

The Sabbath Recorder

Front Elevation of the Denominational Building as it will appear when finished, made from Architect's Drawing.



- CROW, LEWIS & WICK, ARCHITECTS -

THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING
 Ethel L. Titsworth
 203 Park Avenue Plainfield, N. J.

SUNSET AT THE GOLDEN GATE

An iridescent Sky is flaming high
 Above the Golden Gate; in regal state
 The glorious Torch of Day goes on his way,
 To light the Orient! The Occident
 Is bathed in parting rays, but knows the days
 To come will flame again (nor cloud and rain
 Can darken all the sky). We need not sigh
 That there should come a time when bells shall chime,
 Not toll, our setting sun, for day's begun
 In life's great Orient, when glory lent
 From heav'nly art is sent, our Occident
 To paint. The color scheme is one; our theme
 Is one, our life's one, and life is won.
 When to our Golden Gate, come soon or late
 The flaming robes of Light, to our delight,
 To make our Occident and Orient
 Eternal day. And when—we wait till then.

Fresno, Calif.

—David W. Montgomery, D.D.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Riverside, Calif., July 23 to 30, 1928.

President—Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.
First Vice-President—D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Luther Davis, Bridgeton, N. J.; Oscar M. Burdick, Little Genesee, N. Y.; William Clayton, Syracuse, N. Y.; S. Orlando Davis, Lost Creek, W. Va.; Lely D. Seager, Hammond, La.; Perley B. Hurley, Riverside, Calif.
Recording Secretary—Paul C. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer of General Conference—James H. Coon, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer of Onward Movement—Harold R. Crandall, 81 Elliot Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
General Secretary of Onward Movement—Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.

COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

Terms expiring in 1928—Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.; Alexander W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J.; Claude L. Hill, Farina, Ill.
Terms expiring in 1929—Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.; Herbert L. Polan, North Loup, Neb.; Loyal F. Hurley, Adams Center, N. Y.
Terms expiring in 1930—Moses H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.; Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.; Edgar D. Van Horn, Alfred Station, N. Y.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Maplewood, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Arthur L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Assistant Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Miss Ethel L. Titsworth, 203 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.
 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First Day of each month, at 2 p. m.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President—Clayton A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I.
Recording Secretary—George B. Utter, Westerly, R. I.
Corresponding Secretary—William L. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.
Treasurer—Samuel H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.
 The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

President—Edgar D. Van Horn, Alfred Station, N. Y.
Recording Secretary and Treasurer—Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Dora K. Degen, Alfred, N. Y.
 The regular meetings of the Board are held on the second Sunday of January, April, July and October.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

President—Mrs. Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. James L. Skaggs, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer—Mrs. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Editor Woman's Page, SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.

ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES

Eastern—Mrs. Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.
Southeastern—Mrs. M. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va.
Central—Mrs. Jay S. Brown, Brookfield, N. Y.
Western—Mrs. Walter L. Greene, Andover, N. Y.
Southwestern—Mrs. R. J. Mills, Hammond, La.
Northwestern—Miss Phoebe S. Coon, Walworth, Wis.
Pacific Coast—Mrs. Charles D. Coon, Riverside, Cal.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Vice-President—Alexander W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—William C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Asa F. Randolph, 240 West Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.
 Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.
 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.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Maplewood, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—
Advisory Committee—William L. Burdick, Chairman, Ashaway, R. I.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

President—D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.
Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
Treasurer—Louis A. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
Director of Religious Education—Erlo E. Sutton, Milton Junction, Wis.
 Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

President—Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Marjorie W. Maxson, Battle Creek, Mich.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, 374 Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
Treasurer—Elvan H. Clarke, 229 N. Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
Trustee of International Society—Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.
Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.
Junior Superintendents—Mrs. Elisabeth K. Austin, 52 Beach St., Westerly, R. I.
Intermediate Superintendents—Wm. M. Simpson, Ashaway, R. I.

ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES

Eastern—Mrs. Blanche Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.
Central—Albert Rogers, Brookfield, N. Y.
Western—Miss Elizabeth Ormsby, Alfred Sta., N. Y.
Northwestern—Miss Elsie Van Horn, Loup City, Neb.
Southeastern—Miss Greta Randolph, New Milton, W. Va.
Southwestern—Mrs. Alberta S. Godfrey, Hammond, La., Box 364.
Pacific—Gleason Curtis, Riverside, Calif.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF LONE SABBATH KEEPERS' AUXILIARY

Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich., General Secretary; Mrs. Alice Fifield, Battle Creek, Mich.; Henry N. Jordan, Battle Creek, Mich.; Russell Maxson, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Angeline Abbey Allen, Edinburgh, Texas; Mrs. George H. Trainor, Salem, W. Va.; Miss Lois R. Fay, Princeton, Mass.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

Robert B. St. Clair, Chairman, Detroit, Mich.; Carl U. Parker, Chicago, Ill.; Edwin S. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y.; George W. Davis, Los Angeles, Calif.; D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.; Gael V. Simpson, Battle Creek, Mich.; John H. Austin, Westerly, R. I.; Winfred Harris, Plainfield, N. J.; Moses H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.; Horace L. Hulett, Bolivar, N. Y.; William Coalwell, Hammond, La.; Rosa W. Palmberg, Liuho, Ku, China; H. L. Mignott, Kingston, Jamaica.

The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 25, 1928

WHOLE No. 4,347

Our Father in heaven, we pray for the leadings of the Holy Spirit in our efforts at Christian living. Help us to secure the grace of kindly dispositions toward our fellow men. We long to manifest thy love toward us and to exemplify the love of Christ toward our neighbors. May we grow more and more fruitful in good works, and may we be able to manifest the faith that waits on thee and that trusts thee for the harvest of our seed-sowing. Give us courage to work for thee until the end, and fill us with the hope for the final victory of the truths we hold dear. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Notice for Members All members of the Of the Commission Commission who expect to attend the meeting of that body in Los Angeles, Calif., are requested to inform Brother James R. Jeffrey, 178 West Forty-third Street, Los Angeles, as to "what road and what hour they will arrive in the city." He will arrange to meet them when they arrive.

This notice came too late for last RECORDER, but we will repeat it next week.

How the Question of Unity Seems to Me As we hear much in these days about the desirability of all denominations uniting in one great world-wide church, I can not fully agree with the proposition. It is by no means certain that such a single denomination for the world of Christians would be for the best.

But it does seem that in all too many cases the things that divide denominations are non-essential. Many of them are merely matters of church government and have nothing to do with the fundamental truths of the Bible.

I can see no real reason for Presbyterians and Congregationalists and even Methodists, remaining apart on the things that divide them.

In cases where fundamental Bible truths are involved, such as the question of Sabbath and Sunday, there is but one thing to do. If we believe in God's positive command regarding the Sabbath; and if we

think we hold to a truth that is worth while—a truth the world greatly needs—there is no way but to remain separate if we would make our influence felt for this essential truth.

While we do this, there is no reason why we should not unite heartily with others in kingdom work on matters wherein all agree, just as far as we can without compromising the one truth that makes us a separate people.

"The Church Is Tired of It All" The great Presbyterian Assembly recently held in Tulsa, Okla., had to contend with some serious problems, one of which was regarding the trouble in Princeton Theological Seminary. Various matters of difference in beliefs called for petitions with many signatures, and the assembly had to contend with "majority" and "minority" reports which called for a divided house by standing vote. One petition was said to bear the signature of seven thousand ministers and elders, which had to do with a matter of modernism which had disturbed the convention a year ago.

Had it not been for the exceptionally fine spirit of the leaders, which gave a Christ-like temper to the vast assembly, the clamor for statements on "essential doctrines," etc., would have made it impossible for that great meeting to close with the reported "splendid spirit" that prevailed.

The one point that impresses me in regard to the whole matter, is the fruitlessness of controversies on so called "essential doctrines," as they are being carried on in various churches. They tend to stop all practical work for the kingdom of Christ. Chasms are widened rather than healed, and Christian co-operation in soul-saving seems to be impossible.

In most cases the actual differences of opinion among Presbyterians are of comparatively slight importance, and in spite of them it would be better to work together for soul-saving in the hope that in time the differences may be overcome.

I do not wonder that all about that great convention groups of Christian leaders were heard saying: "I wish they would give us a rest," and "The church is tired of it all." On the last afternoon things seemed hopeful because of what some of them called a mighty spirit of "togetherness," which prevailed with most of their members, and their determination to go forward *together* to win the world to Christ.

"First Things First" This general theme of the Eastern Association is so suggestive that I have been unable to put it out of mind since the association closed. I wish all our people could focus their attention upon the question, What are the "first things" most essential to true success?

Is there any danger of placing "*things*" before *personalities* in our plans for Christian work and for human betterment? Are we losing sight of the *spiritual* in our efforts to secure the material things, which are indeed helpful in our work, but which, after all, are not the most *essential* for success in kingdom work?

The real *dynamic* which determines the outcome of any movement for higher and nobler conditions is the *personality* and *spirit* of those who would see the better and higher results of human efforts.

In looking for the best place to educate our young people, it does seem that more account is made of material *things* by which they are to be surrounded, than of the *personalities* and spiritual qualities of those whose business it is to mold character and fix principles in young minds.

Splendid equipments for colleges, such as fine buildings, complete organization, extensive libraries, gymnasiums, and play grounds are very good, but the best of these does not assure one that students who go there will be well educated and properly fitted for the high responsibilities of life.

The first thing to look for if we would put "first things first" is the *personality* of the teachers. What are the influences into which you are sending your girls and boys at the very time when character is being shaped for all the years to come? What is the spiritual atmosphere of both school and town? What is the trend of deportment most popular in the student body which will settle the question of *manners* for those who

go there? Will the prevailing influences tend to make gentlemen of refinement or boorish rowdies of boys who must breathe the atmosphere of college life for several years?

Yes, friends, physical *things* are good in school surroundings, but the real school life that settles the question of character for your boy is settled by the personal influence of teachers and students. Personal things—spiritual equipment—should be first in the school you choose for the making of true men and women of your children.

As I look back upon the school life of more than half a century ago, with its modest surroundings, its meager equipment, I am always giving credit for the best things in life to the spiritual influences, the splendid personalities of my teachers. Then there was the true spiritual uplift of the leading students, which made the atmosphere of that school wholesome. In order to go wrong and come out weak in morals or religion, one would have to go against the general trend of influences due to the personalities of both teachers and students.

Yes, make *personal* matters *first*. Then the physical equipment will be worth while as helps to character building.

We are too prone to think that magnificent houses of worship or splendid buildings are the main things in giving efficiency to both church and school. Good teaching, preaching that rings with a real message, may be just as effective if delivered in the most humble temple or even in the open air. There can be nothing like human spirits dominated by high purposes, clear visioned, faith-filled persons, in pulpit or in school room, to make this old world better and to inspire men to noble living. Give us men of spirit and purpose, loyal to God and with a passion for service regardless of handicaps, and the cause will go forward.

"Cheer That Man!" You have heard of the fireman on a ladder trying to rescue those in danger, and who was being overcome by smoke and heat until he seemed about to give up. Just at that critical moment some man in the crowd exclaimed, "*Cheer that man!*" The cheer that followed put new courage into the heart of the man and he was enabled thereby to succeed.

If there is any one thing more needed today than another it is cheerful encouragement for the burden bearers in their work for the kingdom of God. I suppose there are men and women in every church and community who never look on the hopeful side of things. If you feel deep interest in some good work and try to present the bright side in order to encourage others to help, discouragers seem called upon to present as many phases of disapproval as they can think of until every dismal prophecy is magnified and you are left with a helpless, disheartened feeling that almost unfits you for work. Such discouragement would have weakened the fireman, and caused him to fail.

Nothing is more sure to weaken the soldiers of the cross and to strengthen the enemy than is this spirit of unhappy pessimism that does nothing but dampen the ardor of those who are carrying the burdens, cares, and responsibilities in the Lord's service.

The man who goes along the picket-lines of an army in the enemy's country speaking disheartening words to the men on duty, does not need to strike a blow in active opposition in order to help the foe. He may not be called disloyal to his country, but in a critical time he does discourage the soldiers and by so much unfits them for victory work. Such a man in the army of God may be godly and upright in most respects, but by failing to see the hopeful side—by neglecting to speak words of approval and by withholding expressions of sympathy, or by becoming a cold-shouldered critic—he does become a hinderer rather than a helper. Such persons wish to be loyal to the church. They would not purposely do a thing to harm the good cause, but all the while they are making it harder for the workers to do their best. To be putting discouragements into the heart of leaders in life's burden bearing is only to make them less able to endure, less heroic in the struggle, and helps to give the enemy an advantage.

Words of good cheer nerve many a man to more heroic effort, and help him to succeed; but gloomy fault-finding and disheartening prophecies will take the brightness out of the sky, and the gladness and strength out of the heart of the most faithful toiler.

It would be interesting to know just how far the failure to raise the funds for church work, for the denominational budget, for missions and other Christian enterprises, is due to the influence of discouragers who constantly speak against the movements, and who raise all the objections they can think of.

More words of encouragement and good cheer would do wonders for our cause.

Some Good Friend Sent Me This For some days the following insert sent me by a friend has been lying in my desk. Now and then I have picked it up and given it a new reading, only to smile as pleasantly as I could and lay it down again. This morning after looking over several communications on various subjects which I could not see any good in publishing, and after recalling some criticism for allowing some other writings to go in, this scrap came to hand and I am giving it to you, wondering if you can help to fill the bill:

Wanted Immediately.—An editor who is humble and likeable and teachable; saying what pleases everybody and saying it in a few brilliant words; never asking for new subscribers but sending the paper free to everybody, out of his own purse; publishing everything sent in, without any blue-penciling; able to draw honey from the flowers of pastoral inertia; never scolding anyone except those we dislike; able to commend a good work by certain ones without seeming to reflect on some other workers; one able to take orders from everybody and still keep his independence; able to create space that does not exist, and to get in belated stuff that comes after the paper is already being delivered; one who can read all the new books without betraying the old; who can keep the new theological ideas safe in the old wine-skins.

Oh! would it not be fine if such a one could be found? It may be that the very suggestions in this insert may help us all to see things from the other fellow's standpoint. If so, things might look better to us all.

Regarding the Death Of Pastor St. Clair As yet we have received no particulars from Detroit regarding the death of Rev. Robert B. St. Clair. The following item from a Detroit paper, was sent to the RECORDER by Mrs. Alice W. Fifield of Battle Creek, Mich. She says an auto load from Battle Creek attended the funeral in Detroit. She also mentioned the great work that little church has done under Brother

St. Clair's leadership. We hope to be able to give a more extended obituary soon.

REV. R. B. ST. CLAIR IS STRICKEN WHILE ON STREET

Funeral services for Rev. Robert B. St. Clair, fifty-four years old, pastor of the First Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church, who died early yesterday, probably will be held at two-thirty o'clock tomorrow.

He died shortly after becoming ill on Third Avenue near Willis Avenue.

Rev. Mr. St. Clair was active in prohibition enforcement. He also was executive secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference Vocational Committee and a member of the Executive Committee of the Detroit Council of Churches. He was born in New York City, entered the ministry in 1897, and had been pastor of the Detroit Church since 1917. He was an author, also.

An autopsy was performed yesterday by Dr. Frederick B. Newbarr, Wayne County medical examiner, who said death was due to cerebral hemorrhage.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Annie St. Clair, and two daughters, Annie and Ethel St. Clair, both of whom are teachers in Detroit schools. The St. Clair home is at 4012 Field Avenue.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES

MAY MEETING

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society of New Jersey, met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, May 13, 1928, at two o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

In the absence of Arthur L. Titsworth, recording secretary, who was detained because not fully recovered from his recent injuries, Assistant Recording Secretary Asa F' Randolph acted as secretary of the meeting.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Alexander W. Vars, Ethel L. Titsworth, Ahva J. C. Bond, William M. Stillman, Theodore L. Gardiner, Esle F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Edward E. Whitford, Harold R. Crandall, Theodore J. Van Horn, Courtland V. Davis, Asa F' Randolph, Irving A. Hunting, Business Manager L. Harrison North.

Visitors: Mrs. Theodore J. Van Horn and Mrs. Willard D. Burdick.

All members present stood while Rev. Willard D. Burdick, corresponding secretary, led in prayer.

The minutes of the last meeting of the board were read.

The assistant recording secretary presented and read letters written to Arthur L. Titsworth and William R. Clarke, respectively, as directed at the last meeting of the board, as follows:

MY DEAR ARTHUR:

At the regular session of the Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society, held today, many expressed regrets that you have had a painful accident, and were unable to fill your accustomed place at the secretary's table. Your absence brought forth many expressions of appreciation of the long continued faithful and efficient service you have rendered the board as its secretary. Some stated that although they have attended the meetings of the board for many years, they could not recall having before attended a meeting when you were not acting as its secretary.

By unanimous vote of the members present, indicated by rising, the assistant secretary was instructed to record and also to convey to you their sympathy, affection, and esteem, and the hope that you may soon fully recover and be again with us.

By order and on behalf of the board,

ASA F' RANDOLPH,

Assistant Recording Secretary.

April 8, 1928.

Mr. William R. Clarke,
Alfred, N. Y.

MY DEAR WILL:

At the regular session of the Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society, held April 8, 1928, by unanimous expression, indicated by rising vote, the secretary was instructed to record and also to express to you their sympathy in the loss which has come to us all, but especially to you, in Mrs. Clarke's death.

We trust it may aid you in bearing the burden to know that you have the affectionate sympathy of the members of the board.

On behalf of the board,

Fraternally yours,

ASA F' RANDOLPH,

Assistant Recording Secretary.

April 12, 1928.

Rev. Willard D. Burdick, corresponding secretary, presented and read his report as follows:

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,
MAY 13, 1928

During the month I have spoken at New Market, conducted a prayer meeting at Plainfield, attended meetings of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches and of our Missionary Board, and called on a Sabbath keeper at North Lexington, Mass.

Orders have been placed for new editions of the *Sabbath Catechism*, the *Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists*, and for the third printing of five thousand copies of *Fundamental Features of the Sabbath Cause*.

Rev. D. Burdett Coon writes that there is a large demand for our tracts in Jamaica, and that they are out of the *Sabbath Catechism* and other tracts.

I have distributed for you copies of the April-June *Sabbath Observer*, in which is an article, *Why I Left the Seventh Day Adventists*, by Pastor J. McGeachy, ex-superintendent of the Mesopotamian mission.

Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock has written asking if the Tract Board is willing that the Young People's Board arrange for the Christian Endeavor societies to hold Decision day services for Life Work Recruits at their meetings on Sabbath Rally day, May 19. As an immediate answer had to be given, I wrote that the Tract Board would be glad to have the Young People's Board arrange for such services.

Rev. George W. Hills writes that Rev. E. E. Sutton is planning to visit Sabbath keepers on the Pacific coast, that some of these people are planning to attend the General Conference, and that he will have unusual duties this year because of the meetings of the Commission and the General Conference in California, and asks if it will not be best for him to give up his annual visit to Sabbath keepers on the Pacific coast this year.

As I am a member of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, I have had considerable correspondence with the Federal Council and men connected with the "International 'Fixed Calendar' League" and with our own people concerning the proposed simplified calendar. Doubtless the Federal Council will bring the matter of the proposed calendar to the attention of its constituent bodies in the near future.

Pastor C. C. Van Horn of the Little Prairie Church asks that I thank the Tract Board for making it possible for him to attend the meeting for ministers recently conducted by Rev. A. J. C. Bond at Fouke.

As the meeting of the Eastern Association is to be held at New Market at the regular time of our June meeting of the Tract Board, I recommend that the meeting be held on June 3.

The foregoing report was received.

Included in the foregoing report the suggestion of Rev. George W. Hills that he omit this summer his visit to Sabbath keepers on the Pacific coast, was by vote concurred in.

The recommendation included in the report of the corresponding secretary, that the June meeting of this board be held one week in advance of the regular date for that meeting, namely, on June 3, 1928, in order not to conflict with the Eastern Association which is to be held at New Mar-

ket, N. J., June 10, 1928, was adopted.

Ahva J. C. Bond, leader in Sabbath Promotion, made verbal report, reporting that he did not visit Alfred, N. Y., and preach and conduct conference there as he reported last month that he expected to do, owing to illness in his family, but mentioned conducting conference at Fouke, Ark., and at Milton and Milton Junction, Wis.

Ethel L. Titsworth, treasurer, made statement of condition of finances, including receipt of a gift of \$490 from Martha Irish Burdick (Mrs. Silas G. Burdick, of Cuba, N. Y.).

REPORTS OF STANDING COMMITTEES AS
FOLLOWS:

Alexander W. Vars, chairman of Supervisory Committee, made verbal report of conditions at the publishing house.

Willard D. Burdick, chairman of Committee on Distribution of Literature, made report as follows: Sent out in March, 900 tracts, and in April, 2102 tracts. That the work of sending to marked names in *Jewish Year Book*, the tract entitled "Fundamental Features of the Sabbath Cause," has been completed, having sent to Jews 1039 copies.

Willard D. Burdick, chairman of Committee on Sabbath School Publications, made verbal report.

Harold R. Crandall, chairman of "Teen-Age Conference" and Summer Camps Committee, introduced Ahva J. C. Bond who made verbal report of plans for holding "Teen-Age Conferences" in June and made mention of the plans for conducting summer camps.

The treasurer was authorized to honor the orders of Ahva J. C. Bond for "Teen-Age Conference" expenses, and in her discretion, to pay the same out of any unexpended balances remaining in any of the items appearing in our budget for current year.

PERMANENT COMMITTEES

Corliss F. Randolph, chairman of Committee on Revision of Denominational Literature, made report.

Four recommendations embodied in the foregoing report were disposed of as mentioned following:

1. The publication of 5,000 copies of

a new edition of the *Catechism on the Sabbath* was authorized.

2. The matter of publishing an edition of 5,000 copies of the tract entitled, "How shall we keep or observe the Sabbath," by Dr. Arthur E. Main was authorized.

3. The matter of distribution of the surplus copies of "Spiritual Sabbathism," by Dr. Abram H. Lewis, etc., as recommended in the foregoing report, was referred to Advisory Committee to consider and to report to this board its recommendations.

4. The recommendation, that the publication of the *Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit*, as a monthly periodical be resumed, was referred to the special committee appointed at the March, 1928, meeting of the board to confer with a similar committee from the Missionary Board, to consider the matter of publishing sermons for the use of pastorless churches and others, for recommendation to this board.

The foregoing report as a whole was approved.

President Corliss F. Randolph made a verbal report of progress being made by the Committee on Soliciting Funds for the Denominational Building.

MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS

President Corliss F. Randolph stated that because of some matters which have developed and which are beyond his control, it appears that he will be unable to attend the ensuing session of the General Conference, to be held in Riverside, Calif., in July next.

Ahva J. C. Bond, leader in Sabbath Promotion, stated that because of conflicting duties at the time, he may be unable to attend the ensuing session of the General Conference.

Alexander W. Vars, a member of the Commission of the General Conference, read a letter from Frank Hill, president of the General Conference, relating to the Commission paying part of the expenses of Willard D. Burdick to the General Conference, whereupon, by unanimous rising vote, Corresponding Secretary Willard D. Burdick was invited as a representative of this board and at its expense to attend the ensuing session of the General Conference.

RESOLUTION BY CORPORATION CONFERRING GENERAL AUTHORITY ON OFFICERS TO ASSIGN UNITED STATES REGISTERED BONDS

Resolved, That Ethel L. Titsworth, treasurer, is hereby jointly and severally authorized and empowered to sell and assign any and all United States bonds of any description now or hereafter registered on the books of the Treasury Department in the name of the American Sabbath Tract Society, or which may now or hereafter be assigned by it

And it is further *resolved*, That any and all assignments of United States bonds registered in the name of, or assigned to, this corporation heretofore or hereafter made by the above named officers, are hereby ratified and confirmed.

Minutes were read and approved.

Meeting adjourned.

ASA F' RANDOLPH,
Assistant Recording Secretary.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES

JUNE MEETING

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society of New Jersey met for their June meeting in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, June 3, 1928, at two o'clock p. m., instead of the regular time, June 10, owing to the session of the Eastern Association at New Market occurring on the latter date.

President Corliss F. Randolph presided.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Alexander W. Vars, Willard D. Burdick, Ethel L. Titsworth, Asa F' Randolph, Ahva J. C. Bond, William M. Stillman, Theodore L. Gardiner, Esle F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Irving A. Hunting, Harold R. Crandall, Theodore J. Van Horn, Courtland V. Davis, Arthur L. Titsworth.

Visitors: Mrs. Harold R. Crandall, Mrs. Willard D. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Harold R. Crandall.

Minutes of the last meeting were read by Assistant Recording Secretary Asa F' Randolph.

Secretary Titsworth expressed his appreciation of the action of the board taken at the last meeting, and his pleasure at being able to be present at this meeting and resume his duties as secretary.

OUTLINE OF THE REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, JUNE 3, 1928

In view of the vote of the Board of Trustees at the meeting in May, I have decided to attend the General Conference in Riverside, Calif.

I have notified Rev. G. W. Hills that the board releases him from making his annual visit to lone Sabbath keepers this year, as he requested.

An "Exchange Fellow" sent to study American churches by the German Evangelical Church and the University of Marburg, expecting to complete his studies in Hartford Theological Seminary in June, and to return and specialize in teaching American church history in Marburg in the fall, has asked for such of our literature as will help him in his work. I have sent him tracts and books that will give him the desired information about our denomination.

As a member of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, representing the Seventh Day Baptist denomination, I have had a considerable correspondence during the last six weeks about the proposed simplified calendar. The latest word is that "Objections or approvals should be in hand before July 1 if possible." I am objecting to the adoption of this calendar by our government because it would interfere with our religious liberty, and that the assertion made in its favor that Moses instituted a yearly week of eight days has not been proved. I am also stating that the action of our denomination can not be forwarded until the General Conference shall act on the question.

Invitations have been received to present the work of the Sabbath Tract Society at the meetings of the Eastern and Central associations. The invitations have been accepted.

I recommend that new editions of the following tracts be printed: "Baptism," 2,000 copies; "Familiar Quotations from the Bible about the Sabbath," 5,000; "Pro and Con," 5,000; "Why We Are Seventh Day Baptists," 5,000.

Enough of our other tracts are in stock or on the press to supply the demands during the coming Conference year.

I have outlined the corresponding secretary's annual report for this General Conference year, and am ready to present it.

WILLARD D. BURDICK,
Corresponding Secretary.

Voted that the recommendation regarding reprinting editions of various tracts cited in the report be adopted.

Secretary Burdick read an outline of the statement by the Board of Trustees to the General Conference, which will later be completed and printed for distribution at Conference.

Leader in Sabbath Promotion Ahva J. C. Bond reported on the young people's conference, recently held at Alfred, N. Y., which he considered a very satisfactory conference. He also outlined the arrange-

ments for the simultaneous Teen-age Conferences to be held this month throughout the denomination.

Voted that the address by Rev. L. F. Hurley, entitled "Jesus Christ Our Final Sanction for the Sabbath," be published, the details to be referred to Ahva J. C. Bond.

Treasurer Ethel L. Titsworth reported the receipt of an annuity gift of \$1,500 from Mrs. Gilbert H. Johnson of Farina, Ill., \$750 of which goes directly into the Denominational Building Fund; \$750 to become eventually a part of the Permanent Fund.

The Budget Committee reported progress in preparing the budget for 1928-1929. The Soliciting Committee reported having held one meeting, and is planning a conference with representative people of the denomination to be held this month.

Voted that the propriety of making arrangements for the translation of some of our literature into the Chinese language be referred to the Advisory Committee, in consultation with the Budget Committee, to report at the next meeting of the board.

Voted that in view of the General Conference convening in July, the next meeting of the board be held on July 1, instead of the second Sunday, the usual time.

Voted that the recording secretary extend to our business manager, Mr. North, the sympathy of the board in his recent sad experience.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

TO DELEGATES FOR THE SOUTH-EASTERN ASSOCIATION

Any one coming to the Southeastern Association by way of Altoona, will find a bus route from Roaring Spring within two miles of Salemville.

Those coming on the train by way of Bedford, will please notify Mr. N. Orlo Blough, and cars will be provided for transportation.

FRANCES BLOUGH,
Corresponding Secretary.
New Enterprise, Pa.,
June 11, 1928.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

Southeastern Association, Salemville, Pa., June 28-July 1.

General Conference, Riverside, Calif., July 23-29.

Northwestern Association, North Loup, Neb., August 9-12.

Southwestern Association, Hammond, La., August 16-19.

The Commission is to meet in Los Angeles, Calif., July 19 and 20.

MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY

REV. D. BURDETT COON

My father and mother were good Christian folks, Seventh Day Baptists, who believed in the Bible as the inspired word of God. They maintained the family altar, and taught their children the gospel of Christ. But what they were and what they did was not my call to the ministry.

While I was but a little chap, long before I reached my teens, Elder C. M. Lewis visited our place on the prairies of Minnesota. Here, as almost everywhere he went, a real revival of religion started. A good company of folks were baptized who united with the church. I do not remember his sermons or his method of preaching. I was too young to choose and decide then. But I do remember the impression he left upon me concerning the conducting of prayer and testimony meetings. Many times after this when at play behind the house or barn, still before reaching my teens, in my imagination I saw an eager congregation before me while I literally talked to them after the manner of Elder Lewis as I led them out in such meetings as he used to lead. But this was not my call to the ministry.

My father died before I was nine years of age. My grief and poverty stricken

mother refused to break up her home. She also refused to give up the family altar. I shall always remember her earnest prayers when her two little boys were bowed together with her at that altar, that she might have wisdom for guiding them in right ways. She never prayed that her boys might be rich or great in worldly ways. She prayed much and with all her heart that they might grow to be good men. But that was not my call to the ministry.

When I was fourteen years of age, Elder J. E. N. Backus went to New Auburn, Minn., where we were then living, to hold revival meetings. He held many of these meetings in private homes, as we had no church building of our own at that time. One time after one of these meetings my uncle, Archibald Coon, asked me very quietly when I was by myself if I did not think it was time for me to start in the Christian life. I said, "Yes." I could not get away from thinking of that uncle's question put to me so kindly. I knew he meant nothing but good to me. The next night in the home of Henry Baily, where the meeting was held, when opportunity was given I said, by raising the hand, I wanted the prayers of Christian people that I might become a Christian. That silent gesture meant more to me than any other event in my life up to that time. In a little time Elder Backus baptized me and I united with the church. But that was not my call to the ministry.

Later on, while I was in my teens, Elder H. B. Lewis, brother of Elder C. M., was sent by the Missionary Society to our church for special work among us. While he was there I put many questions to him concerning Bible teaching and the Christian life. He was kind and gracious, and helped me much. Before he left he said earnestly he believed I ought to enter the ministry. It was the first word I had ever heard of that sort. I knew he was wrong. That was not my call to the ministry.

When I was twenty years of age, I began teaching in country public schools. I taught a number of terms and did some farming between terms of teaching. I was sure then that teaching was but an incident in my experience, and that farming was to be my real life work. I reveled in the thought of becoming a first class farmer.

I had worked on the farm practically every summer since I was ten years of age. But I thought I needed a little wider experience before settling down to my life work on the farm. I wanted to teach school a little more and to see a little more of the world. Then I would be ready for the long, hard, glad pull of my life on the best kept farm of the entire community. Of course that was not my call to the ministry.

The spring after I was twenty-two years of age, when I had closed teaching a winter term of school, I decided I would take a trip of four hundred miles away to Albion, Wis. For the sake of widening my experience I would attend the academy there that spring. That was where my mother had attended school. I wanted to see the place and people. I expected to be in Wisconsin but a short time. Then I would be back in Minnesota on a good farm. That, with a little teaching of school thrown in, was *settled*. Just before I left the old home my stepfather, Wilsie Bigelow, said, "Burdett, if you go down there to school it will be the last of farming for you." Of course I knew he was wrong. I was sure my plan would be carried out. Then, just as I was saying good-bye to mother, she said, "Burdett, if you should ever feel that the Lord wants you in the ministry I want you to know I shall be glad for you to enter that work." That was the most she had ever said to me on that subject. But the Bible, religion, the church, and the denomination had for a long time been very frequent subjects of serious consideration in our home. Mother was always intensely interested in these questions. But I told her right then and there that I was never to be a minister. I would always be a farmer. That was not my call to the ministry.

Upon reaching Albion I found myself among relatives and friends. It was the time of the spring vacations for the schools. Plans were soon made for me to room with my cousin while attending Albion Academy that spring. His father, Laverne Coon, was my father's youngest brother. They lived a few miles out from Albion. They made everything pleasant and agreeable for me. It so happened that my uncle Archibald was visiting his brother Laverne at this very time. One day he said to me, "School is not to begin just yet. Why don't you

go over to Milton, only nine miles away, and see the folks over there while you have a chance? There are some Minnesota boys over there. They are having a vacation too just now. It may be you might like things so well over there you would just as soon be in that college as here in the academy this spring. You ought to get the largest experience you can while you are this way. Just go and see, and then do as you think best." His words appealed to me. I thought I would see a few of the folks at Milton and then return to carry out plans in Albion. When I reached Milton I fell among thieves. They stole my body, my will, my love, my mind, my affection, my heart, my everything. Those Shaw boys and Burdick boys from Minnesota, and other boys like them from other places simply overpowered me and captured me. They would not let me get away. I just felt all over that I was nothing but a green country gawky and that these college boys knew it. But they were not going to let me feel one bit uncomfortable. I was just one of them. A number of them were going to have their pictures taken together. I was a stranger to almost all of them; I knew I had no rightful place there; I wanted to get out of their way; but they just insisted that I should be in the picture with the rest. Well, I stayed in Milton College that spring. But that was not my call to the ministry.

It was now the summer of 1885. I decided I would remain in Wisconsin during the summer and return home in the fall. I would teach another winter term of school, and be ready to begin the farming enterprise the next spring. I was without money and without work. I needed both.

I was among my good folks in Albion. Tobacco raising was then carried on with a high hand in all that section. Good wages were paid for work in tobacco fields. Opportunities were open to me here on every hand. There seemed to be nothing else for me. Best friends there urged me to make the best of the opportunity, and use the money thus earned for worthy ends. I doubted and hesitated. I had never seen any good in tobacco. Good folks came right forward to declare to me there would be just as much tobacco raised and used whether I worked in it or not. I did not

need to use it if I worked in it. I could say what I was touching of it would go for the killing of lice on cattle and not for men to chew and smoke; that I was just getting the money from it that others would get if I did not; that it was folly for me to turn down the only opportunity I had. I was discouraged and blue; things looked dark for me. But I told the folks every argument they brought forth could be used just as logically and reasonably by every distiller and saloon keeper in all the land for their business. I could not stand for it. I could not and would not follow their suggestions. If I went to the poor house and starved to death I would never work a minute in the tobacco fields. I made my decision when nothing else was in sight for me. That was not my call to the ministry.

A few days after I had closed the fight over the tobacco business by deciding I would never, under any circumstances, have anything to do with the raising of the dirty stuff, Henry C. Coon, cousin to my mother, living near Albion, Wis., came to me to know if I would work for him on his farm during the summer. There was no tobacco on his place. I gladly accepted his offer. Henry, his widowed mother, and a maiden sister were the only ones on the farm. I was much alone in my work. I do not know why or how it happened that during that summer I went through the great battle of my life again and again and again concerning what should be my life work. I had long been very positive in expressing what I thought was a fact that that question was settled. Then, to find it was not was a distracting and disturbing and distressing thought. More and more there seemed to be a mighty pull toward the ministry. Day and night the problem was pushing me hard. At length the question was settled for all time beyond the shadow of a doubt. I can never explain why the Lord called me, such an unworthy creature, to the greatest task ever committed to man, the preaching of the blessed gospel to a lost world. Just how many experiences and decisions in my life previous to the specific call entered into this great decision I am not prepared to say. But I have always felt that without some of these having been what they were God would never have wanted me for his messenger. Never once during the

entire struggle did I consult a human being. The call seemed so sacred to me it was a long time before I could talk to more than the very few about it. And then it almost seemed as though I should talk in hushed whispers. It gave me a great thrill when I finally wrote my mother that God had called, and now I must re-adjust all my plans and face a long course of college and theological training to fit me better for the larger work. Since then there has been much of faltering and blundering and weakness and fear and trembling and seeming failure. But there has never been a doubt in my mind that the "call" was not the voice of God in my soul. God called me into the ministry during the summer of 1885. That was my call to the ministry.

Will China reject Christianity? Ask Christianity itself. Has it in itself the vitality, the power, the life, which will meet these needs of China? If it is no more than a religion which obscurantists, narrow-minded and superstitious, and crass literalists claim it to be—incapable of meeting the challenges of science in the modern age in which China has to live and even to be the persecutors of science—it will have no use for it and must sooner or later reject it. If it is no more than a religion of selfish individualists, unrelated to national salvation and social transformation, useless to a people which is struggling to attain a nationhood, having no definite contribution to make in their national struggles, and incapable of meeting the challenge of international issues which make nationalism sane and helpful to humanity, then the nationalized youth of China will have no use for it and will reject it without question.

Will China reject Christianity? It depends. There are at least three factors involved—the kind of Christianity, who presents it, how it is presented. I have only raised the question related to the first factor. Christians of America who have had longer experience with Christianity than the Chinese should answer them and then we Chinese Christians can answer the next two questions, namely, who should present it to the Chinese and how it should be presented. —Dr. Timothy Tingfang Lew, in "The Forum."

MISSIONS

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

THE SOUL AFLAME

The missionary task is most difficult as well as colossal. It not only enters every avenue of life and embraces every relationship from the home to earth's remotest bounds, but it undertakes to produce most difficult as well as radical changes in character, human habits, social customs, political forms, and religious experiences. In attempting this it encounters the most vicious and diabolical antagonistic forces. There is no malign subtlety that the forces of evil do not bring into array against Christian mission.

He who achieves anything in this field has a stupendous fight before him, one which demands the qualities of a warrior on the field of battle. He must put forth superhuman efforts, suffer cruel attacks in the dark, and endure grievous wounds. This being the case, the mission field is no place for the faint-hearted, complaining, and selfish. It calls for the stout-hearted men and women who with calmness and composure can meet any problem, danger, or attack. If missions, home and foreign, are on the breakers, as some think, it is in no small degree owing to the fact that the church and church member, some missionaries and ministers, have forgotten the fact that mission work is a stupendous warfare. Paul found it so. He exhorted Timothy to "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and at the close of life we hear him saying, "I have fought a good fight."

But a thing far more essential than the strength to bear hardships as a good soldier is a flaming heart. In addition to skill, strength, and fortitude there needs to be a soul on fire with a holy zeal kindled by love for God and men. Otherwise missionary endeavors are bound to be as the efforts of those who beat the air. Whether our souls are aflame or not depends on ourselves. Such comes as the result of the Holy Spirit's work, but whether we have

that or not is determined by ourselves. We must follow the higher impulses of our hearts and the holy influences of the universe. The world in which we live fills us with awe and wonder at every turn in life. Its beauties appeal to the love of the beautiful within the soul, its mysteries to our thirst for knowledge, its sufferings to our humanity, its tasks to our longing for achievement, the good to the divine within us and the unholy to that which is base within. At every step of the way there are forces calling us to the noblest in thought, emotion, and action; and at the same time there are forces which would blind our eyes, deafen our ears, palsy our efforts, and stain our lives. To put ourselves in touch with the former is to have the soul become aflame with holy love, joy, and activity; while to follow the latter is to put out the light of heaven and produce deadness of soul now and forever.

The farther we follow the higher impulses and the longer we live under the holy influences, the more aflame does the heart become and the more efficient are we in missions and in all Christian work. O Holy Spirit of God, give us flaming hearts!

THE UNSUCCESSFUL CHRIST

It is a matter of common talk that something has gone wrong with foreign missions. Churches and schools are being closed, missionaries are being withdrawn, and funds are failing at home. Doctors many stand around in earnest consultation. The low pulse-beat of the Church, as recorded in its benevolences, is announced from time to time in bulletins. Anxious whispers are declaring that only some transfusion of fresh blood can save the patient.

All the while with redoubled zeal the campaign of reminder goes on: that to be modern we must be missionary, for this is the day of "the planetary consciousness," of the globe-mind; that to be Christlike we must be missionary, for he dealt ever in "next towns" and "other sheep" and "uttermost parts" and "the East and the West" and "whosoever," and was "Son of man" rather than "Son of David" in all his ministry; and that to be good churchmen we must "fling out the banners" and carry them into every nook and corner of the world,

our parish. Yet in spite of these reminders and renewed appeals the Church lags in its enthusiasm for the near and the middle and the uttermost Easts, and foreign missions remains pallid with low blood-pressure and slowed-down movements. Even the student generation of our adventurous Lindbergh-age has to be rewon to an enterprise which has lost its challenge along with its health. What is the matter?

Something is wrong with foreign missions—not to speak of the some things that are wrong with us. We are beginning to realize that things have been happening in mission lands. A strange new climate is settling over the ancient lands of our missionary endeavor, and somehow the sky, the hills, and the surrounding fields look different. The air is "threatening." "Nationalism" is the convenient word we use to describe and explain the transformation. But it is far more than nationalism. It is the sudden turning of people from Asiatic mediaevalism to a new Eurasiatic modernism—accompanied by a recovery of race pride and a determination to control their own affairs, political, economic, and religious. In this upheaval Christianity through its foreign missions is heavily involved; it is in fact right in the midst of the scrimmage.

These Asiatics—and I speak of their leaders, their educated men and women, the ones that count heavily in our day—are impatient with Christianity. They would thank Christianity for what it has done in the "awakening," and then bow us out. They are through with Christianity. Nearly all of them speak of the breakdown of Christianity; many speak of its break-up.

Dr. Hu Shih, dean of Peking National University and so-called "Father of the Chinese Renaissance," speaks for the young intelligentsia of China: "The future of Christianity in China is a question which should be considered apart from the question of the past services rendered to China by the Christian missionaries. The part played by the missionaries in the modernization of China will long be remembered by the Chinese, even though no Christian Church may be left there. They were the pioneers of the new China . . . China is now awakened and determined to modernize herself. There is not the slightest doubt

that a new and modern China is emerging out of the chaos. But this new China does not seem to promise much bright future to the propagation of the Christian faith. On the contrary, Christianity is facing opposition everywhere. The dream of a Christian occupation of China seems to be fast vanishing—probably forever. It is the same national consciousness which is now resisting the essentially alien religion of Christianity. And more formidable than nationalism, there is the rise of rationalism. And after all, Christianity itself is fighting its last battle, even in the so-called Christendoms."

Riding to Ise, the "holy place" of Japanese Shinto, a young Japanese Christian pastor opened his heart and spoke of the situation in Japan. The intelligentsia recognize the superiority of Christianity over other religions, but they do not want it. Superior, but unattractive. Convinced, but not converted. And the little Japanese Christian church struggles bravely on, when it ought to be handling a landslide.

All over India I went with Stanley Jones in his marvelous and unique work with the non-Christian intelligentsia of that awakened land. For nine months I walked on air. I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears the amazing new interest in the Christ of the gospels. Yet out of this preaching and personal work and prayers of dedication of life to the Christ, I do not recall a single convert won to the Christian Church. If it was baptism into Christianity that we were after, then our work was a dismal failure. India, we find, is not interested in Christianity.

There came to see me one day in 1926—on the east coast of India—a young Brahman, who with face alight, told me he was a disciple of Jesus. "I can not," he said, "believe that the beautiful life of Jesus had anything to do with the sacrificial slaughter of animals in the Old Testament." (It was his inborn Hindu vegetarianism and ahimsa, or non-injury, speaking strongly in him.) "I can not," he went on, "believe that to worship Jesus I must take part in such rituals and ceremonies as the Christian churches use. I prefer to worship in silence." I told him of the Quakers, and he was greatly pleased. "I can not speak to Jesus as the avatar of God. He is not God

in descent (avatar), nor God involved in human flesh (incarnation)—yet he is God manifesting himself to me." Here were Christianity's worship and interpretation of Scripture and doctrine blocking the path of a "disciple of Jesus."

Asia awakening, and Christianity unable to make first down! What is the difficulty? What is the matter with foreign missions as it relates itself to the leaders of Asian Renaissance? I sat one day, with this question in mind, opposite the most brilliant and thoughtful Hindu professor of philosophy in one of the great universities. Strange to say, his hobby was Greek, and he was as well acquainted with the early Christian centuries (the Greek of the New Testament and the apostolic and post-apostolic fathers) as with his own India of today and yesterday. He had spoken of his love for the Christ and of the resemblance between India and the Graeco-Roman world; then he said, "You preach a successful Christ; we want an unsuccessful Christ."

I did not comprehend at the time the significance of his words. They lay in my memory a long while before they began to glow and to flame. Are they not a suggestion for us in this day of perplexity?

A successful Christ—there is our trouble in Asia! We are so heavily ballasted with confidence—not hope, but assurance—that our whole manner is affected. Our cocksureness, our pride, our voice of authority gall the sensitive, proud Asiatic. It is another conquest of East by West. Our preaching and our prayers and our hymns are filled with the successful Christ:

"We march, we march to victory."

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

"Christ for the world we sing; the world to Christ we bring."

"With shouting and singing and jubilant ringing."

It is all grand warfare, and these men of Asia are to be swept in as prisoners of war. They are to be overpowered by our mass attack launched all along the line: churches, schools, presses, etc. Reports of prisoners—styled "converts"—go back in regular, statistical forms to the home churches, which celebrate the increase in "membership" with songs of victory and prayers of thanksgiving. The successful

Christ has gained new successes in these church accessions and this increase in property values.

But these proud Asians are not so easily caught by such methods. They are not willing to be fish on anybody's string. They remind us constantly that our successes are largely from the poor and the ignorant, who when the Western church makes holiday, march meekly in the triumph of the successful Christ. As for them, they do not sense their need either in face of our material abundance or our spiritual superiority; for in their eyes our material abundance has some relationship to economic exploitation and political domination or interference, and our superior moral character is seen with the background of our "Great War" and a civilization based on competition and race prejudice. They suspect us and our systems as men are suspicious of jailers and strong cages. For we come preaching in our pride and self-assurance our successful Christ.

They want an unsuccessful Christ—some Christ that gives them a voice and a choice; some Christ that is wistful, humble, uncertain of reception; some Christ that comes knocking, not hammering, at their doors; some Christ that throws himself on their bounty and their pity; some Christ that is not yet sure he can win the sensitive soul of the East; some Christ who before he wins their allegiance would sit as guest informally among them and speak of their ideals and aspirations; some Christ that does not come shouting in a loud, resounding tone his success in the West; some Christ that does not come with statistical blanks in his hand to report his mission to strange boards and conferences and churches of Europe and America; some Christ that is not so snared in administrative routine that he can not sit down or walk with individual men; some Christ that depends upon the vitalities of God, and makes secondary all use of agencies and institutions and rituals, filling these latter with the heart-throbs of the divine; some Christ that in accordance with Asia's age-long standard of the religious man despises wealth beyond the "daily bread" and ecclesiastical office; some Christ who knows nothing of race superiority or prejudice, to keep certain groups forever picking the crumbs that fall from the children's table,

while others, however unworthy, eat with robe and ring at the feast of the fatted calf.

For such a Christ Asia's doors are open at this moment. I have seen it with my own eyes and bear testimony. For the Christian as churchman, Asia's unabated suspicion must yet be overcome, and it is a long and difficult process; for the Christian as the humble follower and witness of the lowly Nazarene, whose life is instinct with the life of his living Lord, Asia opens pathways to her inmost heart. For the Christian missionary who comes in weakness and in fear and in much trembling, whose speech and whose preaching are not in words of Western wisdom or authority, but in convincing spiritual power Asia has all opportunity.—*Christian Advocate*.

THE CLOSING SESSION OF THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION

MISS ESTHER VARS
Recording Secretary

On Sunday night of the Eastern Association, it was the plan of the executive committee to have a summary of the outstanding features of the three days spent together. Rev. A. J. C. Bond was selected to carry out this plan, and he asked the audience to tell those things which had meant the most to them individually.

Mr. Mark Sanford's sermon (on "Abiding") (during the previous hour) and the general spirit of the entire association were mentioned by several persons.

Someone else felt that God had manifested himself in so many ways throughout the meetings and the fellowship that we had much for which to be thankful.

The emphasis which several different speakers placed in the importance of stewardship was appreciated, and some one mentioned that Rev. S. Duane Ogden's talk on "How to Arouse Interest to Secure Better Moral and Financial Support of Our Onward Movement Program" ought to be spread throughout the denomination.

The program of the young people's hour on Sabbath night and the activities at the fellowship breakfast on Sunday morning, also the interest and the concern for the church which the young people show, made more than one person feel that the church need not fear for the future.

Rev. S. Duane Ogden conducted a young people's hour for quiet and meditation on Sabbath morning before the regular church service, at which Rev. Paul Burdick presented a thoughtful message, most helpful to those who heard it.

There were those who came to the end of the association meetings impressed by the great need of service. Some one mentioned that we are doing too little and ought to return to our homes determined to do a great deal more.

Others felt that the Sabbath is a lasting help in the building of a character, of a profession, or of a community.

The Sabbath is truly an asset and ought not to be considered a sacrifice in the observing of it. In connection with this some one else suggested that we might be too pessimistic in our emphasis upon the sacrifices which we feel come from Sabbath keeping.

The woman's hour, presenting the theme of Deepening and Widening our Interests, gave a great deal in the spirit of the association, and more to think on seriously.

There was presented the question of whether or not we have the right estimate of the value of the truths we hold.

It was suggested by some one that he felt as though he were suffering from "spiritual indigestion" because of his eagerness to store up all the good things of the meetings. This same person felt particularly appreciative of the missionary hour and the zeal and enthusiasm of the secretary.

The spiritual uplift for everyone in attendance at the association was an outstanding memory.

The flowers throughout all the sessions were abundant and beautiful. It was felt that they are witnesses of God's love and should make us realize that there is some power higher above us. God speaks to us through nature.

The faithful service of the choir and of those who worked so hard to serve the meals was not overlooked as a part of the association which meant much to every one.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond closed the hour by referring to what Secretary Wm. L. Burdick had said in the missionary hour—that it seems hard to kill off the Sabbath truth. If we will, we can carry this truth to the world, and in so doing find our life.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

GOOD GROUND

(Baccalaureate Sermon at Washington College,
June 3, 1928)

Text: Matthew 13: 8. *And others fell in good ground.*

The Susquehanna Valley is one of the most picturesque of our eastern river homes. Follow the stream north from Havre de Grace, where it empties into the Chesapeake, to Sunbury where it forks and whence you trace its devious windings through the foothills of the Northern Alleghenies either to Otsego Lake in Central New York or, pursuing the course of the West Fork, you finally lose yourself amongst the Buckhorn Mountains and the wilderness of northern Pennsylvania and find a region of unending lure.

Lying between gently rolling hills of Harford and Cecil Counties, the river bed near the bay is hardly more than one of the wrinkles in the landscape which radiate out from the head of the Chesapeake like wrinkles around an old man's eye.

But as you go north, the hills grow rapidly more decided. Their sculpturing, at first done in graceful contours, gets sharper, until, at Harrisburg, your trail follows the river where it ages ago cut through a northern spur of the Blue Ridge. From Harrisburg to Williamsport you sometimes are hemmed in between river and mountain; sometimes you are bowling along a wide, wide valley, or climbing hills or traversing plateaus up from the river, until you come at last to Blossberg Mountain, which is nature's wall shutting out the Susquehanna from all the country north.

From the Susquehanna marshes at Havre de Grace to the Great Divide at Blossberg an ever changing panorama of never-ending loveliness and interest surrounds you.

A geologist would remind us that the low hills and the generally wide valleys betoken an old country which the river for ages has been wearing down and modeling into the present lovely contours. Indeed,

he would tell us that the patient Susquehanna has been one of the chief builders of the eastern shore of Maryland and that our peninsula is the joint work of the Delaware on the east and its great sister stream on the west. The valleys of the Poconos, of the Blue Ridge, and of the Alleghenies are the clay pits and the sand quarries where nature dug and scraped and wore away the material which she floated down her stream courses and laid down here, stratum upon stratum, sand and clay and silt, building a long sand bar which in time became this lovely eastern shore of Maryland.

When nature thus etches away the rocks, washes away the loam, and piles up the material in a convenient place in alluvial deposits, she is concocting some of the richest soil known to man. It is this type of soil production which accounts for the famous fertility of the Nile Valley. It has made the Delmarva Peninsula a potential Garden of Eden.

It was with a very keen sense of the potency of the figure of speech he was using that Jesus employed the several sorts of ground to reinforce the spiritual truth of the parable of the sower. As the Master looked abroad that day he must have seen all the kinds of soil which he brought into his picture. Palestine is a parched and arid land, largely a sterile land. Only here and there lie, like oases in a desert, the patches of good ground. Probably too, the seed thrown by the sower with one swing of his arm reached all three sorts of soil at once. Certainly Jesus knew the intimate role which the ground played in the lives of men and their dependence upon the soil for life itself. His words must then have struck his hearers with unusual force and appeal and caused them to perceive unguessed spiritual truths in what had been to them one of nature's commonplaces.

Probably it had never before occurred to most of those Palestinians, who listened to the truths which issued from his lips, that spiritual prosperity, like economic prosperity, was rooted in and sprang out of good ground, that a good life, like a good crop, needed to be suitably and continually nourished at its roots.

Exactly what did Jesus mean when he used the term "good ground"? He was thinking, I assume, not so much of the

ground which he knew to be good because it produced good crops but rather of what constituted goodness and possibly of how goodness came to be. He was thinking of a sort of soil that was deep, that was strength-giving, that made for endurance. These qualities he set over against those of the soil which produced the plants that were choked out by thorns or scorched by the sun and hence withered away from shallowness of earth.

But Jesus was not a farmer but a teacher. He was not interested primarily in agriculture but in soul culture. What then did he mean by good ground? I have time to suggest but a single line of thought, for the term "good ground" and the parable in which it appears, are quite as prolific as fertile soil itself.

No one knows exactly how old the human race is. After careful study scientists have come to hold that men may have appeared on this earth sixty thousand years ago or twenty thousand. Whatever the correct figures may be, we know that generation succeeding generation has left an increasing accumulation of achievement and of vital spiritual ideals.

As the Susquehanna has been for ages building up stratum by stratum the good ground which is the basis of our life on this peninsula, in a very similar fashion men have been laying down ideals of conduct, personal and social, and institutional through a thousand generations.

This deposit of racial experience, of spiritual material which God has been building up with infinite patience constitutes one of man's most certain sources of that vigor and amplitude and richness of soul which alone produces the strong and effective and enduring personality.

As a plant draws nourishment from the good ground, so human kind draws its vital sustenance from those ideals which are compounded of all the experience and the dreams of the race and is enabled to yield sometimes thirty fold, sometimes sixty, and, yes, sometimes one hundred fold.

Since I have been living on the eastern shore of Maryland where the tangible evidences of the past, of the works and hopes of preceding generations of men, lie all about us, I have pondered the relation of past and present with a new zest. Here we

can discover those deposits of chivalry and courtesy—to mention but two—which our forebears have built up for our spiritual enrichment. These ideals we must cherish. Anglo-Saxon thought and civilization, like the Susquehanna River, have left a rich deposit of some of their finest spiritual qualities in this land lying here between the bays. Certainly this is good ground spiritually as it is agriculturally.

To answer the question posed a few moments ago, the past, that living, accumulating experience of mankind, made personal and spiritual and dynamic in us is, I think, a very fair interpretation of what Jesus meant by good ground.

Have you ever stopped to consider that what a man thinks of the past—like what he thinks of nature, of man, of destiny, and of God—is a great measuring rod which records his capacity and his performance—what he is? Let us examine for a moment, then, some of the characteristic attitudes toward the past which are writ large in the sayings and doings of all men.

First, there is the irresponsible man who thinks—if he thinks at all—that the past has about as much to do with his eating and sleeping, his getting and spending, as the story of Jack and the famous beanstalk. He thinks—if he thinks at all—that the present was spontaneously germinated. To him the present, like the goddess Venus in Greek mythology who sprang full-grown from the head of Jupiter, came just as it is into existence. Indeed, he holds that the world he experiences has always been about as it is now. There isn't much to a man with a lazy philosophy like that. He is rooted in shallow soil.

Then there is the seed that fell among thorns, the man who holds that the past is a heavy mortgage on a piece of sadly decayed property. The past hampers him at every corner. It shackles him to an inheritance which he despises and hates. The past and its hold on folks so enrages him that it leads him to murder and to assassination and to any deed that promises to free him from its grip. Away, he cries, with conventions, traditions, ceremonies, restraints, laws, and religions—these tentacles of the past which have—so he thinks—a strangle hold upon him! In his opinion, wisdom and common sense first saw the

light in his brain. And he accepts the burden of becoming the announcer of what he holds to be a new evangel, that of the natural life.

Beware of such a man! The only gods he knows are his own desires. Them only does he serve. His philosophy is a blind-alley philosophy, his end the choking thorns.

I am not sure whether or no there is much choice between him and his exact opposite—the man who spends his days and nights lamenting the good old times.

To this person the past alone is glorious, its women alone pure and beautiful, its men alone heroic. Even the sunshine in these latter days falls with a melancholy, faded splendor on a world that is speeding to the bow-wows. You all know this man. I do not need to tell you that his philosophy of life at least slows up, if it does not actually halt, progress. One trouble with him is that he is trying to swim down stream when the tide is setting strongly up the river. And he complains because the universe isn't with him.

But, God be thanked! there is much seed falling into good ground; there is an increasing number of men and women to whom the past is something vastly different. They find in it the deep rich soil foundation—laid down sincerely, often with mistakes, sometimes in blood, always in sweat and toil and travail of soul—the soil for the glorious harvests of the future. To such folk, masterbuilders under the Great Architect, the past furnishes much of the plan, materials, and inspiration for the completed edifice that is destined to be the beautiful house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

In all I have said I have failed entirely of my purpose if I have not shown you how harmful a wrong notion of the past may be, and if I have not given you at least a faint idea of the helpful face the past should occupy in our lives. We have received a wonderful inheritance from our distant and misty times. We have a great commission to "carry on." What are we going to do about it?

Let us look somewhat more carefully at the inheritance which the past has given us to enjoy, to use, and to augment.

There is first the material heritage. Archimedes, with his lever, the father of

the powerful steam shovel that eats its way lackadaisically into the mountain, of the ponderous crane that lifts a three hundred-ton locomotive as if it were a toothpick, or of the wheels that transport us so speedily hither and thither. James Watt, with his tea kettle full of steam that played tricks with the lid, is the father of the railroad and of the stupendous factory system of the world. Ben Franklin, with his kite, is the father of the telegraph, the telephone, and the electric bulb which makes America the best lighted country on the globe.

Jesus was hardly thinking of the material accumulations of his day when he used the term good ground. While he would not have scorned that of our day, certainly he would not have worshiped it.

Nor am I concerned with these indispensable material blessings. I am to tell you of the cultural ideals, the rich and dynamic spiritual ideals, which the mighty past has brought us—the things perhaps he did have in mind when he told the parable of the sower. It is easier to talk of culture than it is to define it. Let me try to give, nevertheless, a few simple illustrations of what I understand by cultural ideals.

When the ancient caveman saw a woman he wanted, he armed himself with his club and, by cunning and force, snatched her from her parents. If she were rebellious, he beat her into submission and made her his drudge, his mistress, and the mother of his many children. It is a long step from these ideals to the principle of marriage which the Bible enunciates, when it says, "For this reason shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." Slowly working on the hearts of men, God has taught them something vastly different and finer. Out of the deep rich soil of the past has sprung an illuminating experience which shows that the true union of man and woman is not only biological and legal, it is spiritual—soul knit to soul, and personality supplementing personality. Thus we have the family and the home, which are symbols of heaven. The institution of the family with its limitless possibilities for love, sacrificial service, and character development is one of the cultural ideals which the past has brought us.

Again, in the morning of history, a man

suspected of killing a fellow creature was hunted down and quickly despatched by the nearest of kin to the slain. This rough and horrible kind of so-called justice, still in vogue among primitive folk and even some American mountaineers, is the origin of the blood-feud which has wiped out not only individuals, but families, clans, and tribes. It is a long step from these ideals to those of the Sermon on the Mount, and a still greater step to their realization in the even yet sadly imperfect administration of justice.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees every man a fair trial—of whatever crime he may be accused—before an impartial tribunal, and takes punishment out of the hands of an avenger and lodges it in the impersonal State.

In spite of blatant miscarriages of justice in the courts of the civilized world, there burns brightly in the heart of every decent citizen an unquenchable belief in the necessity of meting out to men even-handed justice in matters great and small. This undashed ideal is another of the great cultural contributions of the past, one of the rich deposits of the ground we are rooted in. Out of the fertile soil of human experience and yearning in this wide field of social relations have sprung the twin institutions of law and government—two of the most potent benefactions of our kind. We who live in America and believe in democratic laws and democratic government, who compact our highest thought of these matters into the one word, Americanism, do we realize that these ideals do not come about of themselves and in a day, but that God has been helping men slowly to build them up through the long reaches of human history, thus forming a rich soil in which we may take root?

We can not be really thankful for Americanism without acknowledging our cultural debt to the past for the finer conception of men and of women, for the more wholesome human relations, for the more exalted idea of God which America represents.

I wish to call your attention to the one more sublime contribution of the past, a significant constituent of the good ground from which we spring.

The man of the ice age who scratched the rude pictures of the bear, the lion, and the

mammoth which have been discovered in caves in France, lived in terror of evil spirits and malevolent deities. By sacrifices and ceremonies, he sought to induce them to let him live in peace. Even the early Hebrews trembled before a God of wrath, whom they sought to placate by fruit and flesh offerings.

It is a long step from this religion which made man an abject creature, cowering before divine wrath and concerned solely for his own skin, to the principle which Samuel enunciated, "Obedience is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams"; or to Micah's pronouncement, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before thy God"; or still greater to the spirit of Jesus when he said, "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Men are trying today to formulate a religion for the present which shall, as they say, free itself from the foolish past. They will never achieve their purpose. They can not overlook the indispensable contribution of the past any more than they can blot out the words which they spoke yesterday. Religion is the greatest of all the component parts of the soil from which you and I draw our vital spiritual energy.

Here then are three outstanding cultural contributions of the past vital to your life and mine—the family, law and government, religion. Had I time and you patience, I could name you such a list of our historical indebtednesses as would look like a garage bill after your car has been in a smash-up.

Don't you understand how the past rightly understood is no mere past but the power-station of the present? Don't you see how utterly foolish any philosophy of life is which pretend that the past, like the vermiform appendix can be cut from the life of men and leave them alive?

There remains one quantity in the equation which we have only scantily touched upon—the future. Granted that we have an increasingly lively sense of our indebtedness to the men and ideals of former years; granted that we see with new clearness that our life of today were impossible without that of yesterday, what of it? The ancient pagan cried, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." The modern

pagan cries, "We live but once; let us have fine clothes, drive fine cars, and go to the movies." And some of us folks who call ourselves Christians feel that the end of life is to care for our families and keep out of jail.

Sometimes I am inclined to feel that the only true follower of Christ is the man who, aware of his tremendous indebtedness to the past, is equally aware of his tremendous responsibility to the future. The real Christian is the man who accepts the responsibility of family, church, community, state, nation, and even inter-nation. The Christian is unlike the man, who, appealed to do a generous act for the sake of his descendants, queried petulantly, "What have my descendants ever done for me?"

When you stop to think of it, the sense of responsibility for generations unborn is a curious thing. Why, with all our other trouble, should we, who will be dead in a hundred years, concern ourselves for those who shall come after us? This sense of responsibility is a divine spark in us. At just the right time in the life of the individual and the race, God implants it in human hearts. It is a sense that we, too, must add to the goodness and force of the soil in which we want our children to strike root.

Some months ago I was thinking on this matter as I was driving along a fine piece of concrete road in West Virginia. As I followed leisurely the windings of the beautiful valleys, stopping now and then, an old thought came to me with renewed force and lent a heightened interest to nature's loveliness. I shall try to give you this idea in just a minute. First, I want to attempt a picture.

The late summer sunlight, falling athwart the rugged hills and sinuous valleys, cast an indescribable, mellow enchantment over the scene. Here and there tall trees and hilltops threw lengthening, purple shadows on the eastern uplands and pastures. At the lower edges of the woods the purple deepened into a luscious green twilight. The gentle breath of the summer afternoon played with the ripening corn, the tall grass, and the tree-tops. It must have been producing a sweet music which my ears were too dull to catch. I did hear, however, the ripple of the stream

as it laughed its unerring way to meet the river and ultimately to join itself to the waters of the Gulf so many miles away.

Then my thoughts passed from nature's poetry to nature's mechanics. I reminded myself that in some geological yesterday this country had been a vast tableland at probably some considerably higher level than the present tops of even the highest hills and that God was the engineer who, by his watercourses, had prepared the foundation for the highway which man has since completed and I was so easily traveling. I saw his handiwork in the shapes of the hills, in their sides scored and gouged by a million rains which he had caused to fall. I reminded myself again that the frost and the water were still obeying his will and were at work wearing down these hills and carrying away the soil to be deposited some day in the estuary of the Mississippi, where it was building up new land at the rate of about half a square mile per year.

If somehow I could only represent in belts and pulleys the power which he was exercising on this perfectly quiet summer afternoon, I should build such a factory and have such a display of energy as would surpass the most stupendous manufacturing plant which the skill and power of man could devise. If only I could indicate on a steam gauge his power which was pulling this quiet stream so certainly, with its freightage of soil, to the Gulf, you would see the pressure mount higher and higher until the gauge would burst. And if I could only harness the energy which in the gentle breeze was playing over even ten acres of West Virginia hillsides, I could light half the cities of that mountain state.

I thought to myself, back on that summer afternoon, that God was still on the job fashioning the world to his own good purpose. I am not of those who hold that, in some bygone age, he created the world spontaneously and once for all. He is still creating it—almost imperceptibly, to be sure, for "the mills of God grind slowly."

God is a working God. Did not Jesus once say in substance, "My Father works hitherto and I work"? A working God demands working children. True, we can not carve hills out of plateaus. Nor can we dig the great watercourses. We can not build a Mt. Everest. Nor can we make the wind

to blow nor the frost to split the rocks. Yet we, like him, can be creators. Yea, I believe he expects it of us.

I have been trying to sketch for you, my young friends of the senior class, something of our cultural indebtedness to the past. We are agreed, I think, that the past did not just happen. When you see an automobile climbing the mountain, you are not foolish enough to think that it just happens that way. You can remember the years it took to create the automobile engine, the years it took to create the concrete or asphalt road, and the other years it took to discover the potential energy God put into gasoline. And you know quite as well that human advance up through the ages is the result of man's hard work and creative effort through the skill and will God has given him.

Today, this minute, we are standing at the place where the past and present meet. The question, therefore, comes rightly to us, shall this stream of blessing and cultural progress stop at this line? Shall we impoverish the good ground which the past has laid down by occupying it and sapping from it every possible ounce of strength and virtue? Are we going to be augmenters or exhausters of the cultural energy which man and God have slowly but persistently created as our present inheritance?

Substantial and grand as has been the contribution of the past to you, there remain worlds yet to be created.

Consider the present status of marriage. Will any one hazard the assertion that human society has yet achieved its highest realization of man and woman in the home? Our day is one of revolt. Dissatisfaction with standards of other days ramps abroad. Some of this unrest is produced by lawless and irresponsible people who wish to rid themselves of every restraint and follow the will-of-the-wisp of their own fancies and passions. That way lies not heaven but hell. On the other hand, any thoughtful observer, if he read current literature, for instance, must acknowledge that many honest souls are restlessly groping their way, not to some means of throwing overboard moral and religious sanctions, but to a more perfect marriage relation which shall have due regard to the sacred personalities of men and of women.

If you have looked abroad you must realize how too often marriage is a crude, fleshly, heart-breaking affair, grounded hastily in immature and transitory fancy, which stunts the lives of men and women and kills the ideals of those whom God designed to be his co-laborers in building his moral and spiritual universe.

Do you perceive the huge problem before us—the stupendous task of helping to spiritualize marriage, to make it the real union of two complementary souls who, together, can make a contribution of fine living and exalted effort such as neither alone could make? Here is a world in which you must be creators, under God, of a happier, wholesomer universe. Do you get the challenge?

And what about law and government? Are they perfected yet? What of pettifogging lawyers who work their will with venal magistrates? What of the miscarriage of justice in our courts through dilatory legal procedure? What of ignorant and unworthy legislators who put foolish and unjust laws on our statute books? We Anglo-Saxon folk have an inheritance of law and ideals of even-handed justice which we sometimes hold to surpass that of any other people. Do we always live worthily of this exalted heritage? We must so live, so vote, and so hold public office that we shall create standards of law and government that deserve to be as stable and enduring as Gibraltar. And here again God is throwing out the challenge to create a more perfect world where judgment shall "run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream," and where other men and women yet to come shall be able to grow out of the good soil of your lives a fuller spiritual stature.

Some folks hold that God's spiritual revelation to us has ceased, is done. I can not so believe. We have received our finest cultural heritage from the past in our religion. It is something infinitely precious. It can be neither disregarded nor discarded. God's word abides and grows upon us. But again look abroad! You see men and women hungering and thirsting after the consolation and the power of religion, who can not find them. Thousands are following only the unstimulated, unbroadened, and undeepened impulses of their own hearts.

They do not know how to lay hold of the religious inheritance which we enjoy, to strike their roots into man's deep religious soil. And, through the limitations of the flesh and the understanding, we who draw our strength to battle with life from God's revelation in the past and in the present make pitiful spectacles of ourselves at times.

I am trying to say to you that in religion there is a compelling challenge to collaborate with God to create a new frame of mind and a new state of souls in thousands who have missed somehow the point in the Jesus way of thinking and acting. I say, there is a challenge to co-work with God in creating a new world, to bring cosmos out of chaos, to refine imperfection into something more like perfection, to transmute carelessness into zeal, to flood the dark hearts and dark places with divine light, to help those who have fallen on stones or among thorns to find good ground.

As certainly as God is sculpturing those West Virginia hills, and the shore line of this peninsula, he is enlarging, enlightening, inspiring the souls of men as never before. Yet he is thus creating a finer race, not so much by his own immediate power, as by laying the high privilege of and responsibility for creation upon you and me. Thus, only by uprooting the slothful idea that we have done our full duty on earth if we decently provide for our families, join lackadaisically a church, subscribe passively to the creed, enjoy relaxed the service of religion, and by rising to the exalted conception of becoming co-creators with God of a more sublime spiritual universe, can we, even in part, pay our religious, cultural indebtedness to the past.

As I grow older I like more and more the crusading spirit given such vigorous expression in the old hymn I used to hear.

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

These worlds of human relationships which I have mentioned—marriage, law and government, and religion—constitute only three of many in which God needs human co-creators. He is issuing his clarion call for your co-operation in a no less glorious

endeavor than the creation of a world of finer folks. Will you heed?

Are you going to be among those who wither away soon because they have not much depth of earth, or among those whom the thorns sprang up and choked, or among those who fell in good ground who yielded some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold?

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY

As it has seemed wise to our heavenly Father to call to his reward, our brother in Christ, Deacon Lewis T. Clawson, be it *Resolved*, That we, hereby, express our sorrow over our loss and commend his faithfulness to the service of his Lord and the church.

We know that he was zealous for truth and deeply interested in the steadfastness of his brethren in the faith we hold together.

Resolved, That we express our sympathy with Mrs. Grace Clawson Burton and family in their bereavement.

The good fight has been fought and the victory won.

Resolved, That the clerk be instructed to spread this resolution upon the records of the church and inform Mrs. Burton and family, also to send a copy to the SABBATH RECORDER.

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK,
Pastor.
LA VERNE D. LANGWORTHY,
Church Clerk.

*Westerly, R. I.,
June 15, 1928.*

IN MEMORIAM

The Woman's Benevolent Society of the Dodge Center Seventh Day Baptist Church has been called to mourn the loss of a much loved and highly esteemed member, Mrs. Harriet Saunders Ellis.

Mrs. Ellis has been a faithful member of this society since its organization, in 1874, and will be greatly missed in all the activities of the church.

Grant that her life may be an inspiration to us for a higher and nobler living.

MRS. MARY ROUNSEVILLE,
MRS. A. N. LANGWORTHY,
MISS EDNA LANGWORTHY.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

I WONDER

I wonder if I have the right
To let myself forget to care
How children shiver in the night
Where all is dark and cold and bare.
My little ones are free from dread
And sheltered safely from the storm;
Their eyes are bright, their cheeks are red,
Their laughter glad, their clothing warm.
But other little ones must weep,
And face new dread with each new day,
Where Hunger's fangs bite very deep
And Want sits like a ghost in gray.
I have no need to share the blame
If pallor dims the orphan's cheek;
I have not made the cripple lame,
Nor taken from the poor and weak.
But, knowing how they weep at night,
Where all is dark and cold and bare,
I wonder if I have the right
To let myself forget to care.
—S. E. Kiser.

This is the open season for political parties, candidates, and politicians. From now on we shall have opportunities, times without number, to learn where everyone, who counts, stands on all important questions as well as on some questions that are not important. What is more to the point, we shall probably have many opportunities to learn where we should stand on these important questions. I am always marveling that there are so many people in the world who are perfectly willing to settle all political questions for other people, willing to take a chance at making up other people's minds. The only trouble seems to be that not everyone is willing to make use of this mind service, and some people wish to work their own minds in their own way.

I was much interested in listening in on the Republican convention, and I am looking forward to meeting with the Democrats in their great convention. I am hoping to get the same sort of thrill listening in on the Democrats that I did from the Republicans. We were much interested in the dis-

cussion that our Chicago daily said was due to come over the dry plank that Senator Borah wrote into the platform. We were led to believe that three men were to lead a fight against that plank that would almost disrupt the grand old party.

Those of you who listened in, as we did, know how the wonderful effort fizzled out. Doctor Butler was recognized by the chair and made a speech against including that plank in the platform. Although at times he waxed eloquent and I listened for applause, I heard none. I feared his three friends were not standing by him as he had been led to think they would do. He seemed to stammer once or twice, when he suggested that his personal feelings might favor the Eighteenth Amendment, but his duty to humanity required him to oppose it. At the end of his speech he asked his hearers whether they were to follow God or Mammon. I concluded from his talk that those of us who favor the observance of this amendment are supposed to be following "the Mammon of bigotry" and not "the God of our fathers who wrote the Constitution of the United States." He received a measure of applause which soon died away.

Evidently several rose to address the chair, and my great thrill came when I heard the chairman state that the chair recognized Mr. Dow, the son of Neal Dow, and the oldest member of the convention. When Mr. Dow moved to lay Doctor Butler's amendment on the table and the motion was seconded and passed, and a second motion was made to accept the platform as read, including the prohibition plank, and this motion was seconded and passed without any debate, my thrill became so pronounced that if I had been able to sing, I should have stood up and taken up the words of the Doxology, but as it was I sat still and wiped my eyes.

I am hoping for some such thrill from the Democrats, for I hope that they too are reading the handwriting on the wall. I am for the radio for all time, because I think it is going to be harder and harder for people to have their minds made up for them by some fly-by-night schemer, political or fanatical, when they can listen to all sides of the questions that are being considered.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

CHRISTIAN LIVING

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day.
July 14, 1928

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A thrilling experience (Gen. 28: 10-22)
Monday—A tremendous challenge (Josh. 24: 14-16)
Tuesday—The thrill of a great choice (Heb. 11: 23-30)
Wednesday—The thrill of a lifetime (Isa. 6: 1-8)
Thursday—The thrill of service (Luke 10: 17-20)
Friday—The thrill of victory (2 Tim. 4: 6-8)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Getting a thrill out of Christian living (Phil. 3: 1-16)
What is the greatest joy you have found in Christian living?

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

In our Scripture lesson this week Paul says, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." This is a wonderful expression of the thought of sacrifice. That which was worldly gain for him, he counted but loss for Christ.

This should be one of our greatest joys in Christian living. Christ sacrificed everything for us. He gave up his heavenly home, came to earth, and took upon himself the likeness of men, that he might know and understand us. He did this because he loved us. Is any sacrifice we can make too great for him?

Another joy from Christian living is that of serving others. Christ's life was full of service, and he found joy in making others happy. One day while walking down a street in our city, I met a small, crippled colored boy who was selling newspapers. I did not care for the paper, but my heart went out in love and sympathy for the unfortunate child, so I bought a paper, and spoke a kind word to him. His face brightened and he smiled sweetly at me. Now, whenever I see him, he has a pleasant smile for me. I got a thrill from this small service, for I believe that one life was made a

little happier because of it. Let us keep our eyes open and see the opportunities for serving those around us, and we shall get a real thrill out of Christian living.

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, July 14, 1928

Keeping fit: physically, mentally, spiritually (1 Cor. 3: 16, 17)

JUNIOR C. E. JUMBLES

MRS. ELISABETH K. AUSTIN
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR TOPIC OF JULY 14

Have a study of the daily readings for today. They give six splendid reasons for being glad that we live in America. Have the Bible verses read for each, and then have them talked over in an informal way. All the juniors may sit in a circle today and have a "family" meeting in which each one talks whenever he wants to (of course only about the topic), and each junior may give two or three testimonies in this way without realizing it. They need not stand when they speak and the superintendent need not stand for her talk. The meeting should close with a season of prayer with everyone kneeling at his or her chair.

SUGGESTION FOR WORK

Begin now to plan for your graduation service for the first of September or October. Standards for graduation and a suggested order of service will be sent each superintendent if you wish it. I still have a good supply of the graduation certificates to be given each junior who graduates. There is no charge for these. Just write me for them.

A LETTER FROM LITTLE GENESEE

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

I always enjoy reading letters from the different Christian Endeavor societies, telling what they have done. So I will tell you about one of our activities.

Our Christian Endeavor society was very busy during the month of April and the first of May, planning and practicing for a play. On May tenth and fifteenth we put on the play, "Mother Mine."

It was a play of three acts with twelve characters. Preceding the play a tableau was given of a wedding party in the sitting room of "Mother Mine." Red lights were thrown on this with red lights showing through the back window and door. The wedding march was played during this beautiful tableau.

The setting of the entire play was in this living room of "Mother Mine," the first scene beginning just after the departure of the wedding party. This play was a clean, good, moral play. I do not believe we could have chosen a better one. It had plenty of life and humor as well as serious, helpful parts.

From the two nights we cleared \$61. Of this we gave fifty dollars to the church to start a fund for a new church floor, which we hope to have soon, as the balance has nearly all been pledged.

Sincerely,
LETA CRANDALL.

BEREA IS FIRST

The Christian Endeavor society of Berea, W. Va., is the first one to send in the pledge slips signed as a result of the Decision day service. Please do not forget to collect and send in these pledges. Important activities for next year depend upon our receiving these slips. Please send them soon, to L. E. Babcock, R. 5, Box 167, Battle Creek, Mich.

HOME NEWS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The Battle Church is happy to report progress in its plans for erecting a house of worship. This house will be known as the Ella Eaton Kellogg Memorial and, as is generally known, will be built on the lots now owned by the church at the corner of Aldrich Street and Washington Avenue North. The old parish house is being razed by volunteer labor, and the material stored to be used later in building a smaller residence for the pastor on the lots on North Avenue, recently donated by Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Kinney. It is thought that work on the church building will start in thirty days or less. The pipe organ, which was purchased from the First Presbyterian Church, will be taken down and stored this week also.

The Sabbath services are now held in the Upton Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, and the midweek prayer meeting in the homes of the members, as is also the Ladies' Aid.

The younger grades of the Sabbath school also meet in the church now, and this year the school will have a superintendent for each department with Mrs. Vina Sherwood Adams as general superintendent over the juniors, primary, beginners, and cradle roll. It is also hoped that we may start a church library as soon as we are in our own church home. A valuable nucleus for this was found stored in the parish house, having been left by the succeeding pastors who occupied it.

The pastor's family is now pleasantly located at 213 Howland Street.

About the last social activity at the parish house was a birthday surprise (?) for the pastor. As it was known that he and Mrs. Crofoot expected to be out of the city on the actual date, it was decided to give the party on the evening of April 28. Accordingly that evening they were invited out to dinner, and in their absence the lower rooms of the parish house were filled with friends—members of the congregation, and others. The house was darkened and the pastor summoned by a ruse, which was so successful that Mrs. Crofoot was left behind and had to be sent for later. Doctor Johanson saved the day for "truth" by announcing that the "couple who wanted to get married" was a couple of girls who could not find husbands. A pleasing program of contests, readings, and music was carried out under the direction of Mrs. Johanson as chairman of the program committee of the Ladies' Aid. After the closing number of this program the pastor and his wife were called to the dining room, where Chaplain Jordan presented a handsome birthday cake with appropriate remarks. In the center of the cake was a sum of money representing a dollar for each year of the pastor's life thus far.

Refreshments were served by the social committee of the Ladies' Aid, of which Mrs. E. T. Boehm is chairman, and the pastor generously divided his cake with those who had had more birthdays than he. The writer knows it was a good cake.

The attendance at our Sabbath services is

MORNING IN CALIFORNIA

AS SEEN BY NE PLUS

The sleeper's dreams begin to waver and fade; he has had his usual allowance of sleep, in the fresh air of the outdoor room. He begins to wake, but his eyes are still closed.

Clear and cold is the atmosphere,
A mockingbird is singing near,
A woodpecker raps on a hollow tree,
Roosters crow as the shadows flee—
It's morning in California.

He gets his eyes open at last and recognizes the familiar, homely sights of his humble dwelling; turning his head slightly, he catches the distant sunrise lights to the east, and the darker bulk of Pachappa to the south.

The east now glows with a golden hue,
Mountain peaks come into view
And float in a sea of deepest blue—
It's morning in California.

Up at last, washing, scrubbing, shaving, and "dolling up" for the day's work, while seen through the bathroom windows

Hummingbirds flit here and there,
Orange blossoms perfume the air,
Roses are blooming everywhere
This morning in California.

Just time for a few minutes' work in the garden, on the lawn, and about the "ranch," before starting to his daily toil.

Blackbirds hopping about in the spray
Of the garden hose—they love to play
In the sparkling drops in their flippant way
These mornings in California.

The mountains are right up in town today, every hill and canyon, cliff and scar, sharp and clear cut as a die. That means wind.

The "Santa Ana" begins to blow,
Driving the dust like drifting snow,
Palm leaves fall and away they go
Some mornings in California.

Ready for the day's work, he hurries down the street, down the hill, across the cold arroyo bottom, and up the winding high school hill.

Schoolboys loafing along the street,
Schoolgirls stopping a friend to greet,
Life is easy for them, and sweet,
This morning in California.

Life is full of work and worry, toil and trouble—also other things, easy to look at, free to enjoy.

*Day treads upon the heels of day
And new moons haste to wane away,
But Nature's joys are fresh each day,
Each morning in California.

*Horace: "Truditur dies die,
Novaque pergunt interire lunae."

increasing, which surely is a sign of growing interest. The church has many problems and discouragements but believes that the earnest prayers and sacrificial gifts of the faithful ones will be rewarded and blessed.

MARY V. EVANS.

708 West Van Buren Street,
Battle Creek, Mich.
June 13, 1928.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Children's day was observed last Sabbath morning at the regular church hour. All the children marched in from the outdoors while the orchestra played. It is certainly an inspiring sight to see this group, over one hundred in all, come tramping into the church and on the platform to sing the opening hymn. Truly our church has a tremendous responsibility before them in properly rearing and guiding this group of boys and girls into Christian lives and useful citizens, who will in a few years be carrying on the various activities of the church. We can not but feel that our church has a great future before it when we have such a host of youth who are looking to it for spiritual food and doctrine. Let the church and Sabbath school not be found wanting.

The program was of the usual high order, although planned and arranged in only two weeks. Every number was especially good and really deserved special mention, but space forbids. We will just say in passing that eighty-two different individuals took part in the program besides the members of the Sabbath school orchestra that gave several enjoyable numbers. At the close of the program, Superintendent L. O. Greene gave a sermonette to the boys and girls.

An abundance of green foliage had been used in decorating, and this served as a pleasing background and added much to the general effect. Also many flowers were in evidence.

"The blacksmith's arm is strong because it is put to a severe daily test; his hand can hold a hot iron which would burn yours and mine into blisters. Both have been made to endure hardness. Many Christians are spiritually weak because they are unwilling to endure hardness."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE FOURTH

MRS. ELISABETH K. AUSTIN
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 30, 1928

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Celebrate in thanksgiving (Ps. 105: 1-5)
Monday—Celebrate in feasting (Deut. 16: 13-15)
Tuesday—Helping the poor (Matt. 19: 21)
Wednesday—Remembering history (Ps. 136: 1-26)
Thursday—Establishing justice (Isa. 11: 1-5)
Friday—Remembering God (Eccl. 12: 1)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How good Americans celebrate the Fourth (Ps. 127: 1. Consecration meeting)

MRS. ALENA BOND
Assistant Junior Superintendent,
Nortonville, Kan.

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Now, children, what did the Psalmist mean by this verse? Just this, it seems to me. It makes no difference how hard we work, or how big and important a task we try to perform; it is vain, or useless, for us to go ahead depending just on ourselves and leaving God out of it. We need him to work with us and to bless our efforts, and then true success will come.

On the Fourth of July we rejoice that we have this great and glorious free country. In the war that made us free, George Washington and others prayed earnestly to God for his blessing on our weak forces, and the blessing came. So if we want our country to continue great, and filled with blessings to humanity, we should continue to think of God as directing and blessing us. We can not be good Americans and loyal to our country in the best sense without being loyal to God. In our celebration of the Fourth we should do nothing that we could not ask God's blessing upon. We should use no fireworks or such things in a way that will endanger property or life.

Rejoice and be happy, and help others to be happy, but through it all remember God.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I read in the SABBATH RECORDER that Florence Harris wrote an essay and received first prize, so I thought I would send an essay about Clean-Up week, that I wrote. All the children that were in the grammar grades in Plainfield wrote "Clean-Up" essays. I received first prize of the seventh grades, of \$4.

I am twelve years old, just old enough to attend the Teen-Age Conferences. There is going to be one at Marlboro, and maybe I will see Florence there.

Plainfield, N. J.,
June 15, 1928.

NELLIE BOND.

DEAR NELLIE:

I am so glad you thought to send your prize essay and I do not wonder you received first prize. I should have given it to you myself. It makes a very entertaining story, too. Do it again.

Lovingly yours,

M. S. G.

THE VACANT LOT TALKS

NELLIE BOND

(Winning prize essay in a contest in the schools of Plainfield, N. J., on "Clean-Up week," First prize, seventh grade.)

"Bobby, do you know that you are my very best friend?" inquired the lake.

Bobby puffed himself up and thought he was the finest fish in the world to be Mr. Lake's best friend. Indeed, he puffed himself up so much he had hardly breath enough to say, "I am glad I have that honor."

"Bobby! Bobby! come here quickly," a voice exclaimed with much excitement.

Bobby gasped for breath and swam very fast. He finally found that it was his mother who was calling. With waving tail she greeted him. Looking very nervous she panted, "Bobby, do you see that mud and bushes on all sides of us? Mr. Lake is becoming a swamp very rapidly. Your father has gone to the neighbors to tell them about the catastrophe. You can not play with anyone, for we must pack up."

"May I say good-bye to Mr. Lake, mother?" asked Bobby in a pleading tone.

"You may say good-bye, but hurry," said Mrs. Trout.

"Hello, Mr. Swamp," said Bobby.

"Why Bobby Trout, the very idea of calling me Mr. Swamp. You had better keep quiet or you won't be my friend any more. Why do you call me Mr. Swamp? I should hate to be a swamp."

"We are moving away today. Don't you see all the mud filling the water, and bushes growing on you?"

The swamp stared at the bush that was growing on his face and then cried. "Oh, Bobby dear, I don't want you to leave. You are so mischievous and I like mischievous fish."

Bobby looked up in surprise. He frowned as he thought to himself. "Am I mischievous? Am I mischievous?" Then he swam obediently back to his mother.

Gradually poor Mr. Lake lost all of his friends and was very lonely. One day he noticed a little imp circling around him. Maybe he would be Mr. Lake's friend.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the little creature. "I am sure this will be a good place to settle. I will call all my friends to this swamp."

"What is your name? You can not settle here without asking me. I am the greatest lake in the world." said the swamp.

"Ha! Ha! why do you call yourself a lake? You don't look much like a lake to me."

"I was once," sighed the lake slowly.

Mr. Lake didn't like to think that he was a swamp, but the crowds of mosquitoes convinced him. He was tortured with the biting of these dreadful pests. He lay awake night after night listening to their buzzing. He actually rejoiced when a load of rubbish was put on his bosom. At least no more mosquitoes could breed in that spot. But as load after load of rubbish was dumped on his breast his exultation changed to moans at the burden he bore.

"Well, I wonder what they are going to call me now?" said the swamp in a groaning tone. "First they called me a lake and then they called me a swamp. I hope they don't call me Mr. Dump. That would be worse than Mr. Swamp." But Mr. Dump

was his name. However, he was not the only person who disliked his appearance. For one day he heard someone say, "Let us clean up the rubbish in this dump heap. It would be a lovely place for a park."

"A park, a beautiful park! Perhaps I shall have a lake in the center. Perhaps beautiful green trees will circle the lake and give shade to children who will play on my bosom. That will be better than ever." cried Mr. Dump.

It did happen, for Mr. Dump became Mr. Park and lived happily ever after.

FROM A LITTLE SHILOH GIRL

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

Today is Children's day. I spoke a piece called "The Flower's Telegram."

Our school closed May twenty-fifth. I will be in the third grade next fall.

I used to live in New York State, not many miles from you. I have three brothers and three sisters.

I read the letters in the RECORDER to my little sister Virginia.

Your friend,

Shiloh, N. J.

JEAN LOOFBORO.

DEAR JEAN:

I know just where you used to live in New York State, in Little Genesee, wasn't it? I remember you, too, when you were a very little girl, but I don't suppose you remember me. Your parents and I are very good friends. Ask them: I'm pretty sure they will say so, too. I am especially glad to receive letters from children I know.

I like your letter and hope you will write often.

I wish I could have heard you speak your piece Children's day.

Lovingly yours,

M. S. G.

NOTICE!

Pastors, whether you have responded before or not, please write to P. B. Hurley at once the names of all coming or hoping to come to Conference. If there is no pastor, please some one attend to it. Letters from all coming, are so helping and are appreciated. We wish to serve.

P. B. HURLEY.

1985 Park Ave.,
Riverside, Calif.

KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS

II.

REV. A. L. DAVIS

For the sake of clearness and emphasis, some things need to be stated and re-stated again and again. As an introduction to this article, we state our position again. Fundamentalism is primitive, historic Christianity; its position is that of New Testament Christians. Fundamentalists are attempting to re-state and re-emphasize the great facts of the Bible which they consider fundamental to Christian faith. Among these, they place belief in the Bible as God's inspired message to man; belief in the deity of Jesus, the virgin birth, the atonement for sin through the death of Christ on the cross, the new birth, the resurrection of the body, and the second coming of Christ.

Now the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ was built upon that kind of foundation—an inspired, authoritative Bible; and a Christ, the incarnate, virgin born, Son of God, who died as a substitute for man on Calvary—a risen, triumphant, glorious Christ, seated at the right hand of the Father in heaven, our Intercessor, Mediator, Redeemer, and Lord.

And it is the Church with belief in that kind of a Bible, and with faith in that kind of a Christ, that God has honored through the centuries. It is that kind of a Church that has preached the gospel with power and has won triumphs for his kingdom at home and abroad.

And Rev. Charles Stelzle, a modernist, admits as much. Furthermore, he calls such people "fundamentalists." Here is a list of their accomplishments, according to Mr. Stelzle:

They have originated "practically all the great religious organizations of the day."

"They originally organized the great missionary movements."

"They originally built the educational institutions of America," and "the theological seminaries."

"They are responsible for practically all the most successful individual churches in the United States."

"Practically every evangelist in this country today is a fundamentalist."

"All great evangelists of the past were fundamentalists."

Now it is with a Church, built upon such a foundation, supported by such a faith, and honored by the Master with such a fruitage—it is with such a Church that modernism is not satisfied. The old faith and the old gospel no longer satisfy. They are antiquated. Leaders and teachers of fundamentalism are "unscientific," "static." So modernists have set themselves the self-appointed task, as they themselves declare, of breaking down the old faith, and rebuilding the Church in "harmony with modern thought."

This present-day movement, designated "modernism," in point of time, is what the word says—it is modern. We were first introduced to it, within the Church, under such terms as "higher criticism," "new theology," etc. It was German born. Then it found acceptance in some of our colleges and seminaries. These new and revolutionary ideas and teachings were at first carefully concealed, being confined largely to the classroom. But the leaven worked rapidly. Soon came deflections of colleges and seminaries from the faith of their founders. Pastors, educated under modernistic teachers, became more open and outspoken. The laity protested, and the storm broke.

Today the militant modernist glories in the conflict. Doctor Fosdick says: "They call me a heretic. I am proud of it. I wouldn't live in a generation like this and be anything but a heretic." Another modernist says: "The old-time Christian religion is dying." Mind you, he doesn't say, fundamentalism is dying, but the old-time Christian religion. Doctor Slaten, with a keen sense of satisfaction, says: "We are sitting by the death-bed of Christianity."

Not since the great revival of evangelical Christianity, which marked the overthrow of eighteenth century modernism, has anything so mightily shaken the Church as the present-day modernist movement. It is not a mere "quibble" over words, as so many would have us believe. It is a real struggle that is on. It has been forming for more than a quarter of a century. Ex-President Patton says: "It is a real fight to determine whether fundamental Christianity shall be preserved, or whether ortho-

dox Christianity shall withdraw from the conflict and surrender to modern unitarianism."

"By their fruits ye shall know them." No one need be ashamed of what fundamentalists, under God, have accomplished. Their labors have borne a rich harvest for their Master.

Now it is only fair to ask: What of vital worth has modernism contributed to the religious thought and atmosphere of the Church? Judged by its fruits, what shall we say of modernism? Put to the same test that we have put fundamentalism, what can be said of the fruitage of modernism?

1. In the first place, modernism has brought into the Church discord and controversy and confusion. The whole controversy in the Church today has been inspired by modernism. When modernists launched their program to re-create the Church "in harmony with modern thought," substituting a "social gospel" for personal redemption, denying many of the historic tenets of the Christian Church, fundamentalists objected. They had a right to object; they would have been cowardly had they not done so. They said, in substance, it is your privilege to preach and teach modernism, if you wish, but not in an orthodox, fundamentalist church. For a Christian congregation to submit to the perversion of her essential doctrines would have been a dishonorable thing. And because fundamentalists have resented, not only the doctrines of modernism, but their methods of propaganda, they have been called "trouble-makers," "intolerant," etc. But, let the facts be kept clearly in mind: modernists are the aggressors; they brought the trouble to the Church. We deeply regret the controversy, the strife, and confusion—but the sin is theirs.

PATHETIC PLEA FOR STARVING CHINA

Pleading for a pledge of one million dollars, to be sent at once to the famine sufferers in China, Dr. David A. Brown, noted Jewish philanthropist of Detroit, at a recent luncheon in the Hotel Vanderbilt, asked all faiths and creeds to unite in giving immediate aid to the starving. Doctor Brown was recently named vice-chairman of the National Committee, China Famine Relief.

"These people can not wait until we have had our summer vacations," said Doctor Brown in an impassioned appeal. "They are starving, starving. The summer may not be a good time to raise funds. It is not a good time to starve, either. And these people can not wait. We must send, at once, a million dollars to relieve the present terrible, intense need and to give earnest of our intention of sending more.

"If you have ever seen a starving child—if you have ever heard the awful, flat monotone of a child begging for bread—if you had ever seen a baby sucking blood from its mother's breast because there was no milk, you could not forget. I have seen. And that suffering, that flat, toneless cry is the same in all languages. In Austria, in Poland, in Russia, in China, it is the same. It is for 'bread, bread.'

"You think, perhaps, that these people do not suffer as you would. I tell you that suffering is the same the world over. I have seen Russian peasants, themselves starving, their children starving beside them, in the throes of an agony equal to any that you or I might suffer in similar circumstances."

Doctor Brown made particular appeal for all groups to unite in this campaign. He told of his own first campaign for the Young Men's Christian Association—himself a young Jew who felt that this organization offered more for the newsboys of his city than any other. Since then he has not only headed Jewish philanthropies, and the war campaigns, but has taken leading part in raising funds for the Knights of Columbus, the "Y" and other non-Jewish causes.

"Where there is suffering we who can must relieve it," he said. "We can not do it as we should do in China. After all, ten million dollars only means the barest minimum on which life can be sustained. It takes no account of what might be termed 'living' in our sense of the word. It will just provide the least possible food upon which body and soul can be kept together."

Doctor Brown told of a recent trip through China in which he was everywhere accorded a warm reception because the people of China loved America. And they loved America because America had been their friend—in the return of the Boxer

indemnity, and in help in the famine of 1921. These acts and such help as would be rendered now, would be paid back many-fold, Doctor Brown declared, in good will and friendship.

*China Famine Relief,
419 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.*

BUILDING

J. FRANKLIN BROWNE, CLASS 1925

Given at Salem College Fortieth Anniversary

[Mr. Browne was announced as Salem's oldest graduate.—T. L. G.]

Upon a verdant bank where met two streams,
To rear a dwelling each, two builders came;
Their aims, their hopes, their longings both the same—

To realize their homes, their long-loved dreams.

One with the pick, the heavy bar, the spade,
All sand removed, all loose stones, all the soil;
Dug down to bed-rock with long, heavy toil,
And there his deep and strong foundations laid.

The other one, to ease his work of hand,
And also thus the greater speed to make,
Thinking he need but lesser pains to take,
Built wide but weak his bases on the sand.

The old, true word; he spoke it for our ears—
Our ears to hear, our eyes to see, our hearts
To learn the workings of his greater arts
Who builds of us his temples for all years.

The Voice calls, "Build on rock, the sand gives way;

The Rock of Ages gives foundation sure;
Who builds on it forever shall endure;
He yokes him with God's stars that shine for aye."

'Tis history: See the nations built on sand;
Nineveh, Babylon—they built on power,
Raised high their proud walls; flourished for an hour—

Graves age-forgot, vast rubbish hills, they stand.
O'er his "great Babylon"—the proud king called it so—

Dance the wild goats, the desert wolves loud howl,
The jackal haunts her palaces, nests there the owl;
Dark shades of Sheol housed her long ago.

'Tis history: old Rome, the mistress of the world,
In lust of conquest sent her legions forth,
Enslaved the tribes, with iron ruled the earth
For greed, for power; death has her standards furlled.

Instead of self had she but loved mankind,
Had she but built on love of God and good,
Then through all ages might her walls have stood,
With many millions molded to the better mind.

'Tis history: once did Spain have great renown;
She conquered half the world; she built on gold;
Her story is the like of those of old—
The winds, the waves of fate have dasht her down.

The earth is made for man; in it to prove
That still 'tis Eden, garden of God's grace,
Where man may grow in likeness to God's face
And prove his sonship to the Eternal Love.

"Houses not with hands," age-lasting fanes,
"Eternal in the heavens" he'd make of us;
Temples of God's own Spirit, glorious,
His habitations; thus his grace ordains.

Teachers, to you God's edict comes again,
The royal summons, "Come, let us make man;
In these young bodies, minds, hearts build my plan;

Join hands with me, and so this end attain."

Yes, you he calls, to them himself to show;
Bring them to think, to feel, to live with him;
Find life-strength as they touch his garment's hem,

And into living temples in him grow.

Made in his likeness, God would image forth
Himself, his nature, in each mortal frame;
Build them his dwellings, name them by his name,
So in his higher realms they find the real worth.

Half wonderingly, half unconsciously, these youths
have tho't

To find, they scarcely knew what good, what gain;

But, trusting, lookt to you in hope to attain
True guidance for the end they dimly sought.

Come, O my soul, approach God's judgment bar;
Its white light streams around you; in its blaze
Say, have you given your best throughout the days
To make these souls his temples, in his fear?

We hear thine awful challenge, O our God!
We take thy cross, O Christ, to bear with thee
The toil, the suffering of Calvary,
Our faces set to share the victorious load.

No parleying with weakness, ease, pride, covert wrong,

No compromise with error can we dare;
Only the best, that always, brought in service here;

Unselfishness, hope, faith, the marching song.

Dig deep, O builder for the souls of men,
Strike the sharp mattock through the covering clay,

Open earth's old foundations to the day,
Give their great wisdom secrets to our ken.

Find us their covered thought who built the race,
Find us his thought who gave that thought to them,

Bind round our brows his truth's fair anadem,
And in his mirror show our lightened face.

Come, Holy Comforter, teacher divine,
Come, build thyself within each waiting heart;
Build there Shekinah, thine own counterpart;
So shall each soul be built to thee a shrine.

A CORRECTION

In the RECORDER of June 4, on page 724, the article signed "Mrs. C. C. Babcock," should have read "Mr. C. C. Babcock."

T. L. G.

DEATHS

BRIGGS.—At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Harry Jackson, Phenix, R. I., June 5, 1928, Alexander B. Briggs, M. D., in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Dr. Alexander B. Briggs, the son of Asa S. and Mary C. Burdick Briggs, was born in Ashaway, R. I., and throughout his life of nearly fourscore years Ashaway has been his home. At an early age he was graduated from Hopkinton Academy, Ashaway, R. I., and entered the Medical Department of Harvard University, from which he was graduated at the age of twenty-one years, being the youngest member of his class. He began the practice of medicine with the late J. H. Merrill, M. D., and till six years ago, a period of fifty years, he followed his profession in Ashaway and vicinity. His skill and kindly bearing won him many friends and a large practice, and he came to be recognized as one of the leading physicians in the state. For many years he was a member of the State Board of Health, and ten years its president. Besides Dr. Briggs' services as a physician he was for years actively connected with various business corporations in Rhode Island and elsewhere, either as president or as a member of the board of directors, among which were the Ashaway Woolen Company, the Ashaway Line and Twine Company, and the Ashaway National Bank. He also represented his town for one term in the general assembly.

May 18, 1874, Doctor Briggs married Miss Ella M. Wells, and this union, which was broken by Mrs. Briggs' death in May, 1927, proved a most happy and helpful one. To them were born four children, Walter A. Briggs of Ashaway, R. I.; Howard D. Briggs of Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Harry Jackson of Phenix, R. I.; and Dr. Asa S. Briggs of Providence, R. I.

In April, 1866, Doctor Briggs was baptized and joined the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I., and of this church he remained a member till called home. Though for years his large practice prevented his regular attendance upon the church services he was a loyal supporter of the church, and for a time served on its board of trustees. Throughout the years of his life he proved himself a genial and sympathetic friend, as well as a skilled physician, and in all the relations of life he was trusted, honored, and respected. Besides his children he is survived by one brother, Leverett A. Briggs of Ashaway, R. I., and one sister Mrs. Earl P. Saunders Alfred, N. Y., and a very large circle of friends.

Funeral services conducted by Rev. William L. Burdick, assisted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, were held in the church in Ashaway, June 8, and interment took place in the Oak Grove Cemetery.

W. L. B.

KENNEDY.—Jack Willis, infant son of John Loman and Reva Kennedy, was born at West Mil-

ford, W. Va., May 25, 1928, and died of pneumonia June 8, 1928.

Funeral was conducted by Rev. J. D. Engle, assisted by Pastor H. C. Van Horn.

H. C. V. H.

KENNEDY.—Dorsey Carlisle Kennedy, third son of James Loman and Jane Swisher Kennedy, was born May 16, 1874, at Lost Creek, W. Va., and passed away at Mason Hospital, Clarksburg, W. Va., June 10, 1928, at the age of fifty-four years and twenty-five days. His death came from injuries sustained from the kick of a cow.

Early in life he became a Christian and was baptized by Elder John L. Huffman, and received into membership of the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church. He remained a loyal member of this congregation throughout the remainder of his life, and for many years was one of its respected deacons and trustees.

He was married to Miss Allena Sommerville, September 19, 1895, who survives him and who through the years has been a loving, faithful, and devoted wife and mother. To them were born four children Dr. Harry W. Kennedy, prominent Clarksburg dentist; Mrs. Carson Wilcox of Zanesville, O.; John Loman of West Milford; and Dorsey C., Jr., a high school boy, still at home. Besides these members of his family, the deceased is survived by his aged mother, Mrs. Jane Swisher Kennedy; his sister, Miss Eunice of Lost Creek; Wm. O. of West Milford; and Gordon W. and Stephen G. of Lost Creek. These near and dear ones with a host of other relatives and friends are left to mourn his sad and untimely death.

The Kennedys have been long and favorably known in the Lost Creek community, being among the early settlers of this part of Harrison County. Deacon Wm. Kennedy, grandfather of the deceased, left his deep impress upon church and community, his name ever being a synonym for integrity, uprightness, and unselfish service. Likewise, his descendants have also ever stood for dependable and stalwart character, and none more so than has the deceased. His father, James Loman, died while Dorsey and his brothers and sister were young children. Too much praise and honor can hardly be ascribed to their mother in holding together and rearing this splendid family.

An optimistic and faithful Christian, an honorable and useful citizen has gone from us, called higher, we believe, for a better place of service.

His memory will ever live beautifully in our hearts and his children will continually "rise up and call him blessed."

While sorrow sits heavily upon us, we mourn, not as those having no hope, but as those who "have loved and lost awhile."

Funeral services were conducted at Lost Creek by his pastor, H. C. Van Horn, assisted by Rev. J. D. Engle. The West Milford quartet, composed of Okey W. Davis, Professor H. O. Burdick, Erle Davis and Dean M. H. Van Horn, rendered three favorite pieces. More than four hundred people testified by their presence of the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

H. C. V. H.

Sabbath School. Lesson II.—July 7, 1928

SAUL AND STEPHEN

Golden Text: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Revelation 2: 10.

DAILY READINGS

- July 1—The Death of Stephen. Acts 7: 54-60.
 July 2—Saul the Persecutor. Acts 8: 1-8.
 July 3—Loyalty to God and Country. Matthew 22: 15-22.
 July 4—Sharing Christ's Suffering. 1 Peter 4: 12-19.
 July 5—The Reward of Faithful Witnessing. 2 Timothy 4: 1-8.
 July 6—Praying for Enemies. Matthew 5: 43-48.
 July 7—Honoring God before Men. Psalm 116: 12-19.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

WHAT MONEY MAY SAY TO THE MAN

It may say:

"Keep me, and I will dry up the fountains of sympathy and benevolence in your soul, and leave your soul barren and destitute. Hoard me up, and I will change the heart of sympathy to a heart of stone.

"Grasp me more tightly, and I will change your eyes that they will care to look upon nothing that does not contain my image, and so transform your ears that my soft, metallic ring will sound louder to them than the cries of widows and orphans and the wail of perishing multitudes.

"Keep me, clutch me, and I will destroy your sympathy for the race, your respect for the right, and your love and reverence for God. Hold on to me with a death-grasp, and I will act as an evil lodestone, attracting all the desires and affections of your soul, and at last sink you into an endless night."

Or it may say:

"Give me away, and I will return in streams of spiritual revenue to your soul. I will act and react; I will bless the one that receives and the one that gives me. I will buy food for the hungry, raiment for the naked, medicine for the sick, and send the gospel to the benighted, and at the same time purchase joy and peace for the soul that gives me, and a larger heaven for both."—*Lost Creek Booster*.

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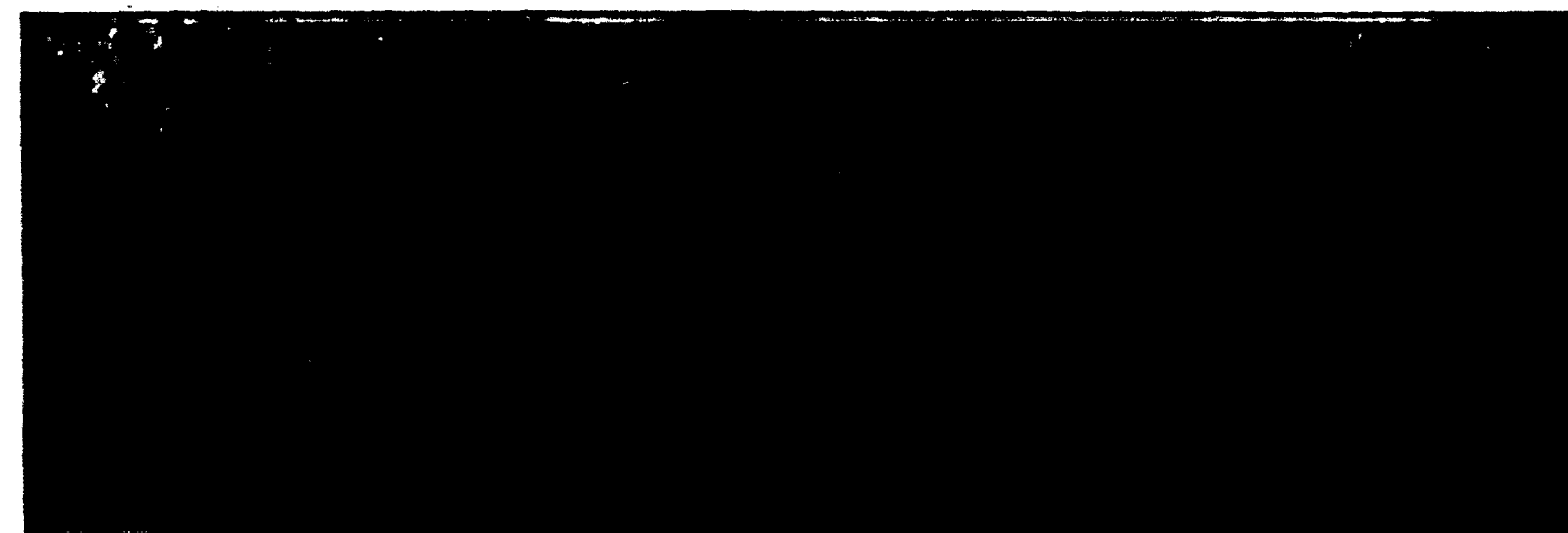
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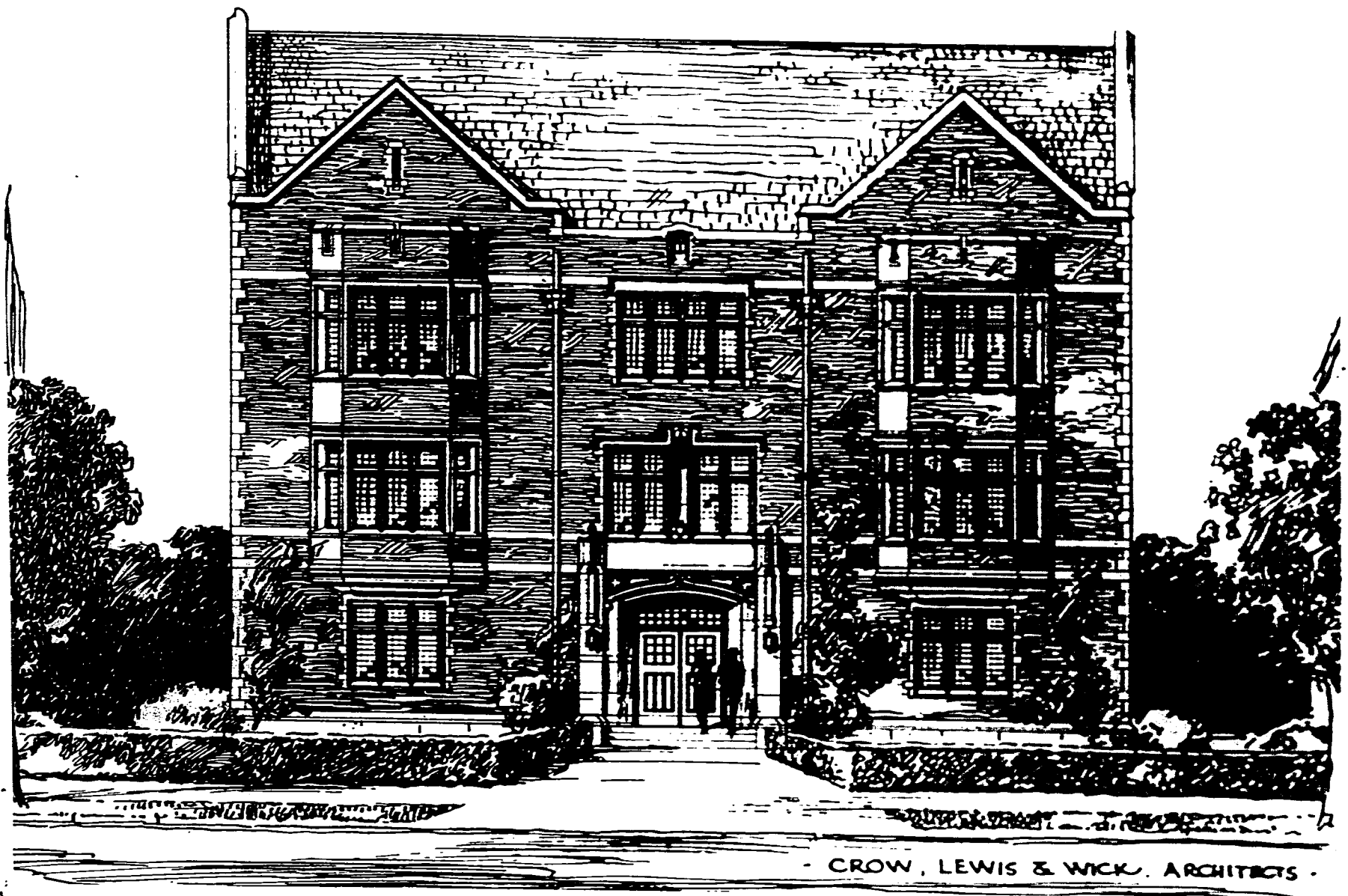
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