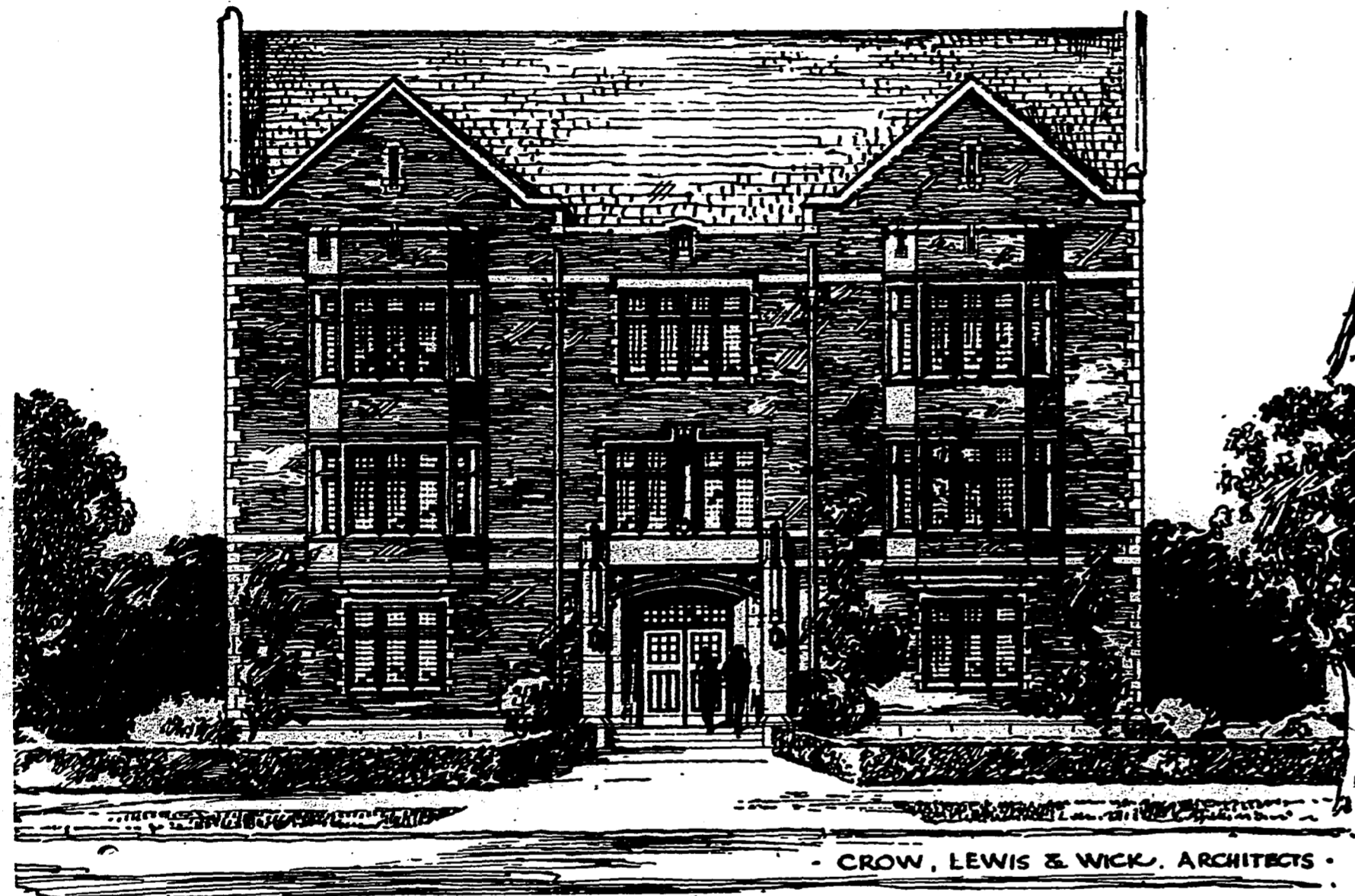


Front Elevation of the Denominational Building as it will appear when finished, made from Architect's Drawing.



• 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

## TOO LATE

Not long ago, today, the world was glad.  
 God stilled the roar of mighty guns  
 And Peace returned to men, gone mad  
 With bloody lust and hate, that stuns.  
 The lowly Jesus stood in No Man's Land,  
 Where Death, alone, had walked before,  
 And cast aside War's burning brand  
 And spoke—"O brothers, fight no more."

Not long ago, today, they slept;  
 Nor heard the bells or loud hurrahs.  
 They'd met the foe. Their pledge had kept  
 To yonder flag and you—O pause  
 A moment, on this Armistice morn,  
 To lay red roses, where they, silent, wait;  
 To make an oath, each year new born,  
 And vow, Peace must not come again—too late.

—Earl B. Van Deman,  
 in Presbyterian Advance.

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# SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

## THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

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**Terms expiring in 1931**—George M. Ellis, Milton, Wis.; Edward E. Whitford, New York, N. Y.; S. Duane Ogden, Nortonville, Kan.

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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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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 107, No. 19

PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 11, 1929

WHOLE No. 4,419

*Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for the way thou hast led our fathers in their planning for the work of thy kingdom, and for the many ways in which thou hast helped and inspired their children to build upon the foundations which their fathers had laid.*

*We thank thee today for the rich blessings that have come through our schools, for the recent gift for Alfred, and for the many friends that have rallied around Milton and Salem during the years and who have made them powers for good.*

*Continue thy helpful inspirations, we pray thee, by which they may go forward in their good work. In Jesus' name. Amen.*

University banquet meeting, held in New York City on October 28, in which the gift of \$150,000 for a men's dormitory was announced.

It seemed desirable to have the addresses all in one issue. This will make a sort of "Alfred number" for this week. So if some articles have to wait, or if even a department has to be omitted, our friends will understand why it seems necessary.

The editorials, all written for this week, will also be held and appear one week later.

We know everybody will rejoice with Alfred over this wonderful gift.

**An Alfred Number** This RECORDER contains the addresses and doings of the Alfred

## ALFRED UNIVERSITY RECEIVES A MUNIFICENT GIFT

At a dinner given by the university trustees in Hotel Astor, New York City, on the evening of October 28, Miss Nancy Bartlett, of Olean, N. Y., presented \$150,000 to Alfred for a men's dormitory, to be known as the Frank L. Bartlett Memorial Dormitory.

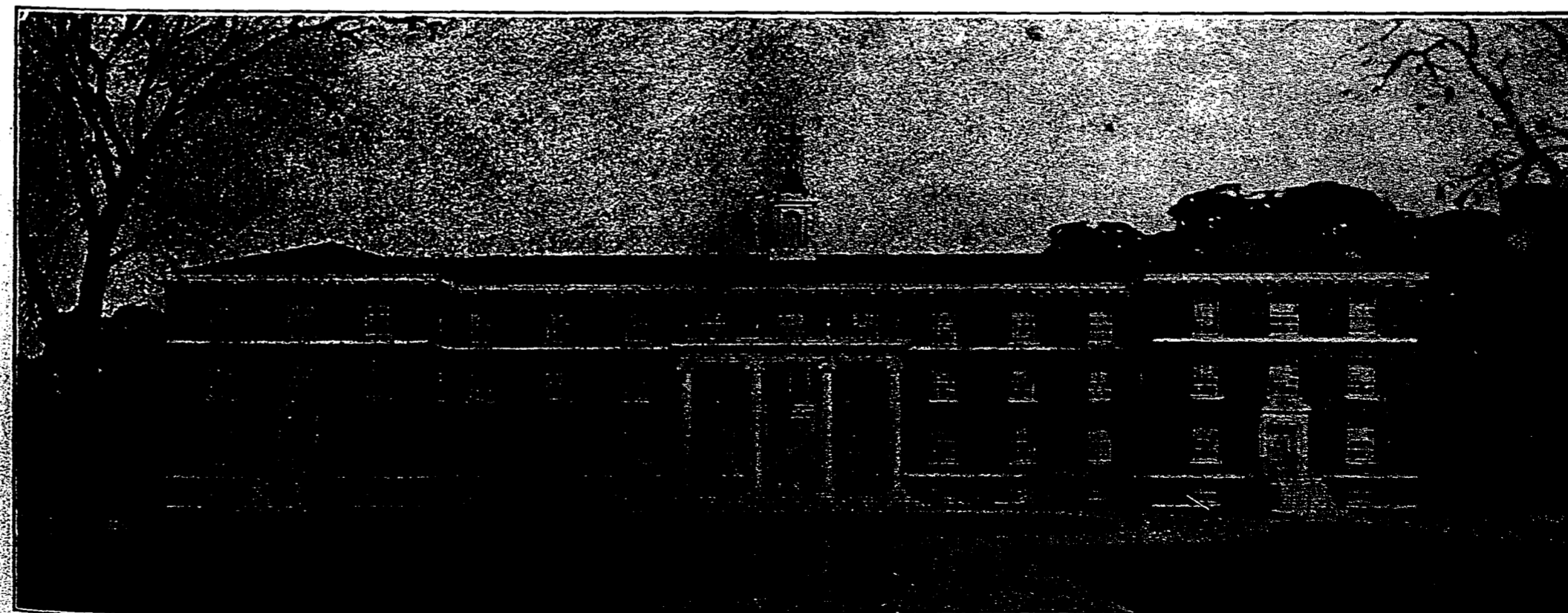
It was an occasion of great rejoicing for

Alfred. The dinner was fine and the after-dinner addresses were full of interest and called out many expressions of hearty applause.

The first speaker was Dr. Edwin Herbert Lewis, whose address we give here, taken from the Alfred Sun.

**MR. TOASTMASTER:**

When a man has the nerve to ask you, "What has your mother given you? What



ARCHITECTS' PLAN FOR THE DORMITORY

has your mother done for you? What do you think of her?" it is not an easy thing to answer calmly. We do not answer such questions glibly. We choke up, sir, or maybe we hit him for daring to ask. What has Alfred given us? Everything, sir. She gave us her life's blood. What hasn't she given us?

But I am asked to explain, and to start an analysis for these lads to continue. I am expected to hold the dear old girl off at a distance and size her up. It is a job that the late William Shakespeare, had he been an Alfred man, would have declined as beyond his powers of expression. I am expecting to take her intelligence quotient and give her the Alpha test. It is a risky business. During the war my superior officer and I gave each other the Alpha test, and decided that it was about time for us to seek admission to a home for the feeble-minded. We concluded we were about ready for the psychopathic hospital, which I once heard mentioned in all seriousness by a patient as the sal-hepatica hospital.

I'm not denying that there can be a certain degree of exactness in the measurement of a college or a man. Rogers can size up men in his business. Mr. Wiley can size up men in the newspaper business. But do not ask them how they do it. That is their secret. They do not do it with a footrule or with a Binet test or a Hillegas scale. And though we educators are coming to use such tests, we do not rely on them to capture and calibrate the whole man. When we strike a particularly stupid lad we have to be careful. The chances are that what seems stupidity is high intelligence well disguised, and that twenty years from now he will be sitting on our board of trustees. It usually works out that way. All we trustees of Alfred are men of high intelligence, but it was beautifully disguised in college. Nobody suspected that we would ever attain the dizzy heights of trusteeship.

Every man or woman who entered Alfred in the early eighties remembers Jonathan Allen as quite the most extraordinary person he had ever met. Allen was poet, metaphysician, geologist, biologist. He was more than an amateur geologist, and as a biologist he was well enough known to have one or two species of unio named for him. Poet, metaphysician, geologist, biologist—one has to partition him in some such way as that,

but no words of mine can capture the charm of the way in which he integrated these powers.

A metaphysician without poetry in him is a most dangerous person to turn loose among the young. Such a fellow does not know the difference between literal fact and devout imagination, the difference between what can be proved in the laboratory and what can be expressed only in free symbolism, free creative imagery. Such a fellow is always mistaking physical fact for spiritual truth, and that is the essence of idolatry, and college faculties in the eighties included a good many such half-integrated idolaters. But Allen never made that mistake. Whatever literal creed a man brought with him into Allen's classes, he ceased to be a literalist before Allen had done with him.

Allen lived through the half century, say from 1840 to 1890, of the most dreadful war the world has ever seen, the war between science and theology, and brought his pupils through it safely, serenely. He was as honest as Darwin and as spiritually minded as Thomas à Kempis. He never suffered such agonies as Matthew Arnold or Arthur Clough or Philip Gosse suffered, and by the sheer loftiness of his spirit he kept us also from such suffering. He kept his faith intact after bad physics and bad psychology had been cleared away. He was above all trivial controversy. I remember Herbert Whipple's saying to me, in the spring of '87, "He is not a man; he is an ocean of thought." Quite so. And students who live on the shore of an ocean of thought are not likely to lose their faith. In point of quantity Allen did not leave his students much faith, but it is sufficient. It makes up in quality whatever it lacks in quantity and trimmings.

Of all the men I have known in forty years of teaching, Allen united in himself and thoroughly integrated the most powers and the most knowledge. But he was surrounded by a small group of masters, each thoroughly integrated within his own range. Edward Tomlinson taught Greek with a simplicity, severity, and elegance that left nothing to be desired. When he got through with you, you could proceed to Brugmann the linguist or to Shorey the humanist without having to unlearn a single thing. George Scott taught Latin, but he also taught scien-

tific method, for he made a great point of Lucretius, and was probably the very first man in a small college to do that.

A. B. Kenyon taught mathematics. Any effort to divert his attention from his subject was fruitless. It is usually possible to anger a teacher by failure to study or by judicious torment, but neither method worked with A. B. He never rebuked; he never wasted a minute; he continued to explain. He never insisted on a particular method of solution. You were there to think, to think mathematically, to fall like a cat on your mathematical feet, and to be equal to any problem. If you could not be, you could not, and no tears were wasted over nature's oversight, her failure to provide you with brains. What is more, Kenyon never forgot that certain narrowly specialized mathematical gifts are not incompatible with general idiocy. Ready reckoning is sometimes due, perhaps, to a blow on the head in infancy. In short, as a teacher of mathematics, A. B. Kenyon was, I suspect, without a superior or an imitator.

Returning to Allen, we must grant that he sometimes overestimated the I. Q. of his students. It was not uncommon with him, when asked for a letter of recommendation, to write: "This man can do anything he says he can." Such faith, since then, I have not found in all Galilee. Sometimes such a recommendation worked out all right, and in those cases it was proof of a certain Yankee shrewdness in Jonathan, but sometimes it was not justified. Allen always had a certain contempt for academic standards, and I think he was more than half right in having it, but not wholly right. He gave me my A. B. and my A. M. on the same day, and that was wrong. He did the same thing for Corliss Randolph, and then Doctor Main came along as president and put a stop to that sort of thing. Main demanded that a student should not attempt too many things, that he should do a few things exceedingly well, and that he should allow time enough for so doing.

Main was exceedingly systematic, and still is, but thank God he is not a systematic theologian, at least not in the old bad sense. He can be grim, but is never grimly literal. He is immensely tolerant, amazingly sweet in spirit. He sees no forbidding wall of partition between philosophy and science, or between science and religion. He has in-

tegrated these things, and his integrity makes him a leader in matters which, in a spiritual sense, are matters of life and death.

I do not know how to characterize Boothe Davis except by saying that he integrates something of Allen with something of Main, and adds something quite his own. Listen to him discussing business and you will think of him as a business man, shrewd and adroit, mildly persistent, concealing his far-sighted purpose but never for a moment relinquishing it. Allen was never like that, but Allen left his mark on Davis, nevertheless. If you would see how, read the baccalaureate sermons that year after year President Davis has delivered. They are like Allen's. They are lofty. They admit no low standards and no juggling with moral values. They assume that a soul can be like a star and dwell apart, and yet can descend into the ruck of common affairs and take upon itself the lowliest duties without moral disintegration. I repeat that Boothe Davis' baccalaureates are lofty. They touch mounts of transfiguration, and are remembered by his boys as Allen's are remembered by us who were Allen's boys. They are moral guidance. And moral guidance, precisely because it calls both for a high intellectual standard and for integration between mind and character, is the very hardest thing to get in education or anywhere else.

When I entered college in '83 it was rather the fashion to regard Thomas Henry Huxley as an emissary of the devil. I learned from Allen that he was no such thing, but a very good comparative anatomist, a hater of shams, and a master of his mother tongue. Times, thank God, have changed, and now every teacher of English teaches these words of Huxley: "That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire,

but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

That, it seems to me, is a fair statement of the integration and the integrity which we older men found existing at Alfred, and I sincerely believe that there is a high degree of it in the men who are continuing to make and to build Alfred. But most that I have said has concerned the past, and every old man likes to think a bit about the future. Let me do a little guessing about the future in the light of the past fifty years. The only thing I can brag of is having lived sixty-three years, or almost that, and if I brag of that, you must forgive my senile fault, for heaven knows I have had no part in the real advances of these years.

What has come to pass in these fifty years is mass production. It began, to be sure, much earlier. It began even earlier than Mr. Stuart Chase in his new book on Men and Machines, seems to think. It began in fact in 1798, when Eli Whitney got a contract from the government for some muskets, each part of which was made on a special machine, so that the parts were interchangeable. It is interchangeable parts that makes mass production, and if you care to see where it began, run out to Whitneyville, now within the limits of New Haven, and see where Eli built his mill by that waterfall.

But standardized and exactly interchangeable parts are impossible except by extremely exact measurements, and for extremely exact measurements America has Alfred to thank. It has William A. Rogers, Paul Titsworth's uncle, to thank. You see, the great toolmakers, Pratt and Whitney, wanted to standardize screw threads, but they couldn't, because they found a sad lack of agreement among standard gauges. So they called in Rogers, and he pulled them out of the hole. He settled forever the length of the standard foot, basing his work on line measurement and not on end measurement, as the English screw-maker Whitworth had done. The marvelous comparator of Rogers, with its caliper attachment, was what made interchangeable parts possible, and such manufacturers as Mr. Ford owe an incalculable debt to Rog-

ers. Astronomy and physics owe him quite as much, for his was the first dividing engine to make gratings. He showed it to Rowland and made it rule 4,800 lines to the millimeter, and Rowland made one like it. It is therefore indirectly owing to Rogers that Michelson was able to fix the standard metre as 1,533,163½ waves of the red cadmium ray. Rogers was the greatest micrometrist of his time. He had to leave Alfred for Harvard when our money gave out, but later he returned to us, money or no money.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the rapidity with which mass production has developed since Rogers fixed the standards, about the year 1880. All our automobiles and all our public utilities have developed since then. Of course they couldn't have developed except for certain men of very high intelligence and very great energy, men like Ford, Edison, Insull, and Byllesby. I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ford, but by chance have occasionally come in contact with Mr. Edison, Mr. Insull, and the late Colonel Byllesby. They were all too much immersed in their business to give much thought to the problems of education, but they can not be blamed for such immersion.

It was on the fourteenth of July, 1880, that noble old George Herbert Babcock, a benefactor of Alfred because he gave Alfred money, and a benefactor of the race because his water tube boilers have saved hundreds of lives, took my father and me to spend the day with young Edison. He had not yet got his incandescent lights on the market, and it did not seem to the boy of thirteen that they would ever be cheap enough for general consumption. How utterly different is the present fact!

The next year Mr. Insull came over to be Mr. Edison's secretary, and presently took charge of his business affairs. He saw immense possibilities in public utilities. Some years ago, when as toastmaster I had the pleasure of introducing him to the Western Society of Engineers, I humorously accused him of wishing to monopolize the whole world of public utilities. He hasn't done it yet, but what a change he has produced far and wide.

As for Colonel Byllesby, I happened to know him because he selected a Lewis boy as his manager of engineering and construc-

tion. And what a man Byllesby was! What a planner, organizer, driver! Early in March, 1917, he saw with unerring accuracy that we should be forced to declare war on Germany, and a week before the declaration came he had all the engineering societies of America gather for dinner in Chicago, to plan what they could do to help. It was a hurry call, an S O S sent out. Men wired that they could not come, and then came. He pitched on me for toastmaster, but I should have made an utter failure of it if he had not sat at my side, answering instantly every question I asked. It is such men as he who have completely changed the world of late years, and who make us educators feel like mere flies on the wheel.

Well, now the point of all this reminiscing is that education has got to reckon with the problems of quantifications, standardization, and speed. We shall never do it by losing our heads. We shall never do it by the haste that makes waste. We shall never do it by getting as excited as Professor Walter Pitkin, of Columbia, gets, in his otherwise admirable book on *The Twilight of the American Mind*.

We shall, of course, change our standards somewhat. We must recognize that an I. Q. of 130 is no sure sign that a man will be honest, or fine, or magnanimous, or even reasonably tactful. We shall recognize that it takes time to think. We shall see that integration and integrity are very difficult to secure in a great school in a great city. The student can not there be surrounded by a few highly integrated men, each of them anxious to keep him from disintegration and to help him grow to his fullest possibilities.

Why, in a great city the first requisite is how to keep from being killed in crossing the street, as Pierre Curie was killed! That is the proper education for a street gamin, and we all need some of it, but after all it is not enough. The first thing is to get our boys into a reasonably safe place, where they won't be killed if they stop a minute to reflect. It should be a place, too, where they can know each other thoroughly. It should likewise be a place where the village community is sensible, judgmatical, honorable. Finally it should be a place in the hills, because, however the earth may look from a neighboring planet, it is appointed unto man to lift up his eyes

unto the hills, whence cometh strength. Can such a place be found? I think it can and the name of it is Alfred.

#### WHAT ALFRED HAS GIVEN HER STUDENTS

[After the applause in approval of what Dr. Lewis had said, DR. PAUL EMERSON TITSWORTH spoke as follows:]

In his argument before the United States Supreme Court in the case of the Trustees of Dartmouth College versus Woodward in 1818, Daniel Webster, himself a son of that venerable college, speaking of his alma mater, said:

"It is a small college but there are those who love it." (I quote from memory.)

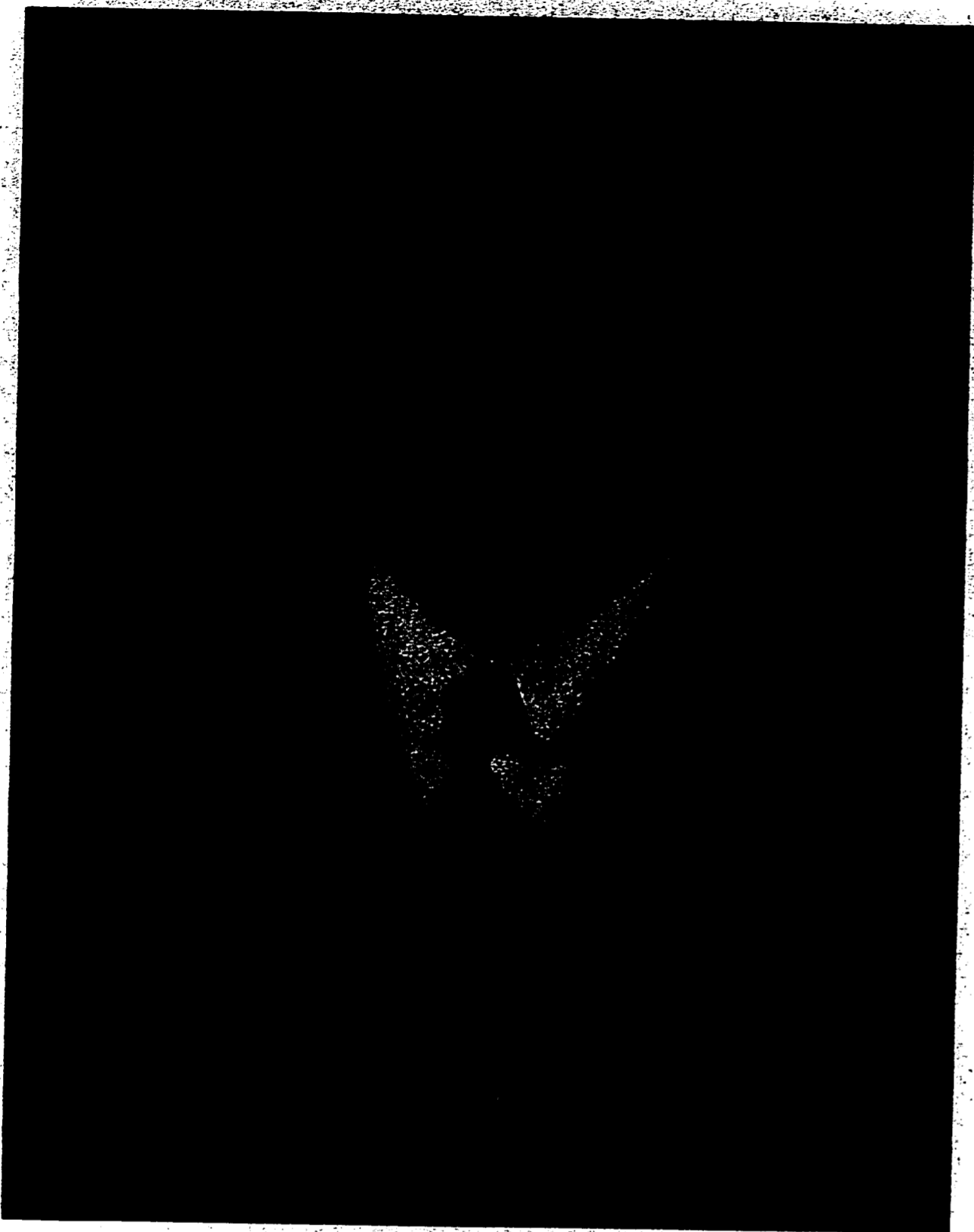
These words, simple and restrained though they may be, but vibrant with love of the institution for whose existence Webster was fighting, have epitomized for many a son and daughter of a small college their own love for some struggling but enormously vital alma mater whose honor has become their honor, whose vision their vision, whose integrity and selfless service to the world their inspiration.

For Webster, the extremity of his beloved college demanded his greater love. It seems true of colleges, as of children, that that one calls forth the greatest devotion whose need is most evident. To complete the idea but to use a different figure: a college, like a man, that makes a gallant fight against great odds, inspires great sympathy.

From the outset Alfred has battled gloriously with inadequate weapons and often against apparently overwhelming circumstances, sometimes for the right to live but always for the right to serve.

It is the spectacle of this game fight to meet the challenge of her time and place that has engendered in her children a deep love for her courage, and most of all for her gallant self. This fact, therefore, makes Webster's words appropriate on the lips of every admirer of Alfred, "It is a small college but there are those who love it." It is almost a liberal education in itself to love an institution like that in whose honor we are met tonight.

A friend of mine, of wide observation, who is not an Alfred student, learning that I was to be here tonight to talk on what



PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH,  
Washington College, Alfred '04

Alfred has given her students, wrote me a beautiful letter a part of which I am delighted to quote:

Alfred, he quotes, is "an Academe in Arcadia. In all my peregrinations, personal and professional, I've never touched a spot that seemed to me so absolutely pervaded with the blessed benison. I've never seen anywhere so much plain living and high thinking as I've met in that village; and I've never sojourned there without coming away a chastened and, I hope, a wiser person, as I've studied the splendid characters of the men and women who have been content to spend their lives, or a part of them, in making Alfred what it is."

These may sound like extravagant words, but I am sure we have all had moods when we felt them to be profoundly true.

But what is this Alfred about which we are talking tonight? Certainly it is a little bit the beauty of her hillside campus when the glory of a June day checkers its greensward with light and shade, or when its autumnal woods are aflame with crimson and gold, or when September moonlight drives man and maid to romantic musings or meanderings—possibly to marriage—or again when those arch-wizards of frost and snow turn the embowered laths and gothic spruces of the campus into fairyland. Certainly it is even more that goodly company

of light-hearted youth whose escapades bring white hairs to dignified deans—or take the last remaining hairs from the heads of other deans. It is even more certainly that glorious host of alumni whose lives and victories in the battle of life warm our hearts. It is decidedly the kindly folks of Alfred village who are our second fathers and mothers and have remained our staunch advocates. It is most definitely those giants of the faculty, those solicitous elder brothers and sisters—teachers of unsurpassed personal, intellectual, and spiritual competence—the dynamics of whose wisdom has given us momentum. It is also most decidedly those loyal men, the trustees, who, moving to us students like shadows through a curtain, have borne the burden and heat of the day in problems administrative, financial, and baffling. Alfred is all these, unified, wrought together, made a living whole by history, tradition, memory, and vibrant ideals.

What unique gift has this Alfred bestowed upon her children that many a more pretentious and prosperous institution has never succeeded in passing on to its sons and daughters?

First, Alfred men and women have absorbed from the old college, a high regard for learning. By learning, I do not mean those abstractions and sometimes absurd minutiae beloved of esoteric groups. By learning, I mean rather that knowledge and that urge to knowledge that have been nuclear in men's progress and that divine illumination which lights their path more and more unto the perfect day. By learning, I mean that accumulated and accumulating wisdom which can be put into the high venture of business, profession, and the everyday fine art of living.

As I see it, Alfred has bred into the very marrow of her children a high regard for and a ready response to integrity and competency, both intellectual and spiritual.

This fact accounts for the many delightful and true legends about such master teachers as Jonathan Allen, Alpheus B. Kenyon, Charles F. Binns, and Charles B. Clark. Alfred has been especially rich in what President Holt aptly terms golden personalities among its teachers whose relationships with their students have, in generous measure, passed quite beyond the professional status and become happily per-

sonal and fructifying. Such human contacts have energized and personalized learning, making it delectable and compelling.

Second, Alfred, both college and village, has provided an atmosphere of philosophic and religious liberalism which has welcomed a cosmopolitan stream of youth of well-nigh every racial and credal inheritance, and blessed it.

While it stands at the antipodes of the inquisitorial, Alfred's liberalism is positive, characterful, constructive, a force that impinges dynamically upon the life and thinking of almost every youth who treads the college campus.

I do not see how we can overestimate the value to a maturing boy or girl of the opportunity to spend four years in the mellow, kindly atmosphere where, as in the village, petty squabbles and community feuds are practically unknown, or where, as in the village, much of the strain originating in the world's drive is happily absent. Thus Alfred affords her children the chance to "mellow in the wood," so to speak, to develop in a spiritual climate devoid of petulance, nagging, suspicion, and bigotry, an atmosphere charged with challenge to wholesome manhood and womanhood.

Alfred's third gift to her students is her example of selfless service.

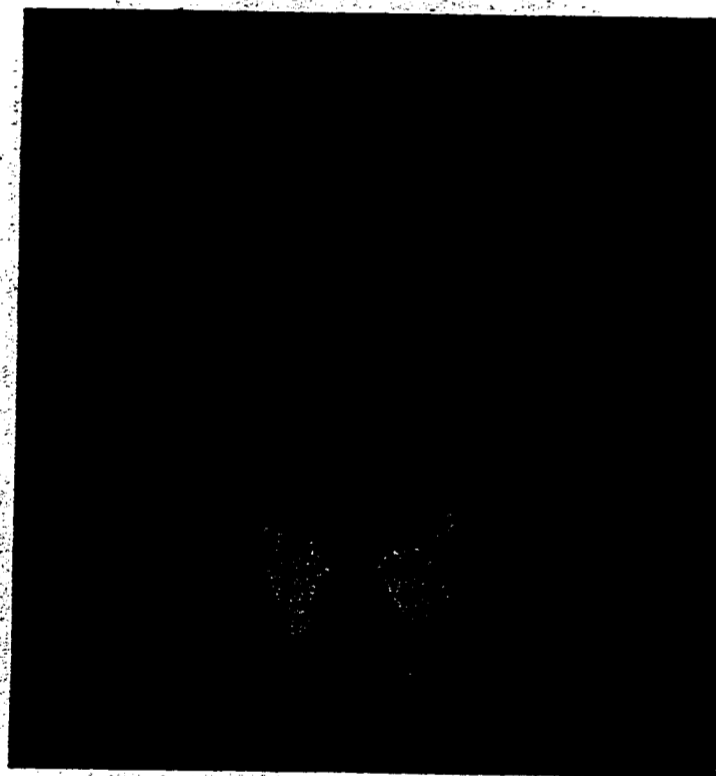
It seems to me, as I look over Alfred's history, particularly that part of it with which I am personally acquainted, that it is replete with the names of men and women, who, to their own worldly disadvantage, dedicated themselves unstintingly to the work to which Alfred has consecrated herself. Not that many of these men and women had grown wings yet; they were subject to the foibles and weaknesses and errors of judgment of all flesh. And they would be the first to admit it. But when the history of Alfred comes to be written, these human frailties will tend to disappear and most outstanding will then be their dominant desire to serve. I know of no place where selfless giving of all their resources by trained men and women is so common as at Alfred. And I think this selflessness, exhibited by none to a greater degree than by President Davis himself, is one of Alfred's most considerable gifts to its students.

Well, for the last eight minutes now I have been pursuing the idea, elusive as a

will-of-the-wisp but as real as a bar of steel, that Alfred's contribution to her children is a trinity of respect for learning, the charm of a mellow liberalism which is a positive not a negative philosophy of life, and the example of a profoundly sincere selflessness. But I realize that I have hardly captured my quarry. After all, no one can analyze Alfred. The minute you start, the concept, the fact, the spirit, slip from your expectant grasp. After all, Alfred is Alfred, and that's the end o' it.

It's the pelican, isn't it, which in default of other food for her young, plucks open her flesh and allows the young to satisfy their hunger on her own vital bloodstream. I can think of no fitter figure by which to drive home what Alfred does for her sons and daughters. She gives herself.

### DREAM ALFRED



DEAN J. N. NORWOOD

[The next speaker was DEAN J. NELSON NORWOOD of the University. He spoke as follows:]

MR. TOASTMASTER:

Few people are anxious to stand in the presence of death. Death anywhere is depressing. It matters little whether it is a tree, a pet, a friend or relative, a home, or a college. It is never inspiring. Doubtless, we have all traveled through the rural sections and been saddened by the sight of abandoned homes. Mark the details: the

roof is partly off or getting too thin to turn the storms, the paint is all gone, the window glass is broken and out, the door swings half open—one hinge is off, the chimney bricks poise at a threatening angle, the out-buildings are down, the front fence is wrecked, tall weeds cover the lawn, the front steps have fallen in, the path to the door is barely distinguishable from the weedy lawn. Here and there flowering plants or shrubs keep up a sickly competition with the wilder growth; the top of the once stately shading elm lies rotting in the yard. What a picture of desolation, decay, death!

Possibly some of my hearers may have seen a dead college. I never did. What did it look like? I can imagine. The buildings are old and dingy, the glass is out of the windows, the lawns are unkempt, the walks in bad repair, some of the buildings are used as warehouses by neighboring business firms, the campus once gay with the throb and laughter of young life is forsaken and desolate, the lonesome owl occupies the rickety belfry where the old bell still hangs rusty and clapperless. A tottering old man unable to tear himself away from the scenes of his prime, potters about among the dust and cobwebs of the musty books and bookshelves. Near the entrance and hanging precariously by a nail at one corner is a weatherbeaten sign on which one may with difficulty decipher the legend, "This Property For Sale."

We, here at this dinner tonight represent just the opposite of all this. We represent old Alfred. Alfred University is very much alive. Her throbbing life transforms all her immediate territory, and easily traceable streams of Alfred's influence penetrate to the ends of the earth. The present day Alfred is healthy and strong. The future Alfred will be healthier, stronger, and even more deeply and widely influential.

There is a dream Alfred that comes to me often, even in my waking hours. It is an Alfred with ever expanding material resources; endowment, class rooms, laboratories, dormitories, fraternity houses, gymnasium, chapel, books, equipment. It is an Alfred increasingly large, not too large, but large enough to stand unashamed in self-respect beside her neighbor colleges.

It is an Alfred with more teachers, even more fully trained, more able, more devoted, more efficient, more inspiring; an Alfred

where earnest and jolly young people win training, or lay solid the foundations for further training for fruitful activity in business, engineering, art, home-keeping, in all the learned professions.

It is an Alfred such that when students recall the varied experiences under her guidance they will be constrained to explain, "Those to us were truly days of awakening ambitions. They were veritable intellectual and spiritual birthdays."

My dream Alfred, in short, is a second home presided over by alma mater, where "women queenly, manhood royal" prepare for regal parts in the great workaday world just beyond college, and on and on through the years to the end.

### THE GIFT PRESENTED

[After Dean Norwood's "Dream Alfred," MR. MARK M. HOLMES made the presentation as follows:]

MR. TOASTMASTER, PRESIDENT DAVIS, MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF ALFRED UNIVERSITY, GUESTS AND FRIENDS:

You are gathered here tonight in the interests of Alfred University, and I am honored in having a small place on your program.

It was my good fortune to be associated for many years with the late Frank L. Bartlett, of Olean, N. Y., who was born, and who grew to manhood, in Allegany County, N. Y. His simple boyhood life, the early struggles and practical experiences on the farm, developed in him strength of character, self reliance, and tireless energy—characteristics which attracted to him those with whom he came in contact, and with whom he became associated, and these characteristics were clearly the foundation of his success. He had but little opportunity for schooling, but made his way to positions of trust and responsibility in the community in which he lived. For many years he was president of the Exchange National Bank of Olean, N. Y., which position he held at the time of his death. He gave years of active service as a trustee of the Olean General Hospital, and likewise as trustee of the Randolph Home for Children at Randolph, N. Y.

As the years came and went, growth of vision and broader opportunities for useful

service seemed to develop in him a stronger attachment for his boyhood surroundings and native hills, and a keener appreciation of the value of higher education and an early opportunity for our youth to know and to enjoy the finer things of life. To this end he became interested in educational institutions, and particularly those in the vicinity of his activities. Through one of his closest friends, the late Hon. Edward W. Hatch, he became associated with Alfred and was elected to membership on the board of trustees; he was further honored by having conferred upon him by the university the degree of Doctor of Laws. It was his wish, unfulfilled by reason of his untimely death, to make some substantial expression of his appreciation of these honors and to promote the splendid work which you are doing.

For some time past his daughter, Nancy Bartlett, has been considering some useful and permanent memorial for him, and learned through your distinguished and worthy president, Doctor Davis, that her father had expressed his feeling of the real need of a suitable dormitory for the young men coming in for their first year's work with you as freshmen. At her request, Mr. H. F. Lee and I, who were executors and trustees under Mr. Bartlett's will, made a visit to Alfred where we were met by Doctor Davis, shown around the campus, told of the present conditions, of the needs of the university, and something of the plans and dreams for the future. We were convinced that you are doing a great work at Alfred, and were greatly impressed with the needs for the present, as well as with the plans for the future, and so made our report to her.

I am very happy tonight to advise you that she has made it possible for you to realize a part of your dream and to erect a suitable dormitory for the use of your young men; in this way perpetuating her father's memory in the university, and enlarging the opportunities of the youth of Western New York to obtain a higher education.

She has commissioned me as her representative, and on her behalf, to present to Alfred University through you, President Davis, the following offer and agreement:

"For a good and valuable consideration, I, the undersigned, NANCY BARTLETT, do hereby undertake and agree to and with

ALFRED UNIVERSITY, of Alfred, N. Y., to pay a sum or sums sufficient to erect a memorial dormitory building on the college grounds at Alfred, N. Y., to be known as 'Frank L. Bartlett Memorial Dormitory Building,' consisting of three stories and a basement, in accordance with plans drawn and to be drawn by Childs and Smith, architects, of Chicago, Ill., not exceeding, in the aggregate, the sum of one hundred fifty thousand dollars (\$150,000.00), said moneys to be used exclusively for the construction of said building and the beds to be installed therein, and to be paid and advanced by me as the work thereon progresses.

"This agreement shall apply to and bind my heirs, representatives, and assigns.

"Dated September 23, 1929.

NANCY BARTLETT."

ACCEPTANCE BY PRESIDENT DAVIS

MR. TOASTMASTER AND MR. HOLMES:

In behalf of the trustees of Alfred University, I accept at your hands, Mr. Holmes, this munificent gift which Nancy Bartlett has tendered to Alfred University through you as her representative.

I pledge the trustees to faithfully carry out her benevolent purpose, made known in this gift to erect a memorial dormitory in memory of her beloved and lamented father, Frank L. Bartlett, late trustee of Alfred University, financier, high minded citizen and public benefactor.

Love, loyalty, and wisdom could not have chosen a more fitting tribute to this great soul than the memorial which you have here transmitted, in behalf of an affectionate daughter.

Frank L. Bartlett united a keen business intellect and a sympathetic heart with an appreciation of intellectual and moral culture.

He knew the worth of money and how to accumulate it. He sympathized with dependent and friendless children, with sick and suffering humanity, and with ambitious and aspiring boys who must relinquish ties of home and fireside for a four years' residence in college.

His heart went out to the lonely boy who must substitute student's quarters for home and mother.

As a college trustee, Mr. Bartlett expressed more solicitude for the housing con-

ditions of freshmen, just entering college, than for any other problem of college administration.

No other memorial could therefore so well satisfy his deepest desires as a dormitory for college men.

This gracious and generous gift will perpetuate the name and memory, through many future generations, of an able, successful, useful, and benevolent man; of an honored citizen and a beloved college trustee, and of an affectionate and devoted father.

It is a memorial that will not stand cold and serviceless as a granite shaft in a needy world, but on the contrary, it is warm, cheery, and hospitable—one with doors swinging open to aspiring youth, inviting them to enter, and live and work and love; and like itself become instruments of service and messengers of good cheer to all who know them.

But there are other reasons for the appropriateness of this gift, and the benevolent wisdom of the giver.

Alfred University enrolls each year one hundred fifty students from the two rural counties of Western New York which gave to Frank L. Bartlett his childhood home and the home of his business career. More than five hundred students come annually to this country college, who would have small chance of a college education without the conveniences of its location and economy of its costs. Its housing capacity is now greatly overtaxed, and private accommodations in the village are inadequate. The Bartlett Memorial Dormitory will fill a great need, perhaps the greatest need of Alfred University at the present time, and will render an incalculable service to the thousands of young men who in future years will share its hospitable home. If Alfred University could produce an Edwin H. Lewis, an Orra S. Rogers, a Paul Emerson Titsworth, and all the hosts of others, without a dormitory for men, what can it not do now with the Frank L. Bartlett Memorial Dormitory?

Alfred University is approaching the one hundredth anniversary of its beginning, which it will celebrate in 1936. This splendid gift will stimulate other friends of education to help further equip this useful growing college through the Million Dollar Centennial Fund which the trustees are raising as a fitting celebration of a century



PRESIDENT BOOTHE C. DAVIS

To whom great credit for this gift is due

of pioneer work in higher education in an important rural section of the country.

New York State has entrusted Alfred University with two of its state schools. The New York State School of Clay Working and Ceramics at Alfred University, is a state institution of thirty years' standing, nationally and internationally known for its excellence in engineering training for the manufacture of clayware products, and for its art training and skill in the design and decoration of ceramic wares.

One of the state schools of agriculture is also at Alfred University.

This Frank L. Bartlett Memorial Dormitory Building will become an ally of the state in equipping young men for these highly important fields of industry, as well as an agent of general culture in the broader fields of education for service and citizenship.

As the years come and go; and as friends of education add other buildings and increased endowments and equipment to this growing seat of learning, the name of

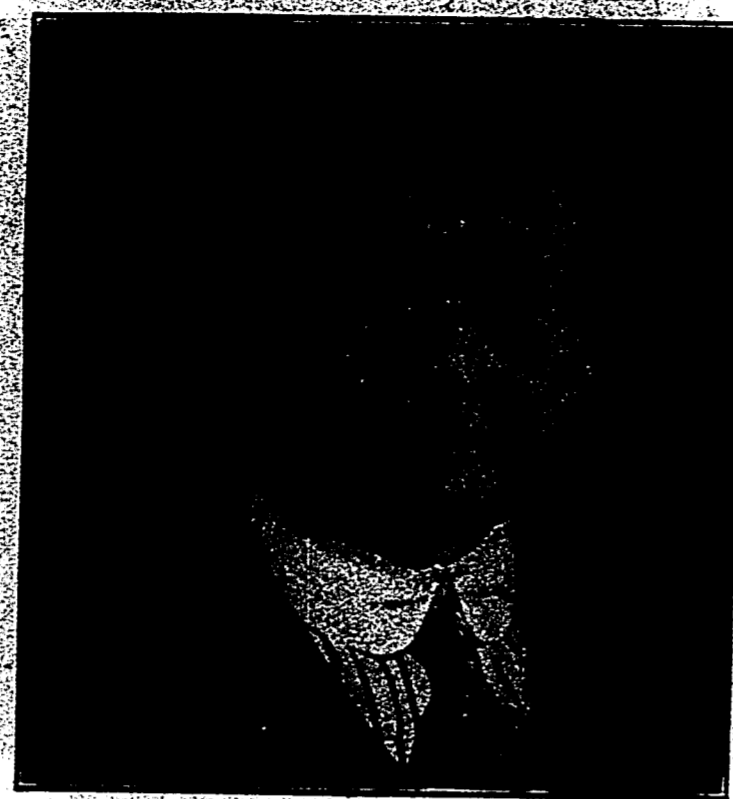
Frank L. Bartlett and of Nancy Bartlett, his daughter, will be enshrined in the affections and memory of thousands of students who can never forget the benefaction which you, sir, this day have had the rare privilege of transmitting to Alfred University in behalf of Nancy Bartlett. This gift in memory of your predecessor in office, and of your long time friend and colleague in business, provided as it is by the generosity and benevolence of his daughter, makes a new tie of fellowship between the present and the future in the great work of education, extending it into a never ending field of benevolence and enlightenment.

This gift, today, sir, has also for me a personal gratification which I gladly acknowledge.

In the dark days of the World War, in 1917 and '18, when I was serving as Allegheny County chairman of the Liberty Loan campaigns, Frank L. Bartlett was serving as Cattaraugus County chairman. In many earnest and anxious conferences we plumbed depths of friendships and understanding only reached in hours of stress and sacrifice. In those days began that deep friendship and those confidential talks of service, sacrifice, patriotism, benevolence, and educational ideals, which I feel in a very real sense, bear their richest fruitage in this gift of his daughter.

I am the more sure of this because I know that Nancy Bartlett has been prompted to this gift, in part at least, by the knowledge that it is in harmony with her father's most earnest wishes.

It is therefore with profound gratitude and deep emotion that I accept this, Alfred University's largest single gift. I commission you, sir, to convey to Nancy Bartlett, in behalf of the president and of the board of trustees, and in behalf of numberless future generations of students, hearty and sincere thanks for this splendid gift in memory of her noble father. Her name as the generous giver, will be cherished together with that of her lamented father in the records, in the traditions and in the affections of Alfred University.



ORRA S. ROGERS  
President Board of Trustees

[At this point the toastmaster handed over the meeting to the trustees, and President Orra S. Rogers again took charge, and Miss Florence W. Hatch offered the following resolutions:]

WHEREAS Nancy Bartlett has this day, through her representative, Mr. Mark M. Holmes, presented to Alfred University the sum of \$150,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for the purpose of erecting in Alfred University, the Frank L. Bartlett Memorial Dormitory building in memory of her father, the late Frank L. Bartlett; Therefore

*Resolved*, That the trustees of Alfred University hereby express their profound appreciation and heartfelt thanks to Nancy Bartlett for this beautiful and generous gift in memory of her beloved father who was an esteemed member of this board of trustees.

*Resolved*, That the trustees in accepting this well chosen gift gratefully undertake to administer it in the spirit of loving loyalty in which it is given, so that both the giver and the one in whose memory the gift is made, will, through this memorial, live on forever in the affections of men, and continue to serve humanity far into the future.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the trustees and that a copy of the same, together with copies of all speeches and addresses in connections with this presentation dinner, be transmitted

by the secretary to Nancy Bartlett, founder of the Frank L. Bartlett Memorial Dormitory.

These resolutions were adopted and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Charles F. Binns.

#### BRIEF LIFE SKETCH OF THE DONOR

After reading these addresses, and the story of Alfred's wonderful good fortune, I am sure RECORDER readers will appreciate a brief life sketch of the late Mr. Bartlett, who planned for the gift of such a dormitory. So we give it here with a cut as it appeared in the *Alfred Sun*.

#### FRANK L. BARTLETT

Frank L. Bartlett was born in 1858 at Belfast, Allegheny County, N. Y. He was educated in the public schools of that village and was graduated from the Friend-

ship Academy at Friendship, N. Y. He immediately entered the employ of the Exchange National Bank of Olean, N. Y., filling every position in that bank and attaining the presidency in 1895.

He was a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

He was financial officer of Higgins Memorial Hospital.

He rehabilitated and put on a strong financial basis the Children's Home of Randolph, N. Y.

He was a director of the Federal Reserve Bank and a trustee of Alfred University.

He was tendered the nomination of governor of the state of New York by his political party, refusing in order that he might devote his time and energies to benefactions that he believed would accomplish the greatest good to humanity.



THE LATE FRANK L. BARTLETT



During the World War he was county chairman of Liberty Loan drives. He died on December 6, 1922.

#### A HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Frank L. Bartlett, during his lifetime, said one day to President Davis, "Here on this plot of ground I shall some day build a dormitory for young men."

He died suddenly before he could carry out his expressed wish.

Mrs. Bartlett desired to carry out her husband's wish, and she, too, died before this could be done.

His daughter, Nancy Bartlett, is now carrying out her father's wishes.

Among Mr. Bartlett's many benefactions, the one most interesting to him seemed to be that which benefited housing conditions for young men in college. Many times he discussed this phase of benefactions with President Davis.

#### TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society of New Jersey met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, October 13, 1929, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, Alexander W. Vars, Asa F. Randolph, Ethel L. Titsworth, Ahva J. C. Bond, William M. Stillman, Theodore L. Gardiner, Esle F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Irving A. Hunting, Edward E. Whitford, Laverne C. Bassett, George R. Crandall, Theodore J. Van Horn, Courtland V. Davis, Mrs. Theodore J. Van Horn, Winfred R. Harris and Business Manager L. Harrison North, Assistant Corresponding Secretary Bernice A. Brewer. Visitor: Arthur L. Titsworth. Prayer was offered by Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn.

Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The report of the assistant corresponding secretary, Bernice A. Brewer, was received and adopted as follows:

#### REPORT OF THE ASSISTANT CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

Literature sent out:

Tracts, in five orders.....	707
Fundamental Features, direction of the Distribution committee .....	750
Total .....	1,457

Books, in five orders:

Manual for Bible Study	} Billed
Manual of Seventh Day Baptist Procedure	
Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America .....	\$3.50
Critical History of Sabbath and Sunday, Lewis .....	.75
Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America—Gift to Rev. R. R. Thorn-gate	

#### RECORDERS

50 copies of RECORDERS containing Conference reports .....

Total .....

#### Calendar

The major work this month has been on the new calendar and directory which we hope can go to press soon. The material is nearly complete, and it will probably be ready to mail out on time this year. A few additions are being made, which will add to the value of the directory, such as a directory of all our missionaries, the officers of the Washington Union Association, etc.

#### Sermon Department

The sermons continue to come in without undue effort from the office. We now have four on hand, besides a promised series for the month of November by Rev. E. D. Van Horn, the president of Conference. This is a new plan we hope to work out for some of the coming months. This series will begin the second year of this effort to print weekly sermons, and no RECORDER has gone out during the year without a sermon. Frequently comments come in, which show that they are appreciated, and are of real value to RECORDER readers.

Respectfully submitted,

BERNICE A. BREWER,

Assistant Corresponding Secretary.

The report of the leader in Sabbath Promotion, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, was received, and adopted. It included the following items:

1. He reported on recent correspondence with Congressman Bloom, member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Congress of the United States. Mr. Bloom has led in the opposition to the bill calling for a world conference on the proposed Simplified Calendar. The following paragraph is taken from his last letter, dated September 30:

"I have inspected over two hundred different ideas for calendar revision, and after considering them all, as well as my original idea of accumulating the extra days for a certain period and then adding an extra week or month, I have

come to the conclusion that none of them are workable, feasible, or practicable, and there is no reason why the present calendar should be changed."

2. Doctor Bond reported having sent the following cablegram to Rev. H. Eugene Davis with reference to the employment of David Sung to translate Sabbath literature into the Chinese language. Message to Mr. Davis:

"Is Sung question still open? If so, state Mexican salary definitely. Can local church pay half?"

Reply received:

"Open. One hundred Mexican monthly. Half provided locally."

This matter has been considered by the Advisory Committee which will report at this meeting.

3. A letter was read from Rev. J. C. Reichert, stating that he was assuming the superintendency of the Sabbath Promotion League, and promising to keep the leader in Sabbath Promotion informed of his work by mailing copies of his letters, etc. He asked if we had on hand copies of "Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America." A set of these volumes was ordered sent to him.

4. At the Teen-Age Conference held in Nortonville, Kan., the young people selected from fifty-two mottoes a Sabbath motto for the year. A "Guardian of the Motto" was appointed both for the Nortonville and the North Loup groups of young people. Orders have been received from each guardian for fifty copies of the motto. Following is the one chosen:

"If it costs much to keep the Sabbath, then it becomes a surer test of our love. If the sacrifice that we make seems great, then to make it gladly measures a greater love."

5. Several members of the Lewis Summer Camp have reported that they have marked the Sabbath passages in their Bibles, thus becoming O. S. M. B.'s—Owners of Sabbath Marked Bibles.

6. A letter from Mrs. Margaret Dickinson, secretary of the New England Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavor Union, states that they have \$88 on hand to apply on the purchase of a beach car for the Lewis Summer Camp.

7. The Sabbath Promotion superintendent of the Young People's Union of New England, has asked for suggestions for the observance of Sabbath Promotion month

among the Christian Endeavor societies of that union. The following suggestions were made for the four successive Sabbaths of the month:

The first Sabbath: Enroll "O. S. M. B.'s."

Second Sabbath: "Get acquainted with our literature."

Third Sabbath: Inaugurate "Send a Tract Campaign."

Fourth Sabbath: Put on a Sabbath play, "A Matter of Conscience."

8. Correspondence was read bearing on the proposed conference of college students.

The treasurer, Ethel L. Titsworth, presented the regular quarterly report, which had been duly audited.

The report was adopted.

The report of the Advisory Committee, embodying recommendations, was approved.

#### REPORT OF ADVISORY COMMITTEE, OCTOBER 13, 1929

1. That there be published 1,300 calendars.
2. That the Tract Board assist the China mission for the remainder of this Conference year, in the matter of the employment of David Sung, to translate literature into the Chinese language, to the amount of \$25 gold monthly, beginning November 1, 1929.

The Committee on the Distribution of Literature recommended:

1. That one copy of each of the volumes of "Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America" be given to Rev. J. C. Reichert.
2. That one thousand copies of the Sabbath motto card prepared by the assistant corresponding secretary be printed at a cost of approximately \$33.50, and that the committee be authorized to complete free distribution of these cards by January 1, 1930.
3. That the committee be empowered to make combination offers of publications of the society similar to those made last year at this time.
4. That the committee be authorized to advertise the calendars by direct mail, at a cost of approximately ten dollars.

JESSE G. BURDICK,  
Chairman.

Recommendations approved.

By vote the following recommendations of the Budget Committee were adopted:

1. That \$100 be transferred from the Incidental Fund to the Fund for Distribution of Literature, to apply on account of the salary of David Sung.
2. That Mr. Sung's salary be paid from funds for Distribution of Literature.

It was voted that the date and program of dedication of the Denominational Building be referred to the Building Committee, with power.

The Supervisory Committee reported progress.

In behalf of the Board of Trustees, President Corliss F. Randolph presented a tribute of appreciation of the services of Arthur L. Titsworth, for thirty-nine years the recording secretary, and for forty years a member of the Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

By a standing vote, all members present indicated their concurrence and appreciation.

REPORT OF BUILDING COMMITTEE  
OCTOBER 1, 1929

Amount of contract, base bid.....	\$65,320.00
Total amount of work done October 1	\$51,269.00
Amount paid on contract, June	\$ 4,250.00
Amount paid on contract, July	6,825.00
Amount paid on contract, Aug.	13,940.00
Amount paid on contract, Sept.	9,086.00
Amount paid on contract, Oct.	9,478.00
	<hr/>
	\$43,579.00
15 per cent withheld.....	7,690.00
	<hr/>
	\$51,269.00

Percentage of completion of base bid—61 per cent  
Amount of insurance to November 1..\$45,000.00  
The report was adopted.

TRIBUTE TO ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH

It is with a far more than passing regret that this board notes the retirement from its number of Arthur L. Titsworth, who for forty years has been a director and trustee of the American Sabbath Tract Society, and for thirty-nine years has been its faithful and efficient recording secretary. At the time of his retirement, he was the ranking director of the society in length of service.

When, in 1890, at the beginning of the second year of his membership in the Board of Directors, he was made recording secretary, he at once took high rank as one possessed of unusual qualifications for such an office. His gifted command of language, coupled with a unique ability to compress accurately the essence of even an extended discussion into a brief paragraph to the entire satisfaction of all those participating, has made a rare record for him and the board in that respect. These qualities, together with that of a sympathetic interpretation of the wishes and feelings of the board, have caused him to be the trusted messenger, whose spoken word or tactful pen has always carried a comforting message from the board to those in sorrow and distress; or, in times of stress and storm, of differences, and misunderstanding, has marked the footpath to peace.

When he became recording secretary of the board, the other officers were as follows: Charles Potter, president; George H. Babcock, vice-president; J. Frank Hubbard, treasurer; and Leander E. Livermore, corresponding secretary. All these, many years ago, passed to their eternal reward; but they and their associates created traditions of lofty ideals and nobility of purpose which

Brother Titsworth unremittently has sought to perpetuate by impressing them upon all of us who have followed after.

Not the least of his service in this respect has been that rendered to the present president of this board, who is the writer of this inadequate tribute. For fifteen years, he has sat by the side of the president, rendering an assistance that no one else, certainly no one who had not had his experience and sympathetic personality, could render; thus making through this period a relationship, which, to use his own words, has been "almost sacred."

When the committee in charge of the program for the celebration in 1902, of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, decided upon the preparation of historical papers representing our various denominational interests, our recording secretary, in recognition of his fitness for such a task, was asked to write the history of the American Sabbath Tract Society. No one who has not had experience in such work has any adequate conception of the length of time required for making the long, and often fruitless, searches for needed information; or of the skill and care required to organize and assemble such information; or of the gifted pen necessary to interpret and make intelligible to the average unsophisticated reader those dull and dusty records of the past. To this task, Brother Titsworth brought all his qualities of research and as a keeper of records; and the success of his undertaking has been the occasion of praise by all who have had occasion to examine it, and a source of satisfaction, inspiration, and righteous pride to all the members of the board as they have perused and reflected upon the records of the work of those who have passed on.

On various occasions hitherto, Brother Titsworth has expressed his desire to be relieved of this work, but has yielded to our wishes and continued in this most important office. And when, at the regular meeting of the board in August last, he made known his decision to retire at the time of the re-organization of the board at its annual meeting last month, every member of the board present at that meeting urged him to reconsider his determination; but very kindly, though firmly, he insisted that his decision was final.

As he thus lays down a work carried for so long a time, a work which has always been his joy and pride, the best wishes of all the members of the board go with him, bidding him God speed in whatever endeavor he may undertake in behalf of the cause of righteousness; and as the shadows of life inevitably lengthen, our prayers and sympathy go out to him, that he may find his ways of peace and comfort.

In the meantime, whenever he can reasonably attend our meetings, his presence and words of counsel in our deliberations will always receive a hearty welcome.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

WINFRED R. HARRIS,  
Recording Secretary.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"HERE AND THERE" FROM THE EDITOR

Many things have been passing through my mind since the work of the editorship of the Woman's Page of the SABBATH RECORDER has been mine—things regarding material for the page. I wish we might have some suggestions regarding the work. In what are you most interested? What would you consider of particular interest to you that might be put on that page? Volunteer contributions would be most heartily received.

I'm wondering how many of the Ladies' Aid societies are this year making it a special project to help the respective churches raise their quota of home and Onward Movement budgets. These are times in which money is hard to obtain and I believe that the ladies of our denomination could and should get behind some of these things and push. What do you think?

Again, I'm wondering how many have been interested enough in the books for our reading as suggested in last week's RECORDER to get a copy of one or both and read them. Are you going to be interested in such a project as suggested by the Woman's Board? I believe we will find it helpful not only to read the books but to pass on to others through your editor and by means of the RECORDER some book you may have read during the month that has been particularly helpful to you. Won't you let us hear from you regarding your interest in this particular work and won't you give us a chance to read something that you have found helpful by passing it on to us? I believe we can make this feature of our page interesting and instructive, don't you?

Is interest in the questions to be given from month to month being shown in your society? Do you believe it is worth while? How do the ladies feel regarding having the questions printed in the RECORDER only?

Didn't the committee have a helpful worship program worked out last week? Let's

ask them how about some others just as good. What do you say?

Again I'm wondering, and this time if the associational secretaries would not like to use some space on the Woman's Page of the RECORDER for some helpful material of one kind or another, not only for their own associations but something that would be helpful to all. I should be glad to give space for any such material.

If your society does something unique and different this year, how about letting us know about it so that other societies might profit by it? I believe that would be quite worth while.

I would like to close these brief and very rambling remarks with a stanza which has no bearing whatsoever on anything herein discussed, but which to my mind is very beautiful and helpful. I believe you will like it. The author is unknown.

A WELL SPENT DAY

Take a dash of water cold  
And a little leaven of prayer,  
A little bit of sunshine gold  
Dissolved in the morning air;  
Add to your meal some merriment  
And a thought for kith and kin;  
And then, as a prime ingredient,  
A plenty of work thrown in;  
But spice it all with the essence of love  
And a little whiff of play;  
Let a wise old Book and a glance above  
Complete a well spent day.

STATEMENT ONWARD MOVEMENT  
TREASURER, OCTOBER, 1929

Receipts

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Adams Center .....	\$ 52.00
Adams Center Ladies' Aid.....	112.00
Alfred, First .....	120.77
Alfred, Second .....	30.75
Brookfield, First .....	17.10
Carlton .....	3.00
Carlton Ladies' Aid.....	10.00
Edinburg .....	6.30
Friendship .....	10.00
Hebron, Second .....	8.00
Hopkinton, First .....	113.50
Hopkinton, Second .....	10.00
Little Prairie .....	6.00
Marlboro .....	23.35
Milton .....	396.30
Milton Junction .....	125.25
New York City.....	41.00
North Loup .....	25.00
Nortonville .....	100.00
Pawcatuck .....	200.00

Piscataway .....	43.00
Plainfield .....	94.50
Riverside .....	250.00
Rockville .....	26.00
Salem .....	173.25
Verona .....	45.00
Waterford .....	33.00
Lucius Sanborn, Goodrich, Mich. ....	30.00
F. C. Wells, Honolulu.....	70.00
	<hr/>
	\$2,175.07

SPECIAL

Adams Center Sabbath school		
For Missionary Society .....	\$	6.00
Hopkinton, First		
For Missionary Society .....	\$	.67
For Tract Society .....		.67
For Education Society .....		.66
For Young People's Board....		25.00
		<hr/>
		27.00
Milton		
For Missionary Society .....		5.00
New York City		
For Milton College .....	\$	10.00
For Denominational Building .....		10.00
For David Sung's salary.....		25.00
For Missionary Society debt..		5.00
		<hr/>
		50.00
North Loup		
For Denominational Building.....		6.00
Verona		
For Missionary Society.....		15.00
Waterford		
For Woman's Board.....		50.00
		<hr/>
		\$ 159.00
Denominational Budget .....	\$2,175.07	
Special .....	159.00	
Balance October 1, 1929.....	30.22	
	<hr/>	
Total .....	\$2,364.29	

Disbursements

Missionary Society .....	\$1,087.80	
Specials .....	31.67	
	<hr/>	
		\$1,119.47
Tract Society .....	\$ 273.60	
Specials .....	41.67	
	<hr/>	
		315.27
Sabbath School Board .....		133.40
Young People's Board.....	\$ 63.20	
Special .....	25.00	
	<hr/>	
		88.20
Woman's Board .....	\$ 17.60	
Special .....	50.00	
	<hr/>	
		67.60
Ministerial Relief .....		140.40
Education Society .....	\$ 52.60	
Specials .....	10.66	
	<hr/>	
		63.26
Historical Society .....		17.60
Scholarships and Fellowships.....		42.00
General Conference .....	\$ 171.80	
Preferred Claim .....	200.00	
	<hr/>	
		371.80
	<hr/>	
		\$2,359.00

Balance November 1, 1929.....	5.29
Total .....	<hr/>
	\$2,364.29

81 Elliott Ave.,  
Yonkers, N. Y.,  
November 1, 1929.

HAROLD R. CRANDALL,  
Treasurer.

IN MEMORIAM

The Angel of Death has taken a highly esteemed and devoted member, Mrs. Albert H. Langworthy, from the Woman's Aid society of Westerly, R. I.

She served several years as president of the society most efficiently. Her clear vision, good judgment, deep interest, and Christian spirit have carried us over many difficult problems.

Though for a time broken in body she still retained a keen interest in every department of the church and the welfare of the community. In the passing of Mrs. Langworthy we have lost a zealous worker, a wise counselor, and a faithful friend to the unfortunate. We mourn our loss and trust her beautiful life may be emulated by those who follow her. She might well say with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." 2 Timothy 4: 7.

We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

MRS. CHARLES H. STANTON,  
MRS. WILLIAM HEALEY,  
MRS. ALLEN C. WHITFORD,  
Committee.

A SONG OF PRAISE

God, for the loveliness thou hast made,  
The shifting patterns of light and shade,  
Eager leaves to applaud the dawn,  
Dewy clover to walk upon,  
And iris blooming in stately ranks,  
For these, O Father, I give thee thanks.

God, for the peace of the twilight's hush,  
For the liquid notes of an unseen thrush,  
For the luminous beauty of summer nights,  
Set a-glimmer with golden lights,  
The wealth and wonder of all thy ways,  
For these, O Father, I give thee praise.

For the inner vision to clearly see  
Earth's beauty reflecting God's majesty,  
For the touch of love that is quick to heal,  
For those inner senses that still reveal  
Thy presence as sure as the skies above:  
For these, O Father, I give thee love.

—Bonnie J. MacClelland.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

"O GOD, BENEATH WHOSE GUIDING HAND"

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, November 23, 1929

MRS. HERBERT L. POLAN

"The Puritan" (Gaudens).

Let the leader ask each junior to be prepared to recite a Bible verse containing the word, "lead" or "leading." "guide" or "guiding."

The prayer meeting committee may help the leader by preparing small cards to be passed out, one to each junior with a pin to pin it on. "A Follower" should be neatly printed on each card.

The junior superintendent and her assistants may help the prayer meeting committee and the leader prepare the following song service and lighting novelty.

Select a square or oblong piece of cloth which can later be stretched and nailed smoothly over the end of a wooden box. A white or colored light on an extension cord will be behind the cloth in the box to light up the picture. On your white cloth paint the outline of a hand reaching down and clasping a hand reaching up. On the upper wrist paint the words—"God's Hand"—and on the lower one "My hand." On the cuff of the upper one paint a cross with radiating lines representing rays. On the lower one paint a heart. Have this novelty surprise covered over with a curtain, cloth, or screen till the time of your song service.

Let all sing "He leadeth me"—first without any instrument—unless you can arrange to have a violin or autoharp out of sight.

Second, use "Jesus leads" as a special—a duet.

Then from a distant place have a soloist come in singing "Follow the Gleam." She should be dressed in flowing white, a band of white around loose, bound hair, and may wear this placard, "The Pure and Clean Christian Life"—or a boy may be dressed to represent a knight of old. There should be a cross on his breastplate. Or you may

use one for one verse and one for the other—each should carry a candle and a Bible.

Then at the close of this the song leader should be ready to start from memory the familiar old song, "Where he leads me I will follow," as a closing, all bowing their heads.

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. Grandmother wanted me very much to put this story in the RECORDER. You will be surprised to hear from me again.

JENNINGS POWELL.

Salem, W. Va.,  
October 23, 1929.

DEAR JENNINGS:

I do not think I was surprised to hear from you again, but I was very much pleased. You must try to write more often.

The story you send is very good and I am sending it to the RECORDER although it is rather old for most of the children. Still it has many helpful messages for those who will try to read it carefully.

Sincerely your friend,  
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

ONE TRACT—TWO BROTHERS  
BY ONE OF THE BROTHERS

One day, in the fall or winter of 1884, a young man stood in front of his office in a certain little courthouse town in southeast Alabama, taking an early morning sun bath, preparatory to entering upon the details of his day's work.

From up the street came one of those well known specimens of manhood whom we all instinctively love and honor—a country preacher. His tall, gaunt form was slightly bent with age, for many a winter had left more or less of its snows amid his locks.

Scarcely slackening his gait, he handed the young man a little tract called, "What We Owe, and How We Pay It," and with a kindly smile and a slight nod of greeting, he simply said, "Read that," and continued his onward way.

Thus did two of God's trains meet and pass each other on schedule time, at an

obscure little station on the great railroad of life. But we shall see.

The young man went slowly into his office, holding the tract before him, reading and soliloquizing as he went, "What we owe and how we pay it; that is just what I want to know, and if this will tell me it hasn't hit me a minute too soon."

He spent from thirty minutes to an hour in a careful study of the tract, and a most natural thing occurred. Foundations based upon the eternal truth of God's Word are destined never to be destroyed. It was a tract on tithing. The writer believed that no printed message within equal space limitations, excepting of course portions of the Bible itself, was ever so effective in straightening out the tangled thread of business, and pouring out the relish of heart's ease and contentment over life's pathway; and thus it was that the young man was grappled, as it were, with hooks of steel, and in his joy at being put in possession of this, one of the simplest and sweetest of all Bible doctrines, he ordered one hundred of these tracts for distribution. This story will include the history of just one of those tracts.

In a distant part of the state the young man had a younger brother who had become involved in a lawsuit. At the time our story opens he was heels over head in debt to the lawyers and was facing a hopeless future, with a young and dependent family. At such a time there came to him one of the one hundred tracts above mentioned. This younger brother was a merchant, and the very title of the tract appealed to him. In the unique little message he easily found providential guaranty for prearranged benevolence, cheerful giving, and temporal success. The tempter was of course on hand with his stereotyped suggestion to wait till all other debts were paid and then begin.

But the young man had caught a glimpse of sunshine through rifted clouds and at once became a faithful tither. After more than a third of a century, he is today in what business men call good shape—a merchant of almost unlimited credit in the commercial world.

Both brothers have continued to tithe over a period of thirty-five years, and those nearest to them believe that either would regard it as business suicide to discontinue it. They both have children who tithe and who in turn are teaching their little ones the

blessed doctrine. Where will it end, and who but God can announce the grand total?

Many of us have heard of the old blacksmith, one of those whose customers became dissatisfied over a bill for shoeing a horse. The old smith good-naturedly proposed a compromise. He said if the customer preferred he would let him off upon his paying one cent for the first nail, two cents for the second, four for the third and so on, doubling on each nail till the thirty-two nails were paid for.

—Sent by Jennings Powell.

DEAR GARLAND:

I will send your poem next week as well as some fine letters from several other children which I haven't room for this time.

Sincerely yours,

M. S. G.

### THE ALABAMA FIELD

REV. VERNEY A. WILSON

In Alabama there are two Seventh Day Baptist churches, one at Athens and the other at Attalla. Athens is located in a broad level valley known as the Tennessee River valley, while Attalla is located in a much narrower valley at the southern end of the famous Lookout Mountain. It is more of a manufacturing center, while Athens is in the heart of a great farming country. Cotton is the leading crop, and the yield is from one half to two thirds of a bale to the acre on an average. While cotton is the leading crop around Athens, the Tennessee River valley is known as the "grain belt of Alabama." Almost any kind of grain thrives here.

Both Athens and Attalla are located on trunk line railroads: Athens is on the Louisville and Nashville, and Attalla on the Southern; also both are on main national highways. Athens is on No. 31 leading from Mackinaw City, Mich., to Mobile, Ala., while Attalla is on No. 11 from Rouses Point, N. Y., to New Orleans, La. Therefore both places are in direct touch with both northern and southern markets. Athens is about one hundred miles north of Birmingham and Attalla is about fifty miles in a northeastern direction, and both the Louisville and Nashville and Southern, together with the above mentioned highways, go through this city. This makes it very

possible to ship vegetables, poultry, and dairy products to Birmingham, where they find a ready market.

There are good schools at each place. In addition to the graded schools there are high schools. At Athens there is a college for women.

The climate in this part of Alabama is mild comparatively speaking. The summers are long and the winters short. There are some field crops and several garden varieties that stand through the winter. Some of these are: oats, rye, barley, cabbage, turnips, and collards. Snow falls occasionally but rarely stays long on the ground.

Owing to climatical conditions, living expenses, in general, are much cheaper than in the North. It does not require so much fuel for heating purposes. The summers being longer, they afford vegetables from the home garden earlier and later.

This is a very promising section for the future. It is a good place for those in the North who are seeking a warmer climate. The churches are both small but a good place to build up the great cause we all love so well. The people of either church would be glad to have any one of their faith come in among them. If any should be interested they are requested to write to Mr. A. T. Bottoms, Athens, Ala., or Mrs. Loui Usry, Attalla, Ala., for more information.

Athens, Ala.,

October 31, 1929.

### KINDNESS TO COWS

Kindness to dumb animals frequently pays dividends in dollars and cents. Some years ago while visiting my father's farmstead in a southern state, I found there a fine young cow that persistently refused to let the milker touch her; and when she was forcibly milked, the quantity of milk obtained was negligible, even though she had a splendid pedigree and was of a lineage famous for its milk production.

It seemed that the milker, in the course of his duties, had removed this cow's young calf from the premises. The young mother deeply resented this action, and thereafter displayed an unusual fear when the milker entered the barn. It was necessary for him to call for assistance in milking her, and from that time she had to be forcibly

milked; while the quantity obtained scarcely paid for the cow's feed, to say nothing of the extra labor involved. After this situation had obtained for some time it had been decided to place this beautiful young cow in the beef herd, for later sale to the butcher.

I discussed the matter with those concerned, and we decided to place the cow in a large stall with an old cow that was very friendly. For handling her, we selected a man who had had many years' experience in handling animals, and who was known for his love for them. He was instructed to be especially gentle to this particular cow, and as a result of this treatment she was soon eating from his hand and permitting him to gently rub her head. This treatment was carried a little further each day until the man had, in a few days, gained the cow's confidence, when she permitted him to milk her without the least protest. Her milk flow increased several hundred per cent, and she soon became the most valuable cow in a valuable herd.

In my many years' experience in handling animals I have known many cases where the milk flow of a cow was materially decreased by anger or fright.

Cows seem to be much like human beings, in that they respond to kindness and gentle treatment. The man who treats his animals with kindness will not only be able to handle them with much less trouble, but will usually find that his monetary return is much greater as well.—BEN ARTHUR DAVIS in "Our Dumb Animals."

### FIDELITY

Methought that in a solemn church I stood;  
Its marble acres, worn with knees and feet,  
Lay spread from door to door, from street to street.

Midway the form hung high upon the rood  
Of him who gave his life to be our good;  
Beyond priests flitted, bowed, and murmured meet

Among the candles shining still and sweet.  
Men came and went, and worshiped as they could,

And still their dust a woman with her broom  
Bowed to her work, kept sweeping to the door.  
Then saw I, slow through all the pillared gloom,  
Across the church a silent figure come:  
"Daughter," it said, "thou sweepest well my floor!"

It is the Lord, I cried, and saw no more.

—George MacDonald.

## OUR PULPIT

### PORTRAITS OF JESUS—THE BUSINESS MAN

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 23, 1929

Text—Luke 2: 49.

#### ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

LORD'S PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN

SCRIPTURE READING

PRAYER

OFFERING

HYMN

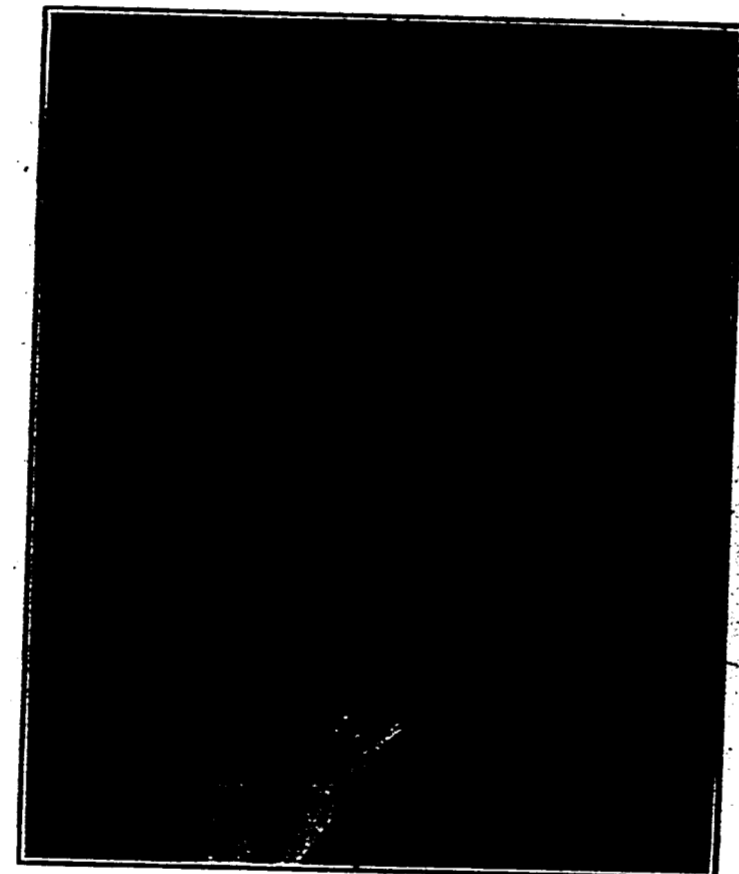
SERMON

HYMN

CLOSING PRAYER

for the most part. But they were a happy throng that wended their way over the hills and valleys to the celebration of a great feast.

Among those making the pilgrimage were Joseph and Mary with their small son Jesus. As they returned it was not strange that he should become separated from them in the crowds. But at the end of the day they looked for him and to their surprise found he was missing. As the truth began to dawn upon them their calmness turned to excitement as they hurried the search. No one had seen him since they left the



temple. Then Mary became alarmed. Had he been left in the great, unfriendly city—to wander tired and hungry? Had he departed with some other company to some other distant city? Panic and fear seized her, and she and Joseph began the hurried retreat to look for him. Back over the hot dusty roads they hurried, over the hills, up through the suburbs, through the streets to the temple, and there he was.

"Not lost nor a bit worried," but standing in the midst of a group of the teachers and leaders of the synagogue who were asking him questions and applauding his shrewd and commonsense answers to their questions. Mary hesitated. She was hot, dusty,

disheveled with her journey, and hated to intrude upon this august body, but they were his parents and he merited rebuke. So his mother stepped forward and took him by the arm. "Son, why hast thou dealt so with us, behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

And I wonder if Mary understood the look in his eyes, and the reply he made to her rebuke. I wonder if she had always understood this keen, eager lad who seemed so much in advance of his years and replied, "Why, mother, didn't you know I must be about my Father's business?"

"Father's business?" Sure enough. Wasn't his father a prosperous carpenter up at Nazareth, and wasn't that where he belonged? That was the place for any boy, and she was on the point of saying so when something in his face stopped her and she held her silence. But as she turned homeward with Joseph, Jesus went with them—back to Nazareth and the carpenter's shop.

What were the thoughts that crowded his childish mind as he trudged homeward that day? Did his triumph in the temple turn his head? Was he aware of the long and painstaking preparation he must undergo before he could hope for success? "No building can rise high in the air unless its foundations are sunk deep to the solid rock," and he knew it. "That part of a man's life which the world sees is effective only in proportion as it rests upon the solid work which is never seen." So for eighteen years he was content to remain in that country town, until his strength was at its summit, his mental powers developed, his vision clear, and his hour came.

Now the thing which has suggested my text and theme this morning is the manner in which he conceived his work when it became clear as to what he was to do. He did not say, I must get ready to *preach*, nor I must get ready to meet the arguments of men, but "I must be about my Father's *business*." We talk about going into business. So did he. For he thought of life as a great business enterprise, and we are interested to know what were the great principles upon which he built that business, and would they work in our business today. If Jesus were present in this highly competitive age would he use the same principles or would he advocate something different?

You remember the occasion when James and John came to Jesus to ask what promotion they might expect? Well, they were like many people today; they were looking for advancement. They were very energetic. The other disciples called them "Sons of thunder." I suppose that was because they were rather noisy and always the center of some storm. They had joined the ranks of Jesus because they liked him, but with no very definite idea as to what it was all about. Now they wanted to know where the enterprise was heading and what there was in it for them.

"Master," they said, "we understand you are about to set up your kingdom, and we are anxious to know what plans you have for us. You will need some big men in your cabinet and we feel competent for any position, and if you don't mind we'd like to have the chief places, one on your right hand and the other on your left."

Nothing very slow about these boys. "Johnny on the spot" was their motto. And if they didn't look out for number one, who would? If you want a big place, ask for it. That was their policy.

And the reply which Jesus gave seemed perfectly absurd: "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister, and whosoever will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."

Who ever heard of such a thing in business—climbing to the top by being a servant? If you want to sit in the president's chair, start in by being office boy, janitor, general roustabout. There are a lot of people who would say, "That sounds fine and idealistic, but it won't work today. If you want to get anywhere, you have got to push yourself ahead."

So people in the business world thought for hundreds of years; then one day, big business woke up to a great discovery. It was discovered that the first principle of business success was "SERVICE." Now you will hear it everywhere. It is a universal slogan from Babbitt's soap to the manufacturers of automobiles—"At your service, sir." You drive up to a gas station and you get service. You stop at a garage and the mechanics are eager to crawl under your car and willing to get their backs dirtier than anyone else for you. Great railroads, bankers, steamship lines—all have as their

rule *prompt and courteous service*. Everyone from the humble shoeblick to the President of the United States performs service. It is said to be the "spirit of modern business." It is thought to be something new, but Jesus preached it more than nineteen hundred years ago.

One afternoon on a Pullman train, George W. Perkins, the noted financier, was talking about the reasons why men succeed and fail. "I am amazed by some of the young men who ask me to use my influence to get them better positions or a larger salary. Such an attitude shows an absolute failure on their part to understand the fundamentals of success. In all the years that I was with the New York Life Insurance Company, I never once asked what my salary was to be nor my title. None of us who ever made that company wasted time over such questions. We had a vision of extending the company's service over the world, of making it the finest, most useful institution of its kind. We made it that, and it made us rich."

We talk about that being good business judgment, but what about this? "If you are forever thinking about saving your life, you will lose it; but the man who loses his life shall find it." That was what Jesus said, nineteen hundred years ago.

Because Jesus said it, and Jesus was a religious teacher and his words are recorded in the Bible, men pay very little attention to it. But because George Perkins said it, they think it is great business sense and foresight. And yet George Perkins was simply stating over again what Jesus announced so many years ago as a principle of success in the greatest enterprise the world ever knew. Suppose these men in the New York Life Insurance Company had begun to look out for themselves, to seek the largest salaries, the chief places of honor and distinction. Well, they might have made some money, but they would never have achieved the success they did.

A great automobile manufacturer, once talking about the success of his company, remarked that their success was due to the fact that they were not so much interested in making money—though they expected it to succeed—as they were in making an automobile so good and so cheap that every family in the United States could afford to

have one. And they worked morning, noon, and night, until their muscles ached and their nerves were worn to a frazzle and they were so tired they felt as though they never wanted to hear the word automobile again. But because their thought was service, they achieved a phenomenal success and have become millionaires.

These great financial geniuses have thrown their lives into their enterprise as we would say; but such men as Edison, Vail, and others, seeking to render a needed service to humanity, have written their names high on the roll of successful men.

But another principle which Jesus enunciated is "That it is more blessed to give than to receive." How about this principle in business? Will it work success or disaster? Is a man a fool to let them guide him in his business life?

H. G. Wells, that great historian who wrote an "Outline of History of the World," was once asked what six men in his judgment were most entitled to be called great. He replied, Jesus of Nazareth, Buddha, Asoka, Aristotle, Roger Bacon, and Abraham Lincoln. That is certainly a great list.

Think of the thousands of emperors who have lived and struggled for success—and died; and though they sought to have themselves immortalized in the monuments which they had erected, they would otherwise be forgotten. Think of the countless numbers who have struggled for wealth, fretting over figures, cheating and grasping and worrying; and while they may have amassed a fortune, they have passed into the realms of the forgotten. But these men whom H. G. Wells thinks deserve to be placed at the head of the world's greatest men, lived by the principle that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." As Mr. Wells so well expressed it, "These men stood on the corners of history. Events hinged on them. The current of human thought was freer and clearer because they lived and worked. They took little from the world but left much with it. They did not get—they gave, and in giving gained eternal influence."

So we have these three outstanding rules of business philosophy: (1) Whoever would be great must render great service. (2) Whoever will find himself at the top must be willing to begin at the bottom. (3)

The big reward comes to those who travel the second mile.

Now Judas would have sneered at all this. He had many good qualities or Jesus would not have selected him as one of the twelve. But as a business man he was of small caliber. He was what we would call today, "hard boiled." He looked out for the coin and himself. It was no easy job to be treasurer for a lot of idealists—Judas would have you know. He held the bag and gave every coin a good hard squeeze before letting it go. When a grateful woman broke her costly box of ointment over Jesus' feet, Judas said, "Pretty costly business this." The big talk of thrones and victory and coming kingdoms didn't fool him. He could read the future and knew what was coming. He knew the "jig was up," so he said to himself, "I'll get mine and retire while the retiring is good." And he went out to barter with the priests so he could make some money, thinking that Jesus would probably be arrested and warned not to preach in Jerusalem again. He said, "I will look out for myself." Jesus said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me"—and for all time Judas has stood as the symbol of a mean, traitorous spirit, while Jesus is enthroned in the hearts of millions as the world's Redeemer. Each made his decision and received his reward.

If we ask what Jesus came to do, he said, "I came to do my Father's business"—not so much to preach, nor teach, nor yet to heal, but to develop perfect human beings, superior to circumstance, victorious over fate; and the rules which he laid down and followed in that enterprise have been vindicated over and over in present day life, and Jesus will win and business will succeed in the end, only as men follow those principles.

He proved his right to be the silent partner of every business manager. When he says that a man's work is more important than the making of money, he has a right to be heard. He was handed the wealth of a nation and handed it back again. He is an idealist, but there is nothing in the world so practical as his ideals. And when he tells us that there is a success greater than the making of money, that true success comes through making our business a means of greater service, he deserves to be heard.

Every man should say what Jesus said, "This is my Father's *business* and he needs my help."

### BY THE STILL WATERS

MRS. ELLEN W. SOCWELL RAMSEY

After the close of the late General Conference at Milton, Wis., we returned by way of Garwin, instead of Welton as we had intended doing.

We reached there about four o'clock Wednesday afternoon and passed the night with friends. We also had quite a stir of excitement over a fire in the country. I think every man in Garwin attended it, two of whom were Deacon Hurley and my only husband. They returned safely however, and early the next morning we were on our way to Marion to attend the yearly meeting of our Iowa churches.

It is nice to sometimes blaze a new trail, so this is what we did, and found it to be a very enjoyable route between Garwin and Marion. Concrete, gravel, sand, and just plain every-day dirt roads formed the road beds over which we drove.

Sloughlands, high prairies, and timberlands gave us a variety of new and beautiful scenery at every turn. From the grain fields came the noisy chatter of flocks of thieving blackbirds or the raucous caw of crows, while the timberlands resounded with the shrill calls of wood birds. Saucy red squirrels with their cheeks full of nuts scampered across the road, and went clattering up and down the tree trunks, or barked defiance from some overhanging limb or tall tree-top. From the roadsides, rainbows of wild flowers nodded and beckoned, while from out the cool, green depths on either side came the woody perfumes.

At Vinton we had a far view of the college my husband attended. Here we crossed the Cedar river and wound our way along narrow grades through a long distance of sloughy river bottoms. We crossed eight bridges over tributary streams, sidetracked for a fine drove of cattle, inquired our way of the driver, and came out upon a road being prepared for a detour.

Here I needed more wisdom than any serpent to navigate my car around the caterpillar tractors, over mountainous heaps of freshly dumped dirt and sods, or along the

slippery, sidling banks of pokerish looking ditches. It's a long road that has no turn however, and finally we backtracked into a side road that led us to Marion. Here we ate our dinner and then hunted the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michel. From there, in company with Mrs. Michel, we went to a park in Marion where we attended the "old setlins" picnic, and listened to George and Mary Michel play in the orchestra which has taken several firsts in recent orchestral contests.

We were fortunate in being assigned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nelson, where my brother, Rev. E. H. Socwell, was already located.

Since the meeting did not convene until Friday evening, we spent that day sight-seeing in Cedar Rapids. One of the places visited was a funeral home and crematory. This is a very interesting and beautiful place, in spite of the awesome feeling of solemnity which pervades the very air.

The oven in which the bodies are placed for cremation is snowy white, and we were reminded of the sepulchres of Bible times. They have here the ashes of seventy-five people awaiting final disposal. We saw and handled the ashes of what, ten days before, had been a well man. It certainly brought us near to God to go through this wonderful place.

On that evening the meeting convened in the modest, pretty "Church of God," whose members and ours worship together year by year. They do not allow their difference in beliefs to cause any trouble, but carry on together in brotherly love and kindness.

Charles Michel was moderator, Miss Mary Michel was clerk, and Charles Nelson leader of the song and praise services, with Mrs. Evelyn Fleisher and Mrs. Ella Michel as organists.

The young people here are very earnest and active church workers. Their choir is composed of Mr. and Mrs. George Michel, Miss Reva Nelson, Miss Mary Michel, Kyle Fleisher, and Erlo Nelson. They furnished various special selections of vocal music, and George and Mary Michel also furnished cornet and saxophone music. My husband and I sang two duets.

The essays were furnished by Mrs. Helen Michel of Marion, Mrs. Alverda Kershaw of Welton, Mrs. Audree Schrader of Garwin, and Mrs. Ellen Ramsey of Botna. It

was voted that all of them be furnished for the RECORDER pages.

During one session these same young people and also Dorothy Carver and Myrtle Ford gave a program of short, interesting talks upon various topics concerning religious work of young people.

Rev. James Hurley of Albion was present, while Rev. E. H. Socwell of Dodge Center, Minn., was present as the representative of the Minnesota and North Wisconsin churches. They preached alternately to fairly large and deeply interested audiences. This occasion was, after a manner, a reminder of their labors together in earlier days, in Nebraska, Montana, and Idaho, as frontier missionaries.

Other delegates from Welton were Mr. and Mrs. Austin Forsythe and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hurley. The funeral of an old time neighbor hindered other Welton delegates from being present. My husband and I were the only delegates present from Garwin.

On Sabbath day several families combined their forces and enjoyed a fine picnic dinner at a pavilion in one of the parks, and a lunch at evening. Aside from finding our home with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nelson we were entertained at the Harry Ford, Carl Carver, and Charles Michel homes.

At the close of services on Sunday evening all were invited to a farewell social at the spacious farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michel. Over fifty availed themselves of the invitation and enjoyed to the fullest, the ice cream and cake provided by these kindly friends, who, as always, proved themselves to be very gracious entertainers.

Those of the Iowa churches who were not present at this yearly meeting certainly missed a great privilege. I have been in meetings before now where the Almighty seemed a long way off. In others you could feel his presence every instant. And this is the way it was here—just as if they were being led by the still waters of the River of Life. When I was a small girl in the West Hallock Sabbath School we used to sing:

"Jesus the water of life will give  
Freely, freely, freely.  
Jesus the water of life will give  
Freely to those that love him."

So here he led by the waters and gave freely, too, and it was a wonderful feeling

### AN APPEAL

You have read that a strike is on in the textile industry in North Carolina, and have perhaps given it no further thought. Great suffering and want are results of the conditions. Whether your sympathies may be with one side or the other of the strife the suffering of women and children should appeal to your Christian sensibilities. The situation is appalling, and there is need of real missionary work in ministering to these people.

Rev. James Myers says, "Having spent fourteen days in the textile strike situation in North Carolina, I am impressed as never before with the need of a ministry of relief, love, and service through church channels in a situation which is characterized by feelings of injustice, hatred, suspicion, and by destitution. There is immediate need of good milk for babies, clothing, and money."

The Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of Churches has undertaken to co-operate with the American Friends Service Committee which has been asked to take charge of the actual distribution of relief on an impartial basis, ministering on a basis of human need without regard to whether workers are members of the union or not. The record of the Quakers for this kind of work assures capable and effective work on the field.

Pastors, will you not bring this great need to the attention of your congregations? Individuals, will you not respond, even without further appeal?

Checks should be mailed to the American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, or to the Federal Council of Churches, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. Clothing may be mailed direct to Marion, North Carolina, addressed to the American Friends Service Committee.

The need is immediate. Cold weather is coming on. Sickness and further distress will follow if adequate relief does not arrive at once. A contribution of money, sent as quickly as possible, will be the most effective help in this emergency.

HAROLD R. CRANDALL.

to bring home with us. A touch of Seventh Day Baptist history was here too. In the audience sat Mrs. Ella Michel and her son and daughter, descendants in the third and fourth generations of two of our old time deacons, Edmund Crosley of Shiloh, N. J., and Daniel Potter of West Hallock, Ill.

Ella Michel's father, Moses Crosley, was also a deacon, being ordained at West Hallock, and aside from that church he also served as such at Farina, Albion, and Milton. Then too, her son's wife, Mrs. Helen Michel, from the Skaggs family of the Ozarks, brings in the south to unite with the north, east, and west. After all, how small is the world.

Before daylight on Monday morning our good-bys were said and we were "Westward Ho" while Marion and Cedar Rapids still slept.

For thirty miles as straight as the crow flies, I drove into the west—no crook nor turn, no village nor stop, but on and on, half way between the Milwaukee and Northwestern railways, which accounts for their being no towns.

We finally deviated to Belle Plain, Tama, and Marshalltown, but on we went to State Center, where we *always* eat. We had come this morning one hundred one miles for breakfast.

The day proved hot with a hard side wind fighting the car all the way, and we were glad when home was reached, and our nearly thirteen hundred mile drive was over. It had been our privilege to attend both Conference and yearly meeting, and to return safely, for which we certainly thank our heavenly Father.

The Welton Church will entertain the yearly meeting next year, with W. J. Loofboro as moderator, U. S. Van Horn as alternate, and Mrs. Alverda Kershaw as clerk, and Mrs. Gertrude Campbell, chairman of the program committee.

These meetings are well worth attending, whether you are a lone Sabbath keeper or not. So come and be led too by the still waters.

Teacher—Johnny, to what class of the animal kingdom do I belong?

Johnny—I don't know, teacher. Pa says you're an old hen, and ma says you're an old cat.—*Selected.*

## Fundamentalists' Page

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

### IN DEFENSE OF THE BIBLE

II

That we are in the midst of a great religious crisis, no thinking man can scarcely question. Practically every great Christian doctrine—belief in a personal God, in sin and salvation, in the long-accepted standard of Christian ethics—these and many more are being thrust aside as no longer tenable, or even necessary to our modern age. This chaotic condition in both morals and religion is in a large measure the product of the modern attitude toward the Bible and Biblical truth.

We may not like the present conflict; we may not like to be reminded of the basic causes; but we can not ignore the facts. They confront us at every turn. I know it would be much easier, and much more comfortable, to let these matters drift—just to close our eyes to these facts and meekly say, "God will take care of his own." But can one be loyal to Christ and take that attitude?

Again I say, it is this breakdown of faith in the authority of God's work, in the moral and ethical teachings of the Bible as a code of conduct *binding* upon us today, that lies at the root of the crisis in both religion and morals.

This disbelief in the Bible and Biblical truth is the fruitage of modernism. We have dissected the Bible until there is little left as authoritative Scripture. We have ridiculed "belief" in the Bible and its great doctrinal teachings until the world is ready to reject the Bible *in toto*. We say, in reference to many of the fundamental teachings of the Bible (at least were so held by our fathers), "What difference does it make anyway? These teachings may be true, or not true; we don't care. Will such truths *save* us? What we want is living." Just as if we can truly live a truth without believing it intensely.

If the Ten Commandments are not of God, they never should have held a place in the Christian Church, or in our system of

Christian ethics. If Christ was not born of a virgin, then the Scriptures recording that fact are untrustworthy. If Christ did not die as a substitute for those who believe on him, then the Scriptures recording that fact are untrustworthy. If Christ did not actually rise from the grave, then the Scriptures recording that fact are untrustworthy. If Christ is not coming again, then the Scriptures recording that fact are untrustworthy. When Christian teachers are denying all these facts, and many others, we should not be surprised that many are rejecting the Bible entirely.

Biblical truths no longer grip the consciences of people. And all too often it is either because they have no consciences to be gripped, or else because they refuse to recognize the binding authority of the Bible. I marvel at that fact. I marvel every time I hear Christian men and women speaking lightly of Biblical doctrines. "The world is tired of creeds," they say. Yes, I know they are. Nor am I trying to defend "man-made" creeds. But, my friends, there are God-made truths—truths that God has revealed to us in his precious Word—truths that he expects us to *believe*, and then to act upon that belief.

Recently, in conversation with a preacher of another denomination, the question of the Sabbath came up for discussion. In the course of our conversation he replied, "I hope you don't take those antiquated laws seriously." To my amazement, I found that he no longer accepted the Ten Commandments as authoritative, or even as expressing the mind of God concerning our relation to him and our fellow men.

Walter Lippman in his recent book, *A Preface to Morals*, openly and unequivocally throws overboard any foundation for any belief in the need of any religion as a foundation for morals. The five judges of the "Book-of-the-Month Club" gave it their unanimous endorsement. And it seems strange to me how leading theological teachers rush to the support of a book that is as openly irreligious as anything ever written by a Huxley, or a Spencer. His erroneous assumption that, historically, religions are not necessarily based on a belief in God ought to be enough to condemn it. He says that when men "find that they no longer believe seriously and deeply that they are governed from heaven, there is anarchy

in their souls until by conscious effort they find ways of governing themselves."

Read his chapter, "Love in the Great Society." It is shocking, to say the least. It is, in reality, a plea of modernity that sex relations shall be freed from all conventionalities which are "upheld by human and divine authority," so that the "pleasures of the sexes may be tasted without its penalties." These new sexual conventions are discussed under such terms as free love, trial marriage, and companionate marriage.

We have been taught that adultery is a *sin*, that the seventh commandment expresses God's feeling concerning this sin, that marriage was instituted by God. But these new apostles of modernity teach that the gratification of sexual desire, under certain circumstances, is legitimate and proper apart from any obligation to the family or the race. Their objections to our present-day conventional standards is that the "sense of sin poisons the spontaneous goodness of such relationships."

But Mr. Lippman's views are met on all sides. This same modern philosophy and revolutionary social ethics are met with even in medical works that circulate freely among our youth today. God's Word knows no double standard. His law holds up before the youth of every land, but one standard of purity—the same alike for the young men and the young women. But here is the pronouncement of a modern doctor as he gives advice to young women: "All a girl has a right to demand is that her future husband be in good health, physically and sexually and that he be free from venereal disease," since he believes that chastity in normal, healthy men up to the age of thirty is an impossibility, and accomplished, if at all, at the expense of their health! ! These are the words of one of America's learned doctors, and a writer of books for young people. But, in my judgment, it is the very spawn of hell.

I know we are told that the best way to allay an evil is to ignore it. And no doubt some things are made worse by meddling with them. But letting things alone does not cure all ills. The worst treatment you can give some diseases is to let them alone. If a shipmaster has a fire in the hold of his vessel he is a fool to ignore it. Ignoring the most insignificant fire in the forest, you will soon have a raging sea of flame before

which nothing can stand. The modern trend in religion and ethics portends evil days unless the Church of Christ bestirs herself mightily, or unless Christ shall come to usher in his reign of righteousness.

### ON OUR SHELVES

#### CHRISTMAS COMBINATIONS

Last year about this time announcement was made of three combination offers of our literature to be made in the pre-Christmas season. This year like offers are to be made, some books of those of last year being repeated, and some new ones added. There will be four combinations, as follows:

#### I. For Children

"Sermons to Boys and Girls," by Rev. A. J. C. Bond  
Denominational Calendar and Directory, 1930  
Sabbath Motto Card  
"A Sabbath Catechism" and "Beginning the Christian Life," booklets written by Mrs. W. D. Burdick for boys and girls

#### II. For Young People

"Letters to the Smiths," by Hosea W. Rood  
"Manual for Bible Study," by Rev. Walter L. Greene  
Denominational Calendar and Directory, 1930  
Sabbath Motto Card

#### III. Alternative Combination for Young People

"Letters to the Smiths," by Hosea W. Rood  
"Life of A. H. Lewis," by Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner  
Denominational Calendar and Directory, 1930  
Sabbath Motto Card

#### IV. For Adults

"Water of Life," by Rev. George E. Fifield  
Denominational Calendar and Directory, 1930  
Sabbath Motto Card

Now you will want to know something about these various items in the combinations.

The "Sermons to Boys and Girls" is a



collection of Mr. Bond's sermons to his Plainfield boys and girls, based on "When I Was a Boy." They are good reading for any boy or girl, and are interesting, too.

For a description of the Denominational Calendar and Directory, see "On Our Shelves" of last week's RECORDER.

"Letters to the Smiths" is a series of letters written by Uncle Oliver to his large family of nephews and nieces, cousins, etc., in which he treats many of our everyday problems, in a way both interesting and profitable. The book is cloth bound, and would make a fine gift. "Manual for Bible Study" has as its object the guiding of a study of the Bible, something which is sorely needed by the young people of today. Is it true that the reason why our younger group does not study the Bible is that it is not made interesting to young minds—that it seems dry, because of inability to read all that is there in the text? If so, perhaps such a manual as this is needed to lead the way into a realm which is as fascinating as it is unknown to most of our young people.

The "Life of Lewis," by Doctor Gardiner, is a book any young person would find interesting if he is at all interested in biography in general, and in biographies of our own leaders in particular. Doctor Gardiner has made his subject live for his readers, and you who are familiar with the story of Abram Herbert Lewis' life should have this book.

"The Water of Life," by Fifield, builds a great deal of fine Christian doctrine and inspiration on the foundation of the metaphor expressed in the title. We are sure you will enjoy it.

Now the only part of the combinations about which you know nothing as yet, is that item, "Sabbath Motto Card." Recently, in looking up material for the calendar, we found a number of gems of expression on the subject of the Sabbath. Twelve of these were selected from the writings of different men for use on the pages of the calendar. Then it was suggested that a card suitable for a wall card be printed using the same or similar quotations. So another group of them was arranged, including some of the same ones, others from the same authors, and some from other writers. The result is a number of worth-

while mottoes, written by some of our ablest men, printed on an attractive card, bordered in color, ready for your wall. We are sure you will like them, will be glad to have the card in your home, and the sentiments expressed thereon before your eyes. Through having them within your reach constantly, you will before long find them in your hearts, as well.

The price of each of these combinations is one dollar, a reduction in each case of twenty per cent besides the card, which has been printed for free distribution. Send in your order now; it will be mailed as soon as the calendar is off the press, probably about the first of December.

BERNICE A. BREWER,  
Assistant Corresponding Secretary.  
510 Watchung Ave.,  
Plainfield, N. J.

## MARRIAGES

SAYRE-BURDICK.—On December 22, 1928, at the home of Rev. A. E. Johansen, pastor of the Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church, Miss Lura Burdick and G. Merton Sayre were united in marriage by the pastor. Since July 1, they have made their home at 800 North Lea Avenue, Roswell, New Mexico, where Captain Sayre is attached to the staff of the state military school.

## DEATHS

DAVIS.—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. B. Robinson, Salem, W. Va., November 2, 1929, Mrs. Marion Davis, in the ninetieth year of her age.

Emily J. Rider was born near Quiet Dell, W. Va., April 14, 1840. She was the daughter of Adam C. and Elizabeth McCullough Rider. In 1861 she was married to Marion H. Davis. Mr. Davis, who died in 1915, was a merchant and lawyer. The home has always been in or near Salem, W. Va.

Mrs. Davis is survived by three sons and one daughter: Wellington O. Davis of Salem; Alden R. Davis of Parkersburg; Edgar G. Davis of Wisconsin; and Maude H., wife of Edward B. Robinson of Salem. There are also fifteen grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren. When Emily was thirteen years old her mother

died, and she began to bear heavy burdens and responsibilities. But she had already given her heart and life to God, and her father was a devout Christian. She has been a loyal member of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church for sixty years. She was a good woman, at whose funeral Proverbs 31: 10-31 was read. Very few are now left of her generation. She was prepared for the great change that awaits us all with the same confidence that was expressed by the apostle who said, "The time of my departure is at hand, I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

G. B. S.

KENYON.—Rev. George P. Kenyon, son of Amos and Vienna Saunders Kenyon, was born in Petersburg, N. Y., May 21, 1851, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Floyd Reed, in Shinglehouse, Pa., October 14, 1929.

After his parents had moved to Hebron township, Potter County, Pa., he attended Alfred University, and taught school for several years. On March 23, 1878, he was united in marriage to Mary Burdick, of Crandall Hill, and they have been blessed with a long and happy married life, having celebrated their golden wedding last year. It will be of interest to many of our RECORDER readers to know that Mrs. Kenyon is a sister of Secretary W. L. Burdick.

Brother Kenyon was ordained to the gospel ministry forty-nine years ago, and faithfully preached the gospel until a few years ago when failing health compelled him to lay down active work. During all his ministry Brother Kenyon never served any of the larger churches, but he has left a mighty imprint of his own devotion, loyalty, and faithfulness upon a large number of rural communities and struggling churches. He knew what it was to labor with his own hands. He owned a farm in Hebron township which he conducted for many years, and which made possible much of his missionary and pastoral work in Potter County, Pa., and Allegany County, N. Y. Some years ago, he moved to Shinglehouse, where he has since resided. In his last few days of illness he was removed to his daughter's home, where he had all the attention that a loving wife and filial daughters and son could give him.

During his active ministry, he served as pastor of the following churches: First Hebron, Hebron Center, East Portville (Main Settlement), West Genesee, Richburg, and Shinglehouse.

Elder Kenyon was a fine Christian gentleman. That is the first, big thing to be said of him. He was a loving husband and father, a true neighbor and friend. He will be greatly missed—missed by his immediate family and friends, missed by the members of the churches he served, and by friends throughout the denomination who loved and trusted him. And he will be missed by hundreds of other people in the communities where he lived and labored, who had come to love and respect him for his sterling worth. Brother Kenyon was a great Bible student, and was so regarded by all who knew him. He loved the Bible; he loved to teach it, and tell others about it.

Brother Kenyon is survived by his wife and by three daughters and one son—Mrs. Esther Reed and Mrs. Vienna Maxwell of Shinglehouse, Pa.; Miss Mary Kenyon, Jordan, N. Y.; and Roy Kenyon, Coudersport (Crandall Hill), Pa.; also by nine grandchildren.

Funeral services were held from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Reed, Shinglehouse, Pa., October 17, 1929, conducted by Pastor Alva L. Davis, of Little Genesee, N. Y., assisted by Rev. T. F. Alty, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Shinglehouse.

Burial was made in the family lot in the First Hebron cemetery. A. L. D.

RANDALL.—Mary A. Thompson Randall, daughter of Jack and Eliza Thompson, was born in Roulette township, Pa., August 20, 1857, and died in Mansfield, Pa., October 17, 1929.

On February 21, 1875, she was married to Benjamin L. Randall, and lived practically all her married life in Hebron township. To this union four children were born: Odell and E. A. Randall, Mrs. Little D. Kenyon, and Lottie M. Borden.

She was baptized by Rev. H. P. Burdick and was received into membership of the First Hebron Church in 1882, and for forty-seven years was a devoted and faithful member of the church, loved and respected by a large circle of relatives and friends.

Besides her husband, Sister Randall is survived by one son, E. A. Randall, of Mansfield, Pa., and one daughter, Mrs. Roy Kenyon of Coudersport (Crandall Hill), Pa. This blow falls doubly heavy upon Brother and Sister Kenyon, as Mrs. Kenyon's mother passed away only an hour or so before the funeral of Mr. Kenyon's father, Rev. George P. Kenyon.

Farewell services were held from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kenyon on Crandall Hill, October 20, 1929, conducted by Alva L. Davis, assisted by Pastor Mark Sanford.

Burial was made in Woodlawn Cemetery, on Crandall Hill. A. L. D.

### Sabbath School Lesson VIII—Nov. 23, 1929

THE HIGHER PATRIOTISM.—The Book of Jonah.

Golden Text: "He made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." Acts 17: 26.

#### DAILY READINGS

- November 17—Jonah's Disobedience. Jonah 1: 1-10.  
November 18—The Conversion of the Ninevites. Jonah 3: 1-10.  
November 19—The Parable of Divine Compassion. Jonah 4: 1-11.  
November 20—Religion a Universal Experience. Acts 17: 22-31.  
November 21—Patriots in an Alien Country. Psalm 137.  
November 22—Fellow Citizens in the Family of God. Ephesians 2: 11-22.  
November 23—God's Gifts to All People. Isaiah 55: 1-7.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

## 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 Elliott 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. M. B. Kelley, 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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