

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



"A Denominational Building as we have thought of and planned for it is no mere monument of the past—we are building for ourselves that we may better carry on our appointed work and we are building for the next generation that they may be inspired to reach out for larger and better things."

F. J. HUBBARD
Conference Paper 1919

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

The Sabbath Recorder

"Into the New Year
Bravely we set sail,
Before us lies the unknown,
Shrouded in mystery.
Our Lord Jesus will set the course,
He will guide our way.
When the winds are contrary
And the seas rise,
He will speak the word of power
And peace will be our possession."

Rev. Gordon M. Russel.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Milton, Wisconsin, August 20-25, 1929.

President—Claude L. Hill, Farina, Ill.
Vice-Presidents—Miss Ethel Rogers, New Market, N. J.; Hurley S. Warren, Nile, N. Y.; Lester G. Osborn, Verona, N. Y.; Clifford A. Beebe, Berea, W. Va.; Ellis R. Lewis, Gentry, Ark.; James R. Jeffrey, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Corresponding Secretary—Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer of General Conference—James H. Coon, Milton, Wis.

Treasurer of Onward Movement—Harold R. Crandall, 81 Elliot Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

General Secretary of Onward Movement—Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.

COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE
Terms expiring in 1929—Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.; Herbert L. Polan, North Loup, Neb.; Loyal F. Hurley, Adams Center, N. Y.

Terms expiring in 1930—Moses H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.; Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.; Edgar D. Van Horn, Alfred Station, N. Y.

Terms expiring in 1931—Claude L. Hill, Farina, Ill.; George M. Ellis, Milton, Wis.; Edward E. Whitford, New York, N. Y.

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Recording Secretary—Arthur L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.

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

Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First Day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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

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The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

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WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

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Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James L. Skaggs, Milton, Wis.

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Editor Woman's Page, SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.

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Southwestern—Mrs. R. J. Mills, Hammond, La.
Northwestern—Miss Phoebe S. Coon, Walworth, Wis.

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THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—William C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—Asa F. Randolph, 240 West Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.

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

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

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Maplewood, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—Miss Ethel L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Advisory Committee—William L. Burdick, Chairman, Ashaway, R. I.

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Treasurer—Louis A. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
Director of Religious Education—Erlo E. Sutton, Milton Junction, Wis.

Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

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Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, R. 5, Battle Creek, Mich.

Junior Superintendent—Mrs. Elisabeth K. Austin, 52 Beach St., Westerly, R. I.

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Southeastern—Miss Greta Randolph, New Milton, W. Va.
Southwestern—Mrs. Alberta S. Godfrey, Texarkana, Tex.

Pacific—Gleason Curtis, Riverside, Calif.

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The Sabbath Recorder

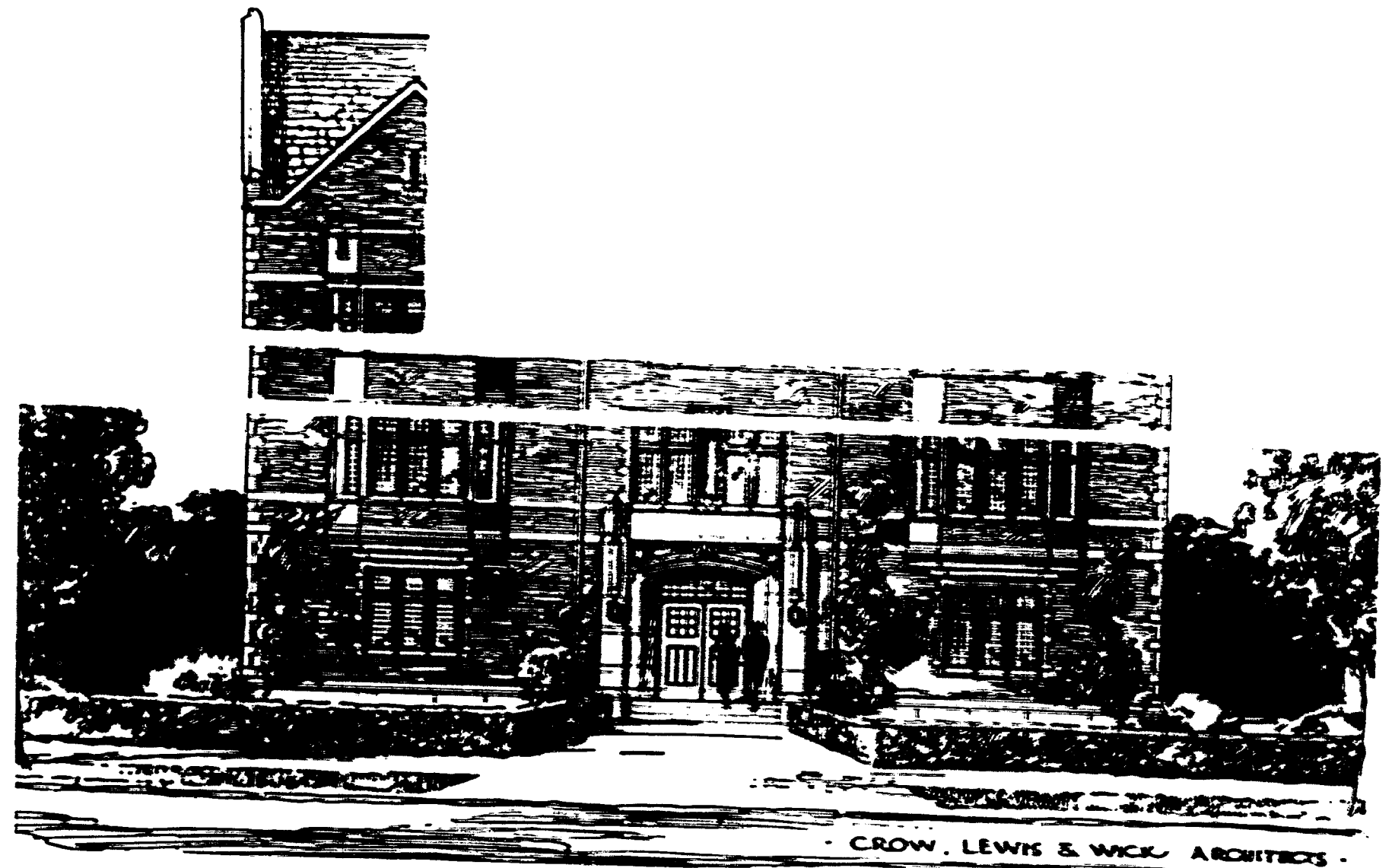
A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 105, No. 27

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 31, 1928

WHOLE No. 4,374

The Amount Needed on December 26, 1928,
 to Complete the Building
 \$35,762.09



This picture shows the building so far as we now have funds and pledges for its completion. As fast as funds and pledges come in the picture will grow on this page, so you can see just how fast we are getting along with the good work. We now have about three-fifths of the amount needed. If everyone who can remember his loyal father and mother who have passed on will respond liberally it will soon be done.

We thank thy holy name, our heavenly Father, for thy promises to be a present help in times of trouble. Thou didst come to earth in human form to walk and talk with men, and to be the ever-present help of trusting, loyal children in days of darkness and distress. Time and again we have found thee true to thy word and thou hast given strength according to our need. Wilt thou help us to see thee when days are dark, and enable us to realize that dark days are good for us when the darkness helps us to bring thee near. Wilt thou come graciously near in spirit unto all thy trusting children. Help them to see that thou metest out in love all their sorrows and that thou seest the blessed end to which troubles rightly borne are bringing us. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Sara Gardiner Davis On Sabbath morning, December 22, 1928, Mrs. Sara G. Davis, widow of Rev. David H. Davis, late missionary in Shanghai, China, passed to her heavenly rest.

Mrs. Davis was the daughter of David C. and Sara Green Gardiner, and was born in the town of Genesee, Allegany County, N. Y., on December 12, 1849, and was a few days past her seventy-ninth birthday. She was the third child born to David and Sara Green Gardiner, two years younger than her sister, Lucy E. Clarke of Hammond, La., who passed away about a year ago.

Sara's mother died when she was three days old, and her grandmother Green cared for her a little more than two years, after which she was taken into the new mother's home, where she received the care and love which only such a mother could give.

When she grew to womanhood she was one of seven children brought up on a hill farm near Nile, N. Y., until the autumn of 1867, when she started in with her brother Theodore, as a student in Alfred University. For five years she was either in school as a student or working as a teacher in common schools, until August 13, 1872, when she became the wife of David H. Davis, of Verona, N. Y.

For two years they dwelt in Alfred until Mr. Davis was graduated from the first theological class of the seminary, in 1874. After two years spent in Verona, N. Y., and three years with the church in Shiloh, N. J., Brother and Sister Davis accepted the call of the Missionary Board

to go as missionaries to China. They sailed in the autumn of 1879, and for the next thirty-six years Sister Davis was a faithful helper in the mission until the death of her husband in 1915. After a year or so she returned to the homeland, where for the last eight years she and her brother, the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, have helped to make a home for one another.

After a long illness, lasting nearly a full year, she fell asleep on December 22, 1928.

A good and faithful woman has gone to her reward.

Her body was taken to Friendship, N. Y., and laid to rest beside that of her daughter Susie, who died in 1891, at the age of sixteen years. Sister Sara's husband and one son were buried in Shanghai, China, and she sleeps beside her daughter and her parents in the home land.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Of such the angel said, "That they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

For many years our dear family of seven children—five sisters and two brothers—remained unbroken, until the death of Sister Louisa, widow of Rev. Horace Stillman, a few years ago. It was indeed a happy family. There now remain only four of us, Brother Charles, of Alfred, Sister Eva Jordan of Battle Creek, and Mrs. Mertie Rogers, of Plainfield, N. J.

Is There a Serious Lack Of Spiritual Dynamic? To me one of the saddest things in these days is the persistent effort to "desupernaturalize" the gospel of Christ. The question will persist in coming, can this be done without robbing the gospel of its integrity? Would it not lose its dynamic power—a loss that would really take away its soul.

Really, is the new gospel of humanistic philosophy sufficient to meet the needs of our day? I wonder if the old-time fire of God has gone out? It does not seem to be in our churches today. Our pulpits do not ring with appeals such as brought us from the ways of sin into the church in years gone by. There was then a real spiritual fervor in the messages that brought most of the fathers and mothers into the kingdom of God.

It does seem to me that the old gos-

pel of God's love manifested in a miraculous way in Jesus Christ, and the Christ ideals of the Holy Spirit's presence, and the assurance of personal immortality, are still indispensable, and that, as of old, there is still a "power of God and a wisdom of God" in solving our problems which the new gospel fails to provide.

The poor work-a-day world needs something more than thoughts of a perfunctory life service and cold intellectual platitudes to move its heart and inspire spiritual life in Christ.

To lose faith in the truth that beyond all the processes of natural law there is a supreme personal, intelligent God, revealed by the historical Jesus of Nazareth, would seem to me like an unspeakable loss that nothing on earth could make good.

In every phase of the historical Christ, as seen in the gospels, the *supernatural* element is too fundamental to be ignored. This element is woven into the very warp and woof of the gospel message, and the power of the message is lost where this is denied. Rob the story of Jesus of the supernatural and miraculous, and you lose the blessed power from on high, so essential to the salvation of a lost world.

I long to see the God-given spirit of true religious fervor again moving men in the churches. Back to Christ and his gospel is our only hope.

The Divine Origin Of Jesus, the Christ The more I think and study about the character of Christ as portrayed in the gospels, the more he seems to me to be the great miracle of the ages.

The best and most reliable historians of his time give to him a character infinitely higher than that of any merely human being. The Apostle Paul bears a testimony in perfect keeping with this conception of the divine origin of our Lord and Master. I do not see how any candid mind can consider carefully the character of Jesus, sinless and representing the nature of God the Father, as he did in such a sinful world, with all his surroundings, without the assurance that the Christ whom death could not hold, and whom sin could not touch, was born by the direct operation of God rather than by the ordinary course of mere human generation.

If the gospel stories of the birth and resurrection were both lacking, it seems to me that the *internal evidence* found in Christ's spirit and character would establish his divine, marvelous origin beyond a doubt.

The fact that Jesus gained the victory over death after being crucified, and that he was seen by his disciples and enabled them to realize his spiritual presence, are facts as well established as anything can be in this world. It was impossible for the virgin-birth to be established by such visible and substantial historical evidence as the resurrection was; but the character and teachings of Jesus—the very *nature* of the God-man, his life and doings—give the best *internal* evidences of his divine birth and of the difference between him and all other human beings. As a man, Jesus stands clean outside the common category of men. He must have had a different origin from ordinary men, for the purpose of saving them from their sins and for revealing to them a Father God such as they had not known.

It seems to me that such a Savior should have just such an origin as the incarnation indicates, and that this should be shown in the nature of his birth.

So, then, I see in Jesus, "the supreme miracle of history." In him God is brought nearer to men than ever before or since. In him I find a truly divine Savior able to bring me near to God my Father and his.

In my opinion then, the divine birth shows the uniqueness of Jesus the Son of God, as nothing else could.

Why should not the Creator be as free in his universe as man is in the world? May not God, therefore, act in an entirely *original*—that is to say *miraculous*—way in bringing a Redeemer to our world for such a marvelous work as Christ came to perform?

I can not see why the history of his birth as told by the very best and truest men and women of his time should not be accepted as true. To charge all these men and Christ himself with misrepresentations regarding his origin and birth, seems to me too much like trying to make Jesus and Mary and Joseph, and the apostles, life-long liars regarding the matter.

I can but feel that the virgin birth is the

most fitting and appropriate beginning of a life sent from God to save men, and which was to end in the resurrection—a complete victory over death.

Thank God for the blessings that have come to our old world through faith in such a God-given Savior.

Progress With the Building Fund The Christmas season has been improved by some in the matter of making offerings for our long-hoped-for denominational home. Miss Titsworth, our treasurer, has been made glad since our last report by receipts amounting to \$406.

This brings the total up to \$54,237.91, and lacks about \$6,000 of enough to add a new block to our growing picture on the first page.

We are hoping that the holiday season may bring a substantial increase to this desirable fund. We still need \$35,762.09 to complete and furnish the building.

QUADRENNIAL MEETING OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND, D. D.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America convened for its sixth quadrennial meeting in Rochester, N. Y., December 5-11. The Council was organized in Philadelphia in 1908. A testimonial dinner was given to all delegates present at the Rochester meeting who were at the organization meeting in Philadelphia. Dr. Arthur E. Main, dean of Alfred Theological Seminary, and President Boothe C. Davis of Alfred University were among the thirty-two who sat down to this twentieth anniversary dinner. These two brethren, and President Alfred E. Whitford of Milton College, and the present writer are the Seventh Day Baptist members of the Council at the present time. Only President Whitford was absent from this meeting.

There were present at the meeting a few more than five hundred members and visitors, representing practically all of the twenty-eight denominations constituting the Council. For some time previous to the convening of the Council a committee of one hundred had been preparing an outline for discussion at the morning sessions. A "Data Book" had been prepared by the

Commission on Research and Education which was placed in the hands of the delegates before they left home for Rochester, which was calculated to stimulate thought and discussion. The reports of the commissions, committees, and secretaries were presented at the meeting in a volume of one hundred seventy-five pages. Altogether it was a busy week for those who took seriously this attempt to appraise the work of American Protestantism, and to study the question of the further service of these co-operating denominations.

Doubtless one's estimate of the value of the meetings will depend very largely upon his own viewpoint, and what he actually expects the Council to accomplish. The editor of the Christian Century refers to it as "The Rochester Fiasco." He seems to have been expecting more advanced steps toward church union. Of course the one who went to Rochester with any such hopes must necessarily have been disappointed. *Co-operation* and not union expresses the method by which the Protestant churches of America would unite for service. The major consideration of the Council therefore was how to accomplish the tremendous tasks confronting Christianity through the co-operation of the denominations in a working federation. Faced with problems of such immediate and compelling importance as world peace, race relations, social injustice, industrial inequalities, materialism, and a threatening practical paganism, the Council gave itself very largely to the discussion of these issues. It was representative American Protestantism seeking to solve these problems through the impact of a common Christian faith operating through federated activities. It was a sincere attempt in a week's discussion, with three sessions a day, to seek ways to advance the kingdom of Christ by doing together those things which can only be done through a united effort, a common program, and concerted and prevailing prayer.

The worship period at the noon hour each day was led in such a way as to bring us into a spirit of devotion, aspiration and consecration. These were led in turn, each conducting the service for two successive days, by Dr. Day of Bridgeport, Professor Brown of Union Theological Seminary, and Dean Robbins, of the Cathedral of St.

John the Divine. We were never before in a Federal Council meeting led so impressively and so helpfully in our devotions.

To me there are three major values in such a discussion as took place in the Council sessions at Rochester, where five hundred delegates representing twenty-eight denominations meet to face together the task of the church.

In the first place it is a good thing for Christian leaders to feel the challenge which comes as men from many fields of activity state the problems as they see them. One feels that his own field is not an isolated one but that he is a part of the whole Christian force, every part of which is needed if Christ is to have the victory in this world. In the second place, it helps one to see a bit more clearly just how important his own work is as he joins with others and faces together with them the one task of bringing in the reign of Jesus Christ in all human relationships. And again, in the third place, one is led to a re-appraisal of his own peculiar denominational beliefs and practices to see just how far those things which separate him from others better equip him for the work which Christ wants his church to do. For myself I find it a wholesome and stimulating experience. I come back to my own task always with a fresh sense of the importance of Christian co-operation, and with a strengthened conviction that my own denomination holds a vital truth which the whole church needs if it is to be sufficiently equipped for the final victory over sin and the triumphant and glorious consummation of the Kingdom of God.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AN ASSET TO BUSINESS

MRS. EVELYN H. ROBINSON

(Presented in a special service, Sabbath morning, November 17, 1925, at Ashaway, R. I.)

Every big man is easy to approach, friendly in manner, and has a genuine desire to be neighborly. A successful man builds strong walls about his business.

Let us consider some of these walls.

Integrity might be considered as the first great wall to be erected when building a successful career. A dishonest man can not be happy. Truth and happiness go to-

gether, for no man can be happy and be continually untruthful. "Dishonesty has killed more men than any disease," says Roger W. Babson.

A man who succeeds in business is always a great worker, so let us put up our second wall and call it industry.

There have been many discussions of the secret of Rockefeller's power. Some have reasoned that it was due to his intense religious emotions, others to his keen foresight, and still others to his tremendous energy. His closest friends will tell you his success was due to his intelligence, using that word in its broadest sense. He had only a simple schooling, but he was always a student. Rockefeller never made a move without calculating what he must do to finish the job, and what others might do to block or help him. This tremendous foresight is true intelligence.

Samuel Insull was the first electrical engineer who had the initiative to install a big single unit to supply almost an entire state, and also the persistence to bring his dreams to a realization. There are many men today who have integrity, and industry, and even intelligence, who do not succeed because of the lack of initiative to blaze new trails, or start new enterprises.

Another good strong wall is built of intensity, and concentration. It is said of George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, that he thinks but one thing at a time and also does but one thing at a time, because he believes nothing is worth doing at all unless it is well done, and he believes this is best accomplished by concentrating hard on that one thing. Other ministers' sons have become great captains of industry, because, like Lorimer, they combine the religious emotions of the father, and the hard headed thriftiness of the mother.

Interest in one's work, and a sympathetic understanding of other men, seem to be essential to the structure of success. Without a real love for one's daily job, success in that job—whether it is running a store, or a home—is impossible.

Now we have six important walls for a successful business: integrity, industry, intelligence, initiative, interest in what you do, and a sympathetic understanding of all those with whom you come in contact.

However, take industry, for instance, it is very important, but like money or land, it is merely a conveyor or bridge, which many break down at the wrong time. The same is true of intelligence and the other walls we have just built. All of these are mere tools, which can be used either to construct or destroy.

Thus, the important factor in success is the motive, purpose, or ambition of the person possessing these tools, and ambition is the product of religion. By religion is not meant theology or creeds, necessarily, but rather a belief in Christ as a guide, in prayer as a power, and in service as a goal.

Many a good man with a religious foundation and a fair share of these six qualities, already mentioned, has never succeeded, because he has been working for or with those who have lacked the religious base. So, a good man may build his house on a rock, but he has put his house, rock and all, on the sands of another. The other person failed to succeed, and so the good man also suffered.

This does not mean that a man can not secure money, influence, or fame by questionable methods, but money or fame thus secured seldom does the owner or his children any permanent good. This is the reason so many concerns have gone to pieces when the younger generation has come into control.

Good health is as natural as a clear conscience, both of which are absolutely essential to happiness, and hence to true success. We need but to live naturally as God intended and stop our ceaseless race for more money, more land, more ease, and more popularity. Naturally, we must have enough of these to be comfortable, and feel safe for the rainy day that may come. The man whose motto is "Live and let live," is usually healthy, always happy, and is rapidly attaining true success.

Some employers or partners will say that their occupation makes it impossible for them to live as God intended. Those who are so unfortunately situated should change their business. Working conditions, hours of labor, opportunities for exercise, the living situation, all should be weighed, when one considers his occupation and with whom he is to work. Men and women of all groups are constantly selling their birth-

rights for messes of pottage by working for and with people who are not living right. If you are in a position where you can not enjoy a clear conscience and good health, get out, and get into something else.

Money is not everything, and especially if your going on in your present manner causes others to lose their consciences and health.

What is success? These two conclusions are self evident. We are not seeking land, money, attention, and ease for themselves, but because they will bring us that "something" which we all are consciously, or unconsciously seeking. That "something" requires a certain amount of land, money, attention, and ease, but only a relatively limited amount. After this amount has been reached, any excess is a handicap and a detriment. Then, we secure our goal only by giving away or putting others forward.

Wealth, power, and popularity are not indications of true success, because they of themselves do not cause happiness, but there is such a thing as true success, and this is synonymous with happiness. So let us chart our lives so that what we do will:

- (1) perform a needed service, and make the world a better place in which to live;
- (2) make ourselves and also others, so far as we can, healthier and stronger physically;
- (3) free ourselves, and others, as much as possible, from worry, care, and mental stress.

The six qualities we have discussed as walls are spiritual in nature, and can not be learned from books, nor purchased with money. They can be developed and acquired only through prayer. Thus, it is evident that the whole question of success is most closely bound up with a man's religion.

In the last analysis, true success is really the reaction of true religion in our lives, our homes, and our business.

Life would be wonderfully changed for us if we could keep ourselves always aware that it is God who gives us everything we receive. It would make us conscious always of the divine love, that God thinks about our needs and hears our prayers.—*J. R. Miller.*

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

The many friends of Rev. F. E. Peterson regret that continued ill health caused him to resign the pastorate of the Leonardsville Church December 1. Elder and Mrs. Peterson are spending the winter with their son at 231 Forest Hill Drive, Syracuse, N. Y.

AFTER THE GROUP CONFERENCES

In harmony with plans made with Pastor W. L. Davis we stopped at Salemville, Pa., when returning from the group conference at Salem, W. Va., and helped in special meetings for nearly two weeks.

As the Salemville Church was not represented at the Salem conference we took up for study at appropriate times the board programs that we have used in the conferences.

Attendance at the meetings was very good, both of members of our society and of other churches. At some meetings there were members present from a half dozen or more churches, but most of those attending were church members.

Salemville has a fine company of children and young people, and they faithfully attended the meetings and heartily helped in the singing. I trust that the meetings were an encouragement to the children to give their hearts to the Lord in early life.

The harmony in the church and the interest that the young and old take in the appointments of the church are an encouraging sign of its future prosperity and usefulness.

While at Salemville we were shown some rare old Bibles and religious books by Mr. Frank R. King, of the German Seventh Day Baptist Church. We were especially interested in the old wooden printing press that he has, in a good state of preservation and in condition to be used.

As we had never visited the German Seventh Day Baptist Churches at Snow Hill and Ephrata, we decided to return to Plainfield by the way of these places. Snow Hill is about seventy-five miles from Salemville, two miles north of Waynesboro. We spent Monday night, November 26, at Snow Hill with Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Pentz.

The farm on which they live is owned by the church and has on it the church building, erected in 1829, and the interesting old house in which the men and women used to live in separate apartments. A picture of this house—the home of Elder Pentz, the pastor of the church, is in the tract "The Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists."

During the earlier years of the church the men and women who lived here were engaged in different occupations in buildings on the farm and in carrying on the farm work.

The rooms not now used for living purposes are filled with a valuable collection of articles once used in the house. The dining room has the tables and benches once used, the men eating at certain tables and the women at other tables. In the Saal are the old benches on which they sat during worship—men in one section, the women in another. We saw many cord bedsteads, chairs, tables, bureaus, chests, various kinds of dishes and knives and forks, "Grandfather" clocks, spinning wheels, and other things that attract antique hunters, and especially those who are interested in the history of the people who made and used these articles.

I think we were most interested in a long chest full of "hops," quilts and coverlets that were skillfully and wonderfully made, and the large and valuable collection of books, many of which were made at Ephrata.

Elder and Mrs. Pentz are splendid caretakers of these choice old articles, and I wish that under their direction selected specimens of all the things might be placed in a part of the building where the interested public might have the opportunity to see them, and become acquainted with the Sabbath truth for which this people stood.

The church has a present membership of about seventy. I hope that the expressed wish of Pastor Pentz may soon be realized,

and that the church may realize a spiritual refreshing.

As we started on our way on Tuesday morning we stopped for a few minutes to call on Miss Emma Monn, the home missionary of the church. Miss Monn is an appreciative reader of the SABBATH RECORDER, and interested in the completion of our denominational building.

We reached Ephrata in the afternoon. Rev. S. G. Zerfass is in poor health and had gone to see his physician, but his daughter kindly showed us about this historic place and through the Saal and Sister House. This society is some older than the one at Snow Hill. Because of the Ephrata Press, noted in Colonial days, the unique music books made nearly two centuries ago, the prominence of Elder Peter Miller in the Revolutionary period of our country, and the "unselfish devotion in administering to the wants and comfort of" the hundreds of wounded and dying soldiers who were brought there for treatment—for these and many other reasons the Ephrata Cloister is a noted place.

Some time ago the church made it possible for the public to visit the grounds and buildings, and see the Saal where they worshiped, now used for Sabbath worship with desks and seats as in olden times; pass through the low, narrow doors into the small rooms where the people lived and slept; and to see the many articles of furniture, books, and articles that were used in the days of cloister life. The public appreciates this opportunity offered by the church, over eight thousand people visiting the place in a single year.

I am sure that any of our people who visit these places will appreciate the opportunity they have had, and will wish to learn more about the people who built up these communities and worshiped and worked in these buildings.

WHAT AND WHY THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE?

THE RIPEST FRUIT OF THINKING IN ITS HIGHEST AND BEST FORM IS CHRISTIAN

A college is Christian when its whole atmosphere is permeated with the spirit of Jesus Christ.

But what makes atmosphere? Perhaps

first and most fundamentally the board of trustees. No Christian college can afford to have, nor does it need to have, as members of its official board men who are not genuinely Christian either in attitude or activity, or both. The trustees have a sacred, not a casual, duty to perform, and in that performance an obligation both to men and to God. The initiative or the veto in every phase of college activity in the long run rests with them, and the final responsibility must be theirs. To have in a position of such far-reaching influence any man whose attitude and activities are non-Christian or anti-Christian is in itself a contradiction of terms, and in the work of the board, Christian or anti-Christian attitudes will find continued opportunities for expression.

From the president necessarily comes the greatest single contribution to "atmosphere." With him rests largely the appointment, removal, or veto in appointment of members of the faculty. To him come ultimately most of the important questions of discipline or conduct of the students. He, more than any other, will represent to the public, and particularly to the constituency of the college, the things for which it stands—and this not only in words but in conduct. If he does not have a direct, manly, and purposeful Christian character, everything becomes clouded at the outset. He is the pivot upon which hinge many vital elemental decisions. Calmly and steadily, he must conserve and construct all the Christian agents or agencies, though by no means forgetting that while he is administering a Christian college, he is also administering a college. A college must not only be good in the pious sense, but it must be good for something in the positive sense, or it is good for nothing. The truth, and the whole truth, ought to be taught more efficiently and more earnestly sought for on a Christian campus than upon any other. The greatest temptation that the president has is to use his power arbitrarily, without sufficient regard for the rights of others. But they have as much reason to look to him for leadership in kindness and fair dealing and inspiration as for leadership in the educational field.

Ably seconding the president in every way come the dean, the dean of men, the

dean of women, the registrar, the bursar, the secretary and other officers. These have weight in counsel, both with the president, the faculty, and the students. These have discretion in action in their various fields, and these constitute, many times, the most powerful leaders of thought and molders of opinion that the campus possesses. Of these, the dean of men and the dean of women are the most influential. Any one can say yes, but they must often say no, and to do that winsomely is difficult.

By far the most important general factor in atmosphere is the faculty. One cynical, supercilious, carping teacher, even if his name is on the church roll, can, by force of personality and power of expression, do untold harm. Witness the cult of Menckensism in literature and philosophy on many campuses. A rough, profane coach can undo in a day what earnest teachers have built up in a week. Earnest Christian men and women, having fidelity to the truth as they see it and, as they continually seek for it in Jesus, a real love for people in their hearts, can cast over whom they will the spell of their winsomeness and their devotion. How many such men and women, known and loved in college days, have permanently stirred and directed thoughts and emotions in right channels! Such personalities are priceless indeed and ought to feel secure in their tenure of office against any sudden or unjust removal from so sacred a position. The teaching staff is the heart of the college. It is more permanent than the students, closer in touch than alumni, trustees or any other agent, individually or collectively; and if a Christian college were to be determined in terms of one group, it would necessarily be the faculty.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

The alumni are sometimes weighed in the balance and found wanting. Yet they are the fruit of the tree. Their power to contribute to atmosphere is constant and real. (Occasionally mistakes are made in weighing, hence only the more vociferous, and the younger, who have not yet had enough care and responsibility to steady them, are much in evidence. Like barking dogs, these have more attention paid to them, than they deserve. But there is always the steadfast, thorough-going, quiet, unobtrusive alumni group which in a few years comes into its

own in influence, weight, and power in church and community life.

There is the contribution of the students themselves to atmosphere. This is the indirect contribution of the homes and schools from which they come. In some measure still in the formative period they are but well starting on their course; eager and lazy, impetuous and inert, friendly and hostile, docile and obstinate by turns, they are fascinating in the extreme.

Today, more than ever before in college history, there is the reaction of other student bodies through inter-campus activities. Powerful agencies among these are intercollegiate athletics, national fraternities and sororities in bewildering pattern and number, and intercollegiate associations of varying power and influence.

The curriculum itself is another real factor. Definitely and emphatically Christian colleges should present without apology opportunity for courses in Biblical literature and lore, religious education and missions. Since in state universities today schools of religious education are not only countenanced by non-religious state administrative officers as valuable adjuncts to the campus, but exchange credits are recognized, the Christian college may no longer fear academic criticism for furthering its main purpose in so immediate and tangible a way. Let that teacher be admonished who, having a holy opportunity in so valuable a section of the curriculum, shall treat these subjects in academic fashion alone, and fail to realize the larger meaning and purpose of his work!

Also, size has something to do with atmosphere. The place and function of the large universities and colleges is established, but the Christian college is our theme. For three years Jesus taught twelve men. Their progress is visible in the Gospels, and the impact of his life upon them was tremendous. It is natural to feel a decreasing of responsibility in the presence of great numbers. That is what makes a mob so dangerous. Possibly the most potent Christian colleges are the smaller ones, since the more intimate and longer contact between the individual teacher and pupil has a centralizing and crystallizing value for both—to the one in responsibility and to the other in opportunity.

The college chapel may be a formal, dry, distasteful service or, more than any other one thing, it may be the place where atmosphere is felt and appreciated. Here ought to be gathered and consecrated the impulses and movements of the campus in a genuine religious experience. No speaker ought to go casually before such a gathering. The subject matter, the method of presentation, the specific objective to be realized should be made a matter of earnest and prayerful preparation, whether the topic be one of local, community, national or world interest. And in this plan once, specifically, each year or oftener, the president of a Christian college may wisely talk reverently and earnestly about his own personal relation to the Savior and express his dominant desire that those not knowing Christ in such relationship may come to love and serve him too.

Why is the Christian college? For one reason, because knowledge is power, and such power running loose and on the rampage is one of the most dangerous of criminal liabilities. Educate a criminal and he is many times more potent as a foe to society. Cause his impulses and motives to be controlled by Christian principles and all his objectives are changed. Dynamite controlled and used in blowing up stumps and making clearings is benevolent, but dynamite blowing up schoolhouses full of helpless children, and used in bombing non-combatants in time of war, is awful. "Unless our morals catch up with our technique, humanity is going to destroy itself."

Another reason for the Christian college is that the very spirit of culture itself, the ripest fruit of thinking in its highest and best form, is Christian. "Culture is the product of vicarious living," and perforce of vicarious suffering, not of vicarious getting!

THE MANUFACTORY OF TRAINED POWER

Again, however much or little a college may be denominational, the machinery of the denominations is the most effective Christianizing agency the world now knows, and between eighty and ninety per cent of the ablest and most consecrated leaders come to these agencies through the distinctively Christian colleges. If the Christian college should be extinguished, both the

Church and the State would flounder for many a day. "The Christian college," says Henry L. Smith, "is the manufactory which takes the finest raw material the Church can furnish, multiplies its value a hundred-fold and returns it to the Church in a life-giving stream of intelligent faith, trained power, and consecrated leadership."—*William Gear Spencer, in "The Baptist."*

TO THE OLD YEAR

REV. W. D. TICKNER

Written fifty-two years ago

Old year, art thou soon to leave us,
Art thou not with us to stay,
Or art thou like all the others
In great haste to be away?

Old year, are thy days all numbered,
Art thou ready for thy flight,
Is it time that thou would leave us,
At the hour of twelve tonight?

Will the future be as kindly
As to us thou e'er hast been,
When thou hast forever left us,
And the new year has come in?

Thou to us hast been love known,
Thou didst mix the cup of life
With the pleasures friends could give us
And the bitterness of strife.

Canst thou tell us what awaits us
Whether pleasure, pain or woe,
Whether we'll have home or shelter
Or be wandering to or fro?

Thou canst not? Then do not leave us,
Do not turn thy back for flight
Till thou seest the coming new year
Take thy place at twelve tonight.

Now the time is passing onward
With a step that seems not slow
And I hear the new year coming,
Old year, stay thee, do not go.

Wait till thou hast seen the new year
Fairly seated on thy throne
Holding out the royal scepter
That at one time was thine own.

Twelve o'clock, and now the new year
Has at last appeared in view.
Old year, must thou stay no longer?
Then I bid thee an adieu.

From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. Mark 7: 21, 22.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

KEYS AND THE MAN

A man is known by his keyring; the kind and number of keys he owns give a clue to his successes. Tell me what your keys are, and I'll know your character, your rank, your financial and social responsibility. Your bunch of keys even tells me much about your morality.

Keys are symbols of possession. You college men have few or no keys. Why should you have? You have perhaps a keyring. Take a look at it. There's nothing on it representative of your own industry, successes, or ownership. Well, your school days are preparatory to key ownership. Hold then your empty ring and let us put, one by one, some keys on it.

What would you like to have? How many legitimate keys should a man carry? He may have too few, may have too many. Think a moment and let us note together some keys that every man may well aspire to carry about with him. After all, what a man wants in the practical world, is not money, fame, prestige, honor, power. He successfully lives his fulfilled life when he has the keys to these values.

One key every man expects to own is the key to a home. Until he has it, he is not on the way to the simple, elemental accomplishments usually demanded of him. Foxes have holes, birds have nests. The strivings of the years are hoped to provide a lock obedient to a key called home—my home—your home. As students your active dreams of a future include such a place. No one dreams of a life of unattached vagabondage. Home is an institution, a place, a spirit, an ideal, a shrine, a worship, an oasis, a mount of transfiguration—a place where an honest man and a good woman call little children to their arms and bless them—where love beats out mutual careers on the anvil of trust and truth—where much dwelling together means high and deep living together—where comedy walks about

in unconventional mood, and where tragedy, though it draws down the blinds, lifts up the hearts.

Put another key on your ring. It may be one of the first you have. Mark it your career, your task, your profession, your business. It is your job. It is you as participator in a busy world's exploitation. It is your output and regulates your intake. It is the chief mold into which you pour the content of your molten personality. It is your rating, the gauge of your abilities, the basis of expected rewards and honors. In fact, it is the full measure of your own self-approval. Your reputation is a transcript of your life's record. This record goes into the permanent and institutional person known as you, identifiable at every moment as you and no other. We may even assume that some day every valiant one of you will have his "business" and that to turn your key into that place of business will bring a glow of pardonable pride.

Own a key, too, to your automobile. By this I do not mean specifically an auto; I mean rather that this ubiquitous machine shall be a symbol of life lived above the plane of the bare necessities. What a rich, full world we have! You young people have an environment incomparable, awaiting its fuller discovery and appreciation; awaiting, too, men of high morale to make proper use of it. I want you to have all those personal and cultural luxuries which are within your grasp. A picture, a bronze, a marble, a tapestry, some music, a dinner coat, a jewel, a few good books, some time to think, some leisure in which to pray—these and what they stand for in the high art of good living—these are what I call the luxury of the cultured life. Men do not live by bread alone, they do not even exist upon it solely. Poverty and piety are not synonyms. The good life and a good living are not enemies. Get a key!

Procure a safety deposit box; it is to be your treasure store. One's biography can be written from the contents of his lock-box—a vault for memories and future ambitions—bad stocks and solid securities, odd letters, a mortgage or two, notes of a friend, debts long unpaid, insurance policies, choice newspaper clippings! What a story of stupid speculations and sagacious judgments—a record of vanities and values

—gilt edge and blue sky. But little matter, it is your attempt to fortify yourself and your dependents against the frontal attacks of an inexorable future. It is a treasure box, and may yours be full and honorably full. A key for that!

You should have a locker and a key thereof. Do not misunderstand me. There are lockers and lockers. I mean the latter kind. I mean a play place, a play house, where you exchange clothes for togs, Watermans for niblicks. You will have need to play all your lives. It keeps up the old spirit of the team, its cunning and skill. Your doubtful complexes will give way to supple reflexes. What happens when you play? I study you when off guard and without your community pose, read your boyhood, note you in irresponsible mood, get a slant at you as a human. Play keeps its friendships without ulterior motive—reveals the march of the passing years—gives insight into your playfellows. The first tee tells a better story of the final findings in character than does the conference room. Besides, the explosion of one of Mother Nature's grand old instincts—play—manufactures red blood, brown faces, clean lives.

Get a suitcase and go! Main Street ought to miss you now and then. You've done your first bit of real traveling, some of you, in coming to Purdue. My, you're really far from home, but you do not know it! Travel does things for us. Always keep the old hand-bag and steamer trunk ready. Add a world or two to your experience. Get the thrill of the stranger and sojourner. Travel takes a bit of conceited provincialism out of our systems; liberalizes the medieval-mindedness with which all of us are born; creates an immediate league of nations and consternations; knocks an inordinately swollen pride out of us contemporaries by compelling us to respect the fathers; jostles us out of our complacent fiction of splendid isolation; gives us a new proprietary interest in the whole world as ours; breaks the current of monotonous existence. Get a Gladstone and get out awhile. Procure a key!

These are the keys for your keyring. Are there any more? Have we need of any more? Let me suggest "The Master Key." A key never seen, but a real one. The

Master Key opens all your locks and gives the other keys temper and meaning. The Key of the Spirit provides values. Religion takes your other keys and defines them with significance and importance. Religion takes a house and converts it into a home; takes a common job and transforms it into a service to men; takes a pagan luxury and transmutes it into a splendid culture; takes a mere treasure box and makes of it a philanthropy; takes a superficial tour and resolves it into a discipleship. "Faith, hope, and love, these three," open the world's most secure locks. Such a key belongs to every Purdue man. Technicians, yes, but second! Men—first! Men who possess such keys possess the keys of a kingdom.—*Ralph Marshall Davis.*

STORY OF "ANNIE LAURIE"

I am herewith inclosing a short sketch from the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, which I think would be interesting to your readers:

"The famous song that is sung by all singers of the present day, I am informed, is a mystery as to the author. I was raised on the next farm to James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father, and was personally acquainted with her and her father, and also with the author of the song. Knowing these facts I have been requested by my friends to give the public the benefit of my knowledge, which I have consented to do. Annie Laurie was born in 1827, and was about seventeen years old when the incident occurred which gave rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father, was a farmer, who lived and owned a very large farm called Tragleston, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He hired a great deal of help, and among those that he employed was a man by the name of Wallace, to act as foreman, and while in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Maxwellton, and was taken sick the very night he reached there. The next morning, when Annie Laurie heard of it, she came to his bedside and waited on him until he died, and on his death bed he composed the song entitled 'Annie Laurie.'—George P. Nelsen, Rodwater, Minn.—*In The Pathfinder.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

A NEW YEAR'S CHALLENGE

"The portals are open, the white road leads
Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.
On, up! 'Boot and saddle!' Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds—
For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!
On, through the dawning! Humanity calls!
Life's not a dream in the clover!
On—to the walls, on—to the walls,
On—to the walls—and over!"

—*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

A MOTOR TRIP TO NAPLES, OLD HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII

(Continued)

DAISY B. SCHRADER ANDERSON

June fourteenth was another hot day in Naples. At nine o'clock in the morning a guide came to go with us to Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Herculaneum was at a distance of about eight miles by auto from where we were located.

We went down eighty-four feet in the earth, where they have excavated the theater of Herculaneum.

The city had fourteen hundred inhabitants. The theater seated one thousand people; there was a great stage for the artists. The original stone seats are still there and much marble is to be seen in the actors' rooms. Many windows around the outside walls, which must have furnished plenty of light, are now filled with the hardened lava.

There must have been three different periods of its building, as the guide explained to us. Oscan stone work came first, then Greek brick, which were very narrow, and red brick by the Romans.

The present city of Italians, which is not any too clean, is above this, and at one time another old city, now in ruins, was between.

Not much of this ancient city can be excavated on account of the city above. The excavating was done by criminals from the prisons in the year 1864.

Many of the Herculaneum statues were taken to the museum of Naples. We saw the room where they took in money for the tickets and the money chest. The tickets were of ivory and are now in the museum. This city was covered by the same eruption as Pompeii and the lava flow lasted three days.

On the way out here we passed a very old castle, built in the eleventh century. It is now barracks for Italian soldiers. We also saw the castle of Apostache, who was once king.

We then went on to old Pompeii, a distance of about fourteen miles. Just outside the entrance of this excavated city is a restaurant with dining room and tables for the accommodation of tourists who take lunches with them. Extravagant prices are charged; forty cents for the use of a table and everything accordingly. Many beggars and private guides with sedan chairs and umbrellas were at the entrance of the city to do the tourists. One has to be careful not to be "taken in." Our entrance fee was fifteen lira a piece, a lira being about five cents American money. We entered the old city by the water gate, which led to the sea, and at the time of the eruption was much nearer the beach than it now is, lava and earth, now forming a bank on which are growing palms, beautifully flowering oleanders, and other tropical plants and vines. The city is walled in. From the main entrance we went up quite a slope, where all of the beggars and sedan bearers were. After passing them we came to the inside entrance, where an official guide in the employ of the Italian government met us and led us through the turnstile into the old city of Pompeii. His price was fifty lira for two hours' service. This did not include the tip which amounted to ten lira, or fifty cents. He spoke fairly good English, but with a British accent.

Unlike Herculaneum, which has an old city in ruins above it, and a modern city still farther above, Pompeii is in the open with nothing above it.

With the excavations that have been done, it lies in the sun and under the clouds as it

did when Vesuvius poured forth her mass of ashes, cinders, and molten lava in the year of our Lord seventy-nine. Our guide told us that the eruption happened in the day time, allowing a large portion of the people to escape, involving the destruction of about two thousand. Only two-thirds of the city has been excavated, whose distance around is about four miles. The streets are very narrow, paved with large stones, which make them very rough, with raised stone side-walks, eighteen inches to two feet high.

The track where the heavy chariot wheels rolled through are still to be seen. Through these streets in times of heavy rains water rushed and stones were placed at different points, enabling people to step across without wetting their feet. They were so placed that the chariots could pass astride over them. Crossing over the stepping stones, walking by turns on the old streets and side walks, our guide took us to the main places of interest in old Pompeii. First we went to an old temple marked by many pillars and altars. Next we went to the Basilica, which was really the court house of Pompeii. Here we saw a spacious room having no roof, with large pillars, evidently the beginnings of a reconstruction of the entire building, for it must be remembered that Pompeii had been practically ruined by an earthquake some fifteen years before its complete destruction by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year seventy-nine.

In the Basilica we were shown the places of the judge and his aids, the prisoner and the populace. The Basilica was a Roman structure and the Christians took it as a model for their places of worship rather than the Jewish synagogue. It was a very impressive place. From here we went to the Temple of Apollo, where representations of animals, priests, and worshipers were seen in marble above a large altar at the foot of great stone steps leading up to the place where the animals were offered. The most impressive were the figures of Apollo and Diana. The latter let us into the secret of old Roman heathenism.

In front of a large pillar was the figure of Diana, quite true to life as seen from the front; but our guide took us around back of this same pillar, where he said the priest stood and then showed us a round

hole in the back of Diana's head. Through this hole the priest, by means of a tube invisible to the people in front, could speak his so-called oracles and trick the people into believing that they were hearing the mysterious voice of the goddess herself. One of the pious frauds of the ancient world.

These are the original figures of Diana and Apollo. In this temple another piece of statuary bore the representation of grain and a money chest. The point or lesson in these was that if you pay money to the priest you get returns—otherwise not. We were also shown the tokens of various forms of immorality.

The common dwelling houses were shown us by our guide; some of them had balconies over the street, as we know balconies in our land. The inside of these houses representing the typical home of the common people, had one main room and several bedrooms around the main room. Sometimes the stables for the horses were in front, at the side as you enter. Their beds were of solid stone; their tables were made of marble slabs set on stone legs. The floors were of stone or marble; no chairs were to be seen.

The houses of the rich were illustrated by one home we were led to see. That of the Vetti Brothers (bachelors). There were many rooms in this house with rich paintings on the walls and much statuary. In some places we saw parts of the walls which were in a state of preservation almost as good as though the work had been done a few years ago. It was a smooth finish, like plaster, done in a red color, that gave forth a sheen as viewed from different angles.

One remarkable part of this mansion, for the brothers were rich, was the wonderful inclosed garden, surrounded by pillars and walls supporting a roof over a colonnade between the pillars and the wall. The garden itself was open to the sky. This garden is now planted to flowers and plants in an attempt to reproduce what must have been there in the time of the bachelors. Original statuary still remains, cupids, figures of gods, humans, animals, and other pieces.

Two cupids on pedestals hold water spouts from which water pours into a large

marble bowl. At the entrance of the garden are lions spouting water into a marble bowl. In the center are pedestals for plants and a large square marble basin for fish. Two posts are in the middle with heads of gods with faces on two sides. The dark spot in it all was that these brothers were evil, immoral men.

We saw the bakery with great stone ovens and the mill stones that were used to grind the grain, the upper stone having a hollow space in the center for the grain. The grain was ground between the upper and lower stones and the joint between the two stones allowed the flour to come out. We also saw an olive grinder at the entrance; this was on much the same plan. There were large niches in the walls where food was placed, and stone containers set in marble counters to keep the food warm, much as we do today in our land.

We saw also the baths, very much like our own modern baths, hot and cold, and even our modern Turkish bath, with paintings on the walls portraying various gymnastic exercises, calculated to impress the bathers with the idea that the bath should always be followed by vigorous exercise.

We then went to the gymnasium where they practiced for their games. A large iron ball about eight inches in diameter is still there and we had the pleasure of giving this ball a shove. This must have corresponded to our bowling alley. From here they went to the Coliseum, where they played their games in the presence of the public.

One of the most interesting features of this old city is the forum, a characteristic of all old Roman cities. Like the Basilica this was also in process of rebuilding when the calamity fell upon the fated city. As I recall, it must have been one hundred by two hundred feet. It was mainly an open space and, of course, without cover. Here the citizens met on public occasions for the discussion and solution of their social, political and religious problems. There were platforms from which speeches were made while the people stood and listened. It was the place where the life of the city felt its great heart beat. Not unlikely they had their soap box speeches, as we do in our modern times, only on round stone stumps instead of soap boxes.

Last of all we visited the museum, where we saw a great variety of specimens taken from the homes and public institutions—pottery, water jars, vases of many kinds, beads and necklaces worn by the women, the surgical instruments used at that time. One of the real iron bars taken from one of their windows is very much like the ones used at the present time in this same country.

Where the people might have been found buried in the lava and ashes, their bodies were burned or absorbed, and only the cavities remained. These cavities the excavators filled with cement, let it harden, then dug away the lava and the real size and form of the bodies were preserved. These are in glass cases in the center of the museum—a very tall woman, lying on her face with arms above her head, with roll of hair on the back of her head; a man who lay asleep with his head on his arms, never awoke to know what happened, and a man who had covered his mouth with a cloth to keep out the ashes and dust. In some cases the skulls remained and were stuck to the cement. Two of these are thought to be Negroes by the shape of the forehead. A dog all twisted out of shape, and part of a charred pig in the process of roasting, were among the relics, and many other things so varied one can not remember all of them.

Such, in brief and in part, are the remains of a city that suffered such a calamity almost two thousand years ago.

Milton Junction, Wis.

MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

The Woman's Board met with Mrs. W. C. Daland on Monday, December 3, 1928.

Members present were: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. Emma Landphere, Mrs. E. E. Sutton, Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Mrs. J. F. Randolph, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. J. L. Skaggs.

The president called the meeting to order and conducted the devotional period from the November worship service leaflet sent out by the board.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read.

The corresponding secretary reported that the December list of questions and the worship services had been mimeographed and some of them mailed to the local soci-

ties. She had received letters from several local societies and a letter from Mrs. S. S. Hough, chairman of the Committee on World Day of Prayer. Three societies had sent answers to the November list of questions.

Mrs. West read a letter from Missionary R. R. Thorngate, of Georgetown, S. A., expressing appreciation and gratitude for the money which the board sent to purchase a typewriter for his use. Also a communication from the Council of Women for Home Missions and a letter from Kathryn Gardner, secretary of the Woman's Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, asking for a representative on this committee.

It was voted to ask Mrs. Harold R. Crandall to represent the board on this woman's commission.

Mrs. West read a letter from the president of the Federal Council of Churches asking for continued loyal support of the work of the council.

The ladies of the board listed the correct answers to the November list of questions. Milton Junction, Wis., had the greatest number of correct answers according to membership. The Garwin, Iowa, ladies' society took the prize for October.

There was some discussion of the leaflets and their use by the local societies.

It was voted that the president appoint a Conference program committee. The president appointed Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, and Mrs. W. C. Daland as this committee.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Emma Landphere in January.

MRS. A. B. WEST, *President*,
MRS. J. L. SKAGGS, *Secretary*.

HOME NEWS

FARINA, ILLINOIS.—A gift of \$100.00 last week brings our denominational building fund to \$325.00. There is a promise of more for the present week and we trust this fund will soon pass the \$500.00 mark. A letter from the chairman of our canvassing committee states that the amount to be raised is now less than \$40,000.00 and that pledges and gifts are arriving with every mail.

The collection for Near East Relief was

not so large this year as it has been in former years. Perhaps this is due to the fact that no organized effort was made, and perhaps it is accounted for by the collection taken at the time of our union Thanksgiving service. We are forwarding \$9.00 this morning to the central committee.

About twenty minutes of the C. E. hour Sabbath afternoon is being given to the reading of a book entitled, "Choosing a Career," and from the standpoint of an adult is very interesting reading.

The prayer meeting last week was a pleasure because so many attended, and because so many had a part. Let us save a place in our plans for the prayer meeting.

Following the service last Sabbath four young people, who had expressed a desire for baptism, and membership in the church, were baptized, and next Sabbath the hand of fellowship will be granted.

The subject for prayer meeting this week will be, "Following the Star." Come prepared to express what following the star means to you.

The subject for the Sabbath morning address will be, "Getters and Givers," the text will be, Acts 20: 35. "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said: It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."

The Parsonage family extend the season's greetings to all who read this column and wish for you the promise contained in the angel's song, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

C. L. H. in *Farina News*.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—R. O. Babcock led the prayer meeting last Friday evening. The number who attended was so small that the rostrum was used instead of the main room. Those present had a very pleasing meeting, as there was an intimacy impossible to be found with a large group.

The Sabbath morning service was in charge of the Young Women's Missionary Society. Mrs. Ethel Hamer presided. The theme of the worship was centered about "Service," and the talks given spelled the word. The program was "Serve," Ava Johnson; "Earnestly," Nina Lewis; "Righteously," Fern Maxson; "Vigorously,"

Maria Rood; "Intelligently," Jessie Comstock; "Co-operate," Mary Davis; "Everybody," Georgia Greene. Other members of the society read the Scripture lesson and led in prayer. The choir gave a Christmas anthem.

Richard Babcock was the leader of the Junior lesson and he made an interesting half hour of it. Ralph Sayre was the leader of the intermediates. The lesson was "God's Christmas Gift to the World." He used a birthday cake to illustrate the lesson, and then talks were given. The lesson next week will be led by Marjorie Green. The topic is "Worshiping Christ in Story and Song," and she has made a special effort to make the meeting noteworthy. The sermons were read by Mary Davis. Myra Thorngate Barber will lead the meeting next Sabbath day.

Church letters were granted to Rev. and Mrs. Polan, Muriel, and Dwighton, Sabbath day.

The collection taken at the Christmas exercises on Sunday evening will be used for the good of the cause in Arkansas where help is needed. Any garments that you can contribute or pop corn will be appreciated. These will be sent to Arkansas. Leave at the church or send to Myra Barber, Eunice Rood, or one of the committee.

MRS. DAVID H. DAVIS

(Substance of remarks by Rev. Abva J. C. Bond, at her funeral services held in Plainfield, N. J., December 23, 1928)

Mrs. D. H. Davis was a pioneer spirit, inured to hardship and disciplined in the stern realities of a pioneer environment. Left an orphan at birth, she was cared for first by a grandmother, and then by a stepmother, who was all that a mother could be. Her brother Theodore helped her to get to Alfred, where she got sufficient education to teach school. It was there she met a young student who became her husband and life companion in a conspicuous and fruitful Christian service in the missionary field. For fifty years the names of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Davis have been household words in every Seventh Day Baptist home. Their names were linked together always, as were those of Aquila and Priscilla of old, and their loyalty to truth and their faithfulness

to Christian duty was like that of these Bible characters and companions of Paul.

As missionaries this pioneer spirit and training stood them in good stead, for theirs was pioneer work in the missionary field. The China of fifty years ago was not the China of today, and while the missionary field presents problems as great, no doubt, as those which Mr. and Mrs. Davis faced, they are different problems. They seemed especially fitted to serve well in their day, and laid foundations upon which others have been able to build.

Mrs. Davis in her Christian outlook and devotion was a product of what many think of today as a somewhat stern theology. But it produced in her a character which made her loyal to conviction and faithful to duty. Hers was a puritan faith, a faith which is receiving much indiscriminate criticism in this age of loose thinking. Doubtless there was a sternness in Puritanism begotten of a conception of God more or less out of balance. We have made some gains which we should rightly prize. We need to have a care, however, lest we lose certain indispensable values while making some possible gains. If we think Christians of that type missed some happiness which might have been theirs, let us be careful that we do not miss that *blessedness* which was theirs and which never comes to those who seek happiness, but which is known only to those who know God, and follow duty, and who make sacrifices for others in the name of Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Davis has always retained her membership in the Shiloh Church, but during the years of her residence in Plainfield she has given the Plainfield Church loyal and consistent support. At this service in her memory our sympathies go out to the two sons on the other side of the world. The greatest blessing we can wish for them today is that they may be true to the principles which their mother held dear, and may experience the comfort and blessing of the God whom she loved and worshiped, and in whose service her life was freely spent.

The beautiful thing about life is that no matter how lowly our place, it is in the King's sight.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

SEEING THE GOOD IN PEOPLE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 19, 1929

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A soul's value (Mark 8: 34-38)
Monday—Zacchæus (Luke 19: 1-10)
Tuesday—The Samaritans (John 4: 35, 39-42)
Wednesday—Peter sees the good (Acts 10: 34, 35)
Thursday—Inborn good (Rom. 2: 14, 15)
Friday—Good pagans (Acts 28: 1-6)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Seeing the good in men everywhere (John 1: 45-51)

TO THINK ABOUT

What has the white race to give to other races?

What characteristics have other races which would be valuable to the white race?

OF ONE BLOOD

(A few quotations from the book "Of One Blood" by Robert E. Speer)

The deepest conviction back of this book is that the Son of God, Jesus Christ, is the one solution of the race problem as of every other moral and social problem. He came to be the Savior of the world and to establish on earth the kingdom of God. Race wrong and injustice are sin, and Christ came to save man from sin, the sin of each man and the sin of the race. When all men, or enough men, love and obey him, race misunderstanding and maladjustment will come to an end, and all peoples will walk and work together in peace and unity.

It is the character of the various races which Christ wants, that he may redeem and use them. And we will cherish the hope, which Doctor Gibson sets forth in his *Mission Problems and Mission Methods in South China*, that through the qualities which the races are to bring to the Church, the Church may pass forward into the gospel which is perfect and complete and needing only to be understood and accepted in its divine fullness. "When to Jewish fer-

vor, Greek passion, Roman restraint, French acuteness, German depth, English breadth, Scottish intensity, and American alertness, are added Indian religious subtlety, with Chinese ethical sagacity—all baptized into one spirit—then," says Doctor Gibson, "we may reach at last the fuller theology, worthy of the world-wide hospitalities of the kingdom of heaven, and setting forth more nearly the very thoughts of God."

"Christianity has in its *spirit* the solution of class and race problems, but . . . in its *practice* it is lamentably far from solving them."—*Doctor Steiner*.

"The idea that 'we are all members one of another' needs to be applied to peoples."—*Viscount Bryce*.

INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. JOHN F. RANDOLPH
Intermediate Superintendent,
Milton Junction, Wis.
Topic for Sabbath Day, January 19, 1929

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Jesus praises good work (Mark 9: 38-40)
Monday—A soul's value (Mark 8: 36-38)
Tuesday—Good in the Publican (Luke 18: 9-14)
Wednesday—Good in the Jews (Rom. 10: 2)
Thursday—Good in Gentiles (Rom. 2: 14-16)
Friday—Good in centurion (Matt. 8: 10)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Finding something good in everybody (Rom. 15: 14; 2 Cor. 8: 1-15)

WHY LOOK FOR GOOD IN OTHERS?

ELEANOR OLSBYE

Looking for good qualities in others encourages and helps not only them but also ourselves. We can always find some good in everybody. Often this is brought out by an act of kindness shown to them. When we do a good turn it teaches us to be unselfish. Elsie Woodland Wells wrote in the *Christian Endeavor World* the following paragraph: "Every time we do a good turn to some one else, we strengthen our own moral muscles. The traits of character we wish most to cultivate come from daily exercise of kind acts, generous thoughts toward others, and self-sacrifice."

Christ was always kind to everyone and he could always find good qualities in the worst people. He is our example and we

should follow in his footsteps. Let us remember to look for good in others because it is sure to be found if we try hard enough to see it.

Milton Junction, Wis.

HOW ENCOURAGE GOOD IN OTHERS?

FLORENCE BAKER

To encourage good in others, one must set a good example himself. If you do kind deeds, others will see you and follow your example to repay you for your kindness. Small children who are taught to do good and help others will try harder as they grow older. People who have good turns done to them will pass them on to some one else and encourage good in others.

When a good deed is done and you appreciate it, the doer will appreciate your telling him so. If you show you enjoy their good acts they will try to do better to receive more of your appreciation.

Milton Junction, Wis.

INTERMEDIATES, GET ACQUAINTED

DEAR FRIEND ROBERT:

I will address you as you addressed me. I received your letter on October 13, when I was in bed, Sabbath morning. I read it with interest, for I am a violinist. Your church is heaps, heaps in advance of ours: with your orchestra you must do well.

I am fifteen years old and have passed through a high grade school. I should like to know what you are doing in mathematics, English, history, and physics. Having left school last April, I work as a printer's "devil," for mother is a war widow. But still I hope to rise higher than a mere printer; I am to be a commercial traveler for the firm I am at present employed by. I don't mind what job I do, as long as I get on. Ford and Lipton started on low wages, why shouldn't I?

The young people at my church hold no meetings, because we have no church of our own. We have, however, appointed a pastor, Mr. J. Mc. Geachy, who was superintendent of Seventh Day Adventist Mesopotamian Mission Field.

Well, we shall be glad to hear from you again.

I am yours in the faith,

ROBERT RADFORD.

P. S. A curious coincidence, your initials and mine.

R. R.

October 13, 1928.

41 Stanley Bldgs., Pancras Road.

King's Cross, London, N. W. 1. Eng.

MORE ADDRESSES

Use them

Miss Reola Ricketts, Gentry, Ark.
Mr. Paul Maxson, Gentry, Ark.
Lloyd Pierce, 1459 S. Orange St., Riverside, Calif.
Bert Van Horn, Loma Linda, Calif.

ON OUR SHELVES

We have on the shelves, temporarily, the denominational calendar, which we think should be in every home. The copies have been going out steadily since they were ready, and some 950 have been mailed. This leaves only 550 to be sent out yet, and your order should be sent in soon, if the calendars are to be distributed in your church this year. A list of the churches that have ordered calendars follows:

Adams Center, N. Y.	Little Prairie, Ark.
Alfred, N. Y.	Nile, N. Y.
Ashaway, R. I.	Milton, Wis.
Rockville, R. I.	Albion, Wis.
Brookfield, N. Y.	Garwin, Iowa
Lost Creek, W. Va.	Waterford, Conn.
Salem, W. Va.	New York City.
Berea, W. Va.	New Market, N. J.
Leonardsville, N. Y.	Plainfield, N. J.
Berlin, N. Y.	Milton Junction, Wis.
Westerly, R. I.	Fouke, Ark.
Welton, Iowa.	Battle Creek, Mich.
Nortonville, Kan.	DeRuyter, N. Y.
Walworth, Wis.	North Loup, Neb.
Jackson Center, Ohio	Marlboro, N. J.

If some organization or individual in your church wishes to make a thorough canvass, and sell all the calendars possible, a forty per cent commission is offered. The price is twenty-five cents to customers and the commission will go to the person, or into the treasury of the organization, that takes the responsibility. We ask, however, that the sales be as great as the church will allow, as we need an increase in sales to cover the commission.

The calendars this year are illustrated with pictures of Milton College and vicinity,

as the General Conference is to be there next summer. Every family will want a copy.

Make yourself a committee of one to ask your pastor or church moderator if any order has been sent, and if it has not, see that something is done about it soon.

BERNICE A. BREWER.

510 Watchung Avenue,
Plainfield, N. J.

CONCERNING CHINA AND OUR MISSIONS THERE

WILLIAM M. STILLMAN

There is an article in the *Political Science Quarterly* for December, 1928, published by the Academy of Political Science of Columbia University which should be of great interest to our readers, entitled "Missionaries and Politics in China and the Taiping Rebellion," by John B. Littell. The article starts out with the statement that "The Taiping Rebellion was probably the most destructive protest against the weakness and conservatism of China's Manchu rules; but it was more than that, it was a fanatical religious outburst proclaiming the Old Testament Christianity as its creed."

Where did so many Chinese obtain their knowledge of Christian doctrine? On page 593 Abbe Huc comments as follows:

The Chinese have also for a long time had at their command a precious collection of books of Christian doctrine, composed by the ancient missionaries, and which, even in a purely literary point of view, are much esteemed in the empire. These books are diffused in great numbers throughout all the provinces, and it is more probable that the Chinese innovators have drawn the ideas in question from these sources than from the Bibles prudently deposited by the Methodists on the seashore.

And on page 578 Mr. Culbertson remarks as follows:

It is possible that they mean no more by calling him [the Taiping Wang] the "brother of Jesus" than is meant by the expression "son of heaven" applied to the emperors of China; and again: Especially are we thankful that the Insurgents, with all their errors, are publishing the Bible, and giving it out to their followers, without note or comment, as the pure word of God.

The following reference to our missionary Elder Solomon Carpenter's work at that

time is extremely interesting and important. I quote:

The Baptists themselves were split asunder over a third controversy—Sabbatarianism. The Baptist mission in April, 1854, sent two native Christians to Nanking, but their two attempts both failed; the account adds that "This effort to place *Mr. Goddard's version* [Italics mine] of the New Testament in the hands of the insurgent chiefs proved, indeed, unsuccessful." The point of this seems to be clear from the following earlier extract from the Seventh Day Baptist Report for 1854; it says of Goddard's translation: "In 1 Corinthians 15: 2, he has imitated most other Chinese translations, by rendering it, 'Every first day of the week, let each one investigate and store up, etc.'"; and it objects to this translation of Sabbath.

The fact that the Taipings, literally following the Old Testament, *kept the Sabbath*, naturally aroused the enthusiasm of the Seventh Day Baptists. As the latter expressed it:

"If this be so, the probability is, that guided by the simple language of the fourth commandment, which is plain enough to those whose minds are not already perverted by false teaching, the Insurgents have become, in this respect too, an obedient people. . . . Instead of abandoning their post, Brother [Solomon] Carpenter and his teacher employed themselves in getting out a tract on the Sabbath question, designed especially for the Revolutionists, that they might be confirmed in their present practice of Sabbath keeping.

In 1853, Brother Carpenter undertook, through their leader, to send a letter to the insurgents at Chung-keang [Chinkiang?], setting forth his views of the Sabbath. He thinks that though he was assured it should be sent, it never was. Nor has he, up to the last accounts, succeeded in sending it to them or seeing them in person. . . . They [the missionaries] have entertained the thought of making, if necessary, a perilous effort to reach the Insurgent camp, that they might be able to resist any effort that might be made by others to turn them from the Sabbath.

Further comment from the same source may be cited. "And when the 350,000,000 of China become Sabbatarians, what will become of the great knock-down majority argument so much harped upon by observers of the first day?"

The historical fact is that China might today have been a Christian Sabbath keeping nation had it not been for British guns, that in their endeavor to save their opium traffic broke up the Revolution and it collapsed, with its Christian leader killed and his followers dispersed.

December 26, 1928.

*The heavens declare the glory of God,
and the firmament showeth his handywork.
Psalm 19: 1.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE CHILDREN ARE HELPING

The Junior Christian Endeavor societies are going to give dimes this year to help with the building of the denominational building. They have a blue chart with a picture of the proposed building, and an envelope below is covered with one hundred little red bricks. Each little brick costs ten cents and when the envelope is full of dimes there will be \$10 to send to the committee who has charge of the drive for the funds for the building.

Perhaps there are boys and girls in some of our churches where there are no Junior societies who would like to earn and give dimes the same as the juniors are doing. I shall be glad to send one of these charts to any group of children who will try to fill one or more of them. The following letter to the Junior superintendents will probably explain more fully just what the juniors are doing:

DEAR JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENTS:

The drive for the denominational building has been launched. It is to be "our tribute to the past and our faith in the future," as expressed by Rev. Harold Crandall. All have been asked to help, whether big or little, old or young. It will be of greater value, expressing the interest of more of our people, to have one hundred gifts of \$10 each than ten gifts of \$100 each (although both are needed).

We couldn't expect our boys and girls (a very important part of our denomination) to give many one hundred dollars, but our different Junior societies can give several ten dollars. We need a "Denominational Home," and if each superintendent will explain to her juniors about this work, I am sure that the juniors will want to give their dimes and dollars to buy some of the bricks to go into the building. The success of this part of the work among the boys and girls depends on YOU. Children as a rule will-ingly earn and give money, once they are in-

terested. Then in future years they, too, can look with pride upon our denominational building and say, "We helped to build that."

I am enclosing a "brick collection" envelope for the juniors to put their dimes in. There are one hundred bricks on the envelope to be sold at ten cents each, making \$10, when all the bricks are sold. As each junior drops his dimes in the envelope put a cross on the number of bricks he has paid for. Thus you can tell by counting the bricks with the crosses how much money you have collected. As soon as you fill one envelope send it to me and I will send you another. Let's see how many full envelopes we can have before the end of February.

Yours in the Master's service,

ELISABETH K. AUSTIN,
Seventh Day Baptist Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent.

12 Williams St.,

Westerly, R. I.

November, 1928.

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

It seems that everybody is wanting to read stories on the Children's Page and can't find any, so I thought I would write, as it has been several weeks since I have written.

I am in the fifth grade and I am ten years old. I have a fine teacher. Her name is Miss Mabel Smith.

We had a pet rabbit but something got it. I get A+'s, and B+'s, at school.

When I read stories in the SABBATH RECORDER about farmers, it makes me long to be a farmer and ride the ponies. Some day I will write you a great long story.

JENNINGS POWELL.

Salem, W. Va.,

December 9, 1928.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I love your letters. I am going to write you a letter. I am going to school every day. My brothers' names are Jennings and Gaylord. I am seven years old and in the third grade. I go to church and Sabbath school and Junior.

GARLAND POWELL.

Salem, W. Va.,

December 9, 1928.

MY DEAR BOYS:

I was ever so pleased to receive your good letters. I was just wondering, Jennings, why I did not hear from you again, for I like and expect to hear from the boys and girls over and over again, and you wrote so nicely before. I think you are making fine grades in school, and I hope you will be able to keep it up through high school and Salem College as well.

And Garland, dear, I am glad you have begun to write, too. I do not know of any other seven year old boy who can write a better letter, and your writing is very plain and good. You have done well to go into third grade so soon.

Sincerely yours,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

(A true story)

MRS. JOSEPH B. KELLER

There were only a few more days left before Christmas. People hurried to and fro through the crowded streets. Helen clung to her mother's arm as they hurried along the street to the big store.

As they came near the toy shops, Helen noticed a little girl leaning on her crutches, her big blue eyes filled with wonder and longing. The soft snow flakes fell lightly on her golden curls.

"Mother, dear, look at that poor little girl," she said softly.

Mother did look and at the same time she was thinking. She stopped with Helen near the child's side.

"Are you looking at the pretty things, little girl?" Helen asked eagerly.

The child turned her head a moment and smiled into Helen's beaming face.

"I wonder if Santa will come Christmas," she said.

"And what would you like Santa to bring you?" Helen whispered.

The child pointed to the corner of the big window. "I wish Santa would bring me a baby doll, someone to love, and those pretty blue slippers," she said, and a big tear crept down her cheek as she finished speaking.

"And what is your name?" Mother asked sweetly.

"Mary," replied the child, without looking away from the window.

"And where do you live?"

"Way up there," she replied, this time turning and pointing up to a window almost to the top of a high building.

Just then a dear little lady with snowy white hair, paused at the child's side. "Come dear, you must go home," she said.

Helen noticed that Mary gave one last look at that dear baby doll who held her tiny arms out to her.

Helen and her mother hastened on into the big store. "Here dear," said Mother with a smile, as she gave Helen her little purse. "You may get little Mary something for Christmas."

First Helen asked to see the very baby doll Mary had pointed out to her. She looked at it as it lay there before her, just like a little babe with its tiny arms held out to her, a sweet smile upon its pretty face.

"It's such a darling," breathed Helen. "I'll take it, and those pretty blue slippers."

Soon the little girl joined her mother, her eyes beaming with joy. "Oh! Mother, dear," she explained happily, "this is going to be a Christmas surprise." She could hardly wait till Christmas eve.

Then at last it came. "Oh! Mother dear," she cried, "May I place Mary's Christmas surprise near her door this evening?"

"Yes, darling," replied mother. "Daddy will go with you. Then tomorrow, we will take a basket of goodies to Mary."

To Helen this was going to be the happiest Christmas of all. She could hardly wait until morning to see Mary with the dolly she had loved and talked about. Soon she was walking hand in hand with Daddy up the long flight of stairs.

At last, at the top of the stairs, she paused, placed her gifts near the door, tapped lightly, and then hurried away.

The following morning Helen and Mother hurried along the streets which were filled with happy people who smiled and wished them a "Merry Christmas," while the bells rang out their sweetest tones.

Once more the little girl was climbing the long flight of stairs. Then a few minutes later, Mother tapped lightly on the door. It soon opened, and there stood the same dear little lady Helen had seen a few nights before.

"Merry Christmas," said Mary, smiling, and her dark eyes shone with joy. "Mother and I have brought Mary something."

Just then Mary appeared in the doorway, leaning on her crutches, and on her feet were the pretty blue slippers. "Oh! Santa did come," she cried joyously. "He brought the dear baby doll I wanted to love, and the pretty blue slippers."

As her gaze fell on the precious slippers, it seemed as if the child could talk of little else.

Mother gave the basket of goodies to the little lady who could only smile through her tears, while little Mary hobbled about in her new slippers and hugged her dear, new dolly close to her little heart.

Helen thought of little Mary and the dear little lady throughout the day, and rejoiced that their hearts were filled with joy. She loved to think of the Christmas surprise and the happiness it had brought to the little girl's lonely heart.

Grand Marsh, Wis.,
December 8, 1928.

METHODS NOT ALWAYS COMMENDABLE

WILLIAM M. STILLMAN

The Literary Digest for December 22, 1928, has an article entitled "How To Save Sunday," that may be of interest to our people. It is a review of an article in *The Baptist*, criticising the methods of work employed by "The Lord's Day Alliance."

I quote as follows:

But the methods used by the alliance to make good the aim are not always so commendable. *The Baptist* has frequently pointed out the anachronism of a good institution like the Lord's Day Alliance getting off on the wrong foot by attempting to secure legislation for the conservation of one rest day in seven on the basis of religion. Religious institutions must never be promoted by specific legislation. In these matters the Constitution is specific in providing that no law shall be made for the establishment of religion. The title, "Lord's Day Alliance," is unhappy when it comes to the activity of the alliance in seeking to secure legislation. If the alliance will drop all religious arguments for legislation to conserve one rest day in seven, and will work for such legislation on the basis of human welfare and the public good, and see to it that no man is annoyed in his freedom to observe Saturday for the Sabbath, and that no citizen is robbed of his freedom to play on the Sabbath or do anything he pleases so long as he does not disturb the

public peace or commercialize the day unnecessarily, then no one can raise any fair objection to the most aggressive efforts of the Lord's Day Alliance to promote and strengthen Sunday as a day of rest, worship, and wholesome recreation.

HAVE FAITH

Most men go to pieces when they have had a few good beatings. They wilt. They fade away. They crawl into a safe little corner and hide while the great rough side of glorious life rushes past them. The fact is that defeat is the normal thing in this haphazard little world and victory comes but seldom. Every victory usually is the result of a long series of defeats. A man must have faith in himself and what he is trying to do. He must say "I can." He must back himself to win. He must bet on himself. He must have faith in the people he works with. He must believe in his team. He must see the better side of his co-workers and not think that his own point of view is the only right one. He must have faith in those great principles that make us superior to the animals of the forest—truth, honesty, sympathy, justice, progress.—*Forbes Magazine.*

To hope in God is something different from a feeble and attenuated trust. It is to base every hope that burns within us on the profound recognition that God is. Base thy hope, whatever thy hope may be, base thy hope, on the recognition that God reigns, and that God, the God of the whole Bible, a Father, infinitely loving, and at last revealed to us in the Lord Jesus. If that be false, if there be no such Being, our fairest hopes are mockeries. We have nothing to build on but the sand. Our hopes may come to ruin any moment. But if God is, and if we are sure of that, surer than we are of hands or feet, then there is hope for us and for the world. Hope, my soul, because there is a God—that is what the Psalmist really means. Hope, because he reigns. Hope, because he is on the throne. Hope, because he cares for you and loves you; because he cares for all the world, and loves the world; because he so loved the world that he gave Jesus.

—George H. Morrison.

OUR PULPIT

WEEKLY SERMON TO BE USED BY PASTORLESS
CHURCHES AND LONE SABBATH KEEPERS

THE HEART AS A FIELD

REV. JAMES L. SKAGGS

Pastor of the church at Milton, Wis.

SERMON FOR SABBATH, JANUARY 5, 1929

Text—Mark 4: 9.

ORDER OF WORSHIP

DOXOLOGY

LORD'S PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING—Matthew 18:
1-10

HYMN—Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead
Me

SCRIPTURE LESSON—Luke 8: 1-18

PRAYER

OFFERING

HYMN—Lord Thy Glory Fills the
Heavens

SERMON

HYMN—Draw Thou My Soul, O Christ

CLOSING PRAYER

In the farming community where I spent my boyhood days, there were farms that were literally full of cockle burrs, sassafras sprouts, and other foul things. The soil had been neglected. There were other farms that were very stony, and to make them profitable it was necessary to haul off hundreds or thousands of loads of stone. In New Jersey I saw beautiful, level farms; but when I saw farmers planting and learned that they were burying more than fifty dollars an acre in fertilizers and seed I was alarmed. For I knew where they could go and buy pretty good land for that price.

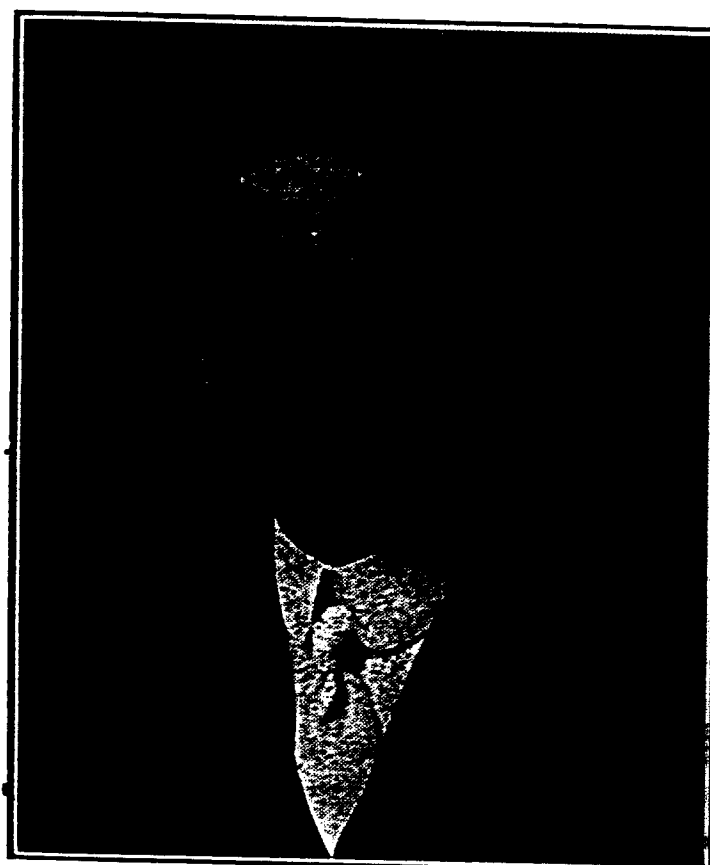


Photo by Wardner

Jesus gave many of his most forceful lessons in the form of a story. When he would illustrate God's love, he told a story of the recovery of a lost son. When he would teach brotherhood, he told the story of the good Samaritan. When he would make men think of how they receive and act upon truth, he told them of a farmer who went out and sowed seed in his fields, and it is about this story that I wish to talk for a little while.

We all have something to do with gardens and farms and we know something of the value and the importance of soils. It matters not how good the seed may be, if the soil is poor, sour, unclean, the harvest can not be satisfactory.

The New Jersey farmers said they must do that or they would not get their crop. If, after doing that, the crop failed on account of dry weather or blight, their loss was great; and that sometimes happened.

The farmers in Palestine in New Testament times had these same problems. They had land that was stony, infested with thorns; ground that was hard and there were hard-beaten paths through the fields.

Out on the farms Jesus found the basis for much teaching. "Behold the sower went forth to sow; and it came to pass, as he sowed, some seed fell by the way side, and the birds came and devoured it. And others fell on the rocky ground, where it had not much earth; and straightway it

sprang up, because it had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was risen, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away. And others fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit. And others fell into the good ground, and yielded fruit, growing up and increasing; and brought forth, thirtyfold, and sixtyfold, and a hundredfold. And he said, Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." Mark 4: 3, 9.

But even the disciples did not understand what he meant by relating this common farmer experience. So when they were alone they asked him to explain it. He tells them that the word is the seed. "And these are they by the way side, where the word is sown; and when they have heard, straightway cometh Satan, and taketh away the word which hath been sown in them. And these in like manner are they that are sown upon the rocky places, who, when they have heard the word, straightway receive it with joy; and they have no root in themselves, but endure for a while; then, when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, straightway they stumble. And others are they that are sown among thorns; these are they that have heard the word, and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful. And those are they that were sown upon the good ground; such as hear the word, and accept it, and bear fruit, thirtyfold, and sixtyfold, and a hundredfold."

Do we have any experiences like that today? Are there still hearts like the hard paths through the fields? Are there still hearts like the rocky places? Are there hearts like fields grown up with thorns? And are there hearts like the well cultivated, fertile soil?

It was only a small portion of the people in whom the word of Jesus could find lodgment. Many heard, but few responded. Does it not seem strange that when people had the opportunity to hear Jesus that they would not be influenced or persuaded by him? And we can see him standing on the mountain overlooking the city of Jerusalem, and crying in anguish of spirit: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, that stoneth them that are sent

unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her own brood under her wings, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Luke 13: 34, 35.

Hard hearts, stony hearts, pre-occupied hearts, refused or were unable to receive and profit by the teachings of Jesus. The conditions under which the teachings of Jesus must be propagated and advanced do not seem to have changed. Through the centuries life has become immeasurably more complex. The problem is still one of hearts.

The problem for Jesus and the problem for all teachers is how to increase the receptivity of men. How are the heart fields to be broken up, made mellow, rich, and receptive? We are learning much about how to do with children whom we can have under our control. We are learning that if the heart soil in later life is to be what it ought to be, it must be cultivated from childhood. When it is neglected in childhood the chances are seriously against great fruitfulness in later life.

One who understands this sees the sad side of the picture when he sees child life being neglected. What are we to expect from a child whose heart is made hard—like the beaten path? What are we to expect from the child whose heart is made shallow and superficial like the shallow soil underlaid with great stones? What are we to expect of the child whose life is early sown with evil ideas and vices like the field full of burrs, thistles, and thorns?

It means a lot of hard work and a great expense to take an old, hard, overgrown field and bring it back to a state of bountiful fruitfulness. But it is even more difficult to recover a life that has grown hard, stony, thorny; a life that has grown indifferent to the religion of Jesus and has become hard and settled in a multitude of evil thoughts and practices. Such individuals are very slow to hear and receive the word of Jesus or of a prophet—ancient or modern.

We may well inquire how little children with their pure and tender hearts ever become like hard, stony, thorny fields.

1. At the head of the list of reasons I would put neglect. Culture and neglect are two of the most tremendous and far reach-

ing forces with which we have to do. Our finest horses and cattle, our finest vegetables and fruits, our finest flowers, and our finest people are the product of culture. And we are told by close students that the finest product of culture, if neglected, will revert to a condition perhaps lower than that from which it was originally taken. We know that if we neglect our fine gardens and fields the soil will become hard and they will grow up to weeds and thistles and thorns.

We do not need to plant the evil things. They will come of themselves. If we destroy the crop another will spring up after it, and we wonder if the soil is literally full of the seeds of evil.

Even so, we may take the little child—and many are being taken—turn him loose to do about as he pleases in the home, to run where he will on the street, to absorb whatever he may from the experiences which he has and the associations which he forms. There can be only one result; he will miss nearly all the beautiful, fine things of life, and will take up evil as a sponge takes up water. And is it any wonder that in later life his heart is like a field, hard, stony, and over-grown with thorns?

Neglect may not be so complete as I have pictured it; perhaps it is rarely so. But parents do not always set a good example for the child. How can a child learn the fine grace of self control, when we who are parents so often give way to displays of temper and tongue that would rival the flash of lightning and the roar of thunder? If parents do things like that when things go wrong, the child is sure to conclude that such is the proper course for him under similar circumstances. If parents are selfish in the home, the children will be also. If parents are vulgar and profane, the children will be also. If parents are dishonest and inclined to drive the sharp bargain in business, the children will find it out as they grow up and are likely to adopt the same tactics in their relations with others. If parents deceive their children, lie to their children, in even what seem to be small and trivial matters, the children will soon come to understand it and will distrust their parents, and, moreover, they will adopt the same method in their efforts to obtain the ends which they desire. If

parents are disrespectful of neighbors, indifferent to the rights of neighbors, the children will be like them. If parents are haughty and consider themselves made of a little better clay than others, the children are likely to have the same attitude. If parents have no use for the Bible or the Bible school, the children will conclude they do not need them either. If parents are indifferent and irregular about church attendance, the children are likely to conclude that the church is not of much importance.

Again my picture is extreme, but we all know that to a greater or less extent these influences do come into the lives of children. Is it any wonder that they come to maturity with hearts unreceptive to the fine things of the religion of Jesus?

2. Community influences. Many influences come into the lives of children other than those of their own home. They meet other children at school, at play, at Sabbath school, at church. They meet older people and are influenced by what they say and do. They are greatly influenced by their teachers. All they hear, see, read, experience, becomes a part of their make up. The hopes of the best and most devoted parents are sometimes dashed upon the rocks.

Community influence and sentiment are what the people make them. None of us can rise very far without taking our neighbors with us. So if we would make community influence for our children what it ought to be, we must each build his own and each help his neighbor to build. A people which stands each for all and all for each, and all for Christ, can make community influence a great asset in bringing the finest and best into the lives of the children.

Again I say, the problem for Jesus and the problem for all teachers is how to increase the receptivity of men. How are the heart fields to be broken up, made mellow, rich, and receptive?

My conviction is that we can do something for those who are older. We ought to do all we can. There is great opportunity for older people who will hear the word and receive it into good and honest hearts. God will give aid to those who will try. But the great opportunity of these days is with the children. A sense of interest in the children, of responsibility for the chil-

dren, ought to humble the hearts of all who are parents, yes, and of other older people.

The heart is the field; the word of God is the seed. It is our duty at home, in community, at church, at school, so to cultivate the field, and so to plant the word, that our children shall bring forth some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundredfold.

"Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

LONG RANGE RELIEF

America has a moral responsibility in this Near East work. Last year in Athens I met an American who had been a relief worker during the Armenian massacre. He had been subjected with three others to a treatment which left one of them prematurely old, a second insane, and the third dead. He himself had been beaten on the soles of his feet until he could not walk for months. I asked him if he did not feel bitter toward the Turks. "No," he replied. "I do not consider that they were much more to blame than the other nations which stood by and did nothing about it and then sat by in the Peace Conference and made no adequate provision for these poor people." In that sense, we must assume a moral responsibility for mistreatment of Armenia.

Christian brotherhood in our enlightened day should know no national boundaries. Last summer a great outcry was raised in Soviet Russia against the reported inhuman treatment of a Swedish scientist by his two fellow explorers on the ill-fated Nobile expedition. Russia could understand a comradeship that must stand by a fellow traveler. But when a short time ago an American church organization was sending food supplies into Russia, one of the Soviet commissars asked the ecclesiastical official, "What do you Americans expect to get out of us Russians anyhow?" De-Christianized Russia could appreciate the humane treatment due to a fallen man lying in the snow at one's feet, but he could not understand the humanity which reaches its arms half way round the globe to lift up the freezing and feed the famished. It is more than mere humanity, it is real Christianity that prompts this long ranged relief.

I have watched Near East relief at home and abroad. The intelligent resourcefulness of the home base has been matched by

the splendid statesmanship of its overseas administration. This work, begun with the enthusiasm of novelty, must be completed with the endurance of loyalty. Near East relief started as a race between starvation and salvation; it is now, in its home stretch, a race between character and chaos.

I believe this coming winter is going to make history. I have faith to believe America will ratify the Peace Pact of Paris. If we fulfill this pledge to the Near East we shall also ratify the Peace Pact of Palestine.—*Ralph W. Sockman, D. D.*

Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City.

WHAT IS POLITICS?

"That branch of ethics which has to do with the science of government."

Say solemnly in a pulpit, "Thou shalt not steal," and some pewholding political partisan complains that "the Church should keep out of politics." Mention oil or alcohol, and you are certain to be accused of grave impropriety in the pulpit! Venture upon a present-day discussion of the Sermon on the Mount or the Golden Rule, and some candidate or his bibulous, office-hungry friends cry, "Mixing politics with religion." Agree that no church should control this democracy, but that the morality of Christianity should pervade it, and a chorus of accusers charge, "Sectarian prejudice."

Shall the Church of Jesus Christ by whatever name silence its testimony against evil, and quit pursuing the devil because some political party or candidate gives his Satanic majesty asylum and his nefarious institutions approval? Is the Church merely to be good without being militantly good? Was old Sam Jones, of blessed Southern evangelistic memory, right after all, "The Church is fer enough things, but it ain't agin' enough things"?

No, the Church of Christ, divided as it is, even at its weakest and worst, is better than all the partisan politics in the world at their strongest and best. The church could do what it would if it would do what it could.

Watch the Church, particularly the youth of the Church, give a good account of itself this year of our Lord, 1928.—*Editorial by Dr. Ira Landrith in Christian Endeavor World.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

IN THE CLASS

Some time ago I asked a young man how he liked his teacher. In substance this is what he said:

"Personally, I like him very much. He seems to know thoroughly the subjects he teaches, and is much interested in his work. If I were to offer any criticism, it would be that he does nearly all the talking in class—does not call upon us to do much of anything in the way of recitation. Our class work is thus made rather easy for both us and him; the most we have to do is to listen to him, and it is certainly quite easy for him, for he is a ready talker upon that which is very familiar to him. I think it might be better for all of us if he would expect us to get from our books as good an understanding of what is in the lessons as we are able before coming to class, and there put what we've learned into words of our own."

As this young man thus spoke, my mind went back to some amusing remarks of a Miss Pierrepont who was, several years ago, teaching with me. She told how she and some of her classmates in high school sometimes successfully "worked" their principal. She said:

"If, for this reason or that, we were not well prepared to recite some lesson, which was too often the case, we would make it up among ourselves that as soon as we came to class one of us should ask him a question about some point in the lesson we would like to have him explain. Now this teacher was likely to be well informed upon almost any subject. Also he was by nature both enthusiastic and a good talker. We soon found that such a question for specific information pleased him. Having thus got him started to talk on some subject, he was apt to take up all the time for the class; so we came safely through. Instead of our being there in a recitation we thus became to him an interested audience. Quite often we worked it that way. It was easy for us and pleasant for our teacher—all satisfied."

I have said this is a rather easy way of getting through a recitation period. I know it, for I have tried it myself. It requires some skill and tact to get from the members of a class, whether on the Sabbath or the public school, what they have learned, or not learned, from the study of the lessons given them, and get it from them in their own language.

Even in children's classes it is well worth while to lead them into talk about the lessons and to think upon the questions arising from them. Before their early adolescent age—thirteen to fifteen—boys and girls are apt to take much that they read and what they hear said for granted. But now they are beginning to think, and to form opinions of their own—growing out of childhood and making up their minds about moral and religious matters. This is a critical period in their lives when they need careful, wise, and sympathetic guidance.

All who are responsible for this guidance may well consider the place whereon they stand as holy ground. It is the place where character is being formed. It is the time when coming manhood and womanhood may be either made or marred by those who work with young people. They will do well, prayerfully and intelligently, to study the character and wonderful possibilities of the boys and girls committed to their care and guidance.

DICK AND DAD

Some time ago I wrote a bit of story out of an interesting book I have, the title of which is "Say, Dad." In it Dick is represented as having talks with his father upon some questions he asks. The two are more *chummy* than some fathers and sons who hardly ever have a really *good talk*. Just why do they not? Are they really acquainted with one another? If not, why not?

HOW MUCH DO YOU SEE?

"Say, dad, when you were a boy could you draw a cat?"

"Certainly, I could draw a cat!"

"Er—so that any one would know what it was, dad?"

"Anyone who could read would know, I always labelled my drawings. That served not only to identify the subject of

my sketch, but also to indicate which way to hold the thing. I once did a landscape with a boulder and four tree stumps; and because I forgot to write the name at the bottom somebody turned it upside down and thought it was a cow. I added a pair of horns and let it go at that—one way of 'changing the subject.' "

"Then maybe I'm not so dumb!"

"All of which is leading up to—what?"

"Well, dad, my class is going to take up freehand drawing, and the teacher gave us a talk as a starter. He began by asking if we all had good eyesight. We said yes. 'Do you really see things,' he went on, 'so they make a definite impression upon your brains, or do you merely look at them and come away with hazy recollections? Just as the lens of a camera projects a clear picture upon its film, so your eyes ought to register a well-defined picture upon your brains, and your young memories should keep such a mental picture from fading.' How about it?"

"And every one of you declared that you see things in every detail and remember all you see. Eh, Dick?"

"Of course we did! And we thought him a 'chump' for asking such a question, too."

"I rather think you're in luck to have him. What then?"

"He said that was fine. For instance, every one of us had seen hundreds of cats—had watched them walking, running, climbing, playing, sleeping. So, without training as artists, we ought to be able to draw outlines of cats that one would recognize at a glance. We looked at one another, not so sure of ourselves, but grabbed our pencils and started in. What a mess we made of the job! We had to laugh, but *he* didn't see anything at all funny in it. 'Here's an animal you've looked at practically every day since babyhood; yet not one of you knows the shape of its body, of its head, of its limbs, or has the faintest idea of how its legs are attached. Now, here's a plaster cast of a house. Draw that,' he said."

"You all did better."

"Yes, but the most of us made the windows bigger than the doors, or put the chimney in the wrong place, or something. 'Before you learn to draw,' he said, 'You've

got to learn to observe accurately—which is something few do, although it would be of great value to every one, artist or not.' "

"Dick, when you go to school tomorrow I wish you would go to that teacher and tell him your father is very glad that you have so sensible an instructor. Sometimes I think that half 'he trouble in this life comes from careless seeing, careless hearing, and careless remembering. Every day persons stand in court and swear to lies that they believe to be the truth, because they didn't see and hear what they think they saw and heard. At dinner, just now what was the color of your mother's gown? Now think!"

"I don't have to, dad. I know it was green."

"Wrong! I know it was brown. So you see."

(A merry laugh from the next room, and: "Only it happens to be as blue as a summer sea!")

"Say, dad, you'd better come and join our class!"

"Well, well, that surprises me; but it only goes to show how few of us are reliable witnesses. At college our class in psychology made an experiment along this line. A one-reel comedy that none of us had seen was thrown on the screen. We were told to take mental notes of the action and write out short continuities of it afterwards. The projection took fourteen minutes. We were allowed an hour to set down what we had seen. Copies of the actual continuity were then distributed, and we checked up. The result was absurd! Not one of us had put in two-thirds of what his eyes had seen; most included bits of action not in the play at all; a round dozen got the ending all wrong; and five or six even flunked on the title.

"Get together a group of your young friends some night and have them answer such questions as 'What are the designs and words on each side of a nickel?' 'What is the color of a certain building passed every day and how many windows has it?' 'How long is a postal card, or a dinner knife?' Draw from memory a robin, a grass-hopper, a rose."

"I'll do that, dad! Will you join us?"

"Not much, Dick! Maybe I'm getting a little too old."

A VISIT AT AN INDIAN SCHOOL

Several years ago I was invited to visit and give a talk to an Indian school. In my boyhood days Indians used to go into camp, now and then, near our home. There I saw something of their children, yet, not so as to get acquainted with them. As I saw them in this school with their books before them they were quite different, and I was not a little interested in them. Miss Bailey, their teacher in the fifth grade, was an intelligent lady who knew how to work with them, and she took some pains to let me see them in their study. She had them ready for me, a thing they seemed glad to do, to show me how well they could do. One by one they asked her to let them come and stand by me and read certain selections. They did not seem embarrassed while doing this, but were eager to do their best. And indeed they read well.

I noticed that Miss Bailey was sympathetic in her attitude toward them, and that in spirit they and she were all working together. Their lesson was not a task, but a pleasant exercise in which all were taking part. I was greatly pleased with it all. I asked Miss Bailey whether or not the children in all the grades were as interested as these younger ones. I felt that if they were so eager all the way along they must be bright young people. I was somewhat surprised when she told me that along about the age of fourteen they are apt to become less eager in their school work. She said that before that time they are, as a rule, living in the present, not thinking very much about the future. But then there comes upon them a psychological change. They begin to think for themselves and to look into their future. They begin to realize that while many doors of opportunity are open for other educated young people, it is not so for them. The fact that they are of a different race and color, is very apt to shut such doors to them, and they begin to feel that there is little use for them to fit themselves for a higher grade of work or social position, and they naturally begin to lose interest in school work.

The strongest inducement that teachers in public schools can hold forth to their young people to educate themselves is that they may be able to take worthy positions

among men and women in business and society; but this inducement does not appeal to the Indian boy or girl of high school age, for there seems to be, for them, no place among white people.

When Miss Bailey was telling me this my mind went out to the case of a bright Christian Indian girl who had been graduated from a near-by city high school where I had served as principal. At her graduation she was as capable of becoming a good teacher as any other girl in her class. They got positions as teachers, but not she. It was not considered the proper thing to put an Indian girl into a school to teach white children. But Margaret was given a school to teach hundreds of miles away in Oklahoma, where there were Indian children, and she did the best of work.

I remember well the hearty welcome our girls gave Margaret when she returned home from her Oklahoma school and came to visit the school from which she had been graduated with honor two years before. Being asked to do so, she gave us an interesting talk about her Indian boys and girls in Oklahoma. During our graduation week, when the class just finishing their course was to be received into the Alumni Association, it was Margaret, the Indian maiden, who was chosen to give them the address of welcome; and she did it graciously.

Sabbath School Lesson II.—January 12, 1929

SIN.—Genesis 3: 1-24; 6: 5-8; Mark 7: 14-23; Romans 1: 18-32; 3: 10-18; 1 John 1: 5 to 2: 6.

Golden Text: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." John 1: 8, 9.

DAILY READINGS

January 6—Sin as Transgression of Law. Romans 3: 10-18.

January 7—Sin as Unrighteousness. 1 John 5: 13-21.

January 8—The Wages of Sin. Romans 6: 15-23.

January 9—God Forgives Sin. Exodus 34: 1-9.

January 10—Sin Should Be Confessed. Proverbs 28: 5-14.

January 11—Sin Should Be Abhorred. Amos 5: 10-15.

January 12—Prayer for Pardon. Psalm 51: 1-10.
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

DEATHS

BROWN.—Mrs. Martha P. Brown, daughter of William E. and Elsie Crandall Hornblower, was born in Main Settlement, November 7, 1849, and died at her home in the village of her birth December 1, 1928.

She was married to Seth Sheldon Brown, February 25, 1868. With the exception of a few years in Richburg, N. Y., her home has always been in Main Settlement. To this union were born three sons: Walter S. Brown, Corvallis, Ore.; Stanley L. Brown, Portville, N. Y.; and William H. Brown, Main Settlement.

At an early age she was converted and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Main Settlement, of which she remained a faithful and devoted member until death. It was my privilege to know Sister Brown when student pastor of the Main Settlement Church; and likewise my privilege to know her and minister to her in these closing years of her life. I am pleased to add my testimony to her deep abiding faith in God, and her fine spirit of Christian helpfulness and devotedness.

She is survived by her three sons; by one sister, Mrs. Nora Doolittle, Binghamton, N. Y.; by one brother, William Hornblower, Main Settlement; and by four grandchildren. Mr. Brown died several years ago.

Funeral services were held at the Main Settlement Seventh Day Baptist church, December 4, 1928, conducted by Pastor A. L. Davis. Burial was made in the Main Settlement cemetery.

A. L. D.

COX.—Oscar Jenkins Cox, son of George Albert and Millicent S. Cox, was born at Wabash, Ind., June 24, 1843, and died at the home of his daughter, Pearl, where he had made his home, December 13, 1928, aged 85 years, 5 months, 19 days.

He enlisted at Wabash, Ind., in Company L, Seventh Indiana Cavalry at the age of eighteen years, serving three years, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.

He joined the Seventh Day Adventist Church about sixty years ago in Saunders County, Neb., and was a faithful member, holding the office of deacon for years. In 1919, as all the members of the church had moved away, he united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at North Loup, Neb. He was married to Nancy Elizabeth Gunter, January 28, 1881, at Wahoo, Neb.

To this union seven children were born. The wife and three children, Millicent Ann, William, and Oscar S., preceded him in death. Surviving are two sons: Roy S. of North Loup, Neb.; George A. of Council Bluffs, Iowa; two daughters, Mrs. Pearl S. Cox of North Loup, Neb.; Mrs. Ida M. Hosbrook of Missouri Valley, Iowa. There are eleven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church of North Loup at eleven o'clock Friday morning, December 14. In the absence of his pastor, funeral services were conducted by Rev. LeRoy Hawkes. Interment was at Silver Creek, Neb.

DAVIS.—Sara Gardiner Davis, wife of Rev. David H. Davis, missionary in Shanghai, China, died at her home in Plainfield, N. J., on December 22, aged seventy-nine years and ten days. More extended notice on another page.

T. L. C.

DE VARD.—Carl Lewis De Vard, son of Carl J. and Beulah Lewis De Vard, was born in Chicago, Ill., March 12, 1928, and passed away in that city October 7, 1928, aged about seven months.

The little body was brought back to Stonefort, Ill., for burial. This was the girlhood home of the mother, who is a granddaughter of the late Rev. Robert Lewis, for many years pastor of the Stonefort Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Funeral services were held in this church, conducted by Rev. W. M. Coleman, Baptist minister of Stonefort, who spoke comforting words to the young parents of Jesus' love and provision for little children.

C. L. C.

HEALEY.—Rachel Elizabeth Maxson was born July 28, 1850, being the eldest daughter of Joseph and Margaret Maxson, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Woodin, of Ceres, N. Y., November 4, 1928.

In 1877, she was married to J. W. Joy. To this union were born seven children—Mrs. Nancy Woodin, Mrs. Lena Appleby, Mrs. Lillian Lang, Daniel (now dead), John, Forest, and Albert Joy. After the death of Mr. Joy, she was married to Wellington Healey.

She was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee, becoming a member when a young girl. She was a member of Miss Mary Bowler's Sabbath school class for fifty years. Although in poor health for a number of years, she was cheerful and happy, and was always busy doing for other people. During the last eight years of her life she had pieced over sixty quilts.

Sister Healey is survived by her husband, six children, a number of grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. Ida Hazard of Little Genesee.

Funeral services were held from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Woodin, in Ceres, N. Y., November 7, conducted by her pastor, Alva L. Davis. The body was laid to rest in Wells Cemetery, Little Genesee.

A. L. D.

LEWIS.—Seth Albert Lewis, son of Rev. Robert and Minerva Oshel Lewis, was born at Stonefort, Ill., September 24, 1870, and died from an automobile accident December 4, 1928, aged 58 years, 2 months, and 10 days.

When a young man he spent two years in Kentucky and Arkansas. The rest of his life was lived on a farm at Stonefort, until four years ago, when he moved to Carrier Mills, Ill.

May 31, 1896, he was married to Miss Mary Lulu Jones, who preceded him in death. Of this union there remain three daughters: Mrs. Florence Hancock, Harrisburg, Ill.; Mrs. Mildred Ritter, and Mrs. Evalyn Todd of Carrier Mills; three young sons, Leland, Joseph and Benjamin, besides several small grandchildren. He left also five brothers: Howell (now deceased), John H., Oliver, Robert I., all of Stonefort; Rev. Ellis R. Lewis of Gentry, Ark.; and one sister, Mrs. Cora L. Green of Stonefort.

Mr. Lewis professed hope in Christ early in life. He never united with the church, but knew his Bible well, was a staunch defender of the Sabbath and with his family attended the Sabbath services of the church. In the brief time allowed him after the accident, he spoke clearly and heartily of his readiness to depart.

He always took an active interest in local and national affairs and had held various local public offices, some even to the time of his death.

Funeral services were held in the Seventh Day Baptist church of Stonefort, by Rev. Edgar G. Slavens, pastor of the Baptist Church, New Burnside, Ill. Interment in the Joyner cemetery, where generations of Lewises before him were laid.

C. L. G.

WEST.—Myrta Colburn West, daughter of Lansing and Elizabeth Colburn, was born at Verona, N. Y., January 31, 1841, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Josephine Congdon, with whom she had lived for fifteen years, on Monday afternoon, December 3, 1928, at McConnellsville, N. Y. She was eighty-seven years and ten months old.

On November 6, 1868, she was married to Francis R. West, who died October 28, 1896. Of this union five children were born, three of whom survive: Mrs. Myrta Covell and Mrs. Josephine Congdon of McConnellsville, N. Y., and Howard A. West of Richmond, Va. There are also eight grandchildren and one granddaughter.

Mrs. West was a member of the Second Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church until that church was disbanded.

Funeral services were conducted at the McConnellsville Community Church by Pastor Lester G. Osborn of Verona, on December 6. Interment was made at the old "West" cemetery near State Bridge, Verona township, N. Y.

L. G. O.

Let a Roman centurion teach us: "I am not worthy!" That is the language for all of us—not lip language, not affectation, but the real thing. Lowliness of mind is the sure sign of saintliness. The man who truly sees God will be stricken through with a sense of his own unworthiness, but he will believe at the same time in the illimitable power of God.—*Charles Brown.*

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Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

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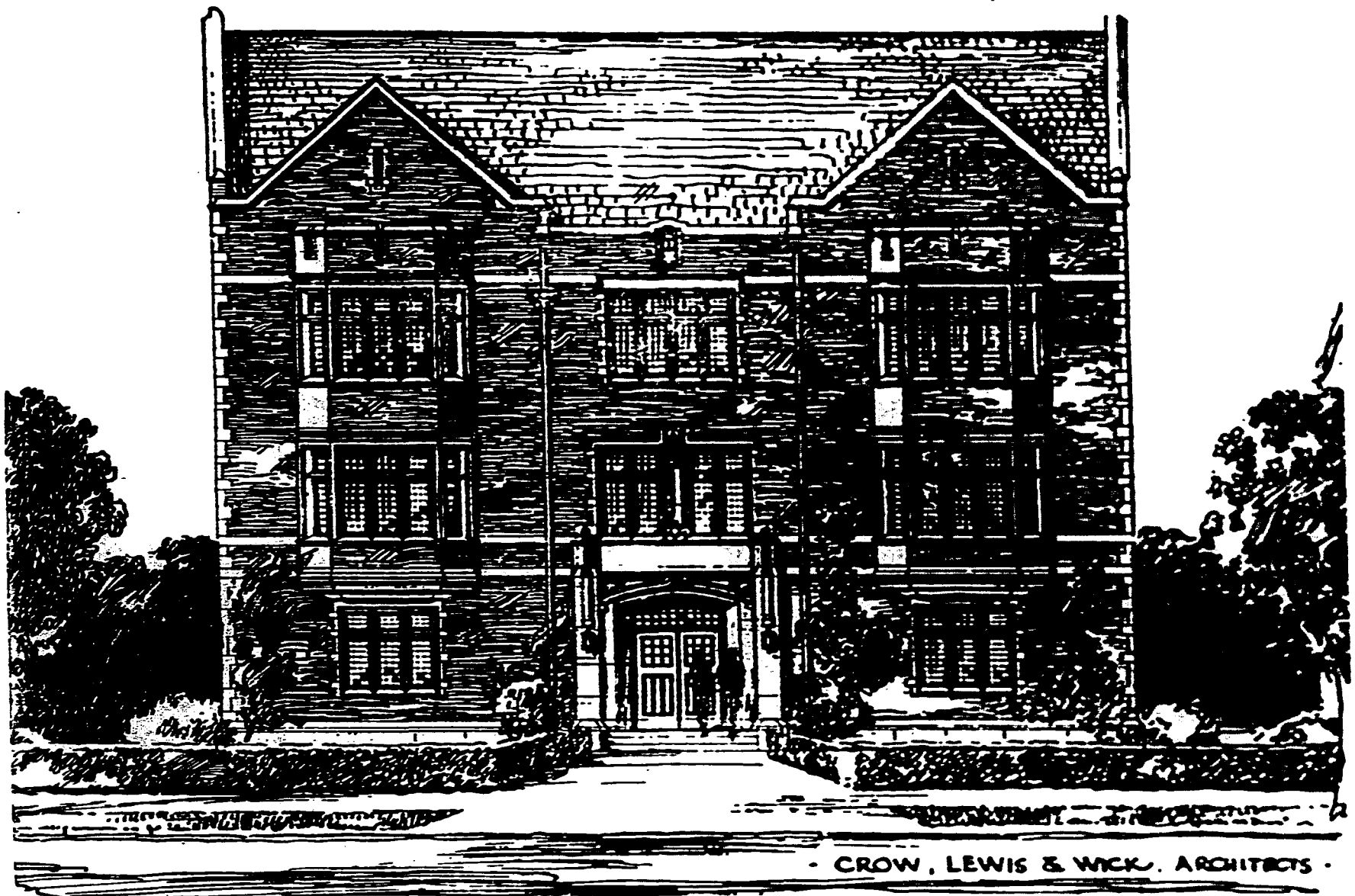
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