

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



CROW, LEWIS & WICK, ARCHITECTS

“Principle is the spiritual value which gives direction, stability, and worthiness to all human endeavor.”

THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING

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

The Sabbath Recorder

No man has ever devised a set of doctrines and ethics equal to those revealed by Jesus. It is impossible to conceive of a more perfect character than that which Jesus presents for our inspiration and imitation. “The loftiest and profoundest intellects that the race has yet produced have analyzed this character, have studied all its expressions in language and deeds, have traced its transforming influence in the thoughts and conduct of its followers, have compared it in all its relations with that exhibited by other sages and benefactors of different nations, and have **DELIBERATELY CONCLUDED** that Jesus Christ is the only true and fit embodiment of the Divine ever manifested unto men, and that he alone by his sacrificial death and risen life is capable of redeeming and forever blessing sinful but penitent souls.”

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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Terms expiring in 1932—George B. Utter, Westerly, R. I.; Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.; William M. Simpson, Battle Creek, Mich.

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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.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

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WHOLE No. 4,418

Dear Lord, our heavenly Father, and our blessed comforter, we are thankful that thou art in very deed a present help in time of trouble. We must all meet our full share of sorrow as the years go by, and we know by experience what a comforter and help thou hast been to those who trust thee when the shadow of sorrow's cross darkens their homes and takes the light out of the years.
Will thou graciously bless and sustain all the dear ones whom thou seest heart-broken in these passing days. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Men Searching After God One of the results of modern investigation and research has been the unmistakable evidence, standing out so clearly, that in all generations man has been searching after God. Out of such conditions our Bible grew to be the Book of books. It has endeared itself to human hearts because men who wrote it had heart-yearnings, experiences, difficulties, and hard problems just like our own.

The writers were great men, facing debasing conditions which threatened their very life as a people. They loved their nation and they felt that their only hope was to find and secure the help of the true God against the invading and ruinous pagan nations.

Thus, as a record of man's struggle to find God, we have our Bible. On almost every page we find something of the spirit, the eagerness, the imperative urge of this age-long search. No matter where you read in Old or New Testament, you find this insistent search after God. The searchers are often defeated, but age after age there is progress until the Light of the world brings the victory.

It seems to me that the important thing to be recognized in these, our critical times, is that our Bible is a spiritual Book and nothing else. As a spiritual message it has no other mission than one of hope, comfort, and guidance for man as a child of God. It teaches us that a God of love and benevolence guides and controls the universe. It is not a treatise on geology, geography, or

evolution—or of any natural science. Its message is supremely spiritual.

I would not quote Genesis to prove that the world was created out of nothing in just six twenty-four hour days; neither would I try to prove from it that evolution is wicked. It would only be wasting breath to quarrel over such things. Many of its figures of speech belong to a different age, and different conditions in primitive times, and the one thing for us is to see and understand the spiritual meaning of their messages.

Moses, David, Elijah and Paul were great men, but they were all human so far as we know, men of flesh and blood and brains like ourselves. So we can understand them and get the benefit of their experience in their communion with God.

Now it seems to me that utter indifference to Bible teachings is about the worst sin of modern times. It is not the spirit of criticism, not even the sin of unbelief, that defeats the purpose of the Bible today, so much as does the sin of negligence and indifference. In all ages man has reached the highest spiritual culture, and come nearest to the divine ideal of life where this Bible has most carefully been made the rule for spiritual life.

Alfred Rejoices We Are All Glad On the evening of October 28, more than sixty friends of Alfred University met with the Board of Trustees for a dinner and special program in the Hotel Astor, Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

It was a memorable occasion, as you may all see by the article from the New York Times which follows the editorials in this RECORDER.

To say nothing of the wonderful gift of \$150,000 for the university, presented and accepted there, such gatherings are well worth while for the good cheer and fellowship where friends of long ago meet to renew acquaintance.

Sixty-four persons were seated at the

banquet table with Orra S. Rogers presiding, and after enjoying an excellent banquet of good things to eat, they were treated to a feast of good cheer in a program that lasted until nearly midnight. The details are given in the article referred to below, from the *Times*.

Of the speakers, all had papers which you may all see in due time; but this first morning after the meeting, and the last one before going to press, makes it impossible to give them in this number.

Mr. Louis Wiley, an honorary alumnus, was made toastmaster; and he introduced the several speakers with appropriate remarks.

WHAT ALFRED HAS GIVEN ITS STUDENTS

This subject was given to Dr. Edwin H. Lewis of Chicago, and to President Paul E. Titsworth of Washington College, Chestertown, Md.

Brother Titsworth's paper will appear later, but Brother Lewis' address was impromptu, and I would be glad to give that in full if it were possible, for it was in fact a tribute to the old teachers of half a century ago.

His description of Alfred as a quiet college home amid most inspiring and healthful surroundings, was indeed charming. He said, "The place itself has much to do with securing a good education."

Then when he described President Allen as a wonderful, all-around man, inspiring to all his students, always molding character in the line of true manhood, and always presenting highest ideals of life, those of us who had been in President Allen's classes of half a century ago were ready to applaud Doctor Lewis most heartily.

Then he followed with words of appropriate and deserved tribute to such teachers as William A. Rogers, E. M. Tomlinson, A. R. Wightman, Thomas R. Williams, and others, which we all were glad to hear.

His last thought was something like this: In these rushing times we need to know people better and must have better education in order to do our jobs well. We need some sense of the miracle of life, and Alfred is the place to make it come true.

Now I leave you to get what you can out of the *Times* article below, and to watch for the written addresses when they come.

Alfred is certainly to be congratulated, and we sincerely wish that some such good fortune may befall both Milton and Salem.

Editorial Notes The workers in RECORDER headquarters were distressed on Sunday morning, October 27, to find that one of their number, Arden Lewis, had suddenly died the previous evening, from a heart trouble.

Further details are given on pages 574-5. His companion, our bookkeeper, is today on her way to Dodge Center, Minn., with his body for burial.

WE SHALL MISS HER

Today, on the Children's Page, you will find an article from the RECORDER's old friend, Miss Mary A. Stillman, who for the last twenty-five years has furnished so many interesting and helpful articles for the RECORDER. You will see a life sketch of Miss Stillman in the death notices of today.

Miss Stillman's articles were always welcome and helpful. We are truly sorry that her willing pen can serve us no more.

TRUSTEES OF ALFRED ACCEPT \$150,000 GIFT

UNIVERSITY'S PRESIDENT EXPECTS F. L. BARTLETT FUND TO LEAD TO OTHER DONATIONS

A gift of \$150,000, made by Miss Nancy Bartlett of Olean, N. Y., in memory of her father, Frank L. Bartlett, for the erection of a dormitory for men at Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y., was formally accepted by the board of trustees of the university, at a special meeting and dinner of the board and the Alumni Association at the Hotel Astor last night.

The presentation was made by Mark M. Holmes, who succeeded Mr. Bartlett as president of the Exchange National Bank of Olean. Dr. Boothe Colwell Davis, president of the university, made the address of acceptance. Orra S. Rogers, president of the board, presided at the dinner, and Louis Wiley, an honorary alumnus, was toastmaster.

Mr. Holmes spoke of the gift as perpetuating Mr. Bartlett's memory in the university, which, he said, was doing a great work, and "enlarging the opportunities of

the youth of Western New York to obtain a higher education."

As a college trustee, Mr. Bartlett had expressed more solicitude for the housing conditions of freshmen, just entering college, than for any other problem of college administration, Doctor Davis asserted in his speech of acceptance.

The gift from Miss Bartlett, he said, will stimulate other friends of education to help equip further this "useful, growing college" through the \$1,000,000 centennial fund which the trustees are raising. In 1936 the university will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary.

It was announced at the dinner that, including Miss Bartlett's gift, \$300,000 had been raised for the fund.

"The news of this wonderful gift brings joy to all Alfred men," Mr. Wiley said, as toastmaster. "There is great satisfaction in knowing, too, that the destinies of Alfred and the use of this noble benefaction, are under the guidance of so distinguished and effective a leader as President Davis."

Dr. Paul Emerson Titsworth, president of Washington College, Chestertown, Md.; Dr. Edwin Herbert Lewis, dean of Lewis Institute, Chicago; and Dr. John Nelson Norwood, dean of the university, were other speakers. A resolution expressing the trustees' thanks to Miss Bartlett for the gift was adopted.

Dr. Oliver Paul Barnhill of this city gave the invocation and Dr. Charles Fergus Binns of the university pronounced the benediction.—*New York Times*, October 29.

THE FORGIVING SPIRIT

MRS. GEORGE E. MICHEL

(Paper given at Yearly Meeting of the Iowa Churches)

If we wish to be happy, to see beauty in life, and to give joy to others, we must have a clear conscience; but we can not have a clear conscience if we need to be forgiven. Not until we have had full forgiveness of our sins do we feel relieved of our guilt. Perhaps you have had the experience of hurting someone's feelings, or perhaps you have cheated in school, or told a lie, or been unfair. If so, can't you remember the load of lead that you had on your mind after you had done it, and the guilt you felt, and the fear that perhaps someone would learn of

your mistake? After a few days you couldn't stand it any longer, so you went to your friend or teacher and told him or her all about it and said you were sorry and wanted to be forgiven. It took real courage to do it, but your friend forgave you willingly, and suddenly the heavy load left your heart, and you were happy again. Unless you have had such an experience you can not realize the importance of the forgiving spirit in your life; but I think most of us have forgiven others, and have been forgiven, and know what a change it makes in our lives.

Christ gave us many examples of the forgiving spirit. In his great missionary work we find that he healed the sick heart before he healed the sick body. He could heal only when he saw that the person to be healed was penitent and ready to be forgiven of his sins. When the man with paralysis was let down through the roof by ropes to the feet of Jesus, Jesus first said, "Thy sins be forgiven," and then healed the broken body.

Jesus does not only relieve us of punishment when he forgives, but he wipes out the sin itself. For example, recall the story of the sinful woman to whom Jesus had been kind, and in her gratitude she came to him and wept bitterly and anointed his feet with expensive ointment. Jesus had been kind to her; he had made her love him, and in so doing she saw his pureness and his nobleness, but not only that—she saw her own sinfulness and lowness, and came to hate the kind of life she had been living. It is not until we come to hate our sin that we can ask forgiveness; so when she came to hate her sin, confession to Christ was easy. Is it then not true that Christ not only cancels the punishment, but takes away our sins?

Christ taught us to say, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." I wonder sometimes if we realize what we are saying when we repeat those words. If we stop and think, the meaning is clear—unless we forgive others, we will not be forgiven. Forgiving others is a real test of our religion, for if we are not willing to forgive others, but hold grudges against them and remember all their shortcomings, we are not sincerely sorry for our own sins and do not deserve God's forgiveness.

Jesus told the story of the servant who

owed a great deal of money to the king and could not pay it. The king was so angered that he ordered the servant and his family to be sold into slavery to pay the debt. The servant was so repentant and begged so hard that the king forgave him and canceled the debt. A little while later, another servant owed the forgiven servant a very small debt, but the forgiven servant had forgotten by this time what it meant to forgive, and imprisoned the servant without listening to his begging. When the king heard about the affair, he called the first servant to him and took back his forgiveness of the debt, and also punished him severely. Then Jesus said, "So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

Jesus had endless patience in forgiving, but human beings instinctively seek revenge. Someone said, "To sin is human, to forgive divine." It is not easy for us to forgive, yet we expect God to forgive us every time we sin! We lose our patience with a friend when he comes to us the second or third time and asks forgiveness for the same sin. We think we have forgiven once and that is enough, but how many times do we sin before God—the same sin—again and again? Peter who lost patience with a friend because he had offended him several times asked Jesus, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" But Jesus said, "I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven." Is not Jesus right in this example of his patience? Yes, because we are happier when we forgive. We have greater joy because the one who would have been our enemy if we had not forgiven him is our friend.

Jesus also taught that we should ask forgiveness before we worship God. He said, "Therefore, if thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and thou rememberest that thy brother has ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first to be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." If we are unforgiven, we can not worship God with a clear conscience.

Perhaps you have had the experience of quarreling with a friend. It was no more his fault than yours, but neither of you felt

that you should go and ask to be forgiven. Both of you held a grudge and hard feelings toward the other. Jesus helps us in such a case by suggesting that both ask to be forgiven. It takes courage—and it means that you must swallow your pride in order to take the first step, but you are always glad you did after it is all over. This teaching of Jesus brings us into a higher level of living. What a challenge it is to us—in our homes, in our churches, in our country, and among the nations! If every heart were filled with the forgiving spirit so that we, like Christ, could humbly and sincerely say, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do"—there would be no more enemies, no more cruel spite, no desolating wars, and so many broken hearts.

The unwillingness to forgive hurts no one more than it hurts ourselves. Those words, "I'll never forgive her as long as I live," are costly. They breed selfishness and spitefulness, and if kept up for years, hopelessly ruin lives.

Jesus' ideal of the forgiving spirit is one of the best of his teachings. It is one of the surest tests of the Christian life, and if carried out is one of the surest ways to a happy life on earth, and a key to eternal life.

Marion, Iowa.

LET US MAGNIFY OUR CHURCHES

Let us pay tribute to the Church. The race needs religion. It needs the ministry of saintly men and women. It needs prophets and makers of ideals. It needs meditation. It needs seekers after spiritual truth as well as scientific truth. The greatest scientists have found their faith deepened as their microscopes became more powerful and their telescopes reached farther and farther out into the starry universe. Each discovery leads to new mysteries, and reverence grows as curiosity carries man farther in his search for the eternal. Down through the ages the Church has nourished ideals of service and brotherhood. Its ministers have been the friends of the ignorant, the sick, and the weak. Character-culture can not leave God and the Church out. Let us magnify our churches.—*The Pastor's Assistant.*

MISSIONS

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

A LETTER FROM DOCTOR PALMBORG

DEAR HOME FRIENDS:

It is nearly four months since I wrote a regular letter to the RECORDER, so I suppose I had better "get busy."

Last month I was thinking much about Conference in dear old Milton, and we will soon be getting news from it in the RECORDER, I hope. It is a long time to wait for news of such interest. Perhaps in a few years we will be able to listen in by radio, at the rate that institution as well as others is progressing.

For some time I have been re-reading carefully old RECORDERS, before storing them away, making notes of items of special interest, to which I may want to refer. I do this usually when I happen to wake earlier than it is necessary to arise. Have been doing so this morning, until the urge of my conscience toward my duty to the RECORDER and you all, made a strong enough impression on my mind to make me drop the paper and take up the pen.

Reading all the home news from the churches keeps me a little in touch with the work there, and the activities of the different pastors. Some of them seem real live wires. One especially interesting RECORDER I gave to Mr. Dzau to read. He is much interested in Christian work and a great help to us all, always ready cheerfully to do little personal favors, as well as his regular work of helping at the hospital in any capacity.

As I read, too, there is always present an undercurrent of pleasure in the thought that next year I may be permitted to meet again our people at home, among whom are many personal friends. We were delighted to welcome Doctor Crandall back on September 6, and I am looking forward to help in welcoming back my son-in-law, David Sung, next Friday, September 27. I say "to help," because the great and special welcome will probably be given him by his family. His little daughter will hardly know

him, though Eling has tried hard by photographs and conversation to keep her in touch with "dado." Eling and Rosaline spent a month with me during the summer, which was a great pleasure to me.

Doctor Thorngate has had rather a strenuous time with the medical work lately, which has grown rather too much for one doctor alone, at any time. So occasionally I have been called over to take the morning clinic when he has been called to a distance, and thus have "kept my hand in" a little. Doctor Crandall's coming back will be quite a relief to him. The hospital is always running on full, and many patients wishing to stay have been turned away for lack of room. The planned new building is surely needed. I am so glad Doctor Thorngate has kept well through it all.

Since my little vacation at Nanking in the spring, my work has been in full swing all summer. So many wanted to work that I raised the limit to sixty, thus making a little inroad on my waiting list. That encouraged others to enroll as applicants, so that now I have a waiting list of about fifty. It will be a long while before the later comers can expect to be called in, as it seems to me impossible to take more and keep the work up to its present standard, which I am determined not to lower. I have promoted another class to study, or recite, after church on Sabbath day, instead of after work in the afternoon, with the understanding that they must come to Sabbath school and church. One such class is studying the Old Testament. The other is still reading the New Testament. One of the latter has lately written her name as a probationer. We are having some soldiers stationed here again. They are well behaved and no one seems to be afraid of them. I understand they are here to catch kidnapers who are working out in this direction from Shanghai. The last time I went in on the bus, there were eighteen people at the station nearest Shanghai, who had been rescued from a gang of kidnapers and were waiting for a special bus to take them home. Every newspaper these days has a long list, daily, of kidnappings, robbery, and other crimes, committed mostly, I imagine, by disbanded or deserted soldiers, for many a poor constable loses his life, from the good marksmanship displayed by them, as they are always armed.

The government seems to be having trouble on all sides. In the North it is the Russians, and now rebellious generals are breaking out in the West and South. One wonders how much of it is due to Soviet influence (the most potent of which is money) to attract attention from Manchuria, and so give them a free hand there in recovering control of that railway.

Many people are also becoming impatient with the government, on account of constantly increasing taxes, with little to show in the way of real advancement.

I must close.

Yours sincerely,
ROSA PALMBORG.

Liuho, Ku,
China,

September 22, 1929.

LETTER FROM REV. D. BURDETT COON

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

By request of the Seventh Day Baptist company at Jeffrey's Town we spent from October 3 to 7 with them. We were happy to observe with them the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. On Sabbath afternoon Brother Lyons, leader of our Bowensville Church, preached an excellent practical sermon from the text in 2 Timothy 2: 19, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure." But he preaches other good sermons too. Sunday night I preached to a good congregation that much more than filled the house of worship, many standing outside. Our people there are of good courage, and are pushing the work forward. It would have done you good to have heard the urgent testimonies of the recent converts in the meetings pleading with their former companions and associates to give themselves to Christ and to the keeping of the commandments of God. One of our young men, a recent convert to our cause, by the name of London, has started a Sunday school in our place of worship. The Sunday we were there he had more than twenty-five in the school.

Brother Benjamin, the faithful leader of our Jeffrey's Town work, and Brother Lyons and three women from our Bowensville Church were planning to start last Friday on a missionary and an evangelistic tour taking them nearly a hundred miles west-

ward from their homes. They propose to spend most of their time in Trelawney parish. They will walk, holding night meetings on their way to and from Wakefield, their principal stopping place. None of them have ever before been in the places to which they are going. They go without financial compensation. They know not where they shall eat or sleep. It is truly "a walk by faith." But they go with a warm gospel message for needy people. Why don't more of our people in the States do such work?

Yesterday, Sabbath, October 12, we spent with our Luna Church, about twenty miles from our home. We had not been there before since a year ago last March. At that time we had twenty-one people in attendance. They were not having regular services. What they had were held in private homes, as they had no other place for public services. Our membership there is small. The church has never asked to be admitted to membership in our General Conference. A faithful few have been holding steady and true. Two months ago Brother A. S. Finn and wife, who have been living in Costa Rica and Panama for about twenty years, and who came to Seventh Day Baptist faith while there, went to Luna to live. Under his faithful leadership our work in Luna has been much revived. The church now owns an old frame building fitted up for a meeting place. Here they are holding church services now. Yesterday sixty-seven people were there for their Sabbath school and for the other forenoon and afternoon services. A number of candidates hope to be baptized in the near future. Others, formerly of the Baptist faith, have recently accepted the Sabbath truth and are worshipping happily with our church. The people are full of hope and enthusiasm for our cause. They own a church lot on which they expect to erect a frame church building in the near future. We praise the Lord for his wonder working grace, and because his work still goes forward.

Sincerely yours,
D. BURDETT COON.

Dufferin,
No. 1, Dames Road,
Cross Roads P. O.,
Jamaica, B. W. I.,
October 13, 1929.

WOMAN'S WORK

MISS ALBERTA DAVIS, SALEM, W. VA.
Contributing Editor

INTERESTING AND HELPFUL BOOKS

How Christ Came to Church—A. J. Gordon.

Child Guidance—Blanton and Blanton.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER

1. Who was president of Conference this year? Where was it held?
2. About how many were in attendance?
3. Who conducted the Quiet Hour?
4. In whose report was the story of the Japanese Legend?
5. What important issue was discussed by Mrs. Hurley S. Warren?
6. What three churches asked admission into Conference at the recent session?
7. What new tract has been published this year? Who is the author?
8. Who is the editor of the Young People's Page of the RECORDER?
9. Give names of societies winning prizes in the contest conducted by the Woman's Board.
10. Who is the new pastor of the North Loup Church?

WORSHIP PROGRAM

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT
LOVE

1. Prayer.
2. Scripture. The fruits of the Spirit. Galatians 5: 22, 23 (read by leader).
3. What are the great commandments? Mark 12: 30, 31 (read by a member).
4. How can we show that we love Christ? Matthew 25: 40; 1 John 4: 20 (read by a member).
5. Love is all important. 1 Corinthians 13: 1-3 (read by leader).
6. The characteristics of love. 1 Corinthians 13: 4-8 (read by a member).
7. Hymn—Love divine, all love excelling.
8. Benediction—The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all, Amen. (In unison.)

A LETTER FROM MISS WEST

The Woman's Board,
Salem, W. Va.

DEAR FRIENDS:

"But this girl has come from Hongkong to enter your school." This is what one of our "sons-in-law" said to us last Friday after I had said for about the "steenth" time that we positively could take in no more girls. (He is, by the way, Mr. Lau who was married in Dr. Edwin Whitford's home in New York City.) "Her father has just died and can't you make an exception and take her in?"

"We have no room," said I.

"Well then, we will just leave her here," said he, thinking we meant our class rooms only were full.

"But we have no dormitory space either," I repeated.

"She can sleep on the floor, anywhere, if you will only take her in."

We had no seat in the school but we did have one bed next to mine on the porch, so we finally agreed to accept her, with the understanding that she would meet the inconvenience of no definite place to sit outside of class recitations.

The day before, we had agreed to take in the little daughter of one of the girls who was here in school when I first came to China. The mother died while I was at home this last time and the father does nothing to care for or support the children. An aunt is looking after them. When school opened she made the proposition that they furnish \$200 and asked if we would keep the child through the school course. I had thought that she would not expect to send her this fall, but when she came the other day with this eager, anxious youngster, how could we refuse, even if the child did make the seventy-fourth pupil when seventy-one or two is supposed to be our limit? She stood by her aunt and watched us anxiously while we discussed it and was so obviously relieved and happy when we said she might come. She came on Sunday and is such a little darling that the whole school wants to pet and play with her.

You can see how happy every one is with the prospects of a new building within a year. We are not exactly counting the days but we are thinking how fine it will be not to be packed in like sardines.

I wish you could see the letter I received the other day from one of our girls who finished junior high school with us in June, and who has gone out to the big Southern Baptist School this fall for her senior high school work. She was homesick and this is part of what she wrote: "I have written to my father and told him we are going to have new buildings and Grace High School is my mother school. I also ask him let me study in mother school next term. I am hoping of (for a) senior high school in Grace School in the springtime. Every day when I was praying I always pray God to help you in the planning of new buildings, especially senior high school." Another letter from her today, in reply to mine saying that we can not possibly have a senior high next term, says she is asking her father to let her return here next fall. We have always hoped we could have a senior high department (three years) when we have our new buildings, but there are difficulties—financial and teachers. Some of our last year's class begged us to keep them on, but we had not the teaching staff to manage it then and still less have we now. You see Miss Burdick continues to teach mornings and to give the afternoons to evangelistic work, and Mabel is not under the employ of our board this year, so just gives us the first period of the morning. We hope, however, the time will soon come when we will see our way clear to having those three extra years and holding our girls that much longer in our own church relationship.

This year for the first time there are children here of girls whom I have taught. The little girl of whom I spoke made the second of my "own grandchildren" to come back.

We are all very happy to have Doctor Grace and her daughter back, and we are looking forward to seeing David Sung in another week. We have enjoyed the first reports from Conference and are eagerly waiting for more.

Yours in his work,
ANNA M. WEST.

September 19, 1929.

HOME NEWS

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—The juniors had a lesson on "Our Bible Friend, Miriam," led by Junior Maxon. Mrs. Fern Barber and several intermediates were visitors.

The intermediates, led by Nedra Davis, studied, "Learning from Jesus how to pray," using the Lord's Prayer as an example. Two piano solos, by Dorothy Goodrich and Winnie Hamer, were much enjoyed. There were twenty-four present.

The seniors, led by Marcia Rood, gave short biographies of themselves, giving especially their recollections of Junior Endeavor.

The Young Woman's Missionary Society are financing the work of re-finishing the basement of the church and several are also assisting with the work. The old plaster on the north wall was removed and on Sunday, David Davis put on a coat of hydraulic plaster, which is impervious to the dampness which has always bothered the walls. Starting on Tuesday, a number of the ladies and some of the men started painting the basement walls and ceiling. These improvements were much needed and will be much appreciated when finished.

NORTONVILLE, KANSAS.—The young people's Sabbath school class held a delightful party at the parsonage on the evening of October 15.

W. H. Ingham of Fort Wayne, Ind., was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ring, October 12. He spoke briefly at the church service on that day.

Rev. C. G. Scannell, of Rothville, Mo., was a recent visitor in Nortonville. Mr. Scannell is a lone Sabbath keeper and while here occupied the pulpit on Sabbath morning. He was a stranger to Nortonville people except those whom he had met at the Conference at Milton, Wis. He was the guest of the church, Friday and Sabbath, September 6 and 7. His visit and the messages which he brought were warmly welcomed by the congregation.

H. N. Wheeler, who is chief lecturer for the U. S. Forestry service, has been spending several days with relatives in this vicinity. Mr. Wheeler spent his boyhood days here and enjoyed renewing his acquaintance with many friends of former years. He gave a lecture in the American Legion Hall on October 5, also a talk at a social sponsored by the brotherhood, in the church basement the evening of October 6.

At a recent entertainment at the city hall the Ladies' Missionary Society presented Mr. James Hilkey in a program consisting

of readings from the poems of James Whitcomb Riley. From this entertainment \$12.11 was cleared, and at the last meeting of the society enough was added to the sum to make \$20 which was given to Pastor Ogden to be applied on the hymn book fund. A sum of \$3 was also voted to make up a deficit on a recent issue of the Nortonville Review.

The Ladies' Missionary Society held its October meeting at the home of Mrs. DeEtte Coon, where Circle No. 2 was holding an all-day meeting to quilt. Circle No. 1 held its September meeting with Mrs. Asa Prentice, and in October was entertained at the home of Mrs. Roy Allen.

MARLBORO, N. J.—It has been some time since you have heard from Marlboro in the columns of the Home News Department, but it has not been because of any lack of interest in the home news, but because we have been busy. The farmers in this section have been very busy picking tomatoes, which are an important crop in South Jersey. There has been a very good yield and the farmers are generally pretty well satisfied. But now there have been a few frosts and the season is nearly over.

We have been busy during the last two weeks in attending conventions. The New Jersey State Christian Endeavor Convention was held at Bridgeton October 9-12, at which many outstanding speakers, including Daniel A. Poling, were present, and many from this neighborhood attended. The County Convention of the Council of Religious Education met at the Second M. E. Church in Millville, N. J., October 14, 15, and 16. On the evening of the sixteenth, a part of the music was furnished by the West District Male Chorus with Mrs. Luther S. Davis as director.

The West District is a division of the County Council of Religious Education, and the chorus, consisting of about twenty voices, has in it representatives from the Greenwich Presbyterian, Cohansey Baptist of Roadstown, Shiloh and Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist churches. These churches, together with the first day Baptist Church of Greenwich, constitute the West District. The West District has its Fall Rally Tuesday evening, October 22, at the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist church. A district banner

is awarded the Bible School having the best attendance in proportion to its enrollment.

We are looking forward with pleasure to the yearly meeting which will convene with the Marlboro Church, November 29, 30, and December 1. The meetings will begin Friday evening. We extend a most cordial invitation to all and trust that there will be a fine delegation present from each church. To show you that we are making preparations for this meeting, we will say that the church has already been painted outside and redecorated within. While this work was being done, the church held its services in the basement.

Sunday, July 7, was observed throughout the county as Home Department day. We observed the day on Sabbath day, July 6. A teacher in the Bridgeton Religious Day School, Miss Elsie Lovatts, gave a very interesting address, after which the pastor spoke briefly along educational lines.

Sabbath day, July 27, was observed as "Decision day." This day had been looked forward to for three or four weeks, so after the pastor had given a talk to the young people on "Decision," there were eight who came forward and asked for baptism and church membership. Four were received into the church by letter. At a later date, another requested baptism and church membership, two more were received by letter and one by testimony.

On Sabbath day, August 24, the ordinance of baptism was administered to nine young people, and on the following Sabbath the pastor had the pleasure of giving the right hand of fellowship and welcome into the church to sixteen people. We were very glad to receive them into the church and trust that we all may be mutually helped and blessed.

On Friday afternoon, August 30, the pastor and his wife were driving into the parsonage yard, after having been calling, when we were informed by our son, Paul, that Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Van Horn had been here and gone. We immediately instituted a search and finally found them in the Marlboro church awaiting the evening service. We prevailed upon them to come back to the parsonage and go to church with us which they did. On Sabbath day they attended services with us, and Brother Van Horn gave us a good sermon. On Sunday

morning, Pastor and Mrs. Van Horn and Mrs. Cottrell accompanied Pastor Cottrell to the Deerfield Presbyterian church, where he had a preaching appointment. The Van Horns went to Pastor Loofboro's for dinner, and then the Loofboros, the Van Horns, and Cottrells went to Camp Hoover, a beautiful grove on the shore of Toler's Pond for a picnic supper. The Van Horns returned home Monday morning. It is putting it very mildly to say that we certainly enjoyed their visit. What a fine thing it is for pastors and their wives to surprise one another. We hope it will occur again.

South Jersey is enjoying very beautiful fall weather. Nature is touching the landscape with her beautiful colorings of green, red, and gold, and no one can take one of the beautiful drives in this section without being reminded of an all-wise and all-loving God and Creator.

Very sincerely yours,
HERBERT L. COTTRELL.

IT ISN'T DONE

NE PLUS

Rev. Mr. Sigrah was in the midst of a powerful, inspiring sermon. He had spent a good deal of time preparing it; it was well planned, his notes were concise and his outline clear, but better than that, he felt a freedom and fluency in delivery that was more than mere technical perfection: it was inspiration from a higher power.

But the audience was small. There were a good many empty seats. The church was attractive and the seats comfortable. It had none of the stuffy atmosphere of poor ventilation and overheating. The air was good, the lights (it was an evening service) did not hurt the eyes, the music was harmonious, the whole setting was favorable. But the people were not there. The old stand-bys were there—they always came; the young stand-bys were there too, the faithful ones of the younger generation that have not yet become perfectly satisfied to be what they are, and let things drift along comfortably and quietly. But there were not a large number of hearers; the church was little more than half full. There were plenty of people outside of the church, in homes nearby, passing along the street, going to and fro in autos and to moving picture shows. The sermon was not being

wasted, but what a pity it could not reach an audience twice as large.

Some such thoughts passed through the mind of John Smith as he sat and listened with one side of his brain while part of it was occupied with wondering why the audience was so small, and whether it was possible to increase it, and if so, how. His thinking was quite impersonal at first. He wondered why the people who lived next door to the church never came, even to an evening service, when they were at leisure. He wondered why the people in the immediate neighborhood seemed to be so little influenced to attend any of the services. Being of a somewhat inquiring turn of mind he began to ask himself questions:

Wonder if the pastor is acquainted with the people all about here? he thought. Has he invited them to come? Wonder if the deacons or the missionary committee have ever done anything to get people to come and hear these fine sermons Mr. Sigrah preaches? If not, they ought to do it. He deserves a larger audience.

And just then something struck him. Did I ask any one to come tonight? No, I didn't. Did I ever ask any one to come? Y-e-e-s, I am sure I asked some one, some time. More than once? Mebbe—I'm not sure. Can't remember. Why didn't I ask others, many of them? Why didn't I ask some one this week? Why should I think the pastor, the deacons, the missionary committee, or any one else ought to ask people to come when I don't do it? I wonder if they are thinking the same as I am, and wondering why I don't ask some one? But they don't know that I haven't asked any one. Well, I know it—and God knows it! I never thought of that. What if God asked why I never ask people to church? What would I say?

John Smith's mental wonderings need not be pursued further, but his actions will bear looking into. Having grasped the thought that he personally was just as much responsible for building up the attendance as any one else, he resolved to try to do something about it. Just how to do it he didn't know at first, but eventually conceived an idea that he proceeded to put into practice. He got some cards printed, reading as follows:

Our Pastor preached a splendid sermon last week. I believe you would have enjoyed it.

Wouldn't you like to hear him some time? If so, call 5678 and I will be glad to call for you.

JOHN SMITH.

Our Pastor, Rev. Mr. Sigrah, is a splendid preacher. I am sure you would enjoy hearing him. Will you come some time? If so, call 5678 and I will call for you.

JOHN SMITH.

Our Pastor gives us real inspiration for daily living, in his sermons. Have you ever heard him? I would be glad to call for you any time you would like to go. Phone 5678.

JOHN SMITH.

Several of John Smith's friends were let into the secret and agreed to make use of similar cards, and soon there was a small but willing group of people who agreed, for a period of six weeks, to call on at least six people every week, and invite them to church.

The next step was the actual putting into operation of this plan. And what were the results? you ask.

Well, right here the story will have to stop because the writer knows of no one who ever tried this plan. But could it not be tried? Suppose a dozen people agreed that for a period of six months they would call on and ask six people a week, inviting them to attend services at their convenience, offering transportation where necessary, would you venture to say there would be no result? How much result could be expected? No one knows, for—well, you know, such things simply aren't done. But, just suppose they were done? Do you feel like trying it yourself? Why not do so?

LETTER FROM ARKANSAS

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

When I came in from the field today I found the RECORDER of October twenty-first, and while resting read your editorial which was written to meet the need of a mother who is perplexed about her boy's life work with relation to the Sabbath.

The perusal of your experience in choosing a life work brought vividly to my mind my own experience, and while the inspiration of the moment is with me I feel led to write briefly concerning my own conclusions. As a boy in a Sabbath-keeping home I grew up to know and honor the Sabbath, though I can not say that I loved it. After some work in the Hungerford Collegiate Institute, at Adams, N. Y., I secured my

teacher's certificate and taught my first term of school. I wanted more education and as the way opened for me to go to Battle Creek College and work for my board and room I decided to go, but with the mental reservation that the religion of the college should not be permitted to interfere with my plan of being a lawyer. I then thought that I could not be a successful lawyer and keep the Sabbath. The second year at the college I was converted and then my plan was laid aside for God's plan and the Sabbath became to me a sign of loyalty to him.

All this was forty years ago. I married a Sabbath-keeping girl, of good old Seventh Day Baptist stock. I have been a minister for more than thirty years, our children are Sabbath keepers, and our grandchildren are growing up to love and reverence the Sabbath. How different all this would have been had I followed my plan instead of God's plan for my life.

In conclusion let me say that this whole question turns on the decision as to whether one puts worldly success first or whether he puts the development of Christian character first. This world holds out its prizes to the young man or woman who is ambitious and these prizes are much sought and highly valued by the world, but too often they are gained at a loss of eternal life. To those who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory, honor, and immortality, eternal life will be given. Thus we obtain the crown of life to which Paul looked forward. I think of many of my young companions who chose the world and its honors about the time that I chose the service of God with its joys and sorrows. Some of them were comparatively successful financially but I would not exchange places with any one of them, and today as I look back, I praise God that he gave me good sense to see the right way and courage to walk in it. My prayer is that our youth may catch a vision of what it means to walk with Jesus, the Lord of the Sabbath, during their earthly pilgrimage and so be prepared to be among that happy throng which will go up from Sabbath to Sabbath to worship before him in that "city foursquare."

Your brother in Christ,
GEO. M. BROWN.

Route 3,
Searcy, Ark.,
October 22, 1929.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. CLIFFORD A. BEEBE
P. O. BOX 72, BEREA, W. VA.
Contributing Editor

THANKSGIVING THROUGH THANKSLIVING

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
November 23, 1929

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Great gratitude (Acts 2: 44-47)
Monday—Vocal thanksgiving (Ps. 103: 1-5)
Tuesday—Thanksgiving (Rom. 6: 15-23)
Wednesday—Job's life (Job 29: 11-16)
Thursday—Love-living (1 John 3: 16-18)
Friday—Peace-living (Eph. 4: 1-6)
Sabbath day—Topic: Thanksgiving through
Thanksgiving (Ps. 116: 12-14, 17-19)

GLEE ELLIS

If your society has been meeting with the chairs arranged in rows, why not arrange them in a circle for this meeting? This would help everyone to feel more at home—as though he were a member of an intimate circle.

Choose hymns which are really related to the topic. This helps the mind to travel in channels of thought related to this topic and thus become better prepared to take part in the discussions.

Sentence prayers are a wonderful help to everyone when the persons praying have a real desire to have and to do the things they pray about. These prayers should therefore be placed late in the program—after the discussion period—so that everyone will have gotten into a prayerful frame of mind. In this way the whole circle may pray *together*.

For what things shall we give thanks? For food and shelter, of course, but our lives are empty if we have no more than this.

We may be thankful

1. For discomfort and discontent—they make us strive for better things.
2. For a few failures—for we shall have ceased to think of *easy* victories and shall have become determined to wage a *harder* battle and *triumph* in the end.
3. For some mistakes that we have made—we shall have learned great lessons from them.

4. For the joy of serving others.
5. That "your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself."—*Frank Crane*.
6. That the greatest satisfaction may be obtained by making our religion truly "A religion of usefulness."
7. For the generous appreciation and praise which our friends have given us—also for the friends themselves.
8. That great men have given us thoughts to ponder over.
9. For an example of a perfect life—that of Christ.

To give thanks by thanksgiving is "to work, love, pray, and serve daily, to aspire greatly, labor cheerfully, and take God at his word."

— *Grenville Kleiser*.

After sentence prayers, the leader may dismiss the meeting by reading the poem, "For Joy," by Florence Earle Coates.

For each and every joyful thing,
For twilight swallows on the wing,
For all that nest and all that sing—

For fountains cool that laugh and leap,
For rivers running to the deep,
For happy, care-forgetting sleep—

For stars that pierce the somber dark,
For morn, awaking with the lark,
For life new-stirring 'neath the bark—

For sunshine and the blessed rain,
For budding grove and blossoming lane,
For the sweet silence of the plain—

For bounty springing from the sod,
For every step by beauty trod—
For each dear gift of joy, thank God!

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

The Israelites had the custom of offering sacrifices to God to show their gratitude for his blessings, and God was pleased with their sacrifices. So we should show by our lives that we appreciate the many blessings he gives us.

How can we express thanks to God in our daily lives? Several years ago I read the book called, "In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do?" The main thought expressed in this book is, "What would Jesus do if he were in my place?" We, as Christians, can express thanks to God by living as near as possible to the standards he has set for us. Whenever we are tempted to do or say something it would be well for us

to ask, "Would Jesus do or say this?" If we do this it will be easier for us to live right, and thus express our thanks to him.

Another way in which we can express thanks to him in our lives is by doing kind deeds to others. There are people all around us who are hungry for kindness. Even a cheerful smile or word will do a vast amount of good, more than we realize. Let us ever be ready to show our thanks to him in this way, remembering that

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. JOHN FITZ RANDOLPH
Intermediate Superintendent,
Milton Junction, Wis.

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—For God's care (1 Peter 5: 7)
Monday—For friendship (Rom. 1: 8)
Tuesday—For health (Luke 17: 11-19)
Wednesday—For sanity (2 Tim. 1: 7)
Thursday—For home (Luke 15: 17-20)
Friday—For opportunity to serve (Luke 10: 30-37)
Sabbath day—Topic: Thanksgiving—Why? (Ps. 103: 1-14)

Topic for Sabbath Day, November 23, 1929

FOR THE LEADER

It is customary at Thanksgiving time to name the things for which we are thankful. The daily readings give suggestions along this line. But this topic lays special emphasis on the *why* of thanksgiving.

Why Thanksgiving? Because it makes us think of:

God—Thanksgiving calls God to mind. It is bad for the soul to forget him. Thanksgiving demands that there be one in mind to whom we are thankful—God.

His gifts—When we give thanks it is for something as well as to someone. It is good for us to realize often that we have so many things for which to be grateful. It keeps us from being gloomy and downhearted.

His love—We never realize God's love more than at Thanksgiving time or Christmas; and on both occasions it is on account of his gifts to us.

Unselfishness—When we realize the blessings that we have from a loving God, and how dependent we are upon him for them,

it takes away all selfish or self-sufficient spirit. We realize our true dependence.

Others—Often our many blessings from God come to us through others who are instruments in God's hands. The founders of our country, our church, our parents, our teachers, and many others have been workers together with God. Thanksgiving makes us realize the debt we owe others who have been our benefactors and also those whom we may help as servants of God. The blessings we receive from God are not fully enjoyed until we have shared them with others.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

ELISABETH K. AUSTIN

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

This outline for teaching hymns to juniors I find very helpful in my own society. There are four hymns to be memorized by our juniors this year which were included in your "Junior Program of Work," but if some other hymns seem more appropriate for your juniors to learn, just substitute them in place of the ones I have chosen.

1. Story of hymn or incident connected with it, also a few facts about the life of the writer of the hymn.

2. Read all through by superintendent with juniors following the words on their own copies.

3. Important sections explained by superintendent.

4. Hymn read in unison by juniors.

5. Questions about meaning of words asked by superintendent.

6. Study of chart illustrating the hymn.

7. Learn the words as a poem.

8. Learn the music.

9. Sing the hymn from memory.

SOCIAL FELLOWSHIP GOAL—1929-1930

MOTTO—Play with a *purpose*.

PURPOSE—Through our socials (1) to provide wholesome recreation for ourselves and our friends, and (2) to interest others and win them "For Christ and the Church."

GOAL—

20 points for each standard social held.

10 points for each standard social reported in detail.

25 points for each original standard social held.

50 points for the best original standard social reported in detail during the year.

5 points for each invited guest of Christian Endeavor age present, who is not a member of any Christian Endeavor society.

75 points for each new member won to Christian Endeavor through the work of the social committee.

THE GOAL EXPLAINED—

Standard Social—includes (1) educational feature, which should be adapted to fit the plan of the social, for example, for a Thanksgiving social, the history of the first Thanksgiving; for a musical social, the biography of some great musician, story of a hymn, etc.; for a February social anecdotes and stories concerning Washington and Lincoln would be appropriate. A debate might be used, or an article of special interest read from some good magazine. There are games which could be worked in for the educational feature, but great care should be taken in choosing these.

(2) Devotional feature, preferably at the close, consisting of singing of hymns, prayers, short talks, or meditations, etc.

Reporting in Detail—This means to write the social out step by step, so that it can be passed on to be used by other societies.

Original Social—One that is planned by the committee, and not taken from any other source, that is, the committee decides the type of social to be given, then adapts the setting, games, decorations, and refreshments to fit the occasion.

Inviting Guests—The most important item. The social committee should meet and list all the young people of the community who should be reached and won to Christ. After the list is made, the duty of the committee is to see that each person on the list has a personal as well as a written invitation to each social.

New Members should be won to Christ and to the Christian Endeavor society

through the efforts of the social committee. This item has been added to the goal as a check-up to find out if we are accomplishing the second part of our purpose.

GRACE M. OSBORN,
Social Fellowship Superintendent.
Verona, N. Y.

PHUN-O-GRAM

OCTOBER, 1929

Since this is the first bulletin you have received since Conference, the first thing I want to tell you is the result of last year's contest. The fourteen societies in the contest made a total of 4,215 points. There were 61 standard socials reported, and 25 of these were original. Perhaps you would like to know the number of points made by each society.

Nortonville	1100	Waterford	115
Little Genesee ...	805	Fouke	115
Ashaway	570	Ashaway I. C. E.	100
Plainfield	485	Rockville	70
Salem	285	New Market	65
Berea	230	Westerly	65
Adams Center ...	175	Riverside	65

The Nortonville society, earning first award, entered the contest last fall, and I wish to commend the society especially for its splendid work. The Little Genesee society, which held first place for three years, received second award, and Ashaway the third.

Please study this record carefully. Perhaps your society's score doesn't look very good, but we are starting all over again, and it's just up to you which place your society will hold at the end of this contest.

Now! Read the new goal! Call your committee together! Discuss it! Plan your work for the year. Remember the new motto—*Play with a purpose!* That means that you must definitely plan your socials, and then see that your plans are carried out. Don't depend on spontaneous affairs, gotten up at the last moment. If I can help in any way, I would be glad to hear from you. I hope each society is planning a good original Hallowe'en social. If you haven't time for that, try the one which I have just sent you. And then! *Don't fail to report it and receive credit.*

If your society wasn't in the contest last year, won't you join us now? We want

twenty-five societies really working and accomplishing the aim of the goal.

Report all socials held since July first and your society will be entered in the contest.

Yours for "Play with a purpose."

GRACE M. OSBORN,
Social Fellowship Superintendent.

WILL OUR DENOMINATION LIVE?

An Open Letter

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

Would you have space some time for a few ideas I have on matters that trouble some of my friends?

I have been watching certain statements in the RECORDER in various articles for some time, with a good deal of interest; and I can not see where some writers find so many "discrepancies" and "rebels" in the Old Testament as they seem to find. The difference between these writers and me must be in the ideas we had before we began reading.

David pleaded with God to punish him and spare the army when so many died because he had the people numbered. Was God unjust? I can not see it that way. The people all knew that was against God's command. Joab protested but not enough. Would it not have been well if the people had all protested against an unwise command of the king even as they saved Jonathan contrary to Saul? And it is a fact in history and present human experience that the innocent do suffer with the guilty. The commandment says, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me."

That is the law side. Necessary laws today work hardship on certain innocent people. Turn to the mercy side. "And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." You and I enjoy blessings because of the good in our foreparents of many generations. We can see many of them in the civilization about us.

Abraham asked, "Shall not the God of all the earth do right?" And the Lord proceeded to show him that if he was unjust it was on the side of too much mercy toward Sodom's sinners.

It is true that the command was to destroy Achan's family with him, but can you prove there were innocent and irresponsible women or children among them? Other cases can be listed the same.

In a recent RECORDER I read, "The New Testament does not teach that acceptance of the virgin birth doctrine is essential to the forgiveness of sin, to discipleship," etc. The same men who wrote of the virgin birth are the ones who tell us the rest of the story. I believe it is a rule of court that testimony of a witness is thrown out when it is proved that he has lied, or borne false witness in part of it.

The above quotation is from a man who is a deep student of the Bible and an interesting teacher and speaker. Farther on is more modernism and evolution given. So far as I have ever seen, evolution is an unproved theory. Creation is too wonderful to be explained, and, to my mind, the simpler way is to believe the Bible as it reads, the same as we would another story printed in English.

The papers report Harry Emerson Fosdick as saying modernists are so busy trying to correct modern theology that they forget to teach the gospel. I have felt that way for some time.

Because of so much of this appearing in the RECORDER, a friend recently said to me, "I am ashamed to give the RECORDERS away," and, "I am awfully discouraged about our denomination."

Such feelings are not strange to me, but due to the fact that our denomination has (as has also Christianity) come through so many crises and still lives, we should still have hope.

Until I can find something better, I shall still hold to the Seventh Day Baptist doctrine as I learned it years ago. This is only a beginning of what is in my mind, but enough for now.

Yours,

LYLE E. MAXSON.

Matheson, Colo.,
October 23, 1929.

"You can no more induce human nature to take to religion by force than you can compel a chicken to take to the water by throwing it into a pond."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

A STAY-AT-HOME JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF JESUS

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath
Day, November 16, 1929

MRS. HERBERT L. POLAN

Post, for the interest of the juniors, pictures of Palestine. You can obtain some from the cover pages of old *Christian Herald*s, as there have been a good many of them. Also the *National Geographic Magazine*. Post also some large maps of Palestine for use in geography talks. Suggested topics to hand out for talks:

Seacoast, fisheries, ports.
Mountains and valleys.
Cities and villages.
Lakes and rivers.
Industries and trades.
Modes of travel.
Manners and customs.
Fruits and vegetables.
Races and languages.

Or

Jerusalem.
Sea of Galilee.
Jordan River
Dead Sea.
Judea.

Nazareth.
Bethlehem.

Suggested songs: "Blue Galilee," "Once on a mountain side," "O little town of Bethlehem."

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

MY DEAR MRS. GREENE:

It is quite a long while I have been thinking of writing you a letter, so I am endeavoring this morning to do so.

I have read with much interest the letters on the Children's Page of the *RECORDER* and I believe the children would like to see letters from Jamaica, and to know how we are living and faring.

We enjoy our Sabbath and Sabbath school every Sabbath. I have four brothers

and one sister. We live about a half mile from the spot where we worship. We worship in a booth lately built.

Rev. D. Burdett Coon and wife spent three weeks at this end of the island. We had the privilege of going with them in their car ten miles to hold meetings at a place where we have two faithful members.

We are not new converts to the Sabbath. Father and mother were Sabbath keepers for twenty-one years, being Seventh Day Adventists. We lived nine miles from the Seventh Day Adventist church. They never attended church in my time. We kept our home department worship every Sabbath, but we never sent in any report to the conference or church. We never heard of a Seventh Day Baptist in Jamaica before September, 1928. One day a brother gave father a tract (*Exposé of Faith and Practice*), which he got from Brother Samms, a Seventh Day Baptist, and we agreed to be Seventh Day Baptists at once. A few months afterwards my brother Rayness and I were baptized by Rev. D. Burdett Coon.

I close with love to all the children that will read this letter.

Yours truly,

LOUEL U. MAC PHERSON.

*Williamsfield District,
Siloah P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I.,
October 7, 1929.*

DEAR LOUEL:

I am glad you have enjoyed the letters on the Children's Page enough to write such a nice long letter yourself. I hope you will write again for the children surely like to read letters from the children in Jamaica, and so do I. Jamaica seems more real and interesting to us, not just a small spot on the map, since Mr. and Mrs. Coon are living and working there, and also because we have the pleasure of reading the fine letters which come to us from time to time from the dear children of Jamaica.

We rejoice that you and your dear ones now belong to our Seventh Day Baptist family, and that you enjoy your church and Sabbath school. It is indeed great joy to serve the dear Jesus who has done so much for us.

Sincerely your friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

THE LOST CHILDREN

MARY A. STILLMAN

Anne, Joan, and Harry are my next-door neighbors in summer. They are children with much imagination, who get up shows in the barn, compose long stories about King Leo, Captain Dog, and other "fairy animals." With their dog Rover to help, they amuse themselves in many unusual ways.

One night their mother tucked them into bed early. About nine o'clock she glanced into their rooms to see if all were asleep, when, much to her surprise, she found their beds empty and their clothing all in the rooms. She called but no one answered. She searched the house but not a chick or a child could she find. The outside doors were all bolted, or else screens were hooked, so the truants could not have gone out that way. She began to have visions of Peter Pan spiriting her children out the window.

Just then the mother heard a noise in the yard. On opening the door she discovered three Indians, wrapped in blankets and decorated with hen's feathers, creeping toward the house. With a whoop they were upon her—and proved to be the missing children. "Why, where have you been?" she exclaimed. "Oh," answered Joan, "we wanted to play Indians and thought it would be lots more fun to do it by moonlight than to wait until tomorrow." "And how did you go out?" "Why," explained Harry, "we crept out the hole that Rover scratched in the screen door." "Well now scramble to bed, every one of you, and the next time you want to play by moonlight please let me know so that I will not worry," said the indulgent mother. Since that night no children from that household have been lost.

MOUNTAIN-SIDE AND SEA-SIDE IN 1929

NUMBER FOUR

LOIS R. FAY

The next morning we had for breakfast a treat in the shape of fresh trout caught and donated to our household by a neighbor. This was the first time I had tasted this delicacy, and I could understand why a man will face discomforts to obtain a taste of such meat; but why some men are so selfish as to suffer the extermination of trout, grouse, or quail in any locality, just to gratify the moment's hunger, is not so comprehensible. There is genuine satisfaction

in taking care to produce choice specimens, instead of exterminating them.

After breakfast we turned our attention to the jelly we had tried to produce, and found it was truly jelly in the kettle. So we heated it and poured it out into glasses, fine in color and taste.

Then we discussed attending the Congregational service to be held nearby. There was also a Methodist convention in the next town. The sun shone and the mountains looked near and clear.

Out of deference to my wishes, my hostess let me stay quietly visiting with her, instead of meeting with strangers in a first day service. We had much to discuss. There were the friends in our lone Sabbath keeping circle, now narrowly diminished. There were friends in Rhode Island, some scattered to the far west; some to the islands of the sea.

Then prohibition enforcement came up for consideration. The Caledonia County papers told of the desperate and despicable escapades of border liquor runners. The sun and the clear air caused me to miss my little old Ford, left at home because accounted too feeble to come this far from its snug little garage; but we were safer visiting in our cozy cottage than out on a road where one of these murderous runners monopolized the right of way.

I happened to know there were in a Montreal library some of the oldest manuscripts of the Bible in this part of the world; and I had letters making the way open for me to see them, but my long cherished hopes to see these manuscripts, I found could not be fulfilled this time. I had agreed to return home the next day, and train service would not take me to Montreal and back before I must start homeward. But I studied auto routes and train routes, and then tucked that desire back in a cerebral pigeon hole, till circumstances would favor it.

Those who love the Sabbath of Jehovah have a special call to keep a watchful eye on the old records. The power that has sought to change the day from the seventh to the first has no special interest in the records that keep alive the chronology of the Sabbath of Jehovah. It is for us who love the Sabbath to seek, cherish, and preserve the records of our faith, and there are several treasures for the preservation of these priceless records.

The most important one is in the hearts of youth. The seeds of Sabbath truth must be planted there, to grow up and bear fruit in the next generation. The best treasure my mother gave me was the faith in God and his Sabbath, planted in my heart.

Next in value as treasuries for records are the buildings which house the written and printed testimonies of God-fearing people, where coming generations may read them, and visitors may view them, for their encouragement in the making of spiritual records of their own experiences.

Ever since my study of the Hebrew language, the historic manuscripts of the Bible have had a magnetic pull upon my desires; but as yet I have had to be content with actual sight of only a very few. And on this trip, I must now plan for my return home without seeing the treasures I had hoped to see in the Montreal library.

My hostess arranged for me to ride to St. Johnsbury the next morning. I must start at six-thirty to obtain this favored connection with the railroad that would convey me southward. This early start was to be no hardship to me, for the early waking habits of mother and grandparents had been generously granted me. With our arrangements completed, we closed this last day of the visit with a walk up the nearest hill, that I might have a full and final view of the scenery. Here again I missed my little Ford, perhaps from recent habit; for there has been from ancient times a genuine quiet assuring rest in a walk at eventide, as if the Lord God still walked in his garden in the cool of the day, and welcomed our communion with him. We can not explain the Presence, but it is there.

In some ways the mechanical travel of the automobile dissipates this communion; yet if we direct a reverent ear or an observing eye to any machine, we find a Presence there which we can not explain; an invisible cohesive and tensile power in the metals, a motive power in the fluids and gases harnessed with the metals, all possessed with powers which benefit if used lawfully, but which we can not explain.

But when the rum-runners, the thieves, the murderers, and the immoral use these gifts to ruin our social order and our domestic welfare, this also is unexplainable.

In our evening walk together, my hostess and I saw all our eyes could see, in more

detailed intimacy, than if we had covered more distance by auto, and were just as happy, for one's life consists not in the abundance of things, but in the condition of the heart.

The next morning at six-thirty I was ready, grip in hand, for the start toward home, having had a good sleep, a good breakfast, and a "God be with you," accompanied by organ and canary music. In a few moments the neighbor appeared, and I bade good-by to my hostess, and the brookside cottage, and the flowers, notably the five inch crimson dahlia in bloom in the garden. The ride in the cool morning air was delightful. We went down, down, down, till the river fog enveloped the countryside; and when we reached the busy town of St. Johnsbury, the dampness was more dense. My courteous chauffeur was employed in the business of the Fairbanks Scales, the chief industry of that town, the integrity of whose product has stabilized the commerce of the world by the use of the just weights and correct balances.

When I came to buy my ticket to Princeton, Mass., the agent amused me by saying he had never sold a ticket to that place before, had never heard of it or noticed it in his list of stations on the Boston and Maine Railroad; but that did not hinder my obtaining conveyance over the miles that lay between me and home; at quarter of eight standard time, I started. At quarter of nine, I changed cars at Woodsville, Vermont; at half past ten at White River Junction; at twelve at Bellows Falls; shortly before one at Winchendon, and at quarter of three I was safe at home, where daylight saving time told the hour of four, and the hour gained on the way up was lost again.

It is to be wondered how posterity will regard this juggling of time Massachusetts has been a victim of. To the credit of the railroads it may be said their management has risen to the emergencies remarkably well, maintaining train schedules with precision and ability, while the people have been moving their clocks forward and back spring and fall under a statute enacted at the behest of a monarchial spirited clique.

I had been told this was an enjoyable ride and so it proved. To one who has not traveled much, the Passumpsic and Connecticut rivers, this far north, are attractive, in their summer mild temper. A stray

visitor feels awestruck at the fresh dangers of these same rivers. The cliffs rising on the west are impressive, tilted obliquely like the leaves of a great and wonderful book, about to be opened by some masterful stroke, for the revelation of its secrets.

Traveling by rail has some advantages over auto transit. It is a great help towards safety to confine rapidly moving traffic to its own private way. To allow mile-a-minute traffic on public ways is a mistake and must of necessity result in a sad toll of victims.

The farming and engineering operations along this route are interesting. About half way down toward the Massachusetts line, effects of dry weather began to appear. Following the three wet seasons which have come and gone, three dry years may be our portion. If we are wise we will keep our souls in tune with the Infinite, as Joseph did in Egypt, so that when these changes come, we may adapt ourselves to them and find a blessing in what might otherwise have proved a curse.

(To be concluded)

ON OUR SHELVES

The 1930 Denominational Calendar and Directory will soon be "on our shelves."

During the past week, there have gone out to all our pastors or church clerks, letters asking them to send in their orders now for the quantities of our calendar which their churches can use. We are beginning early, because we want to have every calendar "off our shelves" by the first of January, or sooner.

For those who are going to buy the calendars, this description is put in the RECORDER.

The calendar for 1930 is the same size as the one for last year, 9 by 12 inches, but it is hung from the shorter side this time. Each page will carry the calendar for the month, the dates important in our denomination, a space for you to write in special dates, a picture, and a Sabbath motto. The pictures are of Salem College and vicinity, in anticipation of the General Conference to be held there in August. You will become acquainted with the campus, our church and parsonage in Salem, and some of the people connected with them.

Last year the mottoes were taken from Rev. A. J. C. Bond's fifty-two Weekly Mottoes, a copy of which you may have seen. Of course you have enjoyed them. For this calendar, we have taken from writings of twelve different men, their ideas of Sabbath meaning and values. They are, like the ones last year, real gems of expression which carry a fine message. Perhaps you will want the children in your family to memorize the motto for the month each time a leaf is turned.

The backs of the pages have a directory of our General Conference officers and committees, information about all our associations and boards as usual, with the addition of a Missionary Directory which you may find use for.

Those lone Sabbath keepers who are not reached by a church, may send their orders directly here, but perhaps they would like to wait until the next RECORDER brings news of a Christmas combination offer of literature which includes the calendar.

We believe there is real value in having before the children in a home, such evidences of the Seventh Day Baptist loyalty of that home. Twenty-five cents spent in putting before your children something which may become a part of their background of Sabbath consciousness is surely worth while.

Be sure you are counted when your pastor sends in the order for calendars for your church.

BERNICE A. BREWER.

510 Watchung Ave.,
Plainfield, N. J.

TOWERS OF BABEL

MRS. ELLEN W. SOCWELL RAMSEY
(Paper given at Yearly Meeting of Iowa Churches)

"The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right."
—*Lat. Bernard de Morlaix, 1150.*

Ever since the creation, evil had been abroad in the land. In ten generations the wickedness had become so great that God determined to destroy the people as well as all other living creatures.

As Noah came forth from the ark, upon what an unreal world he must have gazed. The sins and wickedness of the world being washed away, with what joyous devotion he set forth to fulfill the will of God.

But as a panther hides in a beautiful wood and stalks its unsuspecting prey, so "Satan came also," stalking in one guise or another the people of God.

As time went by, generations were born and passed away. The people increased, scattered, and colonized the earth, always with the specter of evil in their midst.

Nimrod arose and with his unusual ability as a leader he became their dictator.

Wickedness as a sweet morsel under his tongue was certainly bound up in his heart. He openly defied God and declared he would avenge himself upon him for the destruction of their forefathers. Hence the tower of Babel and the consequent confusion of tongues. However, people did not take their lessons to heart in those days any more than now.

Time went on apace and as the parting of their ways came to Abram and Lot, we find Lot building his tower of Babel when he chose the land of the plain.

While living in Zoar, poor miserable, and friendless, I wonder did he ever think of the tower he built when he greedily chose the richest portion of land?

Laban also had a tower in hand when he insisted upon Jacob taking the weak-eyed Leah for his wife, instead of the dearly beloved Rachel. Laban could foresee nothing of the honors in store for Rachel and her descendants while Leah was simply Leah. So, all unwittingly, Laban built his towers.

Joseph's brethren built themselves a whole city of towers when they sold him into Egypt, and today the pall of oblivion hangs over them, while Joseph's ascendant Star of the Prince of Peace shined on for eternity.

As was Joseph, so are we often led through troubled waters. But as the water of the pool healed those who en-

tered at the troubling of it, so it often is the troubled waters of our lives that lead us to the paths of peace. So also one ill step leads to another, making each successive one easier, and soon what a trail of towers we leave, reaching vainly towards high heaven with their broken promises, hopes, and ambitions, founded on nothing but greed, avarice, sin, and disobedience to God. Towers of Babel! the delight of the evil one and his cohorts, who grin behind our backs in demoniacal glee over our failures. They grin in our faces too, as evil leads us on in this saving or losing of our souls.

During the Civil War a first day Baptist church was built a few miles north of Lawn Ridge, Ill., which is about four miles north of our church at West Hallock. For the benefit of the Union soldiers a series of tableaux was given in this church under the auspices of the Union League and its sister organization, the Ladies' League. Both sacred and secular tableaux were given. And one sacred one was to be "Playing For His Soul." A young boy in the neighborhood, fair haired and innocent, was fast being drawn into evil by a man near by. In this impressive tableau, this boy was to play the losing part in a game of chess, the chessmen being set by an expert, so that for him to move was to lose. But who would play the part of the devil?

My mother was appointed to find someone. She did. She asked the very man who was leading the boy astray. He was rather startled, but finally consented.

The night came. The curtain rose. The boy with his fair curls tumbled, sat looking in fright at the fatally arranged chess-board. Opposite him sat the black-haired, black-eyed devil. A pair of cow horns crowned his head. A cow's hoof tipped his boot toe, while a tightly twisted black shawl with a sharp pointed tin on the tip made a very respectable tail.

People well understood the significance of the tableau, and the shivers ran up their backs as out of those black eyes there gleamed a look of triumph upon his helpless victim. How much worse will be the real scene at the end of those lives

who have builded towers of Babel rather than "strong towers from the enemy."

Pharaoh, when he refused to let Israel go, and Israel itself, builded oh, so many towers that but recoiled upon themselves, as is witnessed by the Red Sea disaster to Pharaoh, and the deaths in the wilderness of the ill-tempered, complaining Israelites.

Even Moses, Aaron, and Miriam, the trusted of God, by little slips of the tongue builded unto themselves towers at the very end of their journey. "Behold how great a blaze a little fire kindleth."

That man of God, Eli, the high priest, evidently did as many righteous parents do today, and brought up unruly, wicked sons. Shall he escape because of his righteousness? No. He too unwittingly built himself a tower of Babel as well as for Hophni and Phinehas. His righteousness could in no way offset the fact that he had failed in bringing up his sons. How many parents are today doing the same as did Eli?

Children run the streets until the late hours of night. They go on wild joy rides by auto, and frequent swell night affairs with no attention from or curbing by parents. Towers, towers! Such wonderfully pitiful towers as are builded! And who can foresee the retribution it will bring to future generations?

Saul, Ahab, Jezebel, Jeroboam, Jehoram, together with numberless others, all builded their towers and the way of these towers led the people of God to the Babylon of captivity—Babylon, the place of lamentations, tears, and regrets.

Nations rose and fell. Kings were born, reigned, and were gathered to their fathers. Wars raged. Friend turned against friend. And the towers, oh, the towers! If they could but be seen by human eyes there would be no other room.

I have driven through cities, they might be called of oil derricks—towers if you please. Ugly, gaunt skeletons covering unnumbered acres of ground.

The instant your car pauses you feel the incessant jar of the ground, and

hear the endless, muttering "poonk-poonk, poonk, poonk" of innumerable pumps at work at each of the derricks. The stench of oil fumes is almost unbearable. No trees, no grass, no anything, but the derricks, pumps, and the bare, oil-soaked ground which is seared in many places by burned overflowing oil. Miserable shacks for the workmen stand forlornly scattered about. Not one pretty thing in the whole city of towers! Pipe lines lead to distant acres and acres of land, devoted to the captivity of this oil in hundreds of immense concrete storage tanks lined up in geometrical streets and squares as of an immense city, the Babylon of its captivity.

On a hill, high above this desolation of ill-smelling, skeleton-like towers, stands another tower equipped with an electric beacon as a signal to the craft of the air. Above and over all, its mighty watch it keeps, to guide and guard.

If our towers that each of us builds as we go through life, could be gathered together, what a bare, godless collection it would be. The smoke of it would rise as high as did that of Sodom and Gomorrah.

To build is our appointed task. It can not be otherwise. But instead of building towers of Babel and thus hastening our captivity in Babylon, let us rather build "strong towers from the enemy." And above all the failures we make may we fix our eyes on the beacon of the hill of Calvary.

"When marshalled on the mighty plain
The glittering host bestrid the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gun.
But one alone the Savior speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem."

"You never saw a wagon get very far with one mule pulling one way and the other another. How much farther would a church get with the members pulling in different directions? So don't only pull, but pull together—co-operate."

OUR PULPIT

PORTRAITS OF JESUS—THE MASTER

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN

Pastor of the church at Alfred Station, N. Y.,
 president of the Education Society, and
 president of the General Conference

SERMON FOR SABBATH, NOVEMBER 16, 1929

Text—John 16: 33.

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

LORD'S PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN

SCRIPTURE READING

PRAYER

OFFERING

HYMN

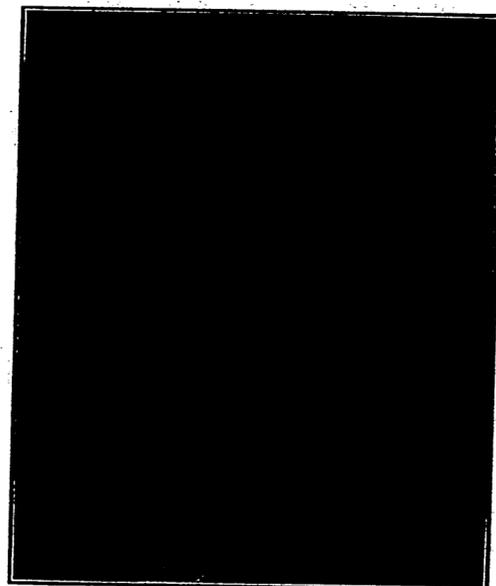
SERMON

HYMN

CLOSING PRAYER

him cleanse the temple, heal the sick, forgive the sinning, refute the arguments of his shrewd antagonists, and had heard the cheers of the throngs as they saw him win his victories. His fame had spread far and wide, and when he approached any town, village, or city, men vied with one another to do him honor and entertain him. It would seem that almost anything was possible in line with social or political aspirations. Moreover, it seemed that the dream of generations for the brilliant reign of the Messiah was about to come true.

Careful reading of the record of his life



"I have overcome the world."

In this series of Sabbath morning addresses on the great outstanding truths of the Christian life I have dwelt much on the life of Jesus, for he was the founder of the Christian religion and is therefore the hope of the world.

We come this morning to the climax and the waning of his popularity, with special emphasis on the manner in which he bore himself in the hour of defeat, which in reality was the hour of his triumph.

For two years it seemed to the crowds which had witnessed his growing popularity and achievements, as he preached and taught and healed the sick and suffering, that his success was sure. They had seen

reveals that he himself grew in confidence. How frequently had he stood in communion and fellowship with God and had been assured of his Sonship. And in the power which God had poured into his soul as a result of his communion, he knew he could lift the hearts of men as no other had ever lifted them. The knowledge thrilled him. "To do the will of the Father is sweet to me, it is my food and drink." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest," and he called on men to "believe" and "rejoice" and expect more of God. And men caught the contagion of his enthusiasm. They said, "Never man spake like this man"; "His word is with authority." And

then one day after he had fed the hungry multitude with a miracle, their enthusiasm broke over all bounds and they resolved to take him and make him a king.

Then came the change. *His own home town turned against him.* There is nothing more pathetic in the story of his life than the occasion of his visit to his home town, the little town up among the hills that he loved so much, the scene of his happy childhood, of his early training, his preparation for his ministry. Yet he knew it was a town which had never produced any great characters, nor been noted for any historic achievement. It was a mere joke in its day. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" people were in the habit of saying. Now that Nazareth has its opportunity to "put itself on the map," how does it act?

In imagination I can see him as he walked into his home village one evening as the twilight gathered. Although it had been but two years since he had hung up his carpenter's tools and walked out, he was glad to return. He had achieved wonderful success everywhere else, and he dared to hope his welcome would be no less here and he might help to "put it on the map" again.

As his old familiar step was heard on the door steps, his mother rushed out and threw her arms about his neck, and cried "Jesus, my boy, my boy," and patting him on the cheek led him to the fireside, the scene of so many happy hours in the days past.

That evening as the family sat visiting around the fireside, he was conscious of a little reserve on the part of certain members of the family, and he went to bed with a disturbed feeling that perhaps, after all, they doubted his success and work in other places. The fact is, reports had been drifting back and the wits and cynics had been having not a little fun over this carpenter whom they had known as a humble toiler in days past. The members of his family had stoutly affirmed he was doing great things in the distant towns and villages, but now that he was actually here they wondered if he would perform some great miracle to vindicate their claims of him. And that very thing, Jesus had interpreted correctly as a lurking doubt and unbelief on their part of his person and work.

But the next morning he was refreshed and encouraged as he went with his mother to the synagogue to attend the regular serv-

ice. A crowd of old friends and neighbors stood at the door, for the news of his return had spread quickly through the town. They greeted him in a friendly way, and yet with half concealed curiosity. And as he went in they crowded in behind him to see what miracle he would work to prove his reputed greatness. As the custom was, he was invited to take part in the service. And as he faced the audience with the roll in his hand to read, his illusions vanished, for in the faces of the leaders and rulers of the synagogue he saw cynicism, doubt, and an unfriendly attitude. The leading men of the town were settled stolidly in their places, and he could read in their faces not a friendly welcome, but a challenge and a dare to try to work any of his tricks on them. "You may have caused a stir in Capernaum," they seemed to say, "but little old Nazareth isn't so slow. We know you. You're no prophet, you're just the son of Joseph the carpenter and you can't fool us."

But Jesus opened the roll and what he read was this: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me to preach good tidings to the poor. He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised, and proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." And as he closed the book and handed it back to the attendant he said, "This day hath this Scripture been fulfilled in your ears."

For an instant there was silence in the synagogue. "The eyes of all were fastened upon him." He knew what they were thinking of; they were saying to themselves, "Now if he is what he claims to be, let him perform some great miracle and vindicate his claims." He knew equally well that it was no use to meet that unreasonable demand. That ignorance, self-sufficiency was miracle proof. As Bruce Barton says, they wanted him to exhibit himself and half hoped he would fail. "No prophet is without honor except in his own country." He told them so. He referred to Elijah, who did his greatest works in a foreign city, and Elisha could do nothing great until he got beyond the borders of his home, and with a look of soul weariness he turned to leave.

Then a fierce storm broke. This doubt and cynicism flamed into hatred and they rushed upon him and hustled him through the main street to a precipice over which

they intended to hurl him. But when he turned to face them, there was something which momentarily awed them, and in that instant he passed through their midst and went on his way. He had come to his own and his own had received him not.

From this hour the descent of his popularity was swift. Not alone his home town folks deserted him, but his own brothers. Leaving Nazareth he went to make his home in Capernaum, and there one day while teaching the crowds that thronged him a messenger crowded his way to him and announced that his mother and brethren wanted to see him at once. He designed the reason of their coming and said, pointing to his disciples and friends about, "These are my mother and brethren." They were the ones who understood him and proved themselves worthy of his friendship and love, yet I imagine even their devotion could not remove the hurt which he received that Sabbath morning in his home town when they rejected him.

Then his best friend John died, doubting him. John had said some mighty fine things about Jesus when he introduced him to the people, but the two men were so different. John was plain, austere, exacting. Moreover he did not mingle with men the way Jesus did. He was a recluse, eating the plainest food and dressing in the crudest fashion. Jesus loved men, liked their company. He was cheerful, friendly, never happier than when in a crowd. John demanded of his disciples a rigid order of ceremonies and fasts. Jesus disregarded such forms and encouraged his disciples to disregard them. But while they were so different and did their work in such different ways, they were good friends, and it cut Jesus to the quick when John sent a deputation of disciples to ask Jesus whether he really was the Messiah for whom they were looking, or whether they should look elsewhere.

Very tenderly, but sadly Jesus replied, "Go tell John the things ye see and hear. How the blind see, the lepers are cleansed, and the poor have the good news preached unto them."

Then a few days later, when Jesus heard that John had been beheaded following a banquet in Herod's palace, because of his courage and idealism, we are not surprised that Jesus "withdrew into the hills alone."

It was a great sorrow to him when this first adherent had gone out, a sacrifice to the selfishness of a social order which he himself was fighting. And he must have seen in this event the shadow of his own end. He knew that the same hostile power that had just murdered John would sooner or later destroy him, and his surmise came true.

But the shadows deepened. Following the feeding of the five thousand, the people had desired to make and crown him king. If he had only given his assent—but he had declined, saying: "My kingdom is not of this world." "Mine is a spiritual mission. I am the bread of life. You have cheered me because I fed you in the wilderness but I tell you now that what I have come to give you is myself, that by knowing me you may know your Father."

Now this was a shock to their hopes. It was all so clear to them. They had seen him heal the sick, silence his foes repeatedly, and they had seen the whole country so wild with enthusiasm over him, and they knew that with such a leader they could overthrow the hated Roman powers. And now, that the hour seemed so propitious, it stunned them that he should refuse to enter a door that led to such swift and sure victory. And from then on the people began to slip away from him and to walk no more with him.

So the spring and summer slipped away. Finding his task growing harder, he took his disciples and withdrew from his old scenes of labor and retired to Tyre and Sidon, where they were more friendly and where he could train his disciples without molestation.

But the time came when he must go to Jerusalem, and he would have to go through Galilee. He dreaded it, for it was the graveyard of so many high hopes. Every road, every village, every house, and tree would bring a flood of memories, memories of the dreams he had dreamed of high achievement, and now he must pass through them weighed down with the thought that these high purposes had brought so little response, and sacrifices seemingly so vain. It is no wonder that he cried, "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida, woe unto thee, Chorazin, for if the mighty works which were done in thee had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes long ago."

Of the events during that last week, I shall speak in the next sermon, and I shall close with a brief reference to that last supper, when he met with his disciples around the table for the last time. All the blessed memories of those three great years must have crowded through his mind that night—memories of happy days, busy days, days of sorrow, trouble, disappointment, yet in him there was no note of complaint, no fault finding, no weak railing at misfortune, nor even the wilful wickedness of men. See him rise from his seat and listen as in measured tones he says, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Bruce Barton well says: "There is nothing in history so majestic." Nothing but a Master could rise to such sublimity. Standing there and seeing the pain and humiliation of the next few hours, with the taunts, jeers, mocking, scourging, and the agony and humiliation of Calvary, he looks far down the centuries and calmly remarks, "I have overcome the world." Little wonder that the thief on the cross when all the world had turned against him looked into his eyes and crowned him King.

IN YOUR GETHSEMANE YOU ARE NOT ALONE

AUDREE SHRADER

(Paper given at Yearly Meeting of the Iowa Churches)

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

What a wonderful love we find exemplified in the life of Jesus—love for people! Look at the list of his friends: social elect, Pharisees, fishermen, merchants, tax collectors, cultivated women and outcast women, soldiers, lawyers, baggars, lepers, publicans and sinners. It mattered not their station in life—he loved them all. He forsook the custom of the former prophets to be with people.

The gospels say he was forty days and nights alone in the wilderness before he began his public career—forty days alone to dream dreams; forty days to plan his life; forty days of self realization—and the result? We find an answer in his message to John the Baptist. For you remember, John had sent two of his disciples to investigate the stories that had come to him of the unprophetic conduct of Jesus. Listen—

"Go tell your master what ye have seen and heard," he said. "The sick are healed, the blind receive their sight, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. It is true I do not fast, nor forgo the everyday pleasures of life. John did his work and it was fine; but I can not work in his way. I must be myself—and these results which you have seen—These are my evidences."

How definitely he must have settled his life plan in those forty days. He had decided to be the loving, faithful companion to man, no matter what the cost. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

All during his career he was criticized, misrepresented, and misunderstood. For his teaching, his healing, his understanding, and his love he was condemned and made to suffer. Yet he had a calm disregard for the things that were said of him.

Here is a man who longs to see and know Jesus, so he climbs up in a tree that he may see him.

"Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down for today I must abide at thy house," says Jesus. And the crowd is stunned! What, abide with this dishonest Jew when there are so many good honest folk among us! But Jesus understood, and cast aside their criticism. Zacchaeus was happy; why worry over what people said.

In talking to his disciples he says something like this. "People will talk against you no matter how you live or what you do. Look at John the Baptist. He came neither eating nor drinking, and they said he had a devil. I come both eating and drinking and what do they call me? A wine bibber and a gluttonous man!"

Falsely accused before Pilate, he made no effort to free himself. They would not understand. The difference between their attitude and his was too great; so he was silent. Yet he must carry on until the end.

"If the world hate you, ye know it hated me before it hated you," he says to his disciples. But carry on to the end for my sake and, "Lo I will be with you always—even in your Gethsemane I will be there to help you."

Laws should be like clothes. They should be made to fit the people they are intended to serve.—Clarence Darrow.

Fundamentalists' Page

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS, LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

IN DEFENSE OF THE BIBLE

"The Bible needs no defense." We hear these words from the pulpit; we read them in the press; we meet them in common conversation. We read them with unseeing eyes, and we pronounce them with unthinking lips.

God will defend his own Book, yes. But he will defend it, as he always has done, through men and women who love him, who are devoted to his cause, and who are loyal to his Word. That truth is so well established that he who runs may read. The land that gave birth to the Christ and the Christian Church is today almost a stranger to God and his Christ, and the Bible is a disowned Book. Its defenders—the men on the watchtowers—failed.

"The Bible needs no defense." These words are used by many Bible critics today, by critics who are dissecting the Bible, accepting, or rejecting such Scripture as seems to them scientific, or historical, or reasonable.

They are used by Christians of the liberal school of thought who seem never to tire of their use. And they have used them so often that they really think these words are true. By the use of such words, too, one seems to proclaim his own charity and winsomeness, and at the same time to brand those, who, like Paul, are called "for the defense of the gospel," as mistaken zealots and disturbers of the peace.

But this critic doesn't reason that way when he talks of Biblical criticism. He makes some bold assumptions. He assumes that Biblical criticism is *necessary*, but that Biblical defense is *useless*; that Biblical criticism is the mark of *scholarship*, but that Biblical defense is a mark of *imbecility*; that Biblical criticism is an index of broad-mindedness, but that Biblical defense is an index of narrow-mindedness; that Biblical criticism is in the interest of Christian progress, but that Biblical defense savors of stagnation.

DEFENSE AND CONTROVERSY

Of course to *defend something* assumes that *that something* has been attacked. And who dares say that liberalism has not made such an attack on the Bible? If no attack were made, no defense would be required. And defense leads to *controversy*. But why be alarmed over controversy? Controversy is much preferred to the stultification of one's conscience. By this statement, I have no thought of controversy that leads to personalities.

But it is well to remember that all progress, whether in science, politics, or religion, has been made only through long and vigorous contention. Our Federal Constitution is a product of controversy. For months fifty-five men debated it heatedly, and it was finally adopted by the colonies after months of discussion. That constitution has been preserved for us only at the price of blood. Our liberties, guaranteed us under the law, are preserved only at the price of eternal vigilance.

Again, it is well to remind ourselves that our religion was born in controversy. The Old Testament prophets were controversialists, in constant conflict with pagan religions round about them. Christ himself was a controversialist. God the Father had sent Jesus to this world on a definite mission, and Jesus declared what that mission was, very definitely and forcibly. But from the very hour that he made known the Father's will until the day he hung upon the cross, Jesus was on the defensive, constantly combating the ideas, customs, and traditions of the Jewish leaders.

The Early Church was born in controversy. The apostles and disciples were set "for the defense of the gospel." The great Apostle Paul was the mightiest controversialist of all history. And had he not fought with all his might against his Jewish persecutors, nay, even against those half-Christianized pagans within the Church—those whose ideals, teachings and practices were making void the gospel of Christ—the Christian religion might have died in its infancy. And the Church of every age that has been on fire with the love of Christ for lost men has been, like the Church of the first century, a *militant church*.

I know full well that this modern age doesn't like that word "militant." It savors

too much of conflict and warfare. But that is what the Christian religion is—if we are true to its founder—a warfare against sin and unrighteousness. Now I confess I do not like that spineless, religious "pacifism" many are preaching these days. Not long ago, in a religious meeting I was attending, that good old militant hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers," came in for criticism as being unworthy a place in our hymn books today because of its militant spirit. In many ways, our modern Christianity is a very harmless substitute for the glorious, triumphant daring of the gospel of Christ.

When the Church attempts to keep our country clean from the saloon and its baneful consequences, many Christians become vociferous about "political parsons" and the curtailment of their personal liberty. Their idea seems to be that the way to cleanse the polluted pools of our political life is to make free use of perfumed water. So as Christians we have become so lenient that we now tolerate all kinds of evils and malignant growths in our social and political life, and then we congratulate ourselves for minding our own business when in reality we are working overtime for the devil.

So of our religion. Tolerance? Yes, Christian tolerance in much and many things. But, remember, Christianity does not make its way into the heart of the world through tolerance, but by marching through the world as an army. "The blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the Church." But just now there is little danger of overproduction of either martyrs or saints. Our modern conception of Christianity is but a caricature of the real gospel which Jesus preached. This bloodless, anemic type of religion is a disgrace to the cause of Christ and a libel to the martyrs of the Church.

It is not an hour for an apology for our faith. It is no time for one to be ashamed of his Christian faith, or of his denominational beliefs. Pastor Randolph used to say of our own denomination something like this: "What we need is not more Seventh Day Baptists, but a better brand." And I suppose he meant to say, we needed a better type of Sabbath living. And God knows we do. But our Sabbath needs *propagation*, and it needs *defense*. And I am persuaded that the reason why many people say little or nothing about the Sabbath is because it holds so little place in their lives. A young

man who had spent a year away from his home church and among Sunday keepers was asked if he had found the Sabbath a handicap to him, or difficult to observe, replied: "No, I don't think anybody found it out." His attitude is typical of this age: keep still about your religious convictions, if you have any; the other fellow's are just as good as yours.

Recently, Dr. Robert E. Speer spoke very clearly on the subject of a "Layman's Duty to Propagate His Religion." From this address I quote the following:

"The idea that the world or any one land is to be evangelized by one section of the Christian body is preposterous for many reasons—chiefly because a faith that does not make every possessor eager to propagate it is not worth propagating, and will not be received by any people to whom it is offered. The religion that would spread among men must be offered by man to man, and its power, seen in dominating the lives of all its adherents and making them eager for its dissemination, is essential as a testimonial of worth.

"The minister is to be simply colonel of the regiment. The real fighting is to be done by the men in the ranks who carry the guns. No ideal could be more non-Christian or more irrational than that the religious colonel is engaged to do the fighting for his men, while they sit at ease. And yet, perhaps, there is one idea current which is more absurd still. That is that there is to be no fighting at all, but that the colonel is paid to spend his time solacing his regiment, or giving it gentle, educative instruction, not destined ever to result in any downright manly effort on the part of the whole regiment to do anything against the enemy."

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR PROHIBITION

When it is proposed to abandon the policy of prohibition, what is offered in its place? Will we go back to the saloon? Not a single opponent of prohibition of any standing has ever declared in favor of that. Universally it is declared that the saloon must not come back. The saloon has not a respectable friend left. It is an outlaw and will remain so. It can not be rehabilitated and will not be restored if sentiment on all sides is to be respected.

If not the saloon, then what? If we are to have liquor someone must sell it. The opponents of prohibition must show how we are to have liquor without the saloon or any institution like it. They answer by naively urging that the government en-

gage in dispensing liquor. Government ownership of the liquor business is the proposal now meeting their favor. Strangely enough this proposal comes from conservatives like Nicholas Murray Butler — men who do not believe in municipal ownership of waterworks because they think it socialistic, are not troubled about government ownership of the corrupting business of liquor dispensing. The liquor business in the old days amounted to as much as four billions of dollars a year. Think of conservatives who do not believe in public management of public utilities, the total business of which amounts to but a few hundred millions, actually approving government management to the extent of four billions a year! It is a high price they are willing to pay for the return of liquor. It ought to arouse suspicion as to the motive. My own judgment is that such a proposition is a mere cover under which the saloon will return. I believe in government ownership of public utilities but I can see no good sense in public ownership of a business which is low, contemptible, and corrupting. It is not an honest proposal. Senator Borah was right in saying that it would rot the foundations of the Republic in a brief space of time. I believe that no respectable support can be honestly given to the proposal.

Another smoke screen is the proposal for light wines and beer. Of all proposals this is the most insincere. To say that those who are now drinking will be satisfied with two per cent or four per cent beer or wine is to talk nonsense. There are two main classes of drinkers today—the low down hair oil drinkers and the smart-aleck newly rich and would-be fashionable class. Imagine either one satisfied with four per cent beer. It is merely an entering wedge to break down all prohibition. No one would be satisfied with it, and there is no sincerity among intelligent people who advocate it. The sham of it is self-evident. Bootlegging would not be affected by it any more than it would under government management.

There may be other alternatives, but these are the only ones that are seriously discussed. They have no merit in logic or common sense. There are no substitutes for prohibition and we need none. Certain it is that the saloons can not come back. Certain it is that the government of this

country, which is founded for the purpose of promoting the public welfare, will not engage in the corroding and corrupting business of dispensing intoxicating liquors. Prohibition will continue. With few exceptions in some of the large centers it is working with reasonable success.

Ninety per cent of the people of this country are, at this time, neither drinking systematically, nor trying to drink. There is a noisy fringe of wets with widespread means of propaganda that has given a very distorted view of the actual conditions resulting from prohibition. I believe that prohibition has been as great a success as anyone ever had a reasonable right to expect when the vastness of the social problems involved is considered, and I make the prediction that no national political party will openly declare for repeal or any considerable change in the prohibition law.

—Dr. John A. Lapp, President National Council of Social Agencies.

THE BIBLE AND MISSIONS

Every book in the New Testament was written by a foreign missionary.

Every epistle in the New Testament that was written to a church was written to a foreign missionary church.

Every letter in the New Testament that was written to an individual was written to the convert of a foreign missionary.

The one book of prophecy in the New Testament was written to the seven foreign missionary churches in Asia.

The disciples were called Christians first in a foreign missionary community.

The language of the books of the New Testament is the missionary's language.

The map of the early Christian world is the tracings of the missionary journeys of the apostles.

The problems which arose in the early church were largely questions of missionary procedure.

Of the twelve apostles chosen by Jesus every apostle except one became a missionary.

The only man among the twelve apostles who did not become a missionary became a traitor.—*The Expositor*.

ALONE WITH GOD

CHOICE SELECTIONS BY DEAN MAIN

And he saith unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while. For there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.

When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.

How few of us can endure being left alone with God! So accustomed have we become to communing with him in company with others that it is not easy for us to adjust ourselves to the condition of solitude. Yet that is most necessary if we would grow into diviner life. It is not enough that we should read or hear the message he has spoken to the heart of another; we too need a message spoken to us. The still small voice is not so easily heard in a crowd. When we are able to enter into the closet and shut the door against both men and things, and there find a joy and inspiration in being alone with God, then truly we may know that we are being more completely clothed with the divine likeness.

Personal relationship can not be maintained in crowds. The Master and I alone, must be in a perpetual need, and for its realization opportunity must be made.—*Morgan*.

We must have our daily soul work between ourselves and God—our secret communion with him—or we shall starve even though surrounded by plenty. We must read our own Bibles, do our own praying and believing and weeping before the Lord. We can not be pardoned in masses or saved in crowds. Strait is the gate and each must find it and enter it for himself alone.—*H. L. Hastings*.

There is no greater gift or possession than to believe God speaks to us. If we believe that we are already blessed.—*Martin Luther*.

Let us then labor for an inward stillness—
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,
That we may do his will, and do that only.
—*H. W. Longfellow*.

PRAYER

Grant, Almighty God, that our meditation of thee this day may be sweet; that pondering upon thine unchangingness we may the better bear the changefulness of our lives; thinking of thy constancy we may better bear the fickleness of our feeling; meditating upon the largeness of thy love we may the better bear our own coldness. Whatsoever there is evil in us, forgive. Whatsoever there is in us that is good, may the circumstances of our life, the friends of our soul, the meditations of our heart, foster and enlarge; so that knowing that which is good in time, we may better hope for that which is good in eternity, and rise through the poor goodness of mortal man to the understanding of the infinite goodness of the Lord our God. Amen.

THE BLUE-GRAY REUNION

It was extremely interesting to note the comments of the press in various parts of the Union on the action of the Grand Army at the Portland, Me., encampment in refusing to participate in a final reunion with Confederate veterans. "The present generation may respect this sentiment without sharing it," said the Boston Transcript, and such was the general tone of the press. The Grand Army stand was not criticised but pretty generally deplored.

For years it has been a fond dream of many people to see the pathetic, depleted and tottering lines of the Blue and Gray meet together as a final fraternal gesture to manifest the complete healing of all sectional wounds and their present undivided allegiance and loyalty to the same flag. Representative Howard of Nebraska has long urged the government to finance such a meeting at Washington. Nothing could so impressively symbolize the reunited country, which has long been an unquestioned fact.

Commander-in-Chief Reese of the G. A. R. favored the proposition, and he still believes it will be realized. But he was overborne by other Grand Army men who demanded as a preliminary that the Confederate veterans fold their flags and acknowledge they were wrong. That, of course, was equivalent to a plain refusal,

for the few old boys in gray who are left could never dream of thus denouncing their great departed leaders who are honored by monuments throughout the entire South.

The only way to reunite is to forget the issues and arguments of 70 years ago, which were settled on the field of battle, and come together as brothers who have and love the same country. Strangely enough, the losers and worst sufferers are more reconciled than the victors. The marching together of the Blue and the Gray down Pennsylvania Avenue would create a great and salutary impression on all succeeding generations.

—*The Pathfinder.*

MARRIAGES

DAY-JOHNSON.—At the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Paul Wardner Johnson, Clarkston, Wash., September 2, 1929, by Rev. L. C. McEwen, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Lewiston, Idaho, Marjorie Johnson and George Henry Day.

DEATHS

EHRET.—Emery Davis Ehret was born in Richie County, W. Va., March 5, 1875, and died in Whittier, Calif., September 26, 1929, following a surgical operation. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Ehret.

He was married to Miss Maude Hevener, of Roanoke, W. Va., on April 15, 1902, by Rev. M. G. Stillman. Three children came to gladden their home: Wendell, Ena, and Glenna. His sister, Zura Maude Ehret, passed from this life in 1902.

He accepted Jesus as his Savior in early life under the preaching of Rev. M. Ervin, of Webster Springs, W. Va. He was baptized by Rev. M. G. Stillman. About twenty years ago he came West and made his home at Slater, Colo. This was his family home until about three years ago, when he established his residence in Whittier, Calif., which was at about the time of his mother's death.

He is survived by his devoted life companion, his three children, his father, one sister, Mrs. J. Frank Rose, of Whittier, and many other relatives and friends, both East and West.

He was a noble-minded man of high ideals, a

devoted husband and father, and a true friend. He was a dispenser of kind words, and had a helping hand for those about him. He will be greatly missed.

The farewell services were conducted at the W. A. Brown mortuary, by Pastor Geo. W. Hills, of Los Angeles. Interment was in the Whittier cemetery.

G. W. H.

LANGWORTHY.—Mrs. Georgiana Loveland Langworthy, wife of Ex-Senator Albert H. Langworthy, died at her home at 33 Elm Street, Westerly, R. I., in the early morning of October 2, 1929, following an illness of several years.

Mrs. Langworthy was born in Chepachet, R. I., March 29, 1851. She was the daughter of George W. and Anne C. Sheldon, and was the last of her family—three sisters and two brothers having passed on.

When four years old she came to Westerly to be with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Loveland, and was later adopted by them. She received her education at Mr. Woodbridge's School on High and Union Streets and later attended Dr. Gannett's School in Boston, Mass.

On October 5, 1874, she was united in marriage to Albert Henry Langworthy of Westerly, who survives her. They always made their home at 33 Elm Street but passed many summers at their cottage at Weekapaug.

Three children were born to them: Sarah Alice Langworthy and Nathan Loveland Langworthy, both deceased; and Mrs. Emma Langworthy Burdick, wife of Dr. Clayton A. Burdick, pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church. Besides her husband and daughter, Mrs. Burdick, she is survived by a grandson, Robert Duncan Langworthy, also of Westerly.

Mrs. Langworthy was early baptized and became a member of the First Baptist Church, and later joined the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she remained a member to the time of her death. She was active in all departments of the church work, and for many years was superintendent of the junior department of the Sabbath school. She took an earnest part in philanthropic work and was greatly interested in the welfare of the community.

Mrs. Langworthy was for years a member of the Board of Managers of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, giving strong support to educational, missionary, and denominational enterprises. Her gracious manner and sterling character endeared her to both old and young.

Farewell services were held at 33 Elm Street, Sabbath day, October 5, the anniversary of her marriage, and were conducted by the Rev. S. H. Davis.

C. A. B.

LEWIS.—Arden L. Lewis, son of Walter H. and Linial Lawton Lewis, was born at North Loup, Neb., February 11, 1900, and died at Plainfield, N. J., October 26, 1929.

When he was yet a baby his family moved to Dodge Center, Minn., where he spent his boyhood and early young manhood.

He was graduated from Milton College in 1926.

Two years ago he came to Plainfield where he has been employed in the Publishing House of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

July 14 of this year he was united in marriage to Miss Dena Davis, who like her husband was born in North Loup, Neb., is a graduate of Milton College, and is an employee of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

Arden was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Dodge Center, Minn., and during his residence in Plainfield has been a member of the choir of the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was a lover of music and was possessed of more than ordinary musical talent. Arden was a clean, wholesome young man, having a mind of fine quality, and a strong, sturdy character. There was no dross in his life. He rang true always. He loved his work, made good on his job, and had the respect of his employers and of those with whom he worked.

The young wife so early bereft of her life companion has the deepest sympathy of the Plainfield Church and friends.

Services were held at the Plainfield parsonage, conducted by Pastor A. J. C. Bond assisted by Rev. Theo. J. Van Horn, Arden's former pastor at Dodge Center. A mixed quartet from the choir in which Arden has sung for two years sang two of his favorite hymns, "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love" and "Our God, our help in ages past."

The sorrowing wife accompanied the mortal remains of her loved one back to his boyhood home for burial.

A. J. C. B.

STILLMAN.—Mary A. Stillman, daughter of James Stillman and Eliza Bassett, born in Westerly, R. I., June 7, 1866, died in Methuen, Mass., September 25, 1929.

Mary A. Stillman, a teacher for many years, began her education in the public schools of Westerly, R. I. She was graduated from the high school as salutatorian of her class, and after taking a training course at the Froebel Kindergarten in Providence, R. I., she began her teaching in the public schools of Westerly. When her family moved to Webster, Mass., she took a position there. After several years she began the teaching of sub-normal children in the public schools of Boston, Mass., and later continued the same line of work in Providence, R. I. The last few years of her teaching, she returned to the training of normal children in Methuen, Mass.

Being naturally a student, she availed herself of many opportunities for study while in service, and took courses in Columbia, Brown, and Boston universities, Rhode Island College of Education, and Simmons College. Because of her desire, when she should retire from teaching in the public schools, to go into church work as a trained worker, she had prepared herself for this by the study of psychiatry, educational psychology, philosophy of religion, and religious education. She held a diploma from the Northern New England School of Religious Education. Failing health prevented the fulfillment of this desire of her life.

She was a lover of the great out-of-doors, and was an authority on the flora and fauna of the

sections where she had lived. She had traveled extensively in this country and abroad, and the results of her broad experience are familiar to readers of the SABBATH RECORDER, as she had been a contributor to its columns for many years. She was interested in all lines of denominational work, and particularly in foreign missions and Salem and Milton colleges. As she always tithed her income, she was able to give liberally to all denominational causes. She was a faithful member of the home department of the Sabbath school, and although for the greater part of her life a lone Sabbath keeper, she retained her membership in the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church, and her love for the denomination and all that it stands for.

After several years of failing health, she was called, on September 25, to her heavenly home. A farewell service was held on a beautiful day at the open grave, in River Bend Cemetery, conducted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Westerly, R. I.

C. A. B.

Sabbath School Lesson VII.—Nov. 16, 1929

LIVING WITH PEOPLE OF OTHER RACES.—Ruth 1: 1-18; John 4: 5-10; Acts 10: 1 to 11: 18; Romans 1: 14; Galatians 3: 28, 29.

Golden Text: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." Acts 10: 34b, 35.

DAILY READINGS

November 10—Overcoming Racial Antipathies. Acts 10: 9-16.
November 11—Christianity and the Races. Acts 10: 23-33.
November 12—Home-making in a Foreign Land. Ruth 1: 6-18.
November 13—Jesus and the Samaritan Woman. John 4: 5-14.
November 14—Our Debts to Alien Races. Romans 1: 8-17.
November 15—Racial Prejudice Rebuked. Acts 13: 44-52.
November 16—The Universal Spiritual Family. Ephesians 3: 14-21.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Repentance is getting out of one train and getting into another. You are in the wrong train; you are in the way that leads you down to ruin. Get out of it today. Right-about-face!—*D. L. Moody.*

Beware of a religion of mere sentiment, which gazes and sighs and wishes, but makes no sacrifice. Beware of a religion that covers the cross with flowers, and wears it *over* the heart but not in it.

SPECIAL NOTICES

The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society will be glad to receive contributions for the work in Pangoengsen, Java. Send remittances to the treasurer, S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in the Auditorium, first floor, of the Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Bible study at 2.30 p. m. followed by preaching service. For information concerning weekly prayer meeting held in various homes, call Pastor William Clayton, 1427 W. Colvin Street, Phone Warren 4270-J. The church clerk is Mrs. Edith Cross Spaid, 240 Nottingham Road. Phone James 3082-W. A cordial welcome to all services.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. Harold R. Crandall, Pastor, 81 Elliot Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in Hall 601, Capitol Building (formerly Masonic Temple), corner of State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock. Everybody welcome. August E. Johansen, Pastor, 6316 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Los Angeles, Calif., holds its regular Sabbath services in its house of worship, located one-half of a block east of South Broadway (previously Moneta Avenue), on Forty-second Street. Sabbath school at 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m., Bible study class at 1.30 p. m. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, 264 W. Forty-second Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock. Prayer meeting Friday evening. All services in church, corner Fourteenth and Lemon Streets. Gerald D. Hargis, Pastor, parsonage 1415 Lemon Street.

The Minneapolis Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath school meets each Sabbath. Visitors in the Twin Cities and Robbinsdale are cordially invited to meet with us. Phone Miss Evelyn Schuh, Secretary, Hyland 1650.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ holds regular Sabbath services at 2.30 p. m., in Room 402, Y. M. C. A. Building, Fourth Floor (elevator), Adams and Witherell Streets. A most cordial welcome to all.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. in its new house of worship on the corner of Washington Avenue and Aldrich Street. Sabbath school follows. Prayer meeting is held Wednesday evening. The parsonage is on North Avenue, telephone 2-1946.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

The Seventh Day Baptists in and around Denver, Colo., hold Sabbath school services every Sabbath afternoon at Fifth and Galapago Streets, at 2 o'clock. Visitors invited.

The Daytona Beach, Florida, Sabbath-keepers meet at 10 A.M. during the winter season at some public meeting place and at the several homes in the summer. Visiting Sabbath-keepers and friends are cordially welcomed. Mail addressed to P. O. Box 1126, or local telephone calls 347-J or 233-J, will secure any desired additional information. Rev. James H. Hurley, Pastor.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London, holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Argyle Hall, 105 Seven Sisters' Road, Holloway N. 7. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

THEODORE L. GARDINER, D. D., Editor

L. H. NORTH, Business Manager

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