERY DAY

ELISABETH K. AUSTIN  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
December 31, 1927

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Daniel prayed daily (Dan. 6: 4-10)  
Monday—Pray without ceasing (1 Thess. 5: 17, 18)  
Tuesday—The church at prayer (Acts 4: 31-33)  
Wednesday—Jesus prayed daily (Luke 18: 1)  
Thursday—Praying for food (Matt. 6: 9)  
Friday—Encouragement to pray (Matt. 7: 7)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Praying every day (Matt. 6: 6-9. Consecration meeting)

How often should boys and girls pray?

They should pray something like this the first thing in the morning:

"Father we thank thee for the night  
And for the pleasant morning light,  
For health and friends and loving care,  
And all that makes this world so fair." Amen.

Just before breakfast we pray like this:

"God is great, God is good,  
And we thank him for our food.  
By his goodness all are fed,  
Give us Lord our daily bread." Amen.

At dinner, before we begin to eat, let us say:

"Dear Lord we thank thee for thy care  
And all thy mercies sent,  
The food we eat, the clothes we wear,  
Our health, our homes, our friends." Amen.

Let's thank God before we eat our supper:

"Father bless the food we take  
And bless us all for Jesus' sake." Amen.

The last thing at night:

"My Father hear my prayer  
Before I go to rest,  
It is thy little child,  
That cometh to be blest.  
Lord help me ev'ry day,  
To love thee more and more  
And try to do thy will,  
Much better than before." Amen.

During the day we might feel the need of God's help:

"O heavenly Father! Help me quick!  
Help me quick, I pray.  
For I am very angry,  
And I know that I may say  
Words that I'll be sorry for,  
And the things that I may do  
Are the kind of things, O Father,  
That never could please you." Amen.

How often should boys and girls pray?  
I will let you answer this question in your own way at Junior today.

### A LETTER FROM TWIN SISTERS

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

We are twins, twelve years old. We live near Verona Station and attend the Verona Church and Sabbath school. Mr. Lester Osborn is our pastor, and preaches a children's sermon each week.

The name of our Sabbath school class is the Forget-me-nots. Mrs. Marian Williams Sholtz is our Sabbath school teacher.

We have attended the Daily Vacation Bible School for seven years. We enjoyed it so well that we hope all children in our Sabbath schools can attend one.

Your friends,

GLADYS AND GERTRUDE HYDE.

Verona Station, N. Y.,  
November 11, 1927.

DEAR GLADYS AND GERTRUDE:

I was very much pleased to receive your letter. I liked especially what you said about the Daily Vacation Bible School. I, too, wish that all our boys and girls could have a chance to attend such a school each summer, and I hope all our Sabbath schools will soon begin to have Daily Vacation Bible schools.

Do you know, this is the very first letter I ever received from twins? I think it must be fine to have a twin sister. I have always wished I had one. I hope you will write again.

Lovingly yours,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

### KITTEN TALES

H. V. G.

Never trouble.

The lost word can be found by taking and writing in order the first letters of the words supplied in the following story.

One day when the sky was clear and , and when the little gray kitten was sunning herself the back porch in the warm rays from the sun, along came old Mr. Thomas Cat out for a morning stroll.

"Oh, Mr. Thomas," called the gray kit-

ten, "will you please answer a question for me?"

"With pleasure, little kitten; anything within rhyme or I shall be glad to answer." And Mr. Thomas Cat settled himself beside the little kitten and assumed a learned expression on his wise old face.

"It is this," continued the kitten; "why does a cat have whiskers? Mr. Redbreast asked me this morning, and I am sure I don't know why."

"That is quite a story," replied Mr. Thomas, "but I can tell you just why it is.

upon a time, when cats had no whiskers, there was a handsome Prince Cat, who was journeying to see his lady love. He was carrying her the choicest rats and mice and a marvelous gold ring with a magic stone. This stone would change to a ruby, emerald, sapphire, or the most brilliant and sparkling diamond, just as the wearer wished. When the wearer turned the stone to a topaz and said, 'Shatter, shatter, into a thousand fragments shatter,' whatever the wearer touched with the ring would fly into a thousand pieces quicker than you could wink an eye.

"Well, he was traveling along, with his servant cats a little way behind, when he came to a high wall, and no way could he see to get through it or over it—no, sir, no way at all to get on the other side of that wall. But wait! Right near the ground, hidden by a wild rosebush, was a small hole.

"I am not sure I can go through this hole," the Prince meowed to himself doubtfully, but I shall have to try or go back home and find some other road."

"So the Prince Cat first put his head through, then his two front feet, and then he tried to pull the rest of himself through. He pulled and he pulled, he squirmed and he wriggled, and when his servant cats came up, there was the Royal Prince Cat half way through the hole in the fence. Then all the servants got behind and began to push; and they pushed and they pushed, but to no avail. So then they decided to pull the Prince back, and, alas, he was stuck so fast they couldn't pull him back—not even one-sixteenth of an inch.

"Then all the servant cats sat down in a circle and began to cry—long, loud, and mournful yowls, such as you never heard before.

"This will never do," muttered the Prince to himself. "What if my lady love should come along and see me in this fix. I must think of something quickly or else die of eternal mortification."

"Suddenly he thought of the magic ring. He wished for the stone to be a topaz and quickly cried out in a shrill meow, 'Shatter, shatter, into a thousand fragments shatter.' As he touched the wall with the ring, quicker than you could wink an eye, the wall flew into a thousand pieces, and the Prince was free. All the servant cats stopped their yowling at once, joined paws, and danced for joy around their Prince, who was restored safe and sound to them once more.

"Since then, all cats have grown whiskers, so that now, when a cat puts his head through an opening or hole, if his whiskers touch the sides, he knows he will never get through that hole with safety. Thus, to this day whiskers not only add to our dignity and honor, but they are a safeguard against many a tight fix. So now, little cat, you know why cats have

"Thank you for telling me, Mr. Thomas Cat, very very much. Now I'll go tell Mr. Redbreast all about it."

So skippity skip the little gray kitten ran off to find Mr. Redbreast.

ANSWER TO THE LAST TALE.—Helpers.

Home	End
End	Replied
Lost	Shall
Purr	

### THE CAPTIVE

I slipped his fingers, I escaped his feet.  
I ran and hid, for him I feared to meet.  
One day I passed him, fettered on a tree:  
He turned his head, and looked, and beckoned me.

Neither by speed nor strength could he prevail,  
Each hand and foot was pinioned by a nail.  
He could not run or clasp me if he tried,  
But with his eye he bade me reach his side.

"For pity's sake," thought I, "I'll set you free."  
"Nay—hold this cross," he said, "and follow me.  
This yoke is easy and this burden light,  
Not hard or grievous if you wear it tight."

So did I follow him, who could not move,  
An uncaught captive, in the hands of love.

—J. A. B. in *The Church Times* (London).

### TRAIN HAS RIGHT OF WAY

On October 31, the supreme court of the United States rendered an opinion setting aside the judgment of a lower court against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in favor of Dora Goodman. Nathan Goodman was killed in a grade crossing accident in Ohio. Dora, his wife, an administratrix of her husband's estate, brought suit against the railroad and was awarded judgment in the lower court.

Associate Justice Holmes, who delivered the opinion of the high court, laid down a complete rule of conduct for automobilists and others who cross railroad tracks when he said: "When a man goes upon a railroad track he knows that he goes to a place where he will be killed if a train comes upon him before he is clear of the track. He knows that he must stop for the train, not the train stop for him."

Evidence given in the trial court showed that Mr. Goodman was driving an automobile truck slowly across the railroad track and was struck by a train traveling at a high rate of speed. The accident occurred in broad daylight and Goodman was familiar with the crossing. It was argued that he did all he could to avoid a fatal accident.

The court held that "if a driver can not be sure otherwise whether a train is dangerously near he must stop and get out of his vehicle, although obviously he will not often be required to do more than to stop and look. It seems to us that if he relies upon not hearing the train or any signal and takes no further precaution he does so at his own risk."

Almost every day we read of fatal accidents at railroad crossings. Many drivers seem bereft of common sense, are reckless and criminal. Every morning as we go from our home to the Agriculturalist office we are stopped at the Northwestern Railroad crossing. The gates are down, a long, fast passenger train is passing, and every morning we see the same engineer in the cab, with one hand on the throttle and vision glued to the track ahead. He is a veteran, for his hair is white. He is anxious for the safety of humanity as he watches switches and crossings.

That man has spent the best part of his life in faithful and expert service. He, no doubt, has a wife and loved ones in his

home in Milwaukee or Chicago. He has his orders, the public demands service from him, his job is difficult, nerve racking, and hard.

As he pulls that long, fast train through the early morning hours, he sees an automobile approaching a crossing ahead. He blows his whistle again and again, but the motorist is bound to beat him to the crossing. The air brakes are applied, but too late, a smashed automobile and mangled bodies are the result. Is it any wonder that the engineer's hair is white as snow?

Let all drivers of automobiles ever keep in mind the words of Justice Holmes, "The train has the right of way, not the automobile. The motorist must stop for the train, not the train for the motorist."

The man who deliberately drives on to a railroad crossing, without first ascertaining that no train is approaching, and is then killed, is, as the court holds, responsible for his own death. But further than that, he commits a criminally foolish act, for he endangers the lives of others and is the cause of sorrow and suffering, not only to his own family, but to the faithful servant in the engine cab, who is in no way responsible for the disaster.—*Wisconsin Agriculturalist*.

Why is the moon compared to a "green cheese"?

To say a person believes the moon is made of green cheese is to ridicule his credulity; such a person would believe the most absurd thing imaginable. In this connection "green" is used in the sense of fresh or unseasoned. A green cheese is a new cheese. Such cheese is supposed to resemble the moon in shape, size, and color. The comparison is very old. Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) wrote: "He should, as he list, be able to prove the moon made of grene cheese."—*The Pathfinder*.

The doctor had just been visiting an Irish patient, and as the man's wife was showing him out he said to her, "Your husband's not so well today, Mrs. Maloney. Is he sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?"

"He is not sorr," came the reply. "He says he'll not be after starving himself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years longer."—*Presbyterian Advance*.

## MARRIAGES

HURLEY-BARNES.—At Yuma, Ariz., November 18, 1927, Mr. Rex H. Hurley of Blythe, Calif., and Mrs. Edna Barnes of Riverside, Calif.

BURDICK-FOWLER.—On November 14, 1927, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Truman, Lima Center, Wis., Charles C. Burdick of Milton, Wis., and Ferieda B. Fowler of Milton Junction, Wis., were united in marriage by Rev. John F. Randolph of Milton Junction.

## DEATHS

STANTON.—Loisanna Tomlinson Stanton died in Alfred, N. Y., November 22, 1927, in the eighty-seventh year of her age. Extended obituary elsewhere in this issue.

T. L. G.

SAXTON.—Lewis David Saxton was born October 22, 1867, at Berlin, Wis., and died at his home near Dodge Center, Minn., November 17, 1927, following paralysis, a slight stroke two weeks ago, and a more severe one a week later.

Mr. Saxton came to Dodge Center with his parents at the age of twelve and has made his home in this community ever since, attending school in Dodge Center. He was married to Freda Wilke, September 3, 1892, at Mantorville, Minn. To them were born eight children, five of whom survive. They are Mrs. Ina Thompson, Franklin, Minn.; Mrs. Rosa Olson, Dodge Center; Mrs. Bertha Rottluff, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Mabel and Harry, of Dodge Center. George and Ella died in infancy, and Glenis died in 1925 at the age of fourteen. Besides the above mentioned family Mr. Saxton leaves six sisters and two half-sisters. The sisters are Mrs. L. T. Thomas, Beloit, Wis.; Mrs. George Parker, Rochester, Minn.; Mrs. Schroeder, Minneapolis; Mrs. Lewis Langworthy, Dodge Center; Mrs. R. J. Severance, Fouke, Ark.; and Mrs. Grover Ingersol, Bruce, Wis. The half-sisters are Mrs. Jennie Rood, Milton, Wis.; and Mrs. Rose McGiferin, Chicago, Ill. There are also ten grandchildren.

Mr. Saxton was of retiring nature, but was of high moral character and a dutiful citizen. As a husband and father he was honored and loved by his family.

The funeral services were held at the Dodge Center Congregational church, Sunday afternoon, Rev. Arthur Thompson conducting the services, and Rev. E. M. Holston preaching the sermon. The remains were laid to rest in Riverside Cemetery.

E. M. H.

BABCOCK.—Sarah Alice Dowden, widow of Joseph C. Babcock, died at the home of her daughter Mrs. H. A. Rogers, 20 Thorn St., Battle Creek, Mich., on November 19, at 5.30 o'clock.

Mrs. Babcock was born at St. Marys, Ohio, January 9, 1845, and so was in her eighty-third year at the time of her death. She was baptized and joined the Jackson Center, Ohio, Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1865, having been brought to believe in the seventh day Sabbath while living in the family of the mother of Peyton Simpson of Jackson Center. She was married to Joseph C. Babcock on July 25, 1866. In 1886 the family moved to Albion, Wis., and later joined the church there. Mrs. Babcock remained a faithful member of that church till her death. Since the death of her husband, March 18, 1907, she has made her home with her daughters, and for the last nine years exclusively with Mrs. Rogers, who has given her faithful and loving care for about six years of almost helpless invalidism. Mrs. Babcock has not been well known to the people of Battle Creek as she has been confined to her room for so many years. But in her earlier days she was an active member and officer of the Ladies' Aid Society and the Order of the King's Daughters at Albion and Milton Junction, as well as a charter member of the Jackson Center Ladies' Aid society. She was one especially known as helpful in the homes visited by sickness and death. She is survived by her two daughters, Mrs. I. Main and Mrs. H. A. Rogers, both of Battle Creek.

The funeral was held from Hebble's Funeral Parlors on November 21, and was conducted by the pastor of the Battle Creek Church, assisted by the Rev. August Johansen. A large number of flowers showed the appreciation of a large number of relatives and friends. The Daughters of the G. A. R. had a part in the farewell service. Burial was in the Memorial Park Cemetery.

J. W. C.

TEMPLETON.—Minnie Lee Templeton, daughter of Mollie S. and R. I. Larey, was born September 27, 1888, and died at Fouke, Ark., October 26, 1927.

On December 21, 1911, she was united in marriage to Thomas J. Templeton. To this union was born one girl, Kathryn, and five boys, Lee, Wardner, Paul, Jewel, and Rudolph.

Besides a husband and these children there remain to mourn her passing, several step children, upon whom Sister Templeton had bestowed a mother's care and affection. The youngest of these, Ray, is still living at home.

About eleven years ago Mr. and Mrs. Templeton were converted to the Sabbath, and united with the Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Mrs. Templeton suffered almost constantly for several months before the end came, but through it all she maintained an abiding trust and confidence in the goodness of God.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor Severance, and the body laid to rest in the local cemetery.

R. J. S.

RANDALL.—Joel Palmer Randall was born in Grafton, Pa., April 4, 1831, and died at Coudersport, Pa., November 14, 1927, aged 96 years.

He was one of the pioneers of Potter County, having come there about eighty years ago, where he has since resided and where he was happily married to Miss Sarah A. Clark, who survives him after seventy-one years of married life.

Of the nine children reared to adult life, three sons and three daughters remain, with thirty-two grandchildren, thirty-eight great grandchildren, and three great great grandchildren—seventy-nine living descendants in all—most of whom were able to be at the funeral services.

Brother Randall united with the First Hebron Church in 1855, and remained a member of this church until called home by the infirmities of old age. The companion of more than three score years and ten was privileged to give loving care until the end. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Belle Snyder, on Dingman Run, where he and his wife have made their home for some time.

Farewell services were held at the First Hebron church, November 17, 1927, conducted by Rev. Walter L. Greene of Andover, a friend and former pastor. Interment in Woodlawn Cemetery at Crandall Hill.

W. L. G.

**HURLEY.**—Again our ranks have been thinned and a mother in Israel has gone to her rest, leaving behind a husband, three sons, one daughter, and six sisters. Adelia Anna Tryson Hurley was born in the spring of 1871, at Elmore, Ohio. Early in childhood the family migrated to Kansas, and after a stay of a few years moved to Clinton County, Iowa, in which state she grew to womanhood.

She became the wife of Charles Hurley during the winter of 1892, soon after which she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Welton, Ia., and later transferred her membership to Garwin, where she remained a member till after their removal to Riverside, Calif. During their sojourn in Minnesota and Wisconsin, Brother and Sister Hurley retained their membership in the Iowa home church.

The two younger children, Mrs. Alta Grieshaber and Earl, have resided in Riverside for a number of years, and were present at the last service. The senior son, Ernest, is located at La Grand, Ore.; and Carter F. is in business at Wrangel, Alaska. Of the six surviving sisters five of them reside at or near Calamus, Ia., and another at Yoder, Wyo. Mrs. Hurley is the first of a family of seven girls to be called to rest.

"Aunt Adelia," as she was commonly known, was taken sick in the early part of June with rheumatic fever from which she suffered intensely with but short respites until she rested in the early hours of November 13. The only time she was privileged to worship with the Riverside Church, of which she was a member, since her sickness, was on the occasion of the dedication of the new church.

It was the privilege of the writer to enjoy the sweetest Christian fellowship with Sister Hurley, from our first acquaintance on her arrival in California, four years ago, and he wishes to mingle his tears of sorrow and loss with the bereaved family.

"Aunt Delia" was a mother to all who needed mothering. Like Job she was a mother to the poor; and the cause that she knew not she searched out, and freely ministered to their needs. Her

Samaritan life will be missed by the church and community alike. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. . . . that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

The last service was conducted by the writer assisted by Pastor G. D. Hargis. E. S. B.

**LANGWORTHY.**—At her home on the Shore Road, September 11, 1927, Melissa Ann Langworthy, in the eightieth year of her age.

Melissa Ann Macomber was born in the town of Charlestown, R. I., in the year of 1847. Her early years were spent here. When young she accepted Jesus Christ as her Savior, was baptized and united with the Charlestown Baptist Church.

February 4, 1869, she was united in marriage to Albert Langworthy, and came to live in the home at what is known as Langworthy's Corners. Her life since then, except for three years, has been spent in that home, from which she was taken to her burial.

After her marriage she took a letter of standing from the Charlestown Baptist Church to the First Westerly Seventh Day Baptist Church, at Dunn's Corners, where her membership remained until the church disbanded.

She had been in poor health for some time, but was up about the house, until two days before her death.

Our Sister was known for her kindly ways and disposition and for her friendly and Christian character.

Beside her husband, Albert Langworthy, she is survived by one sister, Miss Mary Macomber, of Ashaway, R. I.; two sons, Howard C. and Edward B. Langworthy; one daughter, Mrs. Raymond Barber, and several grandchildren, all of Westerly.

The farewell service, conducted by Pastor Clayton A. Burdick, was held from her late home, at Langworthy's Corners, Shore Road, and the body was laid in Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway, R. I.

C. A. B.

**BOND.**—Merle Ellsworth Bond, son of William H. and Clara Green Bond, was born January 11, 1899, at Farina, Ill., and passed away at the age of 28 years, 10 months, and 13 days, at Battle Creek, Mich., as the result of an automobile accident, which occurred November 24, 1927.

He was the third of a family of six children, Howard of Napoleon, Ohio; Laura B. Metzger of Wood River, Ill.; Merle of Battle Creek, Mich.; Wallace and Hazel of Farina; and William H., a student of Milton College, Milton, Wis. The father departed this life December 27, 1909, since which time the mother has maintained the family home on the farm near Farina, keeping before the children the desirability of Christian character and education to meet the requirements of the age in which they were living. Under the influence of this home, all professed Christ in baptism and became members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Farina, and all sought college education save Wallace, who remained at home, the faithful assistant and manager in the farm work.

In 1917, Merle was graduated from the high school at Farina, in which class were Floyd Fer-

rill, Glen Whitford, Milton Clarke, and Oma Wells. Following service in the Student Army Training Corps at Milton College in 1918, he began a preparatory course in dental surgery at Chicago, Ill. While a student there, and later in Battle Creek, where he sought employment, he was affiliated with the churches of his faith. He loved music and sang with the male quartet and choirs of both Chicago and Battle Creek.

The news of his sudden and tragic death received at the Thanksgiving gathering of the family was a great shock to the mother, who was looking forward to a visit from her son in the near future, and to the other members of the family and the other relatives and friends.

Aside from the members of his immediate family he is survived by his aged grandfather, James Green, his uncles, George, John, and Roy Green, his aunt, Mrs. Gertie Tappe, and their families, of Farina, together with other relatives and a host of friends.

Funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Claude L. Hill, and burial was made in the Farina cemetery.

Merle was of an especially sunny and cheerful disposition and attractive personality, making friends wherever he went. His love of the beautiful found expression in his summer's work in the extensive gladiola fields of Battle Creek. His satisfaction and joy in this work were expressed in a letter recently written to his mother. His trust in God is expressed in a piece of poetry found on the wall of his room:

LEAVE IT TO GOD

Does the path seem rough and steep?

Leave it to God.

Do you sow, but fail to reap?

Leave it to God.

Yield to him your human will,

Listen childlike and be still,

Know that love your mind can fill,

Leave it to God.

Is your life an up-hill fight?

Leave it to God.

Do you struggle for the right?

Leave it to God.

Though the day be drear and long

Sorrow will give place to song,

Good must triumph over wrong,

Leave it to God.

If in doubt just what to do,

Leave it to God.

He will make it plain to you,

Leave it to God.

Serve him faithfully today,

He will guide you all the way;

Simply trust him, watch, and pray,

Leave it to God.

**STONE.**—Salome Emergene Frink Stone, youngest daughter of Ezekiel and Salome Babcock Frink, was born in Milton township, Wis., on February 22, 1849, and passed from this life at the home of her son Herbert, in Riverside, Calif., October 27, 1927.

At the age of six years her mother died and the four children were taken into the homes of

relatives until the father married again. Her education was obtained in the public schools and Milton Academy. After finishing her education, she taught several terms in various parts of the state of Wisconsin.

On October 23, 1872, she was married, by Rev. James Rodgers, to Theron M. Stone. Three sons were born to this union: Herbert E. of Riverside, Calif.; Theron E. and Arlon L., both of Yakima, Wash. The first five years of her married life were spent in Wisconsin. In the fall of 1877, she with her family moved to Orleans, Neb., where they were engaged in the hotel business. In this community she was ever ready to go into the homes where there was sickness or affliction, and by her kindly help and pleasant way won many lasting friends, and was called "Mother Stone" by old and young.

On November 23, 1896, her husband passed away. She and her sons remained in Nebraska until 1900, at which time they moved back to Wisconsin. Here she made a home for her son until the two eldest were married. Since then she has made her home with her son Herbert and wife.

In the fall of 1902, during a revival in the church at Albion, Wis., she and her three sons gave their hearts to Christ and were baptized by Rev. Simeon Babcock, uniting with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which church she remained a faithful member until her death.

The death of her sister, Mrs. Charles Williams, which occurred last March, was a great shock. They were very much attached to each other, and she felt the separation keenly. She often spoke of how she missed the weekly letters from her sister, which were such a comfort to her since she moved to California. But while the ties of earth are broken in death, there are also the reunions of life eternal.

Mrs. Stone since coming to California has had a vital interest in the work of the church, attending as often as her health would permit. About her was always that radiant joy the Christian finds in the service of the Master. Her stimulus the life of the church here will be long remembered. She endeared herself to all who knew her by her kindly face, her happy disposition, and her constant concern for the welfare of others. A bright face is gone but the light of her smile remains.

She is survived by her sons and one brother, L. H. Frink, of Rock Island, Ill.

Farewell services were held in Preston Funeral Home, Riverside, Calif., on November 2, 1927, in charge of Pastor G. D. Hargis. Interment was in Olivewood Cemetery. E. D. B.

**VAN HORN.**—Mrs. Clara Van Horn was born at Welton, Iowa, November 10, 1868, and died at her home in the county of her birth at the age of 58 years, 10 months, and 11 days. She was one of seven children born to John B. and Martha Van Horn, of whom three survive: Sherman and Ruth Van Horn, and Elizabeth Knight.

Early in life, at about the age of fourteen, she was converted and baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Welton. The pastor of the church at that time was Rev. John T. Davis. January 1, 1894, she was united in marriage to



Leonard A. Van Horn, to which union eight children were born: Mrs. Reva Saunders, Floyd, Merritt, Irel, Loyal, Kenneth, Burelson, and Glen, all of whom survive her with the exception of Floyd, who died from the effects of an attack of influenza during the World War while in the service of his country.

During her life she was associated with the work of various organizations: for forty-four years she was a faithful and active member of the church of her faith, and for many years an active worker in the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was for nineteen years an efficient member of the Royal Neighbors. During her membership in these organizations she served in various official capacities with credit to herself and to the advantage of the societies.

Clara Van Horn's Christianity was expressed in deeds of loving kindness rather than in verbal testimony. Seldom was her voice heard in the councils of her church, but if there was a case of need or a service to be rendered or work to be done, with her quiet, tender, sympathetic ministry she was there. She was a faithful, loving, devoted wife and mother, her greatest concern being for the comfort of her loved ones. It can truly be said in the words of one of old, "She was a great woman." Though she suffered severely over a long period of time, she never complained; and without a murmur, conscious to the end, she passed into the Great Beyond, where perhaps she will be the first to extend the hand of welcome to the other members of her family as they too are called to the Home of Many Mansions. She is survived by her husband, seven children, five grandchildren, one brother, and two sisters, and many other relatives and friends.

Funeral services were conducted from the Seventh Day Baptist church, Sunday afternoon, October 16, 1927, by Rev. C. L. Hill, of Farina, Ill., a former pastor of the church, and her body was laid to rest beside that of her son Floyd, in the cemetery by the church. The following lines were contributed by a life long friend:

In her own quiet way she would labor each day  
For his cause, it lay dear to her heart;  
To her home and her friends she was faithful  
and true,

And a blessing she was to all whom she knew.  
With folded hands she never would sit;  
It was hers to be doing her little bit.

In the church she was active, and outside of it  
too;

In life she was busy all the way through.  
Someone to help, some aid to lend,  
This was her mission unto the end.

C. L. H.

WELLS.—Mrs. Sarah Ann (Brown) Wells was born in Brookfield, N. Y., December 5, 1835, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. M. Holston, in Dodge Center, Minn., October 27, 1927, aged 91 years, 10 months, 22 days.

When a small child the deceased, with her parents, moved to Little Genesee, N. Y., and later to Nile, where she grew to womanhood and where

she was baptized into the fellowship of the Friendship Seventh Day Baptist Church. Mrs. Wells came from old Seventh Day Baptist stock, being a great granddaughter of Rev. Abram Coon, one of the early pastors of the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church organized in America.

On September 6, 1857, while still living at Nile, she was married to William Henry Wells. Twenty years later, in 1877, the family removed to Minnesota and located upon the farm they purchased, about two miles north of Dodge Center. Here they continued to live till the death of Mr. Wells, which occurred in 1889. For the past twenty years Mrs. Wells has made her home in Dodge Center, with her daughter Anna, now the wife of Rev. E. M. Holston, who has been untiring in the tender care of her mother in her declining years.

Mrs. Wells was a faithful member of the Dodge Center Seventh Day Baptist Church. She bore her part in its activities and was very regular in attendance upon its services so long as she was able. She was also interested in other community organizations. Her husband was a Civil War veteran, and she was a charter member of the local Woman's Relief Corps, and the last of the charter members to pass away. She served as chaplain of the Woman's Relief Corps for many years, and was finally made honorary chaplain for life.

Mrs. Wells was the mother of six children, two of whom died in infancy. Her youngest son, K. Robert Wells, died in 1921. The children who survive are William H., of Charleston, S. C.; Floyd B., of Utica, N. Y.; and Anna L. Holston, of Dodge Center, Minn. Besides her three children, she leaves to mourn their loss, four grandchildren, three great grandchildren, a large number of more distant relatives, and a large number of sympathizing friends.

Funeral services were conducted from her late home in Dodge Center, on October 30, by Rev. E. H. Soçwell, assisted by Rev. C. E. Mead, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and were attended by a large concourse of neighbors and friends, and the wearied body was laid to rest in our beautiful Riverside Cemetery.

"Asleep in Jesus, far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be.  
But thine is still a blessed sleep  
From which thou wilt never wake to weep."  
E. H. S.

I think that our Lord must have been specially sensitive to the appeal of pain, because he did not wait for stricken folk to cry out to him: his healing energy went out to them before they asked for it. Our Lord never disparaged the body or made light of its pain. The body was a sacred thing to him. To minister to it was part of his calling.—J. D. Jones.

"The legal religionist thinks the conscience is made of putty and can be battered into shape by the policeman's baton."

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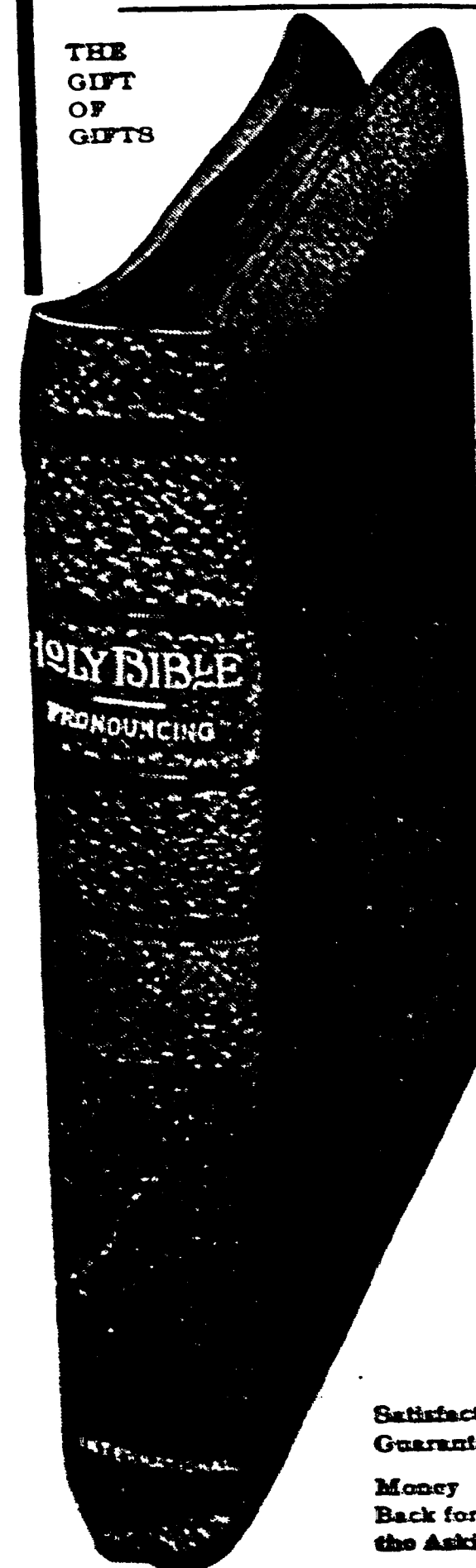
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35 Who are they among all the gods  
of the countries, that have delivered

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K-371

Sabbath School. Lesson XIII.—Dec. 24, 1927

CHRISTMAS LESSON. Luke 2: 1-20

Golden Text.—“Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for it is he that shall save his people from their sins.” Matt. 1: 21.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 18—The Prince of Peace. Isa. 11: 1-10.  
Dec. 19—The Name “Jesus.” Matt. 1: 18-25.  
Dec. 20—The Birth of Jesus. Luke 1: 1-7.  
Dec. 21—The Heavenly Chorus. Luke 2: 8-20.  
Dec. 22—The Visit of the Wise Men. Matt. 2: 1-12.  
Dec. 23—The Song of Zacharias. Luke 1: 68-79.  
Dec. 24—The Glorious Rule of the Prince. Isa. 9: 1-7.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

“Consider before you consent; study before you start; be wise beforehand when wisdom counts.”

Seek not only to know about the Savior, but seek confidence in him, seek to know him as your own.—*James Hamilton.*

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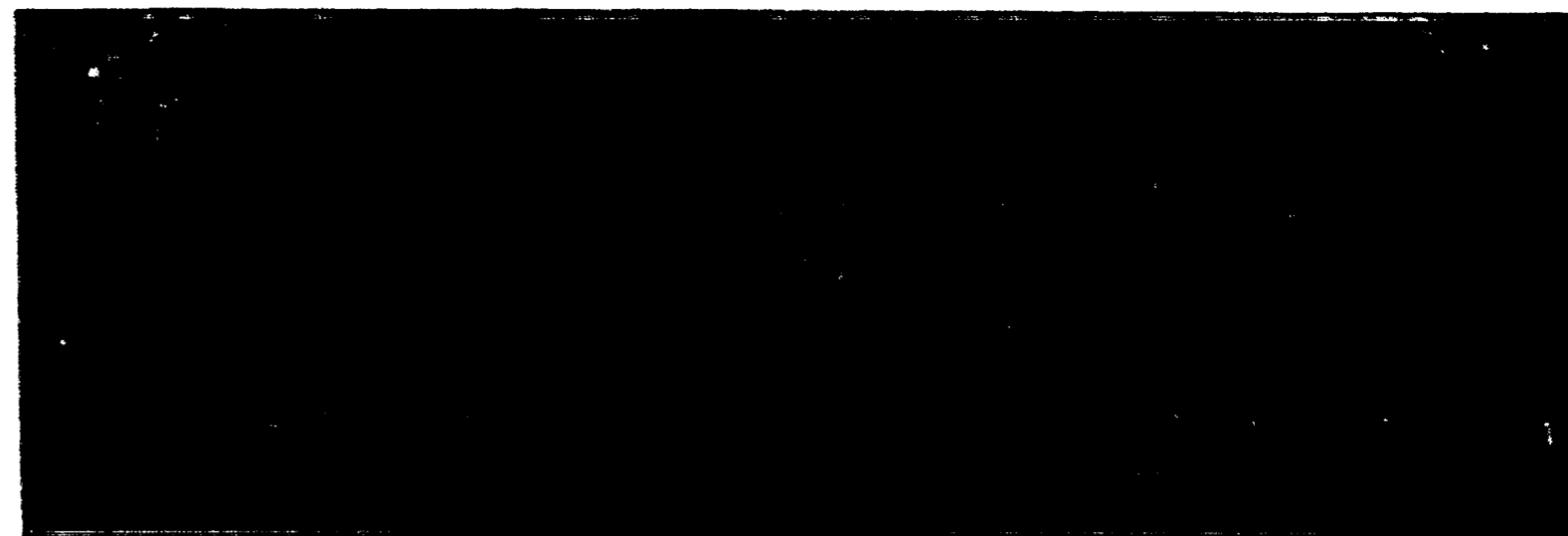
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