

The Sabbath Recorder

The
Denominational
Building
in
1928

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

CAN WE GET PEACE BY PREPARING FOR WAR?

"While we are with one hand making a gesture toward the renunciation of war, with the other hand we are building up the greatest peace-time navy in our entire history."

TAKING THE NEXT STEP

"As much for the navy in a single appropriation as we have saved for higher education during the whole history of the nation!"

"The National Conference on Church Comity last month agreed to do something about unity, not simply talk about it."

YOUTH AND AGE

"Age is alarmed at the so-called radicalism of youth, and youth is quite impatient with the alleged conservatism of age. A rapprochement must be effected."

—Federal Council.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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

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

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

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WHOLE No. 4,330

"Teach us, O Lord, to become as little children that we may enter into thy kingdom. Make our hearts pure and clean, our minds receptive, and our worship sincere. Make us charitable! When men and women have come to Christ for forgiveness and cleansing, help us to blot out of our recollection the story of their former wrong! Teach us to think about things that are pure, honest, and of good report! In Christ's name Amen"

The Bible and the Common People

A few weeks ago the RECORDER published an item regarding the great work of the American Bible Society in furnishing the Scriptures to the common people—even to thousands who are unable to pay. The American branch of that society alone has sent out many millions of copies, and the common people have received them gladly.

I am impressed with the thought that in the humbler walks of life there are millions in the homes of the lowly to whom the sacred volume tells a straight-forward story, and to whom it shows the way from the despairing depths of sin to the glorious hope of eternal life through the divine Savior. Multitudes of men and women, toiling in shops and in stores, and on farms, bearing heavy burdens and meeting many sorrows, are today finding the Bible just as precious—just as full of comforting promises and uplifting truths—as ever it was in the years gone by. To them it is an open book with a light beaming from its pages, which drives away the darkness as surely as the sunlight drives away the night. By them it is regarded as a blessed message from God to man. They glean from its pages the golden truths of faith and hope which the Lord left for sorrowing, sinful men, to guide them in their way from time to eternity.

Sad indeed will it be for this innumerable multitude, if the chilling unbelief of modern times shall rob them of their faith and leave them to drift hopelessly toward a dark future. This need not be if proper care is taken, by those who differ, to safeguard the Bible, which both sides really love. There

should be no real disagreement between the messages in God's two books, when both are properly understood.

It seems to me that even if I were an atheist I would be glad to see such multitudes drawing happiness and hope from the Scriptures, and receiving help to overcome sin and to lead purer, better lives among men. The hardest heart and the most unbelieving—if he cares anything for the good of his fellow men—ought to be glad that so many do find peace of soul and incentives for better living in the Book of books.

To the trusting multitudes of common people, who are unschooled as yet, the quarreling theologians and human commentators can add nothing. And it may be better that the contentions between theological factions do not reach and disturb them. For, I fear, that much of the criticism will only tend to rob them of faith and set them adrift.

THIS NEED NOT BE

This leads me to say that I am sure there must be a way to show such a harmony between God's two books as will establish the Bible in the hearts of men rather than to destroy its power as the teaching of God.

I do not see how this can be accomplished by personal criticisms and sharp arguments between brethren. But by careful, devout, and conscientious presentation of actually established truths found in God's handwritings in the natural universe, presented in the spirit of loyalty to God the Creator, there should be found a harmony between science and the Bible that will strongly establish that book as the love message of God to men.

Devout, conscientious, God fearing study of Jehovah's age-long methods of world building, so clearly seen in the heavens and in the earth, ought to clear up many problems found in Genesis and elsewhere, with satisfactory solutions, and thereby strengthen Bible authority instead of undermining it.

If any light ever enters the hearts of unbelievers it must be both presented and received in words of loving friendship, that

appeals to the heart rather than to the head. Expressions of kindly toleration, where opinions honestly differ, are far more likely to win men to the truth.

If orthodox *intellects*, fighting for human doctrines, could give place to Christian good manners, appealing to *hearts* by love rather than to minds by logic, there might be a better outlook for the dear old Bible.

Good Work for the Ritchie Church The Ritchie Church at Berea, W. Va., has recently dedicated a fine new house of worship, and under the wise leadership of Rev. Clifford A. Beebe is evidently taking on new life in the Master's service.

We were impressed with the evidences of renewed interest in this church while in attendance at the South-eastern Association.

This association was held in the old pine grove and in the Methodist church near by.

The grove is a part of the lot upon which once stood what was known as the "Pine Grove, or South Fork of Hughes River Church."

Many perplexing questions troubled that old church until it finally broke up, and the few remaining members deeded the property to the present Ritchie Seventh Day Baptist Church. This church was organized by Rev. Walter B. Gillette, while he was there on his second visit as a missionary, in 1870. The mission of this good man proved to be a Godsend to the churches of West Virginia. There were twenty-six constituent members, eleven of whom came from the Pine Grove Church.

For years the church house stood on the "Otter Slide," a quiet valley quite a distance from Berea. In 1896 the church purchased

the dwelling house for a parsonage. There are several acres of land which also belong to the church.

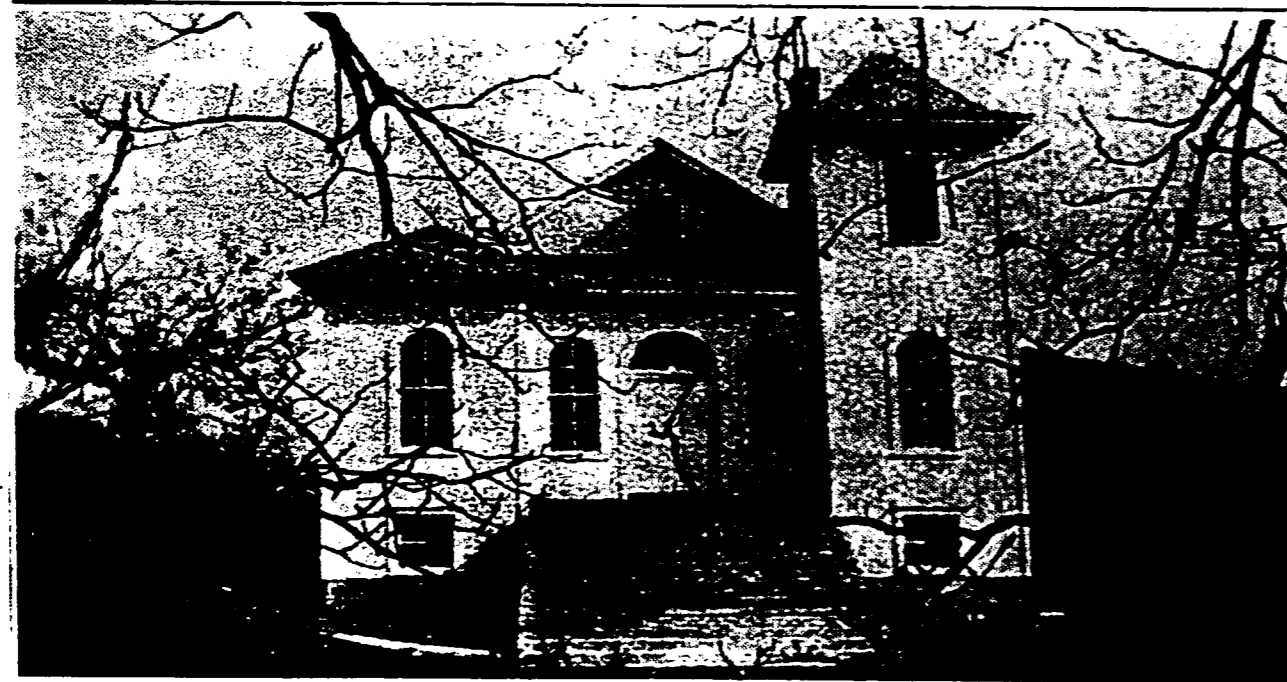
The church on Otter Slide was destroyed by fire several years ago. This made a discouraging outlook for the little flock. But by faithful work and hard lifting by both pastor and people, the new house, a picture of which we give here, was completed.

This church has given three ministers to the denomination—Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, Rev. Clyde Ehret, and Rev. Perie Randolph Burdick. Its present pastor, Rev. Clifford

A. Beebe, is one of our consecrated young men, and we bid him God speed in his work, and trust that the little church he serves among the West Virginia hills may continue to be the light of the world in that land.

Fifty Happy Years In Holy Wedlock A communication from the "Committee of Arrangements" in Milton, Wis., brings the information that Rev. and Mrs. M. G. Stillman are nearing the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, which occurs on March 12, 1928.

The church and society at Milton are planning a public reception for Brother and Sister Stillman to be held in the church on the evening of March 11, from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. A general invitation is given for all their friends to have some part in this reception. There are many friends in sections where Brother Stillman has served as pastor during the half century so far away that they can not attend; but many of these will gladly send some messages of love and evidences of appreciation to represent them on that occasion.



Send letters of congratulation and good wishes to Pastor J. L. Skaggs, or Doctor Edwin Shaw, or Doctor A. L. Burdick, Milton, Wis.

News Notes A movement is on foot and well under way in the New York State Legislature, by which employment can be provided for the thousands of idle workmen. Appropriations are being made for highway construction, bridge building, and the improving of public parks to the amount of several million dollars. Everybody will be glad to see some way made possible to give work to the great host of suffering laborers now out of employment.

There are encouraging signs in these days that Japan and Russia are becoming more ready to consider a proposition to outlaw war.

The sixth Pan-American Conference has closed with many expressions of good will, and some of the representatives who were hitherto opposed to the treaties have signed the "Acta." The outlook grows brighter for permanent peace and friendship between the American republics.

A prisoner who had spent twenty-five years in the Eastern Penitentiary was pardoned last year. For many years he had watched prisoners, whose time was out, leave the prison with new suits, fully determined to go straight, only to come back again in a little while.

When this man's pardon came he went out determined to do what he could for his fellows. He was an inventor, having secured patents in wood carving work, and had \$50,000 in the bank.

Within a year after he was liberated he had a fine shop ready for use, and offered work to men who were out of prison. He now has fifteen ex-prisoners in his shop, turning out good work. The superintendent is a pardoned murderer who had been ten years in prison. Any ex-convict can find a place there who will keep straight and who will use no liquor.

A message from Palestine says that Joseph's tomb, near Nablus, has been plundered by robbers who stole valuable manuscripts, and a precious ancient golden lamp,

for which some American once offered \$6,000, but which the natives would not sell at any price.

We have just received a communication from Riverside, Calif., setting forth the advantages of an ocean voyage from New York to New Orleans, lasting four days, and a railroad trip from New Orleans by the Southern Pacific Railroad to San Francisco and Riverside. Some Conference delegates might like such a trip, one way at least. If anything good comes to light regarding the matter, we will hasten to let you know.

MODERNISM

DEAN J. NELSON NORWOOD

IV. THE UNIVERSE THROUGH MODERNIST GLASSES

MY DEAR FATHER:

I much enjoyed your visit last week end, and judging by your actions, you must have enjoyed yourself here. Some of the fellows said it tickled them to see you jump and yell at that game. I only wish you could have stayed over a day or two longer to hear a lecture I heard and which would have pleased you immensely. The speaker's thought followed so closely some of the lines that we have discussed together, he might almost be accused of stealing our thunder. I got a real thrill out of it. I am going to relay it to you.

While, of course, the lecturer was obviously a modernist, there were naturally many things which appealed to my fundamentalist friends here as being extremely inspiring. He spoke of the almost limitless size or extent of the material universe as compared with the universe familiar to our fathers. The immense size and variety of the heavenly bodies, and the inconceivable distances between them fairly stagger the mind. Light travels at the rate of 168,000 miles per second. Light rays leaving the sun reach the earth in about eight minutes, and the sun is some 90,000,000 miles away. But there are stars so far away that their light, now reaching the earth, left them over 700,000 years ago! Compare the two-for-a-nickle universe of the old Hebrews or of the Teutons of King Alfred's day with the

one we know. What a wonderful God the maker and ruler of this universe must be!

"Lord of light, beneath the dome
Of the universe thy home . . ."

How much that means today!

The speaker also dwelt inspiringly on the richness and variety in the universe. He made surprising use of the recent discoveries in physics and electricity and the atom. Think of it, dad, the old atom, which we once thought a simple solid almost infinitely small, is itself a sort of solar system with little suns and planets revolving about each other and at distances apart, comparable at least (considering their size) to the distances between the units of our real solar system! Isn't it amazing—almost terrifying. It fairly makes me gasp trying to picture it. And no one seems to know what these little particles are, or even if they are particles. One scientist has suggested that they are just *crinkles*, or maybe, *strains* in the ether—which sounds very much like "I don't know" in a little different language. Every mystery we have cleared up has just resulted in revealing the presence of a whole collection of new mysteries.

Finally, he considered evolution as God's method of working on or in the universe. Evolution itself produces nothing, he said. It is not a power. It is a process. Some call biological evolution a fact, some call it a partially demonstrated working hypothesis, and some say it is a mere theory or guess. The lecturer said that all these names are wrong and all are right. He meant that as applied to a part of the field it is a mere theory. For example, the difference between the most primitive man of whom research has given us any knowledge, and any lower animal is so great, that to say man evolved from a lower animal is a purely theoretical statement. No facts are available directly to back the theory.

Again, in part of the field evolution is a partially demonstrated working hypothesis. For example, there are a good many facts pointing to evolution as the process by which man has risen from the most primitive type we know to his present estate. In still another part of the field, evolution is a fully demonstrated fact. Perhaps the evolutionary story of the horse is the completest of any of the better known animals. Actual skeletons of the horse have been discovered

and studied which enable scientists easily to trace its evolution from an insignificant creature about the size of a sheep through most interesting stages to the noble creature of today.

The lecturer said that he felt sure, whether fact or theory, the evolutionary explanation is without a serious rival and only awaits time and research for full proof and universal acceptance. Of course, you know, dad, that this view of things is almost unquestioned here in college, and in spite of it, nay, partly because of it, we still stay religious—more profoundly religious than ever.

Love,

YOUR BOY.

"THE BEATER-EE"

[The following is a letter from one of our pastors to a young friend who has been studying the Sabbath question for some time. It is its own commentary.]

DEAR HARRY:

I am certainly interested in your recent letter. I have felt satisfied that eventually you would arrive on the right side of the question of the Sabbath, because I have found that it rarely fails that when a person with as quick a conscience as yours begins studying the question without prejudice, as thoroughly as you have done, he lands in the ranks of true Sabbath keepers.

I am sorry Mr. S. is in Iowa and I am unable to confer with him about that address to which you refer, but I may be able to do so later. In the meantime a few of my thoughts may help you, though perhaps I may repeat some of the things I have said to you before.

My creed is based entirely on the practice and teachings of Jesus Christ and I accept the Bible as a true record of these. None of our pro-Sunday friends refute or deny that Jesus was a consistent seventh-day Sabbath keeper. In his ministry there was much controversy over *how* he kept it, and though he said in reference to the Lord's Supper, "Do this in remembrance of me," he certainly left no word of that kind in reference to hallowing Sunday in honor of his resurrection. Nor did he hint a word which in any manner could annul or abolish the Sabbath commandment.

Being a good Protestant I deny, of

LAST OF ROGER WILLIAMS

Did someone eat Roger Williams? Most people have heard the story of Roger Williams who was banished from Massachusetts in 1636 by an edict that is still in force and who founded the settlement which eventually became the city of Providence and the refuge for people of any religious belief, whatever it might be.

Seventy-five years ago Miss Betsy Williams, a descendant of Roger, who lived just outside the city, gave her homestead and red cottage to the city as a nucleus for a public park, which, with the many additions of land, gardens, etc., has become one of the most attractive spots in the country. At one side a plot of ground about seventy-five feet square was inclosed as a last resting place for the remains of descendants who had departed this life, and one after another they were moved and buried in the little cemetery.

The grave of Roger was well known, he having been laid away in his own garden on Benefit Street, and so the workmen carefully dug down to get his bones. But they did not find them, only the coffin handles and other metal parts came into sight. He had been in the ground 175 years and time had made a great change. A large apple tree growing close by had found him, and its roots, reaching out for nutrition, had sent out feeders which had followed the general position of the limbs and had absorbed the physical part of Roger and passed him along in the production of plant and fruit.

People have been eating the apples for many years. Therefore is it not possible that they have eaten and appropriated his substance and that Roger Williams is again incarnated and again walks our streets? The roots and hardware are preserved and anyone may see them at the historical cabinet in Waterman Street adjacent to Brown University in Providence.—I. E. Chandler, Providence, R. I., in the *Pathfinder*.

To be popular at home is a great achievement. The man who is loved by the house cat, by the dog, by the neighbor's children, and by his own wife is a great man, even if he never had his name in "Who's Who."
—Thomas Dreier.

course, that the church has any authority, spiritual or moral, over me. I deny that any person or organized church has the authority to set aside one of the most deeply grounded ordinances of God; one which, if observed and utilized as God evidently purposed, yields the richest spiritual nourishment; and one which, if neglected, leaves the Christian sadly anaemic spiritually, as witness of which I point to the thousands of professed Christians who minimize the Sabbath idea.

Any rational thinker must certainly conclude that if a Sabbath was good for the Jew, it must be good for the Gentile, when the needs for which it was established are sure to endure till the end of time, and seem to be increasing rather than diminishing in this hurrying and materialistic age. The need for a special sacred time for soul discipline and spiritual nourishment has not diminished in the least as I have observed.

You may pause with a question on the word sacred. What makes a thing sacred? The Church has canonized her saints enumerable, and multiplied her holy days and holy weeks, and with the most careful scrupulosity observes Lent and Good Friday and Easter and all the rest, hallowed only by the fertile imagination of man; but with the most reckless and premeditated and prejudiced audacity, violates and tramples and purposely annuls the Sabbath, a thing which, if God ever hallowed and sanctified anything, he did this, in the clearest and plainest fashion, and in the midst of the divine code. And Jesus, in practice and precept, put his stamp of approval upon it. Jesus did not say the Sabbath was made for the Jew. He said it was made for man, and that means me.

These "Ten Words," the Commandments, the fourth included, stand securely, even without authority of Scripture to prove their divine origin. The test of the ages has proved it. Even our most liberal friends must accept the results of the test tube. But how one who denies church authority and adheres strictly to Scriptural authority can possibly squirm around the seventh-day Sabbath is the "beat-ee."

With loving regard,

EDWARD M. HOLSTON.

"If Christ is the root of your life, you are the fruit of his life."

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

SUPPORTING THE DENOMINATIONAL PROGRAM

Are you supporting the denominational program by your influence and money?

I believe that the program is worthy of our united support, and I am confident that if the entire denomination were backing it up with their prayers and intelligent co-operation we would carry out the work planned by the boards and raise every cent of the Onward Movement budget.

But as it is we are only raising a part of the budget and are giving inadequate moral support to our denominational work.

What is the trouble?

I believe that the outstanding reason is that many of our members are non-supporters of our denominational program and the Onward Movement budget.

Some of the larger denominations are saying that their failure to raise their budgets is because a large proportion of their members are not sufficiently interested in their work to help in financing it.

Two weeks ago the *Western Recorder* stated editorially of the Southern Baptists:

"We are all agreed—statisticians, experts, and the common Baptist judgment are agreed—that the Seventy-five Million Campaign elicited the support of fewer than 800,000 out of 3,500,000. We all agree—statisticians and the rest of us—that every new proposition so far fashioned since the great campaign to carry on our work and to get out from under the cloud of debt, which has so long hovered over us, carries within its purview only this same 800,000

"Our great denomination looks at 800,000 givers and 3,000,000 non-givers, and set its plans to get its debts paid by the 800,000.

"So far as our plans would indicate, we are entirely without faith in our ability to reach and enlist this mass of 3,000,000 Baptists. We seem to have no thought of prog-

ress that includes enlarging them and enlisting them."

Without question a much larger proportion of our denomination is giving for our work, but we have no way of determining how many are not giving. Last week one of our pastors said that he thought that forty or fifty per cent of our members are not paying for our Onward Movement work, and the other nine ministers present did not object to the statement.

Of course the non-givers include many who are not wage earners and the larger part of our non-resident members, but the per cent is alarmingly large, both in its immediate effect on our work and its promise for the future. Just think what this means—3,200 to 4,000 persons who are not helping to raise the budget.

I am anxious that the 4,000 who are financially supporting denominational work shall give more liberally, but I am especially anxious that the 4,000 non-givers become givers. We need their offerings for the Lord's work, but even more do we need their sympathetic interest in our program. The future success of our churches and denomination depends to a considerable extent on our enlisting the support of those who are not entering heartily and sacrificially into the denominational program.

The one indispensable aid in realizing the desired change is a spiritual revival in our churches that will reach backsliders and the indifferent. If in the next six weeks we should have great spiritual awakenings in our churches, we would soon be more united in pushing our denominational work and have more givers for the Onward Movement budget.

But such a spiritual revival would need to be supplemented with instruction concerning the work that our boards are directing. Knowledge of such work begets interest, and interest in that work impels us to support it.

Pastors and teachers and others have opportunities in the various services of the church to impart information that will tend to encourage support of local and denominational work, but this calls for studied and continued work on the part of the pastor and his co-workers.

The educational value of the denominational paper is very great, enabling us to have an intelligent understanding of the

tasks before us and the efforts that are being put forth to do the work. Through the paper every person can secure a fairly accurate idea of the denominational program.

Probably most of the moral and financial supporters of our Onward Movement are readers of the *SABBATH RECORDER*; I fear that the non-supporters do not generally read it.

The denominational boards are your agents. I know that these boards desire to let our people know of the work they are asked to direct. Invite representatives of these boards to visit your church; arrange that conferences be held to consider the work; secure the attendance at these meetings of those who are not supporting church and denominational work as they ought.

More specially prepared literature explaining our work should be placed in the hands of every Seventh Day Baptist, as it offers large possibilities for interesting people. When a general secretary is secured to use all of his time in the cause of the Onward Movement, this promising aid will doubtless be used to great advantage.

If you are anxious that we have a one hundred per cent interest in our denominational program on the part of our members, will you not do your part in securing the every member support?

MY CALL TO THE GOSPEL MINISTRY

REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN
SIGNS

When I was in pinafores my folks lived on the hill at Welton in a house next door to the parsonage. Elder H. B. Lewis' wife taught me to say "Mary's little lamb," and had me recite it and such at the Ladies' Aid. Elder Lewis gave me a little pig about the same time. (Elder James Skaggs will laugh, if he ever reads this.) I used to run down the hill ahead of my parents, a little child, regularly to church and Sabbath school. Later, at Garwin, Elder Maxson Babcock used to incite me—I suppose he never knew of it—to stand before my small sisters, wave my hands, and proclaim, "Preach Maxson, preach," and to insist on their singing. Who knows how much these experiences and tendencies have to do with one's future course? Certainly the godly

example of one's parents, making it the rule of their lives always to be at church and Sabbath school with their children, must have a most important bearing on a future course of life and conduct. And in this connection, testimony should be given to the influence of a mother's prayers, high ideals, and hopeful expectation that her son should be called of God to become a messenger of the good news.

ADOLESCENT DREAMS

In my early high school days many thoughts of future activities and vocations took their turn in my mind. But through it all there always persisted the feeling that I must be a minister. One of the most defined ambitions of this period was the desire to become a pharmacist. Another desire was to become a farmer, to possess land and cattle and horses. During this period a cousin, loved and highly respected in my father's home, wrote of his college work and plans for the ministry. Perhaps this more than anything else, tangible at that time, deepened my growing conviction that my calling was to the gospel ministry. I was converted after this and joined the church, from which time, I believe, I never wavered in my determination to prepare for and enter this vocation.

LATER EXPERIENCES

I am sure I never heard a voice "preach." I do not remember any one in my home church ever expressing any feeling that I ought to follow this course. Indeed, I think the good folks at North Loup were surprised and not a little doubtful when they heard that "Hode's boy" was wanting to be a minister. However, I am sure this old western pioneer church is proud of all her ministers and missionaries and other religious workers. At college I found many friends and helpers who encouraged in many ways a timid and bashful boy. To them and many others I can never cease to be grateful. I never found in college life a place to turn away from my earlier convictions.

But two or three attempts during these days were made at preparing or delivering a sermon. It is still a wonder to me that those few times did not completely turn me from my purpose. One winter vacation was spent with a fellow student, Raymond Tol-

bert, in some meetings at Fish Lake, Wis., and following the Conference at Milton Junction, after my graduation, I assisted Ed Babcock a few weeks at Grand Marsh. But in these meetings I acted only as the leader of song service and in personal work. My earliest attempt at preaching, or shall I better say "occupying the pulpit," was at Albion where my prospective father-in-law was pastor. Even he had not the nerve to stay and hear me in my maiden effort. I think he was at an association.

A year after graduation from college, the Missionary Board, in their extremity, invited me to go to Farnam, Neb., as a missionary pastor, for \$100 per year from the board, the local church being supposed to raise at least a like amount. Time and occasion will hardly warrant my speaking of the discouragement there—to the good people, who expected a man who had had a *little experience at least*. But they rallied to their young pastor and to them he owes no little for their loyalty, spirituality, and loving confidence and support. There I experienced my first joy in leading young people down into the baptismal waters. One of the first of them was a young, red-headed lad, who is now the honored and loved pastor of the DeRuyter Church.

In the several other lines of activities which have at some time engaged my time and attention, I have never been satisfied. Always there was a looking forward to something farther on. It has not been so in the ministry. In the ministry there has been no feeling or desire for something else to take its place, or to satisfy some unfulfilled longing in my life. In times of discouragement I have sometimes thought of perhaps the possibility of turning aside to something else. Always has come a sinking of heart even at the thought of such a thing. I look on such experiences as corroborative testimony to my call to the ministry.

I could speak of the great joy of the work—the many blessings and opportunities, of the wide circle of friendship, and of many other satisfactions that make me feel that it is the most blessed privilege in the world to be a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ's gospel. I am glad of and thank God for my vocation. If I could live my life over again I would want *only* to be a better man in the noblest of all callings.

THE BOY

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

(Sermon to the boys and girls, Plainfield, N. J., February 11, 1928)

Text: *And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.* Luke 2: 52.

We know very little about the boyhood of Jesus, but what we do know reveals him as a normal boy who lived very much the same kind of life that every fine young lad lives today who is brought up in a Christian home.

Fanciful stories have been told about the childhood of Jesus. It has been said that when he and other children were playing together and making mud pigeons, just as some of us used to make mud pies, that the birds which Jesus made would take wings and fly. Doubtless Jesus played with other children. But there was nothing miraculous about what he did. Even when he became a man he never performed a miracle just to show what he could do, but only to help someone.

His parents saw nothing unusual about him. For when he got lost from them one time when they were returning home from Jerusalem, when he was twelve, they looked for him first among other groups of children, just where they often had found him, no doubt. They discovered him among the doctors at last, it is true. But that is the way of a normal boy, too—to ask questions of people who ought to know.

With reference to the boyhood of Jesus, then, we shall have to depend upon our imagination mostly, remembering that he grew in body, mind, and spirit, just as other boys grow.

We often imagine we can see him playing among the shavings in the carpenter shop at Nazareth. Then when he was a little older he began to use the hammer and saw and other tools, until gradually he began to learn how to use them to make things. I have no doubt he was very happy when he got where he could help Joseph, and I suspect he was happiest when they together made something for the mother, and he carried it to her and surprised her.

Many people think Joseph died while Jesus was just a boy, and so he worked not merely to make his own living, but he helped to keep the little home together in Nazareth for Mary and the other members

LEARNING TO BE GENEROUS

A big boy and a little boy walked along the street and the big boy had a very big apple. He was big-hearted and generous and handing the big apple to his little friend, he said, "Jimmy, take a bite." Jimmy took a bite but it was the bite of a small boy. The big boy said, "Jimmy, take a bigger bite," and he took another bite; but the big boy said, "Jimmy, take another bigger bite."

It is no doubt a good lesson for Children's day, that our boys and girls should learn to be generous.

It is said of Abraham Lincoln that his mother made him the best of gingerbread, and that when as a boy he went out with a good sized piece and met a boy whose mother was so poor that she was never able to make her boy any gingerbread, Lincoln saw the boy's mouth water and his hungry eyes glisten when he was eating the gingerbread. So he gave the poor boy the larger part of the piece—although Lincoln later said, if there was one thing I was very fond of, it was gingerbread that my mother could make.

No doubt he was showing at this time the largeness of a generous heart, which made him so many friends during the terrible years of the Civil War.—*Rev. Edgar L. Williams*

THEY WERE DANGEROUS THEN; WHAT WOULD THEY BE NOW?

When the great evangelist, Charles G. Finney, was president of Oberlin College, a band of twenty-one young men and women graduating from the school wished to go to the foreign field. But the American Board (Congregationalist), was afraid of Finney's liberalism and refused them. They went to northern Minnesota without financial support, and (if one prefers to think so) threw away their lives in missionary labor among the Sioux and Ojibway Indians. Fred E. Stockton says: "They gave a total of two hundred years of service without a dollar of compensation." Now President Finney is fondly remembered as a champion of conservative Christian orthodoxy in opposition to modernism. If the members of the American Board of that day were still living, the world would look to them as if they were standing on their heads and whirling around. And who would think of such missionaries as dangerous today?—*The Baptist*.

of the family. He must have remained at home until all the younger children were old enough to take care of themselves, for he did not leave home to preach his gospel to the people until he was thirty years of age.

Martin Luther, a great leader in the Christian Church who lived many years ago, used to tell a beautiful story about a bishop who wished he might know more about the boyhood of Jesus than is told to us in the Bible. At last this bishop had a dream. He dreamed that he saw a carpenter working with saw and hammer and plane, just as any carpenter works, and a little boy beside him playing in the shavings and picking up chips. Then a sweet-faced woman in a green dress came and called them both to dinner, and set before them porridge. All this the bishop saw in his dream while he stood behind the door where he could not be seen. Pretty soon the little boy saw him behind the door, and then he said to his parents, "Why does the man stand there? Shall he not eat of our porridge with us?" Then the bishop awoke.

(Of course it was only a dream. But no doubt it is such a picture as one might have seen had he lived in Nazareth in that far-off day when Jesus was a little boy. It is such a picture as any boy or girl today may in fancy weave, who has learned about the good life which Jesus lived in that far-away land so long ago.

When we think of the good life of Jesus, and his work in the world, we usually think of the three years of his public ministry when he "went about doing good." When he began this work he was thirty years old. But it was when he was twelve years old that he said, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And so during all those earlier years he was doing his Father's business. We can see him in the home, helping his mother about the house, carrying a pitcher of water from the well, seeking all day long to bring sunshine and cheer to all.

Be like Jesus, this my song,
In the home and in the throng;
Be like Jesus all day long:
I would be like Jesus.

"Generosity is often a means to self-gratification; some folks get a bigger thrill out of giving than they do out of getting."

MISSIONS

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

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CHURCHES?

The New York *Herald-Tribune*, for February 12, gave the greater part of one page to the discussion of the question, "What's the Matter with the Churches?" and evidently the Men's Church League was responsible for the presentation of the problem. There is a feeling on the part of some that Protestant churches in America are falling down on their job, and it is admitted by all that churches are not accomplishing what they should.

The Men's Church League has been making a survey of New York City and vicinity to ascertain the causes of the failure on the part of the churches, and is about to extend the investigation to the United States and Canada. In the discussion referred to above it is pointed out that 27,000,000 are enrolled as members of Protestant churches in the United States and, while the survey is not completed, the present indications are, so it is stated, that thirty-two per cent of the churches last year did not add a single convert. This means that about 70,000 Protestant churches made no gains in membership last year. It is also stated that Protestant churches are expending \$600,000,000 at home and abroad. The appropriation for foreign missions totals less than \$50,000,000, and thus it would appear that over \$550,000,000 is spent annually on churches at home. In the discussion in the *Herald-Tribune* it is stated, in substance, that the average gain per year for the last twenty years has been about 500,000. From these figures the reader is left to infer that it cost \$1,100 on the average to secure a member to the Protestant churches in the homeland.

In the survey which the Men's Church League is making to determine what is the matter with Protestant churches many replies were received and among them are these:

Rev. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes, pastor Old

First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J., and chairman of the World Commission on Evangelism of the United Society of Christian Endeavors: "Many things are the matter, chiefly a lack of willingness to keep one's covenant obligation. How lightly we regard our promises to God!"

Frank H. Jamison, ruling elder in the First Church of Orange (Presbyterian): "The matter with many of our churches is that the ministers preach an anæmic gospel, and men, being undernourished, have nothing to give to others."

Rev. Dr. C. H. Fenn, of Princeton, missionary on furlough from China:

"Fatty degeneration of the heart. Wealth, luxury, and ease.

"Pernicious anæmia. Lack of blood in its theology and in the fight with sin.

"Cerebro-spinal meningitis. Destruction of backbone and brain center.

"Cancer. Unbelief in the supernatural.

"Neuritis. Supersensitiveness to ridicule or criticism."

Howard Eliot Drake, Brooklyn: "The membership is too self-centered and is too self-satisfied with present conditions."

Orrin R. Judd, New York: "From my reading of history and memory of the last forty years, I judge that the churches are today, as in the past, reflecting the average of spirituality and intellectuality of the whole Christian world. They need now, as they always have needed, devoted leadership and personal consecration of their members' time and money—not yet at their highest level."

Frank H. Robson, president of the Men's Church League, and J. Campbell White, general secretary of the league, which is instituting the basic inquiry on a nation-wide scale of the causes of "church inertia," gave a number of reasons for this condition, chief among which were:

"Breakdown of the authority of the Bible.

"Failure of the younger generation to accept Christianity as the guiding force of civilization and to adhere to it as a spiritual and moral obligation.

"Modern educational methods that emphasize the potency of science as against spiritual revelation as stressed in the Bible.

"A loosening of the attitude of adults toward the Church as an influence in modern life and a symbol of life hereafter.

"A comfortable acceptance of the Church by its present membership as an institution that must be supported with money, but withholding from the Church the broad Christian faith in its principles necessary to perpetuate its teachings as an integral social and spiritual force in the community.

"Lack of co-operation on the part of laymen with the pastor. Failure of laymen to realize their duty to the community in making their church representative of the spiritual life of the community."

Both Mr. Robson and Mr. White pointed out that the lack of economic security in certain sections was a big factor in the diminishing membership of the churches and the failure to win new converts.

Among the things suggested as remedies

for the failures in Protestant churches are found the following:

In the opinion of Mr. Robson and Mr. White, Christianity must be sold to the American people, and they hold there is no way to do this except through rebuilding the power of the churches throughout the country, with special emphasis laid on the obligations that laymen owe to the Church and the community.

"We can not sell the people the promise of political preferment or any tangible and material substance, but we can interest them in their own happiness, which is to be attained only through Christian faith, of which the Church is the visible expression. If a man or woman is not interested in the health of his or her spiritual being we can not sell him or her the church idea.

"But there exist definite social and moral reasons for disbelief in Christian teachings, and we believe we can best attack these reasons and reduce them by a systematic campaign of Christian education. The burden of this campaign must inevitably fall upon the laymen, who should recognize that they are every whit as important in the church as the pastor in the pulpit. It is unreasonable to expect the pastor to do all the work of building up the church and maintaining its membership.

"Membership in any church implies a duty to God, not merely an obligation to a building of stone and mortar. A church is the people who gather in a building which is dedicated to Christian teaching, and every member of a church is its representative the same as the pastor."

Mr. Robson declared that not five per cent of the laymen in the United States were doing their duty by the churches of which they are members. He thought this was especially true in the larger cities and in the richer churches of those cities. There, he thought, laymen had accepted the church as an institution and have forgotten its real and true mission in the community.

A rich congregation may support a church handsomely and supply any deficit that the church board or pastor may report, but when it came to getting new members, infusing new blood in the church and causing it to function as a spiritual and social agency in the community, the laymen were of the opinion that that was not within the scope of their obligation.

In this connection several things should be noted or there will be grave misunderstandings and discouragement. Protestant churches may be making slow progress, but an annual gain of 500,000 is not to be sneered at. It is small to be sure, only about two per cent, but if kept up year after year will be a tremendous thing in the advancement of the Master's kingdom, notwithstanding the losses.

The gain in numbers does not represent all the work of the church. No church should be satisfied unless it is winning new members, but at the same time all should

remember that the Christian nurture of its members is no small part of the work of any church. In one of Christ's last talks with Peter he commanded him three times over to "Feed my sheep." Christian nurture is a very vital part of the work of the church.

The statement that Protestant churches are run at an annual expense of \$550,000,000 startles us when it stands alone; but when we compare the cost of running the churches with some other bills of expense, it pales into insignificance. For instance we are told that the cost of crime in the United States is \$10,000,000,000, or about eighteen times as much as that spent on Protestant churches.

It is doubtful whether it can be proved that the church comes nearer being a failure today than in other days. It is facing new conditions and these should always be taken into account. Here is where the subject under consideration touches our churches and work most vitally, particularly our home missions. Conditions in the United States are different than ever before and our churches and boards are having occasion to know this. We must study the situation; we must do with our own churches what the Men's Church League is starting to do throughout the United States and Canada, namely, we must find out what is the matter; and we must apply the remedies needed.

LETTER FROM JAMAICA

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

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

Several things of considerable interest to us have recently been taking place in Jamaica. We had a nice visit of one day from friends of our people in Allegany County, N. Y. Doctor C. C. Odum, of Panama, Canal Zone, gave us a pleasant call one day. Our Kingston Christian Endeavor society has reorganized for better work. More new members have come into our Bowensville Church.

Yes, it was a great pleasure to us to meet the steamship *Reliance*, of the American-Hamburg Line, on the morning of January 13, and to greet Miss Lillian Sherman, of Alfred, Miss Emily Chapin, of Scio, and

Mrs. V. L. Eggleston, of Andover. Although they are not Seventh Day Baptists, and we had never seen them before, we somehow began to feel acquainted with them right away. They knew so many people in Allegany County, and some in other places that we knew, we almost felt as though they must be related to us. It was the most like "home folks" we had met up with for nearly a year. Then Mrs. Eggleston is the widow of a Baptist minister, who with her had had considerable experience in missionary work in the tropics, having spent some time in such work in Panama. Miss Sherman lives near our Alfred parsonage. They all know many of our people. We at once found many things in common to talk about.

We took them first in our car to see our old ramshackle tabernacle where our Kingston Church has been so faithfully holding their religious services for more than four years. Then we took them to see the beautiful church lot we have, where we hope to have a good church building before another year goes by. We next came to our home, where Mrs. Coon put up the simplest kind of a lunch, and then we started in the car for a ninety mile circle drive through plains and over mountains of Jamaica. The day was ideal, as most of them are here. Roads were crooked and steep. All agreed that scenery was lovely. Everything went well. After going up the Devil's Race Course we ate our noonday lunch in our little new Watersford church building at Guy's Hill. From near there we looked out upon the sea to the north of Jamaica. We took a crooked roundabout way over hills and mountains and valleys covered with tropical vegetation back to our home. We returned early, and all went to the "Reliance," where we had a good boat dinner while the German orchestra rendered beautiful music. It was truly a great day for Mrs. Coon and me, being the first and only day since we came to Jamaica that we have spent just for pleasure. In all of our other travels and journeyings about the island we have been in the real pursuit of our mission here.

Just as our car was all packed and on the street ready for a start for one of these missionary tours, a fine and genial looking and appearing man called to see us. It was Doctor Odam, of Panama, Canal Zone. He is a doctor in the United States army, for

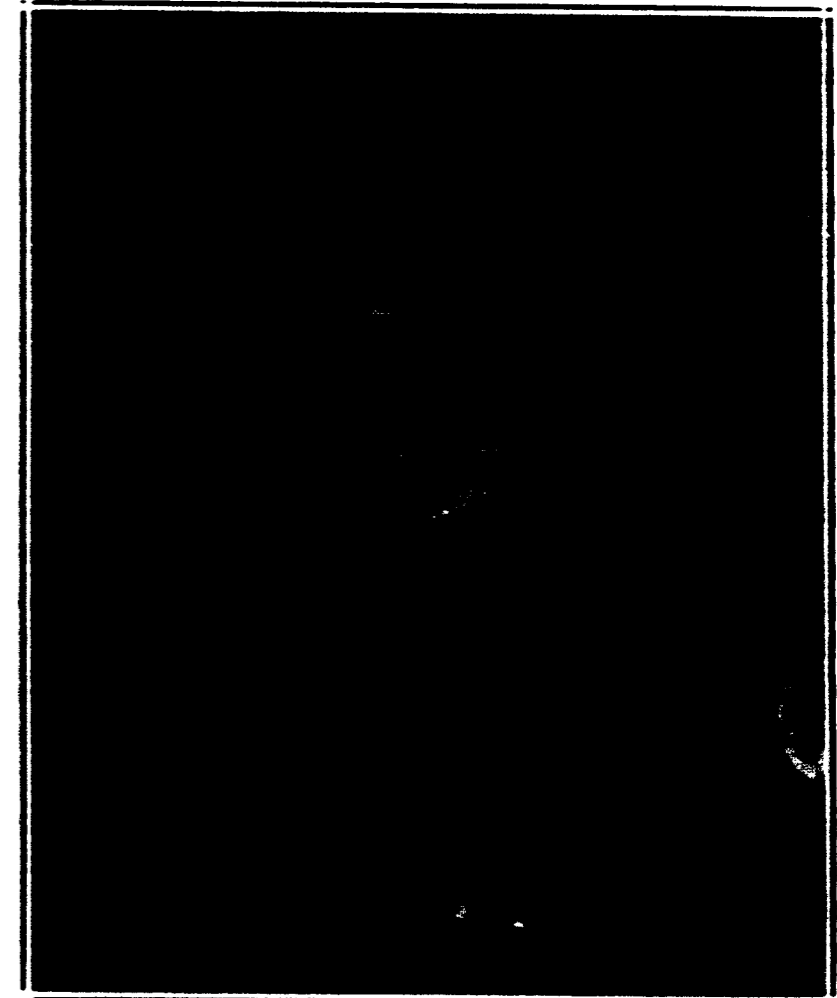
the present located at Panama. He came to Jamaica on an errand for the United States government. He came to us to bring us greetings and glad tidings from Mrs. Elsie (Wells) Russell. She is the wife of Doctor Russell, who is also a captain in the United States army. They also are located for the present at Panama, Canal Zone, and are close friends of Doctor Odam and family. It was a joy to us to hear from Elsie. We knew her father and mother and grandfather and grandmother in Farina, Ill., years ago. She is now the mother of a fine little boy. We were sorry not to be able to have more time with Doctor Odam. When you have been separated from home folks for a year you know these evidences of kindly remembrances touch and cheer and inspire hearts.

With the beginning of this year our Kingston Christian Endeavor society started out with the determination to make it a better working society. They have made a very good beginning, which promises well for the spiritual interests of the society and the church.

Last week Mrs. Coon and I returned to our home, after having spent two weeks near the north side of the island in special evangelistic work. We had meetings nearly every night. We had services at Gayle, with our Bowensville Church, at Bonny Gate, and in Mango Valley. Most of the services were held with the Bowensville Church. I baptized three candidates at Gayle. A week ago last Sabbath I received nine new members into our Bowensville Church. They are all adults, and all converts to the Sabbath. Two that I baptized are from the Presbyterian faith. Most of the new members are from the large Baptist Church near our Bowensville Church. A number of them were leaders in that church for years. Our Bowensville Church, that was organized only last summer, is much encouraged. It was but a short time ago that Pastor Mignott received a number of members into that church. New members are coming to them, not so much because of labors of ministers visiting them as because of faithful, prayerful, and consistent living on the part of the membership of the church. They are working members.

By invitation of a Seventh Day Adventist brother who attended our services the day these new members were received, we

EDNA DAGGETT ESTES



Edna Cora Daggett Estes was born in Dodge Center, Minn., May 5, 1877, and was killed in an automobile accident on January 12, 1928.

She was the youngest of eleven children born to Lucius T. and Polly Tidd Daggett. Her childhood and young womanhood were spent in this community where she attended the public school and entered into the activities of the young people of her age. At the age of about fourteen she consecrated her life to Jesus Christ, was baptized by Rev. Samuel R. Wheeler, and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Dodge Center, of which she remained a member until her death.

Mrs. Estes was instantly killed Thursday afternoon about two o'clock when her car skidded off the road near the Mollana river bridge, a mile south of Canby. The machine turned completely over and crashed into a pole in the hop yard below the highway and was badly wrecked.

She received a broken neck and some bruises on the face and body. Although the car turned completely over she was not thrown out and was in the driver's seat when the machine stopped. Coroner O. A. Pacesaid her death was instantaneous, due to the broken neck.

In 1913 she entered upon a nurses' train-

held a service in his own yard at Bonny Gate, a few miles from our church, the next afternoon. Here I preached to a good little company, mostly of the Seventh Day Adventist faith.

I wish you might have heard the glad and happy testimonies of the Sabbath converts in the Bowensville Church because they had found and were observing the only true Sabbath. They had broken old and precious ties, but they had formed new and better ones. Some of these workers in other churches declared they had heard more Bible truth in the short time they had been attending our Bowensville Church than they had heard before in all their lives. Would that all of our churches everywhere were wielding such influences in their several localities.

Mango Valley people, six miles from the Bowensville Church, sent such an urgent invitation for us to give them a call that we decided to give them one meeting when through at Bowensville. But at the close of that meeting they were so hearty in wanting us to stay the second night that we had the second meeting with them. They are in great need of steady, Biblical, spiritually-minded leadership there. With such leadership we believe another good live Sabbath-keeping church might be established there.

We climbed long, narrow, steep, and crooked hill and mountain foot-paths in our visiting and calling on the dear people. In the midst of all the hard and strenuous toil God kept us well and strong. But we returned home extremely weary. I am not rested yet. But I am doing the best I can while preaching here, as usual, three times a week, leading a prayer meeting, attending two or three of our other church services, and doing several other things. That is the way we rest (?) when at home. We need your prayers that we may be more efficient in the Master's service, and that more faithful laborers may be put into full time missionary work in this fruitful field.

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

Dufferin,
No. 2, Bon Air Road,
Cross Roads P. O.,
Jamaica, B. W. I.,
February 9, 1928.

ing course at Battle Creek Sanitarium, and upon its completion came to Rochester and followed her profession at the Colonial Hospital. She was serving there when our country entered the World War and the urgent call went forth to the nursing profession for volunteers both in government and Red Cross service. Edna, prompted by that patriotic and unselfish spirit which was always hers, responded to the call and joined the Army Nurses' Corps, entering service at Scott Field in Illinois. She went overseas from there and during the most trying days of the war when thousands of our boys were torn by shot and shell, with tender and sympathetic loyal heart she ministered to their relief. In this service help was very limited, and hours for sleep and rest were rarely observed. Nurses as well as dough boys carried on to the limit of their physical endurance for days and weeks. For over a year she gave this quality of service to her country and to humanity in the army hospitals of France, first in Base Hospital 69 and later in Camp Hospital 85 at Mantoir.

Upon her returning from overseas she again took up her work in Rochester, but the West called her and she followed her profession for short periods at Lewiston, Mont., and Oregon City, Ore.

At the latter place she made the acquaintance of William Estes, a hardware merchant of that city to whom she was married January 26, 1922. For about four and a half years their wedded life was very happy, but it was terminated very suddenly on September 17, 1926, when Mr. Estes was killed by an explosion of a gasoline tank in front of his place of business. Soon after this she came to Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin to visit her many relatives, and was especially happy to visit Dodge Center and her home church and greet so many of her old friends again. She returned to Oregon expressing her hope to dispose of her interest there and return to spend the rest of her days among her relatives, but instead an urgent call came from God whose faithful servant she was, and we feel well assured that if there is a place over there to render loving service she will find it.

Six brothers and one sister mourn their loss: Jerome T. Daggett, Pullman, Wash.; Arthur Clark, Hayfield, Minn.; Guy B. of

Montana; Roy U. of Dodge Center; Jay B. of Minneapolis; Lucius L. of Dodge Center, and Mrs. Jane A. Harwood of Lemon, S. D. One brother, Leon J., died at nineteen, and two sisters, Mrs. Martha E. McClure and Mrs. Julia E. Hoard, passed away in recent years. There are many nephews and nieces and grand nephews and nieces and many other dear friends who mourn their loss.

Funeral services were held at Dodge Center, in the Seventh Day Baptist church, the pastor, Rev. E. M. Holston, officiating, assisted by Rev. C. E. Mead of the Methodist Church. The local American Legion Post extended military honors at the church and at Riverside Cemetery where the remains were interred.

E. M. H.

EVANGELISM

Awake, O Church, from slumber!
The morning draweth nigh.
The fields all white for harvest
In fruitful plenty lie.
The Husbandman awaiteth
The precious fruit of earth,
But laborers are loitering
In apathy or mirth.

Revive, O Church, thy labors
In midst of all the years,
With pruning-hook and plowshares
In place of swords and spears.
Oh, not with might and power
Thy noble armies gird,
For God's great Church shall triumph
By his own holy Word.

Arise, O Church victorious!
Lift up thine eyes and see
The glory of Jehovah;
It shineth down on thee
The nations round about thee
Shall come unto thy light;
For God is thy salvation,
Thy song, thy strength, thy might.

—Rowena B. Davies.

It is the quiet worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of badinage or worrying or nagging. Therefore, if you work, work as cheerily as you can. If you do not work, do not put even a straw in the way of others. There are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions. It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps.—*Writer Unknown.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

MY STAND

PAUL M. LOOFBORO

(Paper presented as a class exercise in ethics at
Milton College, February 9, 1926)

A few nights ago I witnessed the production of Channing Pollock's famous (some say infamous) play, "The Enemy." I frequently witness plays, and as a dramatic production this was not exceptional—we expect good productions here at Milton—but as a play "The Enemy" is very unusual and I am willing, even happy, to admit that it "got under my skin." Such subjects usually do affect me more than I observe them to affect many of my fellows, and that is my concern.

On several occasions I observed that many were enjoying the other side from mine. I can hardly blame them, for they were looking at the pleasant side, and I have liked to believe myself an optimist (I still have hopes). These people were much less interested in the "point" of the play than in the slightest occasion for a laugh. It was particularly disgusting to observe that a well done Austrian scene should be taken as a joke on prohibition. Any bottle has a peculiar significance in these days of contempt for the laws of liberty and democracy.

The subject of war has been somewhat before the public attention since ages ago, but never as much as within the last generation and especially within the last decade. And no well-informed person will need to inquire why. During 1917 and 1918 all America, yes, even all Europe, was thrilled by the "fact" that "This is the war to end war." No one stopped to think, or dared to say that the way to end war is to have peace. The adage which advises us to "in times of peace prepare for war" is no longer either fitting or profitable. There used to be the Eastern and Western hemispheres; now we have the globe. The nations of the world are so interdependent in industry and commerce that there remains not the slightest possibility for victory following war.

Victory may yet be possible on the battle field, but the decisive defeat of a formidable enemy is today commercial suicide. There is even some question as to who won the last war. Beside our commercial and industrial ties there is another very significant factor which alone bars the paths to victory. That is the fact that men whom we do not know, but who control our affairs (and the affairs of the other nations), have charge of powers which, if loosed, would turn this world into an ash heap. Are they to be allowed to do it? Shall we say that democratic government is a farce and so go to our several but similar dooms?

We have our military and naval experts. These gentlemen are, of course, always energetically preparing for war—that is the last war, never the next. Even now, less than ten years since our cries of "the war to end war" rended the skies, we have bills before our Congress which would start us all over again with a ten year program of about three hundred million dollars per year to be expended in bringing our navy "up to date." Of course we must be prepared and we fight only "defensive" wars and our honor must not be doubted. However, it should be remembered that no nation in modern times has waged a single war which was not defensive and under the patronage of a just God—"In God we trust"; "Gott mit Huns."

In reality war is for a general sort of school, and he never knows just what the lesson is to be. But that does not really matter for there are always large numbers of men to take the places of those who die, to educate our generals—and large amounts of money to educate the public.

How can we expect such men to give body to our common and natural desire to work in peace? Would we expect the government of these United States to place the enforcement of prohibition in the hands of our former brewers? Is it more logical to suppose that an admiral will deliberately abandon his ship or that a general will voluntarily reduce his bayonets?

I, for one, can not trust the majority of our well intentioned "representatives" with a sagacious settlement of any major problem involving the money power and the welfare of common folk everywhere. As H. M. Tomlinson says in the December (1927) *Harpers*, "the intelligence, information, and

honesty of the majority of politicians and statesmen in any civilized country, it is manifest to us today, are of a quality which would never pass a candidate to the headship of a high school." The reason, he says, and I repeat, is obvious. Our elected representatives do not shape our affairs. Our unseen rulers are the financiers and industrial magnates. National policy in any industrial society is shaped nowadays to the advantage of those in the advantageous positions.

Let the gentlemen who admit being war experts step back in times of peace and let us have a try with some peace experts. Our advocates of preparedness have not only failed in their admitted project of securing peace, but have allowed the situation to grow continually worse. The world was never better prepared than in 1914, and never was war so frightful. The most humiliating peace will be far more desirable than our mildest possibility for future war. If only half the effort could be spent in preserving peace that is now being spent in preparation for war!

Facing the situation squarely, I can draw but one conclusion. If the several publics of the world continue in not attending to their own well-being, and will not insist that the peace they desire be secured for them, and go on thinking that preparedness is the cure for war—in spite of 1914—then all a man can do is protest. But if armaments should not insure peace, (as they never have), and war should come, then the part of some of us is clear. At least until capital, as well as men, is conscripted (I may remove this condition), let me say with Mr. Tomlinson, "whoever may be the enemy, whatever may be the stated reason for war, good citizens can have no part in it. I, for one, will not serve, will not help, will not pay, and am prepared to take the consequences. There are worse things than even the obscenity of the battle field, and one is the denial of light. Light has come to some of us, and we will have no more to do with that outrage on the intelligence men call war. Let those who like it get on with it. For if the stupidities of our governors and the public allow the plague to spread once more, then humanity will richly deserve its fate which would surely come. The world may not be worth saving. Men and women had better die out, and most likely would."

IN MEMORIAM—ADELINE WITTER BILLINS

Adeline Witter Billins, daughter of Calista Langworthy, and Josiah Witter, was born March 20, 1848, at Brookfield, N. Y., and died February 1, 1928, at Riverview Hospital, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Mrs. Billins was the fifth daughter of a family of nine children. Her sisters were Emma Webb, Mary Webb, Sarah Coon, Harriet Ingraham, Lucy Knapp, and Gertrude Johnson; the two brothers were Jeremiah Delos Witter and George Washington Witter. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Gilbert Johnson of Farina, Ill., by three nephews, Isaac P. Witter of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.; Clarence Knapp of Nortonville, Kan., and Harry F. Witter of Wausau; besides several grand-nephews; one niece, Mrs. George W. Mead; and several grand-nieces, including Mrs. Ray Johnson of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., and Mrs. Pearl Blockson of Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. Billins, when a child, came with her parents to a farm near Wautoma. Her people were active workers in the Dakota Wisconsin Seventh Day Baptist Church. She received her education at Wautoma, and after making teaching her vocation taught for a time in the schools there, and later at Pittsville, Wis.

In 1875 she went west to teach at North Loup, Neb., and while there married William M. Billins, who preceded her in death ten years ago. In 1885, Mr. and Mrs. Billins moved to Wisconsin Rapids to engage in the furniture business, but in three years they returned to North Loup. Later they moved to Boulder, Colo., and re-engaged in the furniture business. About ten years ago they returned to Wisconsin Rapids, where Mrs. Billins remained until her death.

When a child Mrs. Billins was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church. She has ever been a faithful, true worker in this church. At the time of her death she was a member of the Boulder, Colo., Church. She has had a deep interest in all the activities of her denomination. The SABBATH RECORDER and *Helping Hand* were always in her home. She has been very anxious to see the denominational building movement succeed and to have the denominational building completed. All these years while she has been a lone Sabbath keeper she has let her

light shine, has spoken her views on the Sabbath, and stood staunch for her belief; she not only talked, but believed in supporting her church. The most of her property was left to her beloved church and to its denomination's work. She was dearly loved by every one who knew her well.

She associated herself with the Congregational Church in Wisconsin Rapids, where she was an inspiration to the pastor and a very helpful worker in the home department of the Sunday school. She was a member of the Ahdawagam Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Two weeks ago she underwent an operation for appendicitis. She rallied from the operation, and for a week there was good hope for her recovery, but the shock proved too much for her advanced age. Her nephew, Isaac P. Witter, and her niece, Mrs. George Mead, who were as dear to her as children of her own would have been, did everything that loving hands could do to save the life that was very dear to them.

The farewell services were held from the Congregational church in Wisconsin Rapids on Friday afternoon, February 3, and interment was made in Forest Hill Cemetery. Just as the sun sank low and her beloved Sabbath was beginning, we laid her earthly remains in their last resting place.

REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL

We make death, I think, too serious. If we believed these beautiful words of Paul about death, it would rob it of half its sting. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. He must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. But some one will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and *there is a spiritual body*. As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. Death is swallowed up in victory." How beautiful that is. Living and dying

are like the course of nature. The seed is planted—and *seems* to die—but it grows and is gathered into a larger and better life. The harvest, not the planting, is the great thing. This good, long life, like a sheaf of ripened grain, has been garnered into the granary of God. In this life corruption, dishonor, weakness, physical. In that life incorruption, glory, power, spiritual. We know how true that is of this life, let us believe Paul that it is true of that life.

Or let us look at those still more beautiful words of Jesus. "In my Father's house are many rooms. I go to prepare a place for you and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

This whole universe is God's (our Father's) house. We are born, live, suffer, sorrow, die in this room. When we die we go through the door (death) into the best room in our Father's house. We shut out and leave behind, sorrow, pain, dying. We stay in that "other room" forever with God and those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile. Oh, beautiful, beautiful life! Forever in that room with God. Well, that is how we think of "Aunt Addie" today—in the "other room." We would not call her back.

In another place Jesus said, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall *never die!*" Why, then there is no death. The poet was right who said:

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And, ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—J. L. McCreery.

She lived a long, happy, helpful Christian life. Now she is gone. She is not "dead," she is just "away."

When earth's last picture is painted
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it,
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen
Shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy;
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at ten-league canvas
With brushes of comet's hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul—
They shall work for an age at a sitting
And never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are.

Thank God for the comforting assurances in the Bible that there is no real death. Thank him also for the faith of millions who have been able to write those words, "There is no death."

When I think of the loved one who has fallen asleep my heart is comforted by these words:

"I can not say, and I will not say
That she is dead! She is just away!"

"With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
She has wandered into an unknown land.

"And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since she lingers there.

"And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

"Think of her faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here;

"Think of her still as the same, I say;
She is not dead—she is just away!"

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. BILLINS BY HOSEA
W. ROOD

I have just received a letter telling me of the death, at Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., of Mrs. Billins; and it carries my mind away back as I knew her at Dakota, Wis., seventy-five years ago. The pioneer community there was then being settled by families from western New York, several of them from Persia, Cattaraugus County. There were among them the Babcocks, the Prentices, the Crandalls, the Greenes, the Thorngates, the Mains, the Coons, and the Witters. These were families of wholesome intelligent young people. In 1853 they were organized into the Dakota Seventh Day Baptist Church. The Cattaraugus folks had brought along with them their literary society. The church people and those of the literary society held their meetings in the village schoolhouse, which became the social center of the community. The literary programs presented were excellent for a new community, and the society gave the opportunity for the best of training for future usefulness. It was there that Oscar Babcock and Asa Prentice became preachers, the late Doctor A. H. Lewis and Rev. George C. Babcock were ordained to the ministry in that little schoolhouse.

The family of Isaac Witter lived six miles north of Dakota, but came there to the Sabbath services. I did not know the older sons and daughters very well. Two of the girls were teachers. I was well acquainted, however, with the three younger daughters, Lucy, Addie, and Gertie. They, too, became teachers. It was in the early summer of 1870, when Rev. Charles M. Lewis, of blessed memory, came to our community and held a series of meetings, under the influence of which about fifty persons united with the church there. It was indeed a great revival, long to be remembered by many of us who were young people then. Among those who were baptized one beautiful morning in June in the near-by river, were Lucy and Addie and Gertie Witter. One thing at the riverside that Sabbath morning was particularly beautiful: Two of the young ladies who were there baptized had not been friendly—had not spoken with each other for a long time. Good girls, they were, yet human. As they came out of the water together they

threw their arms around each other, kissed, and tenderly shed tears of Christian love. These three Witter girls became Christian teachers.

Not long after this enlargement of the church, several of the families of the Dakota Church, because the soil of that region was not very good for farming, went west, many of them colonizing at North Loup, Neb., among them Addie Witter. There she was married to Mr. Billins. I never saw her but once after that. Later, after the death of her husband, she came back to Wisconsin and lived with relatives at Wisconsin Rapids, where, after a short illness, she died on the first day of February, 1928.

Though Mrs. Billins' home for many years was away from her own church people, she remained in the best sense of the word a loyal Seventh Day Baptist. Her spirit and manner of life were such that, though in her Christian belief and practice concerning the Sabbath she was different from the most of the people who knew her, she was highly respected by everybody. Her friend who has written to me about her, a teacher in the public schools of the city where she died, speaks tenderly of her as "Aunt Addie," as if that were the name by which she was commonly known.

LETTER FROM CORNELIA SLAGTER

(Translated by Jacob Bakker)

Miss Ethel L. Titsworth, Treasurer,
203 Park Avenue,
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR FRIEND IN JESUS OUR LORD:

A few days ago I received your letter with contents, \$24.84. Will you please thank the donors for their gifts to us at Pangoengsen?

Although I do not write much to the friends in America, still I often think of you. I do not understand English, which is a handicap to me and to you too, and I suppose that is one reason why we do not get more help from America for the work here. When Sister Jansz was here more money came in, but she understood English, and I figure that had something to do with it. But I hope that God may soon send help so that some one may come here who can take my place. It is impossible for me to

continue the work alone. The doctor has told me that I must take a three months' rest. Of course it is easy enough to prescribe rest, etc., but there is no one here to take my place and our colony can not get along without European supervision. The Javanese are nice people, but as yet they are unable to work independently; especially here in the interior they are very backward and dirty. Now we have a dairy, so you see we can not leave them to run this alone. And besides, how can I take a rest, since I have no income at all? Occasionally some one sends me some money for my personal use, like Brother de Jong of Leeuwarden, Holland, who sends me usually \$20 per year. The church at Haarlem does as much as they are able to, but that money is turned over to the account of the colony, as also is the money I get from the United States. All money which comes in is turned over to the account of the colony, unless it is specified to be for my personal use.

Just lately we sustained a severe loss. We lost sixty of our chickens in one week through some disease, so now we have to buy eggs. The doctor also said that I was undernourished. Other matters are going along all right. Soon we hope to have baptism again. The Adventists are doing a lot of work here in Java. It is too bad that it seems impossible for our people to send some one here.

Please excuse my long letter. My heart is full and I must write what I have on my mind. We are all one in Jesus, and it hurts me so that I must ask the world here for money for the poor. This is surely the work of the Seventh Day Baptist Church. May God open our hearts to his love. Still the Lord does provide for our daily needs. But I would be so glad if some one would come to take my place. We will continue to pray and hope that you in America will do the same.

Kind regards from your sister in Jesus our Lord.

CORNELIA SLAGTER.

Pangoengsen,
December 4, 1927.

As my life today has been determined by the way I lived my yesterday, so my tomorrow is being determined by the way I live my today.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

THUMB PROOF

Worlds never spin;
God turns them over,
Looking for patches
Of orchards and clover;

Holding them nearer
The light of the sun,
Never quite satisfied,
Never quite done;

Warming and smoothing
And pressing his thumb
In corners of wheat fields,
And apple and plum—

Oh, worlds never spin
With a ship and a rover,
And the scythe in the grain
And God leaning over!

*Leigh Buckner Hanes in
"The Churchman," New York.*

WHERE CHUMSHIP SHOULD REIGN

"Listen, son: I am saying this to you, as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, 'Good-by, daddy!' and I

frowned, and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped.

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS

"You said nothing, but ran across, in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

"And there was so much that was good, and fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

"It is a feeble atonement, I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn

sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the damp forehead, and the yellow curl: and, if it were not for waking you, I would snatch you up and crush you to my heart.

"Tears came, and heartache and remorse, and I think a greater, deeper love, when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!"

THE SHRINE OF SLEEPING CHILDHOOD

I do not know of a better shrine before which a father or mother may kneel or stand than that of a sleeping child. I do not know of a holier place, a temple where one is more likely to come into closer touch with all that is infinitely good, where one may come nearer to seeing and feeling God. From that shrine come matins of love and laughter, of trust and cheer to bless the new day; and before that shrine should fall our soft vespers, our grateful benedictions for the night. At the cot of a sleeping babe all mankind ranks and inequalities are ironed out, and all mankind kneels reverently before the living image of the Creator. To understand a child, to go back and grow up sympathetically with it, to hold its love and confidence, to be accepted by it, without fear or restraint, as a companion and playmate, is just about the greatest good fortune that can come to any man or woman in this world—and, perhaps in any other world, for all we know.

And I am passing this "confession" along to the fathers and mothers who may be privileged to read it, and for the benefit of all the "little fellers"—the growing, earth-blessing little "Jimmies" and "Billys," and

"Marys" and "Janes" of this very good world of ours.—*The Valve World, June, 1926.*

ASK ME ANOTHER

II

1. Where are our colleges located? Name the president of each.
2. Name the churches in the Central Association.
3. Who are the officers of the Woman's Board?
4. Who was the first Seventh Day Baptist to come to America?
5. Who is the president of the next General Conference?
6. Where is the Missionary Society located? Who is its president?
7. Who is at the head of our missionary work in South America?
8. Where is Lewis Camp located? What is its purpose?
9. Who was our greatest Sabbath Reform writer?
10. What office does Doctor Edwin Shaw hold in our Commission?

MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. G. E. Crosley February 6, 1928.

Members present: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. J. F. Whitford, Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. E. E. Sutton, Mrs. J. F. Randolph, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. L. M. Babcock.

Visitor: Mrs. Emma Landphere.

Mrs. West read a portion of Matthew, the fifth chapter, and offered prayer.

In the absence of the secretary, Mrs. Babcock was appointed secretary *pro tem*.

The minutes of the January meeting were read.

The treasurer read the monthly report, which was adopted. Receipts for the month were \$480.40. Balance on hand \$490.74. Mrs. Whitford read a letter from Mrs. L. A. Coon of DeRuyter, N. Y.

The corresponding secretary read letters from Mrs. Robert Wing, DeRuyter, N. Y., and from Miss Phoebe Coon, Walworth, Wis.

Mrs. Shaw presented a bill of \$1.50 for

the typing of the New Year's letters. This bill was allowed and ordered paid.

Mrs. West read letters from: Mrs. A. C. Whitford, Westerly, R. I., containing a report of the activities of their woman's society; Mr. Frank Hill, the president of the General Conference, assigning Thursday evening of Conference week for the Woman's Hour and pertaining to the program for the evening; Mrs. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va., regarding a new society to be organized by the women of the Berea, W. Va., Church; the Federation of Woman's Boards, pertaining to the showing of "movies" misrepresenting the Western life, giving false ideas to the Near East and Eastern peoples and creating unhappy racial antagonisms. This letter asked co-operation by the appointment of a committee on international friendship.

It was voted that our corresponding secretary be asked to communicate with our missionaries to obtain information regarding the "movies" in China.

It was voted that the president appoint a committee on International Friendship. Mrs. W. C. Daland was appointed as such committee.

Mrs. A. E. Whitford read a letter from Mrs. A. C. Whitford, Westerly, R. I.

The committee to prepare programs for use of the local societies reported progress.

The committee on "Ask Me Another" reported that the first list of questions had been already printed in the RECORDER.

Motion was made to adjourn to meet with Mrs. J. F. Whitford the first Monday in March.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President.
MRS. L. M. BABCOCK,
Secretary pro tem.

HOME NEWS

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—There will be no Friday night prayer meetings or Thursday night rehearsals of the choir while the evangelistic meetings at the Legion hall are in progress.

Pastor Polan preached a power sermon Sabbath morning from Corinthians 1:13, the "love chapter." Those who do not attend the Sabbath morning worship are missing a feast of good things.

Elinor Stillman was able to attend Chris-

tian Endeavor last week. This is the first time she has been able to attend church services since her injury last fall.

At the last Christian Endeavor business meeting, Alice Johnson was selected as chairman of the Missionary Committee to fill a vacancy and it was voted to pay \$25 into the church treasury. This makes in all \$64 this society has paid to the church this Conference year.

Some weeks ago the juniors voted to purchase some flower bulbs. This was done. The bulbs were cared for by the juniors and their superintendent, Mrs. Polan, and now many sick and elderly people are being made glad by the bright appearance of these plants which are now in blossom. We say, "God bless the juniors."

In the Sabbath school there is a contest among the classes of the graded department. It consists this time of memorizing the books of the Bible. The class who says them in unison the best will be declared the winner and will be the judge of the next contest. The first contest that was conducted by the superintendent was won by a class of boys and the next one by a girls' class. All classes are working hard to be winners this time. The final decision will probably be made the first week in March.

Many of our people have been attending the meetings at the Legion hall. We were also pleased to note a goodly number of our boys and girls in the junior chorus.—*The Loyalist.*

RESOLUTION OF RESPECT

WHEREAS, Miss Norma Willis, who departed this life in Battle Creek, Mich., January 6, 1928, was born and reared in Jackson Center, Ohio, and was formerly a member of our church, be it

Resolved, That we of the Jackson Center Seventh Day Baptist Church do hereby extend our sincere sympathy to all the bereaved, and especially to the family. And further be it

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent, one to the family, one to the SABBATH RECORDER, and one to the Jackson Center News.

VERNEY A. WILSON,
MRS. VERNEY A. WILSON,
J. D. JONES,
Committee.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

VALUES OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day.
March 17, 1928

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Its fellowship value (1 Cor. 12: 12-27)
Monday—Its organization value (1 Cor. 12: 4-11)
Tuesday—Its moral support (Acts 4: 31-37)
Wednesday—Its challenge to service (1 Cor. 15: 58)

Thursday—Its broadening vision (Acts 13: 1-3)
Friday—Its character training (Phil. 2: 1-16)
Sabbath Day—Topic: What are the real values of church membership? (Col. 3: 8-17)

One glorious Church in all the world—
One in the threefold cord
Of faith in God and work for man
And love for one dear Lord.

—*Rev. Oliver Huckel.*

The Church has many attractions because of its history, associations, and advantages. But the tie that is foremost and strongest is that of personal loyalty to its Head. Without that in the heart there can be no true union with it. One does not join it as a mere institution, but becomes a living member of the body of Christ.—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Every Christian should be taught of Christ and of the Christian's Book. Every Christian should in some way pass on to others the things he has learned. Every church should be a college of religion. This work is done through sermons, prayer meetings, Sabbath schools, missionary societies, the religious press, religious books, religious conventions and institutes, and in many other ways. Truth and experience are given us to pass on to others, and through some of these agencies, and by private conversation or letters, if in no other way, every one of us can join the teaching force of the church.—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Church membership is a test of character because it reveals people who stick to things. Where will you be at the end of the first year? Are you farther along the

course after ten years than at the beginning? Don't "peter out."—*Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen, D. D.*

Instead of considering our union with the church as the goal of our religious career, where improvement may cease and progress be stopped, we should view it as but the very starting-point from whence we are to forget the things that are behind and press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling. From that moment we are under more solemn obligation than ever to grow in grace, inasmuch as the means of growth are increased.—*John Angell James.*

IT'S YOU

If you want to work in the kind of a church
I like the kind of a church you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new:
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your
church—
It isn't your church—it's you.

Real churches aren't made by men afraid
Lest somebody else go ahead;
When everyone works and nobody shirks,
You can raise a church from the dead.

And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbor can make one too,
Your church will be what you want to see—
It isn't your church—it's you.

—*Christian Index.*

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND THE CHURCH

CLARENCE CRANDALL

Young people today have a more important part in the church than they did a few years ago, when they were supposed to be present but not heard.

In order to meet this enlarged place given them in the work of the church, they must be trained and prepared. It seems to me that is one of the purposes for which Christian Endeavor was organized, and I think its products justify its existence. It helps to train its members for places of responsibility in the church in various ways. Through service in the numerous offices and committees, the members learn by actual experience many things that are of great value to them in the church.

Christian Endeavor cultivates the prayer

life of its members, for in our pledge we promise to make this a daily practice of our lives. If we, as young people, cultivate this habit now, when we become the church of tomorrow, we will be a praying church.

We also promise in our pledge to take some active part in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting. This develops our powers of self-expression. Much of our influence for good in the church and community will be through our public expression of our ideas, and Christian Endeavor thus helps to increase our powers for good influence.

Another purpose of Christian Endeavor is to create and hold the interest and loyalty of the young people in the church. Still another promise in our pledge is to be loyal to the church and attend all of its services.

As endeavorers and church members we must boost the church, for in every congregation there are those who make it their business to criticize the church for everything and for nothing. Young people aligned with the church of Christ must stand for it and him whom they represent, and be unafraid to speak out on its behalf when we hear it unfairly criticized.

Above all, we must co-operate with the church in its various departments and with its pastor. The Christian Endeavor should stand back of the pastor and be ready to support him in every undertaking. Nothing is a greater encouragement to a pastor than to feel he has the backing of the young people of his church.

A phase of the work of the church is missionary, and Christian Endeavor helps to stimulate among the young people an interest in both foreign and home missionary work through missionary topics and mission courses.

Christian Endeavor aids the church in the fact that for many years it has been its chief recruiting agency. Many a worker on the home and foreign field can trace his decision partly to this department of Christian Endeavor work.

Endeavorers should always be willing to teach in the Sabbath school, help out with the music of the church, and to use their talents wherever needed.

Most important of all, we can help the church by living the very best Christian lives we know how, that by our influence, with the help of God, we may win others to

the joys of the Christian life. No church is stronger than its individual membership. We must strive to do whatever Jesus would like to have us do. Today we live so well, but tomorrow we must live better, and the next day better yet. We must be striving onward and upward if we would do our duty and render our proper service to the church.

HELPING OTHERS TO FOLLOW JESUS

Christian Endeavor Topic for March 10, 1928

AUGUST E. JOHANSEN

How can I help others to follow Jesus?

By making it plain that "following Jesus" does not consist in holding certain intellectual views about him, but that it consists rather in doing his will, living his spirit, loving God and one's fellow men, hating the sin that destroys man at his best.

By constantly emphasizing the fact that it is a hundred times more important that we believe Jesus when he speaks the truths of life in the Sermon on the Mount, and that we live as if we believed him, than it is that we believe "correctly" about Jesus, about his birth, and death, and nature.

The man or woman, young or old, who keeps his life sweet; who lives the truest and best he knows, in accord as Jesus and the spiritual men of all ages have revealed it; who keeps his mind open and responsive to all truth, be it old or new; who loves the beauty of holiness for its own sake only; who has a conscience sensitive to the latest impulse to righteousness, is truly following Jesus.

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Sabbath Day, March 17, 1928

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—"Those that receive him" (John 1: 12)
Monday—Seeking Christ's friendship (John 12: 20-36)
Tuesday—An appeal for friendship (Luke 23: 39-43)
Wednesday—A test of friendship (Mark 14: 53, 54, 66-72)
Thursday—Absorbing Christ (Galatians 2: 20)
Friday—"Will you befriend me?" (John 21: 15-17)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Making Christ my greatest Friend (James 2: 23; John 15: 15-27)

[The intermediates at Milton Junction, Wis., are kindly furnishing the notes for this topic.—W. M. S.]

CHRIST AS A FRIEND GLADYS SUTTON

There are two parties to a friendship—my friend and I. How has Christ proved himself my greatest Friend?

Christ, to me, is the greatest Friend. I consider him as such because he is the Friend who has always helped me to resist wrong, who has always seemed near and dear to me even when the whole world seemed against me. He is the Friend to whom I may go in earnest prayer and receive help to accomplish many tasks that otherwise seem impossible. He is ever true to me and is willing to help me and has even borne the anguish of the cross and died for me.

How could any one prove himself a greater friend than this?

I MYSELF AS A FRIEND DONALD GRAY

If Christ is my greatest Friend, how may I fulfill my part of the friendship?

As it is said, we are chosen as friends of Christ, even as Christ was chosen to be ours. The least we can do to fill our side of the bargain is to place ourselves as Christ placed himself, in the position of sacrificial service. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Is the fee too great? Christ gave his life. Are we walled in? "Love one another," and no wall is made which will withstand the blow.

JUNIOR C. E. JUMBLES

SUGGESTIONS FOR TOPIC OF MARCH 10

Juniors enjoy listening to other people talk on their topics. Why not ask the president of the church, one of the Sabbath school teachers, the president of the Christian Endeavor society, the pastor, or his wife to come to your meeting this week and give the juniors a talk on friendship?

The thought of the meeting might center around the U and I in Junior, letting the U stand for others and the I for the juniors themselves. The U is really two I's joined together at the bottom, thus our friends are

really individuals just like ourselves. We should treat them as we want them to treat us (the Golden Rule). But more than that, we must so train our own lives that others will want us for their friends, and the best place to get this training is in Junior. It is Christian boys and girls who make the best friends and friends who will be found steadfast and true.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WORK

As a means of encouraging the juniors to learn the names of the books of the Bible and in order to give them a simple idea of what these books are about, have each one sketch a picture of his own two hands. In the right hand write the books of the Old Testament—using the five fingers to represent the five divisions of these books. Beginning with the thumb, write the name of the division on the thumb nail and the list of books underneath, continue with the other fingers in the same manner.

	<i>Law</i>	
Genesis	Leviticus	Numbers
Exodus		Deuteronomy
	Five books	
	<i>History</i>	
Joshua		I and II Kings
Judges		I and II Chronicles
Ruth		Ezra
I and II Samuel		Nehemiah
	Esther	
	Twelve books	
	<i>Poetry</i>	
Job	Proverbs	Ecclesiastes
Psalms		Song of Solomon
	Five books	
	<i>Major Prophets</i>	
Isaiah		Lamentations
Jeremiah		Ezekiel
	Daniel	
	Five books	
	<i>Minor Prophets</i>	
Hosea	Jonah	Zephaniah
Joel	Micah	Haggai
Amos	Nahum	Zechariah
Obadiah	Habakkuk	Malachi
	Twelve books	

SUGGESTIONS FOR TOPIC OF MARCH 17

This will make a good time to emphasize reverence in the church building, that is if

your juniors are inclined to be a trifle too noisy in the church. I like to see boys and girls taught to keep quiet when they enter a church, and not go racing and running from one end to the other shouting at the top of their voices. If your Junior meetings are not held in the auditorium of your church, this meeting might well be held there even if you have only a few juniors. Carry it out similar to your church service, having two ushers, a choir (if enough juniors), and arranging the program as near like your regular church service as possible. Reverence should be an attitude of the body as well as a feeling of the heart.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WORK

To continue our study of the books of the Bible, in the left hand beginning with the smallest finger have the juniors write the books in the following five divisions of the New Testament:

<i>Gospels</i>	
Matthew	Luke
Mark	John
Four books	
<i>History</i>	
Acts	
One book	
<i>Paul's Epistles</i>	
Romans	Colossians
I and II Corinthians	I and II Thessalonians
Galatians	I and II Timothy
Ephesians	Titus
Philippians	Philemon
Thirteen books	
<i>General Epistles</i>	
Hebrews	I and II Peter
James	I, II and III John
Jude	
Eight books	
<i>Prophecy</i>	
Revelation	
One book	

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NEWS NOTES

[Two more societies in the Eastern Association have sent in splendid reports of their work. As you will see, they have discouragements, but are bravely doing what they can to further the cause of Christian En-

deavor. Now let us hear from the other societies.—MRS. BLANCHE BURDICK, *Associational Secretary*.]

HOPKINTON, R. I.—Our society is small and consists of members from ten to twenty-one years of age. Until the present time the society has consisted of the young people from three families, with our pastor as superintendent. We are often slow and sometimes discouraged, but as we have found that to be the case with most societies, we keep trying to do what we can.

Each year since the RECORDER Reading Contest started, we have tried to do something toward it. In the same way, we have tried to have a social every two months. In both we were partially successful, but felt it nothing to brag about. This year we are trying a new idea in the RECORDER Reading Contest, suggested by one of our members. It is working very well. We are having a contest within a contest. Each month we choose two captains and the captains choose their teams. It is the aim of each team to out-travel the other in RECORDER miles. At the end of the month, the team having the least miles to its credit has to give a social to the other team. We have had two very good socials since we started this plan, one in December and one in January, and the points for the RECORDER Reading Contest have been higher than ever before in the same length of time.

Since cold weather set in we have been holding our meetings from house to house. This seems to help hold interest. Sometimes some one who can not get out to church, both in our own church and the first day Baptist Church, invites us to his or her home. They seem to enjoy it and so do we.

One older person in our community, who has had very hard luck, has urged us to come to his home several times. After going to this home and seeing the need, we planned, at our next business meeting, to take something with us the next time we went there. We took the articles with us the next Friday night. As our host has to get about on crutches, he called for us to come in, so we left our things in the kitchen and went in, saying nothing about them. After the meeting we went home, pleased at the thought of his surprise when he went to lock his door for the night. He afterward said that he certainly was sur-

prised when he went to his kitchen and saw bags of potatoes, turnips, eggs, pans of pies, jars of preserves, etc.

MRS. EDWIN JAMES,
Secretary.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Our society held its regular monthly business meeting Sunday, February 5, with a very good attendance. The meeting was called to order by the president after a short Executive Committee meeting. Written reports were rendered by the chairman of each committee, after which the meeting adjourned for a social hour. To celebrate the birthday of Christian Endeavor we had two cakes with candles forming the letters, C. E. After a very delightful hour the evening was closed with the singing of the Young People's Rally Song.

This being Christian Endeavor week, our society decided to put on a musical program for the Friday evening prayer meeting. Hymns were sung by the congregation, and a quartet of girls sang "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." The history of the following songs and composers were given by members of the society: "Nearer, My God to Thee," by Sarah F. Adams; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," by Charles Wesley; "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," by John Bouring; and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," by Ray Palmer. After the reading of the Scripture lesson Pastor Bond told of the progress made by the society and of the good work being rendered by our president, Miss Esther Vars.

The Sabbath morning collection was turned over to the Christian Endeavor society for Camp Endeavor. We wish to thank all who helped to make this contribution possible.

The Christian Endeavor met at three-thirty Sabbath afternoon, under the leadership of Everett Hunting; the topic was, "What are the Values of Christian Endeavor?" As the roll call was taken each member responded with a few sentences for the success or advantage derived from Christian Endeavor. Mrs. Titsworth, Mrs. Hunting, and Mr. William Hubbard spoke to us about the Plainfield society as it was first organized, more than thirty years ago, with an attendance of about thirty, with Mr. Arthur Titsworth as the first president. The history of our society was very inter-

esting and helps us to appreciate more the values of the Christian Endeavor society today.

GLADYS E. WOODEN,
Corresponding Secretary.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WEEK IN THE LITTLE GENESEE SOCIETY

Considering the fact that the majority of society members are attending school. I think we were quite active during Christian Endeavor week. It is inspiring to think that Christian endeavorers of the entire country were putting forth some special effort during that week. We were very glad to take our place with the rest.

We started the week with a social. Our social chairman called it a "Musical Social"; it was. It was well attended and a fine social.

The major feature of our week's program was the Friday evening prayer meeting. The meeting was planned and directed by the chairman of the Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting Committee. It was as interesting and inspiring a prayer meeting as I ever attended. The first few minutes were devoted to singing hymns. The twelfth chapter of Romans was read for the Scripture lesson. Following this a short period was devoted to prayer.

Papers were read on the following subjects: "Destiny of Christian Endeavor," "Youth and World Peace," "Youth and Christian Citizenship," "What Our Society is Doing," "Youth and Evangelism."

The rest of the meeting was used as a testimony meeting. We closed with the Mizpah benediction, followed by the Christian Endeavor prayer song.

Sabbath day we closed the week with a special young people's meeting. Pastor Davis gave us a special sermon for the occasion.

JOHN M. REYNOLDS,
Little Genesee, N. Y.

If our daily bread came to us by raven express or by a great sheet let down from the sky, it would be no more divinely sent than it is when it comes through the springing grass or the growing corn or the ripening harvest.—Borden P. Brown in *The Immanence of God*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE WORK OF OUR JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

AUZA ROCKWELL

[The president of the Pawcatuck Junior society at Westerly, R. I., read this article which she had written, at the morning service on Christian Endeavor day.—MRS. ELISABETH K. AUSTIN.]

We promise in our pledge to do whatever Christ would have us do. So the work of our Junior society is work that will please our Lord and Master, and make us better boys and girls. In Sabbath school we study the Bible, but in Junior we not only study the teachings of the Bible, but learn how to put these teachings in practice.

Like the Junior Christian Endeavor societies all over the world we try to live up to the standards put out by the International Society of Christian Endeavor. As a Seventh Day Baptist society the special work for our officers and committees is taken from the goal plans sent out by our denominational Junior superintendent, who is also the superintendent of our society.

We organized our society last October with twelve members. Our Junior meetings every Sabbath afternoon train us in taking part in public by testimonies, prayers, and leading the meetings.

Through our Bible hunt we are learning to use our own Bibles, the names of its books, and a short history of the Bible. In our memory work for this year we must learn six passages from Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and six hymns which help explain the Scripture passages.

Our Prayer Meeting Committee selects the leaders for each meeting and plans special programs.

The members of the Lookout Committee try to get new members and help the members to take part in the meetings and be perfect in attendance.

The Missionary Committee has charge of all the missionary meetings, and subscribes for *Everyland*, a missionary magazine

which all the juniors read. They arrange for two mission study classes a year—one on foreign missions and the other on home missionary work.

Our Social Committee helps plan and take charge of the socials. At each social we have a temperance story and ten minutes for a song and prayer service.

The Sunshine Committee remembers the sick, shut-ins and elderly people of the church, also helps the pastor, superintendent, and church during the year. At Christmas time we decorated a tree and brought gifts of food, clothing, and toys for a poor family of children.

Besides these committees we have the Music and Good Literature committees and four officers.

Our special missionary work for all the Junior societies in our denomination this year is to get their own members to read the four gospels in the New Testament and then get other boys and girls to read them too. A New Testament is given to every boy and girl who does this. In this way we will be real missionaries by trying to get other boys and girls to read the Bible.

All of our work is included in these three points of our goal:

1. Thorough training of active members in society, organization and individual training for future intermediates, seniors, and church workers and leaders.
2. Thoughtful teaching of trial members in Junior work for future active members and Junior leaders.
3. Juniors in charge of all work under supervision of superintendent and assistants.

Westerly, R. I.

WINNING FRIENDS

MRS. ELISABETH K. AUSTIN
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
March 10, 1928

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Win friends by kindness (Acts 28: 1-10)
Monday—Keep friends by friendliness (Prov. 18: 24)
Tuesday—Win friends by helping them (Mark 2: 1-12)
Wednesday—Keep friends by serving them (Luke 22: 24-27)
Thursday—Win friends by love (John 15: 13)
Friday—Keep friends by constancy (Ruth 1: 16)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How to win and keep friends (1 Sam. 20: 12-23)

RUTH'S LETTER AND POEM

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

We have taken the *SABBATH RECORDER* for many years and I always read the Children's Page. I am nine years old and am in the fourth grade.

It has been snowing. While I was watching the snow I wrote this poem. If you think it is all right you may put it in the *SABBATH RECORDER*.

CHILDREN'S WINTER PLAY

As the snow falls silently down,
Giving to country and to town
A beautiful sparkling cover,
All the older folks round the fire do hover.

But the children are busy at play,
Many are seated along the bay,
On go the skates, and then the fun;
Thousands of races they will run.

Some are making a snow man, cold,
And in his fat hand he will hold
A long stick for a cane, you know.
Oh! You beautiful man made out of snow!

Some are having a snowball fight,
Oh, it's a very exciting sight
To see the snowballs one after one
Hurled at the girls to make them run!

But now the play is past,
For things can not always last,
And all the children's tired heads
Are laid on pillows in their beds.

RUTH LORENE GREEN.

Farina, Ill.,

February 1, 1928.

SUNSHINE SONG

MRS. ETHEL WOOD

Oh, he sends the sunshine as he sends the silver rain,
Cooling fragrance of the morning come to soothe our pain,
Though the skies be cloudy they will surely clear again,
Oh, he sends the sunshine as he sends the rain.

When the heart is heavy and the joy bells cease to chime,
Turn the dark clouds inside out and see the silver shine
And the rainbow gleaming thro' the darkest hour of pain,
Oh, he sends the sunshine as he sends the rain.

Flowers would not be half so sweet without refreshing dew;
So our lives would wither, if only sunny days we knew,
Take the bitter with the sweet, joy comes with pain;
Oh, he sends the sunshine as he sends the rain.

DEAR JUNIORS:

Did you ever have a friend? Surely you have right now, not only a friend, but friends, and as you grow and increase the number of people with whom you become acquainted you will want to make more friends. More than that, you will discover those with whom you wish to make the friendship of the kind that lasts a long, long time. Now, what is the best way to do such a thing? Why, one of the very best ways is to be a true friend yourself! Study again the story of David and Jonathan and think how they kept their friendship alive for a long time. One thing was that each was ready to help the other whenever either needed help. And so for our friends we must be willing to sacrifice some of our favorite ways of doing things, or share our time and pleasures that they may be happy, too. And above all, if we wish to win and keep friends we must be sincere—that is, we must *really mean* not only what we say to and about our friends, but we must also mean what we do and act for them. Can you do that? Of course you can; it is not hard, for all that it needs is for each one of us to say sincerely, "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I will . . . be true to my friends."

A PRAYER ABOUT FRIENDS

Father, make me, as to thee I pray,
Ready to serve each friend today,
In play, in work, in this life of mine,
Ever patient, ever like the Son of thine,
Now I'll strive my friends to keep,
Doing thy will, and ever seek
Such a friend as thee to be. Amen.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE G. BABCOCK.

Milton, Wis.

DEAR RUTH:

Your verses are very pretty and I am sure all the children will enjoy them. I hope you will write some more verses—yes, and stories too. And wouldn't it be nice if many other children would follow your good example? Many are writing splendid letters but we want more stories and poems, don't we?

Lovingly yours,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

LETTER FROM A LONE SABBATH KEEPER IN THE SOUTH TO ONE IN THE NORTH

DEAR FRIEND:

My thoughts are often turning in your direction. For a while I looked forward to another visit with my daughter. But her health was poor, so she could not come and get me; then I lost strength so fast I could not do up my work and get ready to go, nor feel equal to take the long journey, when she finally improved in health and came to see me.

I seem to be losing strength as the weeks go by. I am doing very little now to help toward making comfort in the home. The last two weeks I have been trying to put in trunks and boxes the few things I do not wish to leave behind, for we are expecting to move soon. A place has not been rented yet, so I do not know what my address is to be, after removing.

I am writing by firelight now, as the darkness of eventide is shutting out the daylight. A few good pieces of light wood make a better light for me than a kerosene lamp. The wood light is softer and larger and I can see better by it. The additional heat is also welcome these cold winter nights.

I have been thinking about eternity, that unmeasured existence, having neither beginning nor end; and its only perfect inhabitant is the Maker of all things and he has two dwelling places. "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Isaiah 57:15.

To me such expressions as "through eternity," and "throughout eternity," seem vain and inadequate, because when you go "through" a place you usually come to the other side of it. To illustrate, in my childhood my father carried his little family from a place in South Carolina to one in eastern North Carolina; from thence he removed us to a place more westerly, and then to another place more westerly still. Then

he removed to this neighborhood where I now live.

Then in 1922 I started on a trip, going in a northeasterly direction, passed our state borderline, and entered the state of Virginia. Thus it took me sixty-eight years to go "through" North Carolina. I went on this trip also "through" Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, and was conveyed over the line into Canada. But, because I lacked a few miles of being at the edge of the Atlantic Ocean on the south, I can not say accurately that I passed "through" the United States, as many travelers have done.

Eternity is different. It is impassable, but not impossible to such of God's creatures as shall enter it when this earthly existence ceases.

Something in your last letter awakened memories of a visit in the home of a friend who gave me her scrap book to read; and on paper which she loaned me for that purpose I copied some of the choice selections. One of them seems to express something of the working of God's plan for his children. It is as follows:

WHERE LOVE IS

If love in any heart arise,
And stir the tongue and light the eyes,
Then, Christian, thou must understand,
That God is near thee, nigh at hand;
That, though unthought of, God is there;
So, of denying him beware.

If Littlemore makes haste to bless
His troubled neighbor Littleless,
And poor men to the poorer give,
Weak ones the weaker help to live,
The sad the sadder still console,
Then God is working in the soul.

If the grown man forgoes his bread
That little mouths may first be fed,
And patient woman serves the men
Who care for her but now and then,
And love keeps warm without a fire,
Oh, then the grace of God admire.

Then they who wept the tears of pain
In tears of joy shall weep again;
And all who worked for love's dear sake
Great love himself shall happy make;
And weariness that would not tire,
Shall rest and triumph with Messiah.

—Thomas T. Lynch.

I will write again as soon as I can after I have moved from here.

With love from
YOUR FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.

REPLY FROM THE NORTH

DEAR FRIEND:

It is getting dark on this Sabbath day, and my mind is offering a vesper prayer for my lone Sabbath-keeping friends, whom I value above all other human friendships.

It is a bitter, gray day. We thought it would snow, but only a small amount of driving flakes came. It seems to be an open winter here and not very severe. My prayers ascend for you, as you experience the difficulties of moving from one domicile to another in the winter time; and I recall Jesus' words, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, nor on the Sabbath day."

From those words it would appear that God does not wish us to suffer unnecessary hardship, nor be deprived of the time he gave us for feeding our spiritual life—that invisible but most important part of our being. So I hope you are not being subjected to unnecessary hardship in your removal from one roof to another; yet one can not move from a place that has been home for decades without a little pain at the severing of associations. From the expressions you have sent me of your own writing, and selections from the pen of others, I know your soul can find rest and comfort wherever your body dwells. Anyone who appreciates the poem, "Where Love Is," which you copied for me, will surely find "Rest and triumph with Messiah."

Truly God has inspired many beautiful things, and what a joy it is to be able to pass them on.

Since commencing this letter a day has elapsed and press reports tell of cold and snow south of us, deeper drifts than we have, so we here must have experienced only the edge of the storm; but it seemed like a sharp edge, nevertheless. Therefore what must it have been with you on your moving day! With good supplies of fuel, food, and clothing, our community fares well. I wish it were so everywhere.

A lone Sabbath keeper, living in Vermont, recently wrote to a friend:

"I was away from home when the flood came, and am so glad I was not here. We could not come home for a week, as bridges were gone. Water did not rise into my room though it came near it. I thank the good Lord for this. The people in the house got out in the night into a boat from the second story window. Some near us got out in coffin boxes fastened together. Entire families were carried away in their houses, calling

in vain for help. It was horrible indeed. Probably nine-tenths of the houses here were flooded and forsaken by their owners. In some cases water was four feet deep on second floors. The Red Cross has done a noble work here, and there is more to do in getting houses back where they were, etc."

This was in Waterbury, Vt. The hardy Vermonters have the sympathy of everyone.

A new book has been loaned us, entitled, "The Lure of the Great Smokies," by Robert Mason. It is a description of the interesting mountain range sixty-five miles long, from the Virginias, through North Carolina and Tennessee, now a Federal Reserve. It mentions your home home, and Lost Creek, and the sterling integrity of most of the rural population which has occupied that hill country since the Cherokee Indians were driven out.

There dwelt Stinnetts, whose forebears came from England, perhaps from the same family tree as the Stennetts, who were gifted in religious spirit and whose hymns we love. The change of the vowel in the name from e to i would not be strange, for these mountaineers often grew into such changes.

Those mountains being a Federal Reserve makes the book especially interesting to me, for the hills near my home are state reservations, as you know by my previous letters. I find it has been a year of surprises and new discoveries to be associated with citizens whose work is to preserve in their natural state the historic records of life of man, of beast, and of the earth itself. The author of this book finds that the records of God in the Bible, in Josephus, in Cherokee lore, and in the rocks agree about the natural processes, and the three former agree in regard to the seven-day cycle. It is refreshing to find an author who is not at variance with the records of the Infinite, and who recognizes God as the beginner of things. Let us hope those who cavil at God's witnesses will in time be silenced, and truth will be manifest in all its glory.

The writer goes on to say:

"It is a significant fact that not a rosary nor an Episcopalian prayer book can be found in the whole rugged sixty-five miles of the Smokies. Anything that can be construed as form or liturgy, or a prescribed method of worship, is looked upon with suspicion here, as something foreign and strange by these simple people, who demand absolute personal liberty in their faith; and they demand the abolition of any man-made obstruc-

tions to their direct approach to their Creator. With them the veil of the temple was rent in twain years ago, and any self-styled priest, prelate, bishop, cardinal, or what-not is merely blocking the way with some covert scheme of his own, or of his organization, to monopolize the Holy of Holies, to which they have as much right as he."

It seems good to read the words of this champion of the faith of the humble few. As you quoted, God dwells with them to revive them, that is, to cause them to live and prosper.

I must not make this letter longer, but bring it to a close, hoping to hear soon how you are situated.

YOUR FRIEND IN THE NORTH.

DEATHS

BILLINS.—Adeline Witter Billins, daughter of Josiah and Calista Langworthy Witter, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., on March 20, 1848, and died in Riverview Hospital, Wisconsin Rapids, on February 1, 1928, in the eightieth year of her age. Extended obituary on another page.

T. L. G.

ESTES.—Edna Daggett Estes, by automobile accident near Oregon City, January 12, 1928. Extended obituary on another page.

T. L. G.

Sabbath School. Lesson XI.—March 10, 1928

JESUS FEEDS THE MULTITUDES

Mark 6: 31-44; 8: 1-10

Golden Text: "I am the bread of life: he that cometh unto me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." John 6: 35.

DAILY READINGS

Mar. 4—Jesus Feeds the Multitudes. Mark 6: 31-44.

Mar. 5—Jesus Feeds the Four Thousand. Mark 8: 1-10.

Mar. 6—Jesus the Bread of Life. John 6: 22-35.

Mar. 7—Israel's Typical Manna. Ex. 16: 13-20.

Mar. 8—The Parable of the Great Supper. Luke 14: 15-24.

Mar. 9—Jesus Eats With Publicans and Sinners. Matt. 9: 9-13.

Mar. 10—Jehovah's Care of His Flock. Ezek. 34: 11-16.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

In order to judge religion one must have it—not stare at it from the bottom of a seemingly interminable ladder.—George McDonald.

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Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
L. H. North, Business Manager

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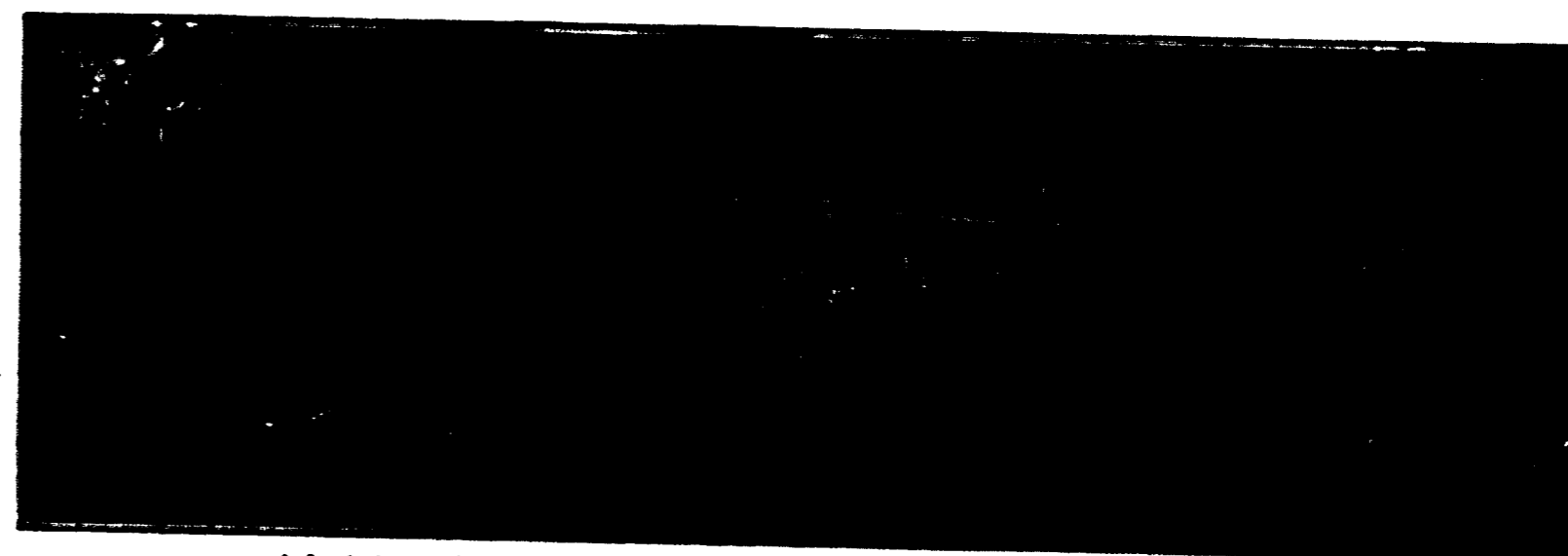
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