

# The Sabbath Recorder

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

A Weekly Publication for  
**SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS**

\$2.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

\$3.00 PER YEAR TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Every Seventh Day Baptist home  
should have it and read it.

### FAITH

In every seed to breathe the flower,  
In every drop of dew  
To reverence a cloistered star  
Within the distant blue;  
To wait the promise of the bow,  
Despite the cloud between,  
Is Faith—the fervid evidence  
Of loveliness unseen.

—John B. Tabb.

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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

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## A PRAYER FOR MOTHER'S DAY

When Jesus on the cross was dying,  
 On this one faithful friend relying,  
 He summoned John, beloved, to him  
 When earthly lights grew dim,  
 And said: "Oh, son . . . oh, son!  
 Behold thy mother!" Then to one  
 Closer and dearer than all other,  
 "Behold thy son!" unto his mother.  
 Oh, Master, let us follow thee  
 In love and deep humility.  
 Through all our lives thy love divine  
 Shine out in tenderness like thine  
 Toward those we love, the near and dear  
 Who need our thoughtful kindness here.  
 So let thy blessing rest, we pray,  
 Upon us all—this Mother's day.

—Floy Lawrence Emhoff,  
 in *Presbyterian Advance*.

"Are All the Children in?" Two or three times I have tried to find something for this RECORDER suitable for the Mother's day number, and it is difficult to write editorials year after year, upon the questions suggested by such a day without repeating some things we have written before.

Some way every time I search, this year, one little clipping I have held for years keeps turning up, until I can hardly keep it out of mind; and now it seems so appropriate as a Mother's day thought that I am giving it to you here. It was written by Florence Jones Hadley of Arkansas, entitled, "ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?"

I think ofttimes as the night draws nigh,  
 Of an old house on the hill,  
 Of a yard all wide and blossom-starred  
 Where the children played at will.  
 And when the night at last came down  
 Hushing the merry din,  
 Mother would look around and ask,  
 "Are all the children in?"

'Tis many and many a year since then,  
 And the old house on the hill  
 No longer echoes to childish feet  
 And the yard is still, so still.  
 But I see it all, as the shadows creep,  
 And though many the years have been  
 Since then, I can hear mother ask,  
 "Are all the children in?"

I wonder if when the shadows fall  
 On the last short, earthly day,

When we say good-by to the world outside,  
 All tired with our childish play,  
 When we step out into that Other Land  
 Where mother so long has been,  
 Will we hear her ask, just as of old,  
 "Are all the children in?"

Those of you who know about my old home on the hill near Nile, N. Y., and the seven brothers and sisters who dwelt there under mother's care, will not wonder at the effect of this poem upon my heart. If you wonder at all it will be "Why did he not use this before?"

The most precious memories of the years abide in connection with that old home, and the leading spirit of those home scenes is always the blessed mother. She was the one to whom we could go in our times of trouble, always sure of helpful and sympathetic counsel.

I trust that many RECORDER readers can bear a similar testimony of the mother who presided over their own home in years gone by. The question, "Are all the children in?" is so true to life, that every heart reading it, must be touched. Please do not overlook the all important thought contained in the last four lines of this poem:

When we step out into that Other Land  
 Where mother so long has been,  
 Will we hear her ask just as of old,  
 "Are all the children in?"

"God Pardons Like a Mother" I remember reading some-where these words, "God pardons like a mother." The thought is wonderful; and it must be an uplift to any soul who thinks of God, not only as "a Father," but also as a mother.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." These are the words of Holy Writ. Just a little thought will show us how much that means. Here is a child, distressed, worried, and in deep trouble; what does he do?

His first move is to run to seek his mother. She takes him upon her lap, enfolds him in her arms, presses him to her heart, kisses his cheek, and wipes his tears until peace fills his heart, and he rests under

her songs of faith and love. At length he falls asleep in the depths and comforts of perfect peace.

God is the mother, and the soul is the tired, worried child. He dispels its fears, gives it rest, pardons its wrong doing; and "he giveth his beloved sleep," in a "peace which passeth knowledge." Oh, how little some of us know of this peace of God!

**After Sixty-five Years** Deacon Abert Whitford and wife and Deacon Irving A. Crandall and wife were present and took an active part in our prayer meeting at Plainfield, N. J., a few days ago.

These four persons, together, united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Leonardsville, N. Y., sixty-five years ago, and have been active members all these years. Their combined ages amount to three hundred twenty years.

I am not sure but that it might be well to plan for an old people's meeting at some time during the General Conference. Such a meeting with brief letters from aged members who could not attend might be made very helpful.

**Real Consecration** With all too many, I fear, the idea of a consecrated life has to do with the interest a person takes in prayer meeting services and devotion to the church duties in the house of worship. This is a very narrow and insufficient idea of consecration. There is something more than wrapping one's self in a holy garment of devotion in the sanctuary, and then going forth with the thought, "I am consecrated."

Real consecration will send us out into the world where God calls sinners to himself, using all our powers for his glory. It takes advantage of God's blessings and opportunities as trust funds to be used in bringing others to the foot of the Cross.

Consecration is simply the dedicating of one's life, in its entire flow of influences, to the service of God in bringing men to him, and in making the world a better place in which to live.

**Dr. Edwin H. Lewis** Business matters regarding Lewis Institute made it necessary for Edwin H. Lewis to visit New York City, so he improved the opportunity to visit his old friends in Shiloh, "South Jersey,"

and in Plainfield, N. J., where his father served as pastor during the years of Edwin's boyhood and young manhood.

In both places he improved every hour, dreaming around among the scenes of many years ago, and calling upon as many of his old friends as he could find.

Friday and Sabbath were spent in Plainfield, where he spoke to his old home church, both in prayer meeting and on Sabbath morning. Everybody was glad to meet Edwin again. They enjoyed his address which was full of reminiscences; and Brother Lewis seemed happy in renewing old friendships. His visit to the editor's new office will long be remembered as a bright and happy experience, in which the good things of other days were recalled. Come again, "Ed!"

### CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COLLEGE YOUNG PEOPLE

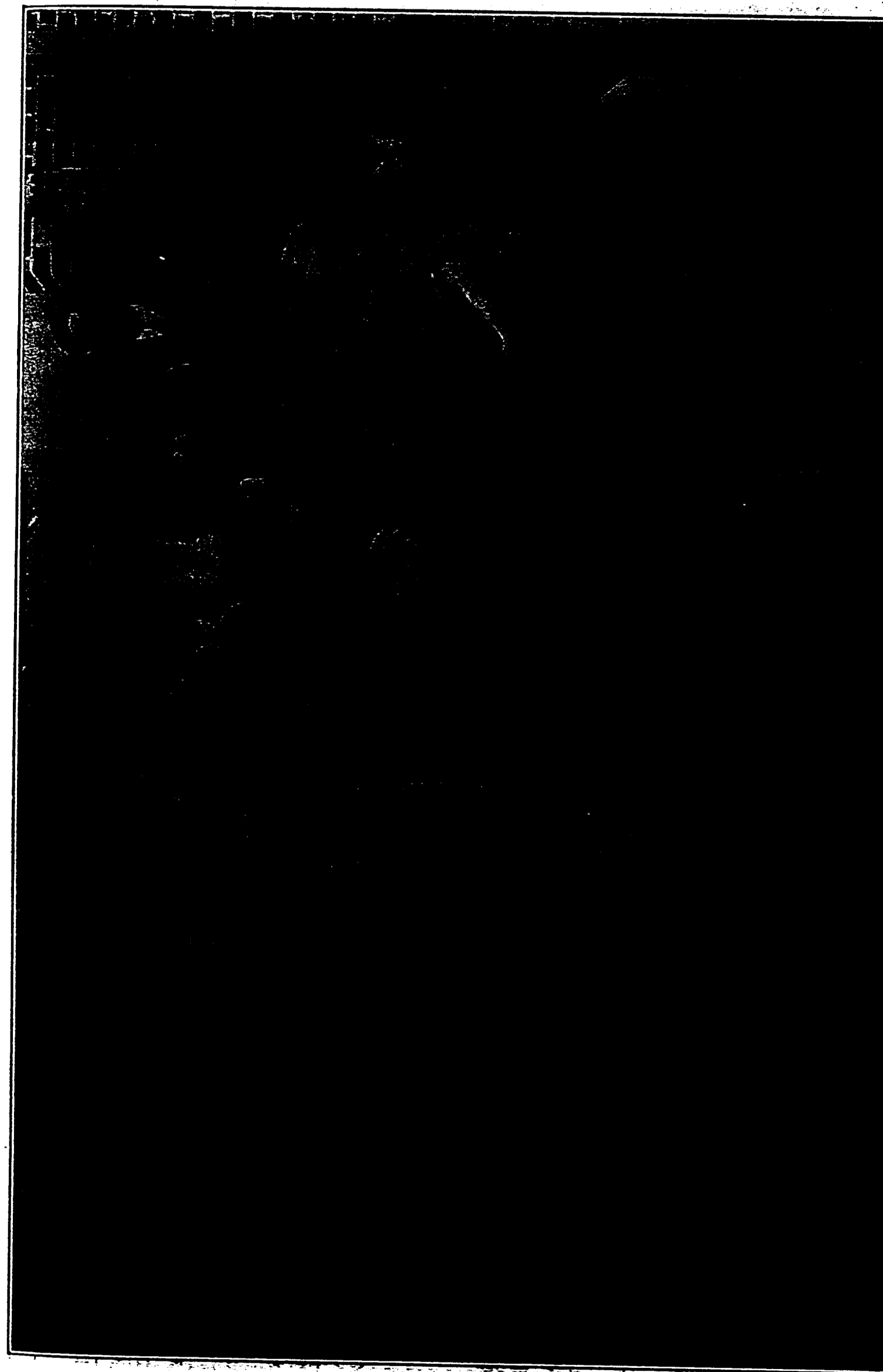
Plainfield, N. J., April 24-26

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

For almost a year we had been planning for a conference of college young people to be held in Plainfield. At first we had expected to bring together a group of a dozen students representing our three colleges. As plans progressed, we decided to invite some, also, who are attending some of the colleges here in the East.

The total number who attended was twenty-five, and four who were included in the invitations failed to come. Two of these, Donald Lewis, Plainfield, N. J., Amherst; and Miss Iva Ellis, Bound Brook, N. J., (member of the Plainfield Church), Barnard, sent regrets. They had planned to come, but work in school just at that time made it impracticable. Frederik Bakker of Plainfield, graduate student in New York University, was not able to meet with us Friday, but participated in all other sessions. We have not learned yet just what happened that Harold Babcock, Nile, N. Y., Alfred, failed to connect with the Alfred delegation which was transported to Plainfield in a car driven by Rev. Walter L. Greene.

Alfred and Salem sent their delegations without cost to the Tract Society. Of course, Milton's delegates had much farther to come, and while Milton raised more money than either of the other schools, the amount raised by the college was materially



#### CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COLLEGE YOUNG PEOPLE

Front row—Miss Maxine Armstrong, Alfred, N. Y.; Alfred; Miss Miriam Shaw, Salem, W. Va.; Salem. N. Y.; Alfred; Miss Pauline Groves, Jackson Center, Ohio, Salem; Miss Mary Michel, Marion, Iowa, Milton; Miss Ruth Hunting, Plainfield, N. J., Alfred; Miss Evelyn Kennedy, Lost Creek, W. Va., Salem. N. Y.; Alfred; Miss Anna Mae Ryno, Dunellen, N. J., Alfred; Miss Martha Burdick, Westery, R. I.; Brown; Miss Helen Johnson, Clarkston, Wash., Milton; Miss Anita Davis, Salem, W. Va., Salem; Miss Bernice Brewer, Plainfield, N. J.; Claire Greene, Andover, N. Y., Alfred. Back row—Burton Crandall, San Luis Obispo, Calif., Harvard; Miss Mary Bond, Plainfield, N. J., Salem; Neal Mills, Alfred, N. Y.; Alfred Seminary; Rev. A. J. C. Bond; Olin Harris, Shiloh, N. J., Salem; Miss Virginia Bond, Plainfield, N. J., Salem; Orville Babcock, North Loup, Neb., Milton; John Sploer, Plainfield, N. J., Columbia.

increased by an appropriation from the Tract Board. All delegates were entertained in the homes of our Plainfield people for room and breakfast, and for Sabbath day meals.

The first session was held Thursday evening, April 24, in the Seventh Day Baptist church, and was addressed by Dr. Paul E. Titsworth, of Washington College, who spoke on the subject, "Why Religion?" Doctor Titsworth took us back quite as far as the most thoughtful and intelligent college student is likely to go in his thinking on religious matters, and established grounds upon which religious faith may be built with safety and satisfaction.

On Friday, the young people met in the conference room of the Seventh Day Baptist Building, and in two sessions engaged in a free and frank discussion of religious questions, especially as they affect our own young people. The leader in Sabbath Promotion, who convened the conference, directed in the discussion. The following questions had been prepared beforehand, and each delegate was given a copy at the opening of the morning session.

1. What ought to concern the church?
2. What is our Father's business?
3. What factors in college life contribute to religious growth?
4. What practices and attitudes on the campus interfere with religious growth?
5. What sanctions have we for Sabbath keeping?
6. How can we make our Sabbath keeping a vital thing for ourselves and others?
7. What consideration should young people give to the Sabbath in making life choices?
8. How far should young people go in trying to establish homes in our own church communities?

Friday evening and Sabbath morning the young people attended the regular services of the church, and on Sabbath afternoon the Christian Endeavor meeting, in which several of the visitors had special part.

In the evening a farewell party was given the delegates by the young people of the Plainfield Church. A committee of the woman's society of the church served refreshments to the entire group, which numbered upwards of forty.

The names of all who attended Friday's sessions of the conference will be found in connection with the picture of the group which appears on another page.

The response in the discussions was quite

general, and the young people were practically unanimous in their expressions of appreciation of the privileges enjoyed. They took the meeting out of the hands of the leader long enough to give a formal vote of thanks to the Tract Society and the leader in Sabbath Promotion, and to the people of Plainfield. But nothing cheered my own heart like the many personal expressions of gratitude and the assurances that it had been a helpful experience.

### FACE TO FACE

DR. EDWIN H. LEWIS

(Given in Plainfield church, Sabbath morning, May 3.)

DEAR FAMILY:

I shall try to come home to you next Sabbath and see you face to face. I have wired as much to Pastor Bond, whom I have never heard preach. I'd a good deal rather hear him preach—and I hope you believe me when I say so—than to stand up in his pulpit and be scanned by your eyes. I'm a little afraid of my own family.

But if I get to Plainfield and am asked to speak to you, my text will be First Corinthians 13: 12: "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face." Now we see in a mirror, darkly, but then face to face. Now we are looking at a dim reflection in a mirror, but then we shall see face to face. That last translation is my friend Edgar Goodspeed's; and it is probably the best. But I will add one of my own: Just now, a moment ago, and just now, at this very instant, we discern through a polished steel mirror, in an enigma, in a riddle, in a puzzling thing, but then-face to face.

This is all I have to say to you, beloved. I shall presently have to steal away, though not till I have eaten bread with you once more. Once more we are companions, which means those who eat bread together. Once more we commune together, which means fortify ourselves on all sides round. It is exactly fifty years ago today, if we may reckon May 3 as May 1, that we first ate communion bread together. Now I have stolen my text and texture and tissue from Paul, and have delivered it to the bone of my bone, the flesh of my flesh, the blood of my blood, the body of my body, the tissue of my tissue. I'm related by blood to al-

most everybody in this room, and I hereby adopt the rest of you as my first cousins. Twice I have resigned from this church, but you wouldn't let me go. You said in substance that no man can resign from his own flesh and blood, his own text and tissue.

I hope I can persuade our beloved old Gift of God to print my sermon. I'll even write the whole paragraph for him, and head it for him, like this:

#### THIEF GETS AWAY

On the Sabbath, May 3, 1930, Ed Lewis delivered to his own family, a certain piece of cloth, which he stole from a man named Saul, alias Paul. The texture of the stolen cloth is as follows: "Just now, a moment ago, and just now, at this very instant, we discern through a polished steel mirror, in an enigma, in a riddle, in a puzzling thing, but then face to face." Having delivered the goods, the thief stole away.

Do I speak too lightly in the house of God? Then I appeal to my own cousin, Molly Maxson, whose face is now above me. Molly was always merry in God, and when she came into the room I used to feel that the sun had risen. Molly dear, I guess maybe you're the only one present to whom I can tell what Rhys of Oxford once told me. He had been invited out to Northwestern University to speak in chapel, and of course he had never seen girls in chapel before. But Rhys was very much of a gentleman, and he thought those girls beautiful, and so he complimented them, or meant to do so. He said, "My dear young women, I am not accustomed to seeing girls in chapel, but I will not deny that you lend a very homely appearance to this room." They began to laugh, and poor Professor Rhys, not understanding why, blushed to the tips of his Celtic ears.

Molly Maxson, your name is really Mary, and Mary is really Miriam, and Miriam was the mother of Jesus, and very likely his boyish companions spoke of him as Jeshua Ben Miriam. But I'm wondering whether Miriam may not have been an Egyptian name originally. Hastings thinks it was. He thinks it was Mer amon, meaning the Beloved of Amon, the Theban Sun God, from whose name we have the word *ammonia*. But I don't accept everything I see in print, and on this point I'd rather like to

talk with the greatest living Egyptologist, James Henry Breasted. Dr. Breasted must be very busy today, because he is planning a great archaeological laboratory, and I'm afraid his secretary won't let me talk with him *mouth to mouth* over the phone, as Moses puts it in Numbers 12. But his son Charlie was a pupil of mine, and I know he won't misrepresent his father, for the Greek word for misrepresenter is Devil. Along about five o'clock I'll try to get Charlie on the phone and find out whether you are the Beloved of the Sun or not. Meantime your other name, Maxson, is a rather pretty name. It's got a pearl in it, and you probably discovered that the minute you glanced at the pearly gates. Maxson, of course, is merely Margaretson, shortened.

This morning I'm in three<sup>s</sup> places—Milton, Oak Park, Plainfield. I don't have to see these places in turn. I see them, though rather dimly, all at once. I see them just now, precisely at this very instant, as one place and one room. Also this morning I am three persons, Eddie boy, Ed, and Edwin. These three persons are one person, and I don't intend to say in one place what I wouldn't be willing to say in all three. In other words, I've got a reasonable amount of imagination, and so have you.

Now I'm back in Newport about the year 1672, listening to Samuel Hubbard as he explains why he left the First Baptist Church of Newport. He isn't my cousin yet, but he soon will be, because from his line will spring Hubbards, Langworthys, Burdicks, Clarkes, and Rogerses, who will eventually be related to me by blood. Captain Frank Hubbard is going to lend me four hundred dollars without interest, in the vain hope of turning a mere philologist into a preacher, and he's going to be cut to the quick by overhearing William James Stillman say to my great-aunt Eliza that he's got quite cousins enough without meeting any Hubbards. When I kissed my Captain goodby as he lay dying, he still had that proud, grave, sensitive face, the face of a man who was always true as steel to his relatives.

But I guess that you, my Captain, have long made it up with William J. Stillman. He didn't mean to be overheard. Prose, said John Stuart Mill, is meant to be heard, but poetry is meant to be overheard. William J. was just talking a little poetry to his mother, that wonderful and worrying

mother of his, who did the work of a dozen women and lived to be a very old one.

I knew W. J. very well. He met me accidentally in 1888 on the Spanish Steps in Rome, and stopped to eye me. Neither of us said a word, but that evening I screwed up the courage to call on him. He said, "I knew you must be a cousin of mine, for I saw in your face the look of my brother, Thomas Bliss Stillman. You also look like Keats, but Keats wasn't very good-looking."

Like almost all the Stillmans, W. J. was a born inventor, and invented the pleated accordion bellows now seen on every camera. But he could not invent any way of saving the life of his little son Russie, named for Ruskin. He told me much about his little boy, and how they faced death together all alone on the floor of an empty cottage in the Isle of Wight. Russie died that night, at the age of thirteen, after a long struggle with tuberculosis of the hip. In 1901, the year when Tacy Maxson Lewis, William J.'s aunt, died, he wrote of Russie's death thus: "My feet have wandered far and my thoughts still farther from the places and beliefs of my childhood; but whatever and wherever I may be, this grief at times catches me and holds me in a pause of dumb tears. . . . The terrible effect of my own religious education forbade me to encumber the boy's mind with religious dogmas, and from the beginning I had forbidden anyone in the house to teach him the name of God until he was old enough to understand what 'God' meant. But one day I found him weeping bitterly, and to my inquiry . . . he replied, 'Do you think, papa, that if I went to sleep without saying my prayers, God would be satisfied if I finished them after I woke?' That terrible hereditary conscience could not be laid, and perhaps the boy was fortunate in his early death."

You will note that he uses the word *dogma*. I wish he had used the word *doxa*, which is cognate with *dogma*. When we sing the Doxology, we sing our private *doxa*, or opinion of God. Well, my private opinion of God is that he was at first an *It* and not a *He*. I find in Middle High German the word *Abgott*, meaning a wooden image, and no amateur need try to tell me that a neuter isn't a neuter. Of course that image was regarded as the home of some spirit, but God has added and added to that first baby

name of his—you know we sometimes call a baby "it," even when we know the sex—till now it means the most splendid and glorious and sunny thing on earth. It means the One Perfect Personality. Do you agree with me, Molly dear, up there? You carried the sunshine of God in your face, and so, for me at least, did my mother. Do you mind if I praise my mother just a little bit?

First, however, let me sing my little personal tribute to Elder William Davis of Hopkinton, who had a good deal more imagination than my cousin Deacon William Stillman of Westerly, who made a good and trustworthy clock at the age of fourteen, before he had ever set eyes on a clock, but who could never understand how two persons can be one person, much less be three in one. Elder William Davis tried to preach the Trinity at Hopkinton, but there were some unimaginative folks in that early church and so Elder Davis left them and went to New Jersey and became the ancestor of half a dozen Davis preachers, as well as of my sweet teacher Julia, at Shiloh.

One of his descendants is Alva which means white. I'll say he's white! He's white, and honest, and square, and truthful, and scholarly. They tell me he has written some articles on fundamentalism, whatever that is. I haven't read a single one of them. Christ Jesus is fundamental with him, and I wish he were with me. I would read my cousin Alva's articles with pleasure if I weren't so old and so soon to die. The word "die" reminds me of my old chief, William R. Harper, who sent for me shortly before he died. But I was too late, and he merely left word that he loved me like a brother. He left me that word, although I had told him to his face that he was a despot and a dictator, and that I'd rather deal with a despot I could see daily than with one who was fifteen miles away and too busy to talk to. Dr. Harper asked my real chief and head and boss, namely George Carman, to expect a jar of honey from Babylon, and to hide it away in our safe until it was called for. My boss told me, and we suspected that that honey would be something besides honey. The honey itself might be fragrant with basswood or buckwheat or linden, or with the living flowers of thyme, but in the middle there would be some vase or image for the museum of the university. Well,

the honey never came. The Turks intercepted it, and kept for their own museum the oldest statue in all the world, the image of the original David of Babylon.

But I don't want my cousin Alva, Son of the Beloved, to think that I never tried to get at the fundamentals of the whole Bible. I did try once, as honestly as I knew how, and wrote a book. It took me three years. I finished it after a fashion in 1906 and showed it to three men—Shailer Mathews, William James, and Josiah Royce. They all liked it, or seemed to like it, or said they liked it—for I don't wish to slander any of those three men—and advised me to publish, but I did not and shall not. Blood is thicker than water, and I'm not going to have any of my relatives calling me disloyal to the family, not if I can help it.

I regard the Fourth Gospel as the most perfect tissue of pure religion and pure science ever woven on earth, and I think it conquered the world. At all events the directory shows more names derived from *John* than from any other. There are a few details in that gospel that I don't believe and can't be made to believe. I take the thing as a whole. It is Jesus. It is the very body of Christ, and it radiates light like all the stars of heaven put together. Said I to James, "What do you think of the Fourth?" We were lying on the grass, and he put both hands under his head and looked at the sky. "Well," said William James, "I've always thought it an interloper. It injures the simple historical humanity of the other three." Then I said, "It doesn't, if you take it with a rush." He turned over on his side and remarked, "You're right." I began to lecture to him about Greek philosophy, and that was a good deal like teaching my grandmother to suck eggs, or like asking Arthur Titsworth, the King Arthur of my boyhood, to come down off his perch and let me show him how to play the doxology. I actually had the nerve to mention Heraclitus to William James—and then stopped, abashed at my own impudence. He smiled and said, "You don't have to explain. You got it right the first time. I know what a rush is."

Today is the Sabbath. The word means Rest. It doesn't mean the Sun, and it doesn't mean Tu, the god of blood, and it doesn't mean Wedn, though I would like to talk all day about Wedn, and it doesn't mean

Thunder, which shortens to Thur, and it doesn't mean Freya, the goddess of Lust, of whom our forefathers were so afraid that they tried to avert her terrible magic by calling her "Good Freya," whence "Good Friday," a phrase that finally got Christianized. I was out with the boys last Good Friday evening, meaning nothing worse than fifty professors of English. The man from Notre Dame sat beside me, and would eat only fish, or ichthus, which is a symbol for Jesus Christos Theou Uios Soter. He tried to tell me that the word person is so called because an actor's voice once resounded through his persona, his clay or bark mask. I venture to think he is quite wrong. The Homeric word for face is *prosopon*, and I think the Etruscans tried to say that Homeric word, but turned *pro* into *per*, just reversing the linguistic slip by which the Romans turned Persephone, Queen of the Dead, into Proserpina. In Homeric Greek or Pauline Greek, the words *face to face* become *prosopon pros prosopon*. And Paul says he wants to see the *doxa* of God, by which he means Shekinah and I mean sunshine on the face of Christ. Paul was full of Hebrew, and took "doxa," his own private "opinion" of God, and wrenched and twisted it to mean splendor.

Did it ever occur to you, my fellow slaves—for *family* first meant the domestic slaves and villains of commuters into Rome from outlying villas—that there isn't much splendor in the lines of a machine? That good Christian, Sir Isaac Newton, never suspected that he would scare any Christian into thinking God's organic universe a mere machine, but unconsciously he scared many. I have known a good many scared Christians myself. Even my dear friend Rose Cody had her doubts. Her mother, who mothered the late Judge Elbridge Gary, had died believing that death ends all, and when Rose knew that she too must die within a few days, she too had her doubts. I dared her to a contest. I got out an envelope and began to write a hymn on it. She lay there gasping for breath and saying that she couldn't write a hymn, but she was plucky, refused to be beaten by me. She dictated to her sister Grace, and both of our hymns got into hymnbooks. She died like the gentlewoman she was, and I spoke at her funeral. But Rose Cody was an accomplished and well known writer. Not so a certain

baby boy who died of eating some colored crayons. I had to preach his funeral sermon too, because his father regarded the universe as one vast relentless machine, which had caught his darling in its cogs. Nonsense! Machines don't make persons. Persons make machines.

I wish I didn't get so tired. There's no sense in it. Why can't I read themes all night as I used to be able to do? But I'm used up for the minute and will rest till the postman comes. He may possibly bring me a letter from Pastor Bond.

Later. He has come, with two letters from Pastor Bond and one from Pastor Skaggs, and some others. I'll open Dr. Bond's at once. . . . Ah—he wants me to preach, bless his heart! Now some business letters. . . . Now for that letter of Pastor Skaggs. I'm in no hurry with that, for it has a long pale yellow cover, and it doubtless contains a manuscript that I lent him. His name is Norse for Shaggy, but there was nothing shaggy about the sermon I heard him preach two weeks ago today. As compared with the tissue of the Fourth it was rough enough, but it wove science and religion together as neatly and firmly as I ever heard it done. He called it "Experience," and you get the idea. Some folks, hasty and half-educated, have had no real experimental experience in laboratory, or in church, or in a death chamber. They are healthy, and they rather expect to live forever on earth. They don't realize that religion and science fit a man to die happy like great Christian gentlemen and great Christian gentlewomen. This life is a real and bitter thing, and anybody is likely to die any minute.

And that reminds me that it's a wonder anybody lives to grow up. In my father's diary for February 12, 1867, I find these words: "This morning our babe was taken with croup. I have been in all day, nearly. We shall keep awake with him tonight." They doubtless kept awake, and I dare say that's why I'm here. A babe of three months isn't really awake yet, and has not yet learned to say "I". He is just a little unconscious recapitulation of life. He began as a simple egg twelve months ago, and began quite unconsciously to recapitulate. Of course he was made of stars, but he didn't know it. He was just a specimen of ontogeny repeating phylogeny. Before tak-

ing to the open air, I recapitulated so fast that at birth I weighed ten pounds and a half, and Osler tells me that that was too much; that I ran the risk of becoming feeble-minded.

Father's diary for December 8, 1875, has this entry: "Mary was taken worse soon after I reached home. . . . It now seems that she must die. . . . She has been in great agony all day." Don't I remember it? Even Mary herself remembers being carried on papa's shoulder all day long. Addie was in the kitchen mothering Gracie and Lou. I was in the big room of the Shiloh parsonage, where my darling mother once mothered a little black baby. The unmarried mother of the baby was waiting to hear, and presently did hear, that she was to be expelled from the Shiloh Church, but she did not go till my mother had reluctantly stopped cuddling that exquisite little dusky body. I had been set to churning, and of course I churned, but the lump in my throat was bigger than any lump in the churn, for I had seen Dr. Moore of Bridgeton face to face as he left the house, and there was no more hope in the look of his face than there is in a lump of unmolded clay.

Then suddenly my mother hurried through the room, with a hot cloth in her left hand, on her way from the kitchen to the sickroom. She saw my face and stopped, and laid her white hand against my cheek, and said, "It's hard to work, Eddie boy, isn't it, when we are sad and can do nothing for those we love." I looked up into her face, and it was as white as if she had been eating arsenic for years, but the white glow was there, the *doxa* was there, the Shekinah was there, and I somehow knew that Mary was going to pull through. She did pull through. At the last minute, when that baby had grown purple to her fingertips, mother saved her with a dose of arsenic!

That was long before I pumped the organ for my Sabbath school teacher. He was a very serious teacher, gravely and sweetly courteous, and scholarly, and always ready to answer my questions about the meaning of a Biblical term. The true meaning of devil was one of the first I learned from him. A devil, or diabolos, is one who chucks his own careless words across instead of the message he is supposed to de-

liver straight. King Arthur's Greek seemed to chime in well enough with my mother's teachings. How many, many times she said to me, her little boy who loved a good story, "Eddie boy, are you sure you're telling me exactly what he said, or are you improving on it in order to make a good story?" Once in 1904 that sort of teaching stood me in good stead. I was attending the funeral of a former mayor of Chicago, who had died so suddenly in his office that not even the newspapers realized it. The preacher came, the Rev. James Vila Blake, all ready to preach but there was nobody to report him. Now I had learned of James Vila Blake through Dr. Mark Sheppard, who was a pretty free thinker in some ways. In 1884 Mark lent me a sermon of James Vila Blake, and I caught on to his general style. So after the sermon I went home and wrote his address out from memory, and took it to him, and he did not change a single word, thanks to my mother and Art Titsworth.

When my King Arthur got seated at the organ, and pulled out the stops of his bank—a bank on which all sorts of musical flowers grew, including wild thyme, but not wild t-i-m-e, and oxlips, and nodding violets of praise—we were ready for the Doxology. I don't mean the easy doxology, but the Gloria. It meant the personal and private opinion of the organist, for he had had bitter experience of life and death, and I was hid back there in the dark, ready to supply the breath for his multitudinous windpipes. I knew very well that he would ask all *vir*, all men, to join him. *Vir* is English *wer*, and the oldness or sum total of the life of men on earth is named in Anglo-Saxon just *old*. *Wer-old* softens into *world*. I also knew that he would call God the Holy Ghost. I was never fond of ghosts, and on falling asleep I usually just said "I trust you," leaving the darkness to find out whether I meant a wooden image or what. But for King Arthur's sake I was willing to go the whole Ghost and I didn't expect him to substitute my favorite expression, "The Comforter," because that was too long for that place in the song. So presently away we went, shaking the old wooden building through and through with "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! As it was in the beginning, is

now and ever shall be, world without end, amen, amen."

Now, I must open that long yellow envelope from Pastor Skaggs, and put my manuscript away along with a lot of other back numbers, and take a nap.

Later. I've opened it, and found something besides my manuscript. Pastor Skaggs has lost his baby granddaughter! She was only six months old, and she died in her sleep. Her thymus gland, which in due time would naturally have disappeared, suddenly enlarged and choked her to death. Her dear little body did not grow symmetrically, quite, and the one unconsciously dangerous little part suddenly killed her whole church, the little temple of her body. I suppose that expansion must be called abnormal, and it does look as if nature were rather blind. But yesterday I heard Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, the famous psychiatrist, say, "I would no more speak of abnormal psychology than of abnormal chemistry."

Well, what can an old philologist say? The thymus gland is so called because it looks like a bunch of thyme. Its dainty little leaves are like the dainty little leaves of fragrant thyme, whence the bees gather honey in Michigan and in Babylon and on the marble hills of Hymettus that overlook Athens. The Attic bees gathered fragrant honey and touched the sleeping lips of baby Plato and made him speak like a son of Apollo, the god of light and music and medicine.

The Greeks burned the tiny fragrant leaves on the altar of Apollo. In fact that was why they named the plant thyme, which really means incense. I don't think that the Hebrews ever burned thyme. They ate it as a salad, perhaps, though I don't feel sure. The fragrance that they burned as incense was a heavy gum, but Paul knew the word, and used it, the form *thysia*, which means incense of sacrifice. You will find it somewhere in Philippians where he is talking about their needing more faith. Am I twisting words when I say that Allison will have to increase his faith a bit? It grows by incense of sacrifice.

Ah, honey! My little honey bunch! I wonder what your name is. I haven't the faintest notion what it is, but I haven't the least doubt that you are growing symmetrically now. I have to speak in figures and flowers, for all I know is poetry, and I

never heard Christ Jesus speak anything but the purest poetry. Do you hear me? Of course not. My friend and former colleague, Dr. Lee De Forest, is talking straight through my pen and fingers at this very minute, for he invented radio broadcasting, and I'm mighty glad he doesn't talk to me or sing to me when I'm trying to write. I should hate to have him come in here and turn on his radio right here in my bed-room, for that's where it is, and compel me to say, "Oh, do keep still while I'm writing to my honey."

Whither away now, *animula vagula blandula*, my sweet little roamer? You can't roam far without meeting some of your own folks. Anybody named Mary is likely to pick you up and cuddle you. Your mother isn't allowed to do so just now, but be patient, be patient, my little absent-minded roamer. She too was a little sleeping baby once, but she is slowly growing, as we all have to do, out of self and into a better self. I'm so glad that you never knew enough to be afraid of the dark. God has taken all of you, body and soul and thymus and thyme, and will let you grow and grow till you see the *doxa*, the sunlight of God on and in the Face of Christ. I've seen it myself, sweetheart. One dark day in November, 1909, I looked at my mamma's dead face, and she wouldn't speak to me. My own mamma, and she wouldn't speak to me! What kind of treatment do you call that, little fragrance of sacrifice? I went into another room and cried like the baby I am. Then I went back and looked at her again, and there it was! Her face was all pale white sunshine, like the light that comes just before dawn.

You were and are a tiny constellation of stars. This is a fact, dear, and not just pretty words. I've known it for a long time, and in 1923 I had the impudence to publish the actual numbers of your tiny stars, from number one to number ninety-two, before any of the big boys whom we call "general chemists" put them into what we call a textbook. A textbook must be a texture book, a tissue book, and your tissue is starry, for the simple reason that the earth was once a part of the sun. Your body is made of condensed sunshine, and that is a hard saying for bookish people to receive, but it is a solid physical fact, proved by long years of physical testing. If God had the grace and cun-

ning to gather you out of the stars, there's no reason why he shouldn't give you a celestial body of pure sunshine, or of any element, with a delicacy of physical perception that nobody on this gross earth yet feels. So good night, sweetheart. If the sun rises tomorrow, and I rise too, I'll say one more word to you.

Sunday morning, April 27. Good morning, merry sunshine! Here we are, and I have some news for you. Last evening, I spoke mouth to mouth, with only fifteen miles of miracle between mouth and mouth, with the greatest living Egyptologist. Said I, "Do you think it's likely that Miriam and Mary and Mariamne were originally Mer Amon?" There was a little silence, as if Dr. Breasted were afraid of haste, or maybe Hastings. Then his voice spoke up clear and strong, "I dare not say it's impossible, but it seems to me most unlikely." So there you are. It is obviously impossible that two grown men should talk right through a copper wire, and so we just did the impossible. The experiment worked so well that this morning I called up your grandma at Milton, and asked your name. She replied, "Mary, and her mother's name is Margaret." That, Marykins, is what we call a lovely coincidence. Molly Maxson combines your name with your mamma's. Once upon a time, I don't know just when, a man died leaving his Pearl of a wife, his Margaret, to bring up their only son. The years slipped by, and folks almost forgot that the boy ever had an earthly father. So they called him Maxson. I must leave you now to speak once more to some other members of our family.

Brethren in Christ, we are about to share our bread, which is the body of Christ broken for us, and of his blood that was shed for many for the remission of sins. I know not whether, in your view of this food, you agree with Martin Luther, or with Ulrich Zwingli, or with John Calvin, or perchance with Samuel Hubbard or with William Bliss Maxson. Perhaps you are agreed to let each child of God be persuaded in his own mind, if so be he bring no hatred to this sacred table. For mine own poor part I would willingly share with any Indian the corn which he sincerely regards as a life-giving god. When mine eyes shall see the whiteness of bread, it shall be as the whiteness and splendor of God in the face

of Christ, and the table is spread for me beneath the whiteness of Judean stars and the whiteness of the Athenian noonday sun. The waves of sunlight and starlight are known to me chiefly through equations, which are but dim pictures, enigmatic and puzzling. I would that Arthur Rogers were here too, for there is in him the mind that was in Christ Jesus, and in Isaac Titsworth and in William Augustus Rogers, and his name is loved in every Christian college. May God unite us all, church and college and laboratory, all in Christ.

### PLANS FOR AGGRESSIVE WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST

No report has been in the RECORDER of the work planned for the Pacific Coast. For several years it has been our desire to start aggressive evangelistic and Sabbath promotion work on the coast. California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Arizona, and New Mexico are all included in this field, and we now have but two churches in this vast territory.

The climax of this desire was reached one year ago, when it was voted to ask the Missionary Board to help financially in such a campaign; that we call a man to act as missionary evangelist; and that the Riverside and Los Angeles churches give six months of the year to their pastors to assist in this work. A committee was appointed by the executive committee and after much prayerful consideration it was decided to call Rev. L. G. Osborn, of Verona, N. Y. Mr. Osborn accepted the call with the request to be allowed to stay with the Verona Church until May 1.

Accordingly he started Sunday, April 27, to drive, with his family, to his new field of work. Several stops will be made at Battle Creek, Nile, Milton, Nortonville, Denver and Boulder. At the latter places he will assist the pastor of the churches in a series of evangelistic meetings. These two young men were boyhood friends and it will be a great joy to them to labor together in winning souls. Mrs. Osborn and Mrs. Coon, who are sisters, have been separated for seven years, so they will have a happy reunion.

The local churches have not been idle during these months. The names of three hundred seventy adults—Seventh Day Baptists,

former Seventh Day Baptists, lone Sabbath keepers, and others interested—have been obtained, catalogued, and placed on file. A series of letters have been sent to all these, informing them of our plans, and asking for prayer and financial aid. Many of the replies to these have been and are being personally answered.

Five hundred gospels have been obtained, personally marked and prayed over, to be used in the campaign. A large number of tracts have been filed ready for use. Mrs. C. D. Coon is the tract director. Numerous committee meetings have been held to discuss plans, ways, and means. Bible classes are being held and special prayer meetings also. It has been said, "revivals can not be worked up, but prayed down." Will not every Seventh Day Baptist pray with us that souls may be saved, many won to the Sabbath, and churches organized on the Pacific Coast.

PACIFIC COAST PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

"When the morn is bright and fair, I will seek my Father." It was the thought of Pastor G. D. Hargis of the Riverside Church to erect a lighted cross, and invite all those interested, to come to the church for a few moments of prayer between the hours of 6.30 and 7.30 a. m. The first few minutes gave us time for meditation while soft music was played by the pastor's wife. Requests for prayers were taken and all knelt in earnest prayer for individuals, the church, the coast campaign which we are about to undertake, and many other causes. If you want to get near God try the quiet of the morning hours in his house.

CORRESPONDENT.

A little girl staunchly declared one day, apropos of the subject of her history lesson, that her adored papa was "just as great and good a man as George Washington." "To be sure," she added, "he is not quite as well known, and so he is not so popular."—*Little Folks*.

New Boarder: "When I left my last boarding place the landlady wept."

Landlady: "Well, I won't. I always collect in advance."—*Selected*.

## MISSIONS

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

### A PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN THE SENDING AND THE RECEIVING CHURCHES

Partnership is possible only at a somewhat advanced stage of mission work. Historically, a missionary undertaking normally has successive stages of development that move without sharp distinction from small beginnings toward maturity. First the foreign element is dominant, then the nationals come into a gradually increasing co-operation, moving thereafter into a progressive ascendancy and control. In recent years a rising spirit of nationalism has accelerated these sequences.

On a wide scale there is now existent a true partnership which enables the churches in the sending countries in an ever increasing degree to work with, and through, the younger receiving churches. This stage involves the revising of the functions of the "mission" where it has been the administrative agency. The local, indigenous church organization increasingly becomes the center from which the whole missionary enterprise of the area is directed. In some fields the mission work as such and its missionaries are already incorporated in the church and made subject to it. In others, the church and the mission maintain a co-operative relationship, in which case both church and mission make the development of the indigenous church their major objective.

The younger—or indigenous—churches need and are asking not for financial aid only, but also for the continuing presence of missionaries animated by the spirit of comradeship, and indeed, for an increased number of such missionaries. These churches are requesting to have missionaries especially qualified to assist: (1) in training of ministers and teachers; (2) in directing the large and complex task of Christian education; (3) in developing a Christian social welfare program, especially in rural communities and new industrial centers, and; (4) in pioneering among new groups, classes, and areas. While the personnel de-

sired continues to include evangelists, physicians, and educators, increasingly there are calls for scientists, technical experts, and other specialists, themselves products of Christian culture and qualified by experience to help the younger churches to deal with their diverse and pressing problems. Thus are brought to bear both the resources and social genius of the nationals, and the Christian heritage from other lands. The result, so both missionary and national leaders believe, makes for world unity—a brotherhood of interests motivated by religion.

(Copied from, "Digest of Statistical Summaries, Agencies, Policies and Methods," published by Foreign Missions Conference.)

### SPLENDID MEETINGS IN ADAMS CENTER

Secretary Wm. L. Burdick,  
Ashaway, R. I.

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

You will be interested, I know, in the results of the evangelistic meetings recently held at Adams Center. Rev. George B. Shaw came late in March and began preaching for us on Sabbath morning of the twenty-ninth. We closed the meetings April 13.

I am convinced again that the time of the evangelistic meeting is not yet past; for our church, as well as many in the community about us, have been richly blest. If folks can be found who will work and pray and invite folks to come, God will honor their labor and bless them and others.

A large committee planned long and carefully for the success of the meetings. One member was asked to have entire charge of the publicity with the privilege of asking as many as needed to assist. He accepted willingly. One other was asked to take entire charge of the special music. She accepted willingly. The organist promised to stand by as long as strength would permit. And she did. And the rest of us served where we could.

Posters were displayed for about a week before we began. Then on the first Sabbath afternoon little folders were left at every home in the village and for several miles around. Churches were invited to bring a delegation and furnish one number of music. On nine nights we had a guest church represented by a delegation. Again on the second

Sabbath afternoon folders announcing the next week of meetings were distributed. The attendance was gratifying.

Our meetings were not orgies of sensationalism or emotionalism. There was a brief service of joyous Christian songs, solos, duets, and quartets, songs from the screen, some of them most beautifully illustrated, masterpieces of art with a vital message, Scripture, and prayer. And then a quiet, forceful evangelistic message from the gospel according to Shaw. All was dignified, sane, and spiritual. Brother Shaw spoke with growing power and influence over the people from the beginning to the close. And folks were led into that serious, earnest attitude of mind in which God's Spirit could make an appeal to the soul.

As to results, no one can say. We will have a class in church membership of ten or eleven, of whom seven have already signified their intention to follow the Lord in baptism. There will be some mature people entering the church also, but just how many is not now certain.

The first prayer meeting following these meetings was the best we have had in months. "What the Meetings Did for Me" was the theme, and it was a blessed meeting. Renewed interest, stronger faith, deepened consecration, recognition of the power of prayer, and the mysterious ways in which God works, these were the ideas expressed. Winning folks for God is the greatest business in the world.

Faithfully yours,  
LOYAL F. HURLEY.

Adams Center, N. Y.,  
April 23, 1930.

### VISITATION EVANGELISM IN WASHINGTON

During the last three or four years much has been said and written regarding visitation evangelism, which is an evangelistic campaign within a church or a group of churches without any special public meetings. A survey of the community is made to get the names of all the unchurched, and then these are divided among lay-workers, led by the pastor or an evangelist, or by both. The lay-workers are prepared for this work by special instruction and prayer, and every one not already a professed Christian is visited and invited to become a Christian.

This is not a new method of evangelism. About the only thing new about it is the system with which it is carried out. Neither is this the only effective evangelistic campaign, as will be seen from the fine letter from Adams Center, published this week.

In the *Watchman Examiner* for April 24 appeared an account of a recent visitation campaign in Washington, D. C. Thinking that this article from the *Watchman Examiner* might be a help as well as an encouragement to pastors and churches contemplating putting on a visitation campaign, it is given below:

#### WASHINGTON CAMPAIGN OF VISITATION EVANGELISM

During the week, April 6-11, one hundred nine churches in the national capital united in a campaign of visitation evangelism, under the leadership of Dr. A. Earl Kernahan, without doubt the outstanding leader in this form of evangelism in America. The newspapers of Washington said that it was the most significant religious movement that had occurred in Washington in many years.

A survey had been made, and it was discovered that there were more than 60,000 people in Washington who were unchurched. These were divided among the churches of the city, and during the week of the campaign approximately 4,000 workers from the one hundred nine churches co-operating called on possibly one-third of these 60,000. On the closing night at the great thanksgiving service held in the First Congregational church it was reported that 5,366 had actually signed decision cards, professing Christ as their Savior or authorizing the church to secure their letter, placing their membership in the church nearest their home. It is expected that this figure will reach the 7,000 mark by Easter. Some small churches doubled their membership. There was an average of 50 new members added to each church. Calvary church, of which Dr. W. S. Abernethy is pastor, had more than 200 accessions by baptism and letter.

What are the results of such a campaign? Immediately the skeptic says, "They will not all stick." Of course, not! No one expects them all to become active in the church. The Master reminds us that there are four kinds of ground and that the seed often falls on shallow ground and ground choked by weeds. No evangelist ever expects 100 per



cent of his converts to become fruitful Christians. No church ever has 100 per cent of its membership active. If 20 per cent of those who made decisions become active in the churches of Washington, it will have been well worth while. One pastor said that the value of the campaign was that it took the burden of evangelism off the shoulders of the pastor, where it did not belong, and put it on the shoulders of the people where it did belong. One layman said that it was worth all it cost if it only taught men and women that one did not have to be a preacher to go out and witness for Christ. Those who did the work remained in the church until about 11.30, telling of their experiences in leading men and women to Christ. A vast majority of them said it was the first time they had ever tried to do personal work.

It was a long step in interdenominational brotherhood and co-operation. On the closing night of the campaign a Baptist pastor gave the writer two decision cards procured by members of his church, asking him to see that they were delivered to the proper person. Two people had been led to Christ by Baptists, but they were going to put their membership in an Episcopal Church. One Presbyterian Church won seven decisions for the Lutheran Church, four for the Methodist, and two for the Baptist.

The campaign had a minimum of professionalism, and a maximum of deep spiritual power. This is the third campaign in which it has been the writer's privilege to be associated with Doctor Kernahan, and he always receives far more than he is able to give. One who lives day by day through the trying details of such a campaign and sees Doctor Kernahan's Christlike spirit through it all, will not doubt the depth and sincerity of the movement. Any man who can take all the criticism that he receives, speak an average of 10 times a day, direct 109 ministers, who are always poor followers, keep sweet and remain unprofessional is the exception. He deserves to be followed. Doctor Kernahan places the pastor at the center of the movement. The workers are gathered around the pastor, and the pastor directs them. When the campaign is over the evangelists who have won the people are in the church and together with the pastor see them established in the Christian life.

Dr. Noble Pierce, ex-President Coolidge's

pastor, was general chairman of the campaign. On his motion it was voted on the closing night of the campaign to give a testimonial dinner to Doctor Kernahan, to which many of the leading men of Washington will be invited. Plans were also announced at this closing meeting for another similar campaign in Washington next year. — Charles F. Banning in "Watchman Examiner."

MONTHLY STATEMENT

April 1, 1930—May 1, 1930

S. H. DAVIS  
in account with  
THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

<i>Dr.</i>	
Balance on hand April 1, 1930	\$ 8,437.82
Mrs. M. M. Lanphear, Missionary Society	5.00
Mrs. Gert E. Richardson, Mission fields	121.31
Memorial Board, D. C. Burdick Bequest	30.93
D. C. Burdick farm	13.71
E. K. and F. Burdick	12.50
Missionary Society	33.82
S. P. Potter, Missionary Society	24.26
Anne L. Waite, loan	1,000.00
Onward Movement treasurer, Missionary Society	1,142.19
White Cloud Church, foreign missions	35.92
Welton Church, Missionary Society	15.00
Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavor Union of New England, special	40.00
New York City Church, debt fund	10.00
D. E. Livermore, treasurer, one-third collection Western Association Missionary Society	14.72
Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church, Missionary Society	5.00
	\$10,942.18

<i>Cr.</i>	
Royal R. Thorngate, April salary, child's allowance and traveling expenses	\$ 491.66
Wm. A. Berry's salary	20.00
Other native workers	25.00
Cherry Creek National Bank, account salary R. R. Thorngate	25.00
Edith M. Burdick, account traveling expenses R. R. Thorngate	75.00
Gerald Velthuysen, work in Holland	312.50
D. Burdett Coon, March salary and traveling expenses	161.32
H. L. Mignott's salary	50.00
Special—Edwards salary	20.00
Wm. L. Burdick, March salary, traveling expenses and office supplies	170.70
Clerk hire	33.34
Ellis R. Lewis, March salary and traveling expenses	136.00
L. D. Seager, March salary	66.66
R. J. Severance, March salary	41.66
Clifford A. Beebe, March salary	25.00
W. L. Davis, March salary	25.00
John T. Babcock, March salary	16.66
E. H. Bottoms, March salary	33.34
Chas. W. Thorngate, March salary	50.00
Verney A. Wilson, March salary	33.34
James H. Hurlev, March salary	25.00
C. Grant Scannell, traveling expenses	75.00
Lester G. Osborn, work on Pacific Coast	225.00
Wm. Clavton, quarter's salary	25.00
Paul S. Burdick, quarter's salary	25.00
Ashaway National Bank, 6 months' interest on \$2,000 loan	60.00
Washington Trust Company, 3 months' interest on \$2,000 loan	30.60
3 months' interest on \$5,500 loan	83.42
The Prudential Insurance Company of America, account salary H. E. Davis	17.63

Treasurer's expenses	39.24
Total expenditures for month	\$ 2,418.07
Balance on hand May 1, 1930	8,524.11
	\$10,942.18
Bills payable in May, about	\$ 1,000.00
Special funds referred to in last month's report now amount to \$12,212.46; balance on hand May 1, 1930, \$8,524.11; net indebtedness to special funds \$3,688.35. Other indebtedness to loans \$12,500. Total indebtedness \$16,188.35.	
E. & O. E.	

S. H. DAVIS,  
Treasurer.

A CALENDAR OF SERMON TOPICS

EVERETT T. HARRIS

[The following is a list of sermon topics for one year, prepared by Brother Harris, a theological student, as his idea of a completed gospel. It was handed to Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, his teacher in theology, and we think it well worth a place in the RECORDER.—T. L. G.]

JANUARY	
FIRST WEEK	
The Fatherhood of God.	
SECOND WEEK	
Inescapable God—"Whither shall I go?"	
THIRD WEEK	
The Greatness of Man—"What is man that."	
FOURTH WEEK	
The Marred Image (sin).	
FEBRUARY	
FIRST WEEK	
Salvation Through Christ.	
SECOND WEEK	
Character Building (Lincoln's Birthday).	
THIRD WEEK	
Jesus, the Man.	
FOURTH WEEK	
Jesus, the Christ (communion).	
MARCH	
FIRST WEEK	
Vicarious Suffering of Jesus.	
SECOND WEEK	
The Old Rugged Cross.	
THIRD WEEK	
Crucifixion.	
FOURTH WEEK	
Resurrection (Easter—Decision day).	
APRIL	
FIRST WEEK	
Joys of Christian Living.	
SECOND WEEK	
The Triumphs of Faith.	

THIRD WEEK	
The Power of Prayer.	
FOURTH WEEK	
The Work of the Holy Spirit.	
MAY	
FIRST WEEK	
Challenge to the Christian Church.	
SECOND WEEK	
Mother's Day Sermon.	
THIRD WEEK	
The Spirit of Missions.	
FOURTH WEEK	
Does the World Need a Seventh Day Sabbath?	
JUNE	
FIRST WEEK	
The Grace of Giving (2 Cor. 8, 9).	
SECOND WEEK	
Old Christian Qualities Made New.	
THIRD WEEK	
Value of the Human Soul.	
FOURTH WEEK	
Crossroads in Life (Decision day).	
JULY	
FIRST WEEK	
Righteousness Exalteth a Nation.	
SECOND WEEK	
God of Our Fathers.	
THIRD WEEK	
A Universal Brotherhood.	
FOURTH WEEK	
Man's Place in the Universe.	
AUGUST	
FIRST WEEK	
The Terrible Reality of Sin.	
SECOND WEEK	
Why Jesus Christ (salvation).	
THIRD WEEK	
The Humanity of Jesus.	
FOURTH WEEK	
Christianity and Modern Business.	
SEPTEMBER	
FIRST WEEK	
Why the Christian Church.	
SECOND WEEK	
Are We Living by the Footnotes? (concerning the Bible).	
THIRD WEEK	
What Christ's Victory Means to Us.	
FOURTH WEEK	
"What Think Ye of Christ?" (Decision day).	
OCTOBER	
FIRST WEEK	
Cost of not being a Christian.	

## SECOND WEEK

The Wages of Sin Is Death."

## THIRD WEEK

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

## FOURTH WEEK

"Choose Ye, This Day."

(An evangelistic series)

## NOVEMBER

## FIRST WEEK

"What Wilt Thou Have Me Do?"

## SECOND WEEK

"Neither Shall They Learn War Any More."  
(Armistice).

## HOME NEWS

HAMMOND, LA.—The Hammond Seventh Day Baptist Church has completed repairs on its property—re-roofing and finishing exterior in stucco.

The expense has been \$1,300. The members have contributed liberally in cash and labor. Citizens and friends manifested their good will in substantial gifts. This lone church of Louisiana proves itself worthy of prosperity, by its devotion and loyalty. The house voices the desire and purpose to carry on in the good work of the Kingdom.

L. D. SEAGER.

## QUARTERLY MEETING, MILTON JUNCTION

The quarterly meeting of the Milton, Milton Junction, Albion and Walworth churches convened last Friday night and Sabbath day at the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist church. The fine weather and Easter holidays brought a large delegation to all sessions of the meeting.

The Friday night program was made up entirely of music, appropriate to Easter. There were selections by an orchestra and

## THIRD WEEK

The Joys of Sabbath Keeping.

## FOURTH WEEK

Deeper Currents (Thanksgiving).

## DECEMBER

## FIRST WEEK

The Heart of the Gospel (Missions).

## SECOND WEEK

"No Room in the Inn."

## THIRD WEEK

The Star of Hope.

## FOURTH WEEK

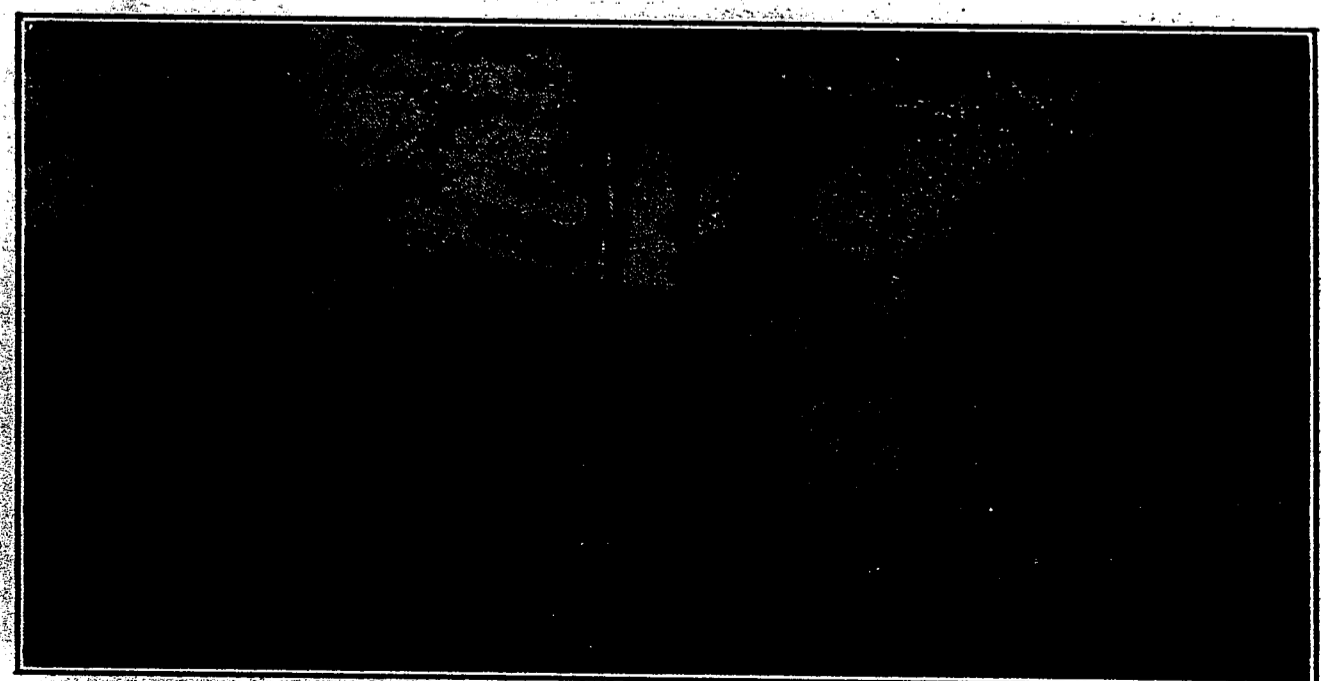
Christ, the Revelation of God (Decision day).

the choir, besides instrumental solos, vocal solos, quartets, and duets. A men's chorus was also a feature. The music was arranged for by Mrs. Edna Shelton of Milton Junction.

The church was filled almost to its limit on Sabbath morning, at which service Professor J. F. Whitford, the acting pastor of the Albion Church, gave a most impressive Easter sermon. Fine music was furnished by the choir and a mixed quartet.

The young people's meeting, in charge of Evalyn Skaggs, came at two o'clock, following a bounteous dinner served in the basement. Dorothy Babcock played a prelude on the piano, followed by devotionals and then a talk on Christian Endeavor work in Wisconsin by Miss Charlotte Babcock. A male quartet also rendered a number.

Immediately following the young people's hour, a discussion of the new calendar was conducted by Rev. E. A. Witter of Walworth. The evening service, which closed a very worth while conference, was under the direction of the missionary committee. The business meeting preceded the missionary program.—*Milton College Review.*



Hammond Seventh Day Baptist Church and Parsonage

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

## THE SEVEN CARDINAL OBJECTIVES OF EDUCATION

## EVERYDAY RESOLUTIONS FOR ALL

Health and Safety.—Set your health standards high and improve your habits daily. Modern life demands reliable strength and energy—a sound mind in a sound body.

Worthy Home Membership.—Magnify your home as a center of a life that is happy, useful, and unselfish. Home is the soil in which the spirit grows. Give your best.

Mastery of the Tools, Technics, and Spirit of Learning.—Know how to observe, to study, to think, to plan, to judge, and to act. The world is run by thinkers and doers.

Vocational and Economic Effectiveness.—Find your talents and train them. Spend wisely less than you earn.

Faithful Citizenship.—Do something daily to make your school, your community, your state, your country, and your world happier, cleaner, quieter, more beautiful, better governed. Each for all and all for each.

Wise Use of Leisure.—Let your daily play be a source of joy and strength, a balance wheel for your work. Cultivate growing things, fresh air, sunshine, and simplicity.

Ethical Character.—Search for the highest values and build your life according to the best patterns. Read often the lives of great men and women. Character is king.—*N. E. A. Journal.*

## A SPLENDID REPORT FROM BATTLE CREEK

Editor Woman's Page,  
The Sabbath Recorder.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

It has been some time since the Battle Creek Ladies' Aid reported to this page, but you must not think the society dead or asleep. Instead it was never more alive and active.

Our fine new church home has become an accomplished fact and our joy in its possession and use only increases as time goes on. The raising of funds to help in the erection and equipping of the building has been our main interest for some time. The sum of two thousand dollars, which had been accumulating since we first planned to build, was turned into the general fund before the dedication, and an additional thousand was pledged. On this pledge five hundred has now been paid.

Suppers, rummage and paper sales, bazaars and concerts, in addition to dues and gifts, have been the means used for raising money.

The attendance at our meetings has been up to the average and the interest good. Our program committee has for the past few months presented a study of our China Mission. This has been given in the form of papers written by members of the society, being biographical sketches of the workers on that field from the days of the Carpenters and Wardners to the present time. These papers are to be collected in book form and placed in the church library. On the evening of April 5, a public program was given in the social rooms of the church and was well received by the small audience present.

We have two representatives in the Charitable Union, and do some work for that organization and for the needs of individuals. We are also represented in the Y. W. C. A.

Ours is one of the twelve societies which form the local Council of Federated Church Women, and we took part with them in the services of the World Day of Prayer. This was observed on Thursday and the prayer service at four o'clock was earnest and impressive. This was followed by a social hour, a co-operative supper, and a beautiful pageant presented by several girls from the Y. W. C. A.

Our Ladies' Dia had charge of the arrangements for the annual church dinner, which was given in the social rooms and followed by the quarterly business meeting of the church. This was also in the nature of a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the church. It was an occasion of real joy to the large number present.

We are looking forward to a visit and concert by the Girls' Glee Club of Salem

College. They plan to sing at the morning service next Sabbath and give a concert at the sanitarium in the evening.

MRS. MARY V. EVANS,  
Press Committee.

April 27, 1930.

(The Glee Club from Salem College left about nine-thirty this morning, May 1, and they were a mighty enthusiastic group of girls, looking forward with much enjoyment to their trip into Michigan.)

### ANNUAL MEETING PAWCATUCK CHURCH

Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, D. D., for the past twenty-seven years pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church, resigned his pastorate of that church at the annual meeting held in the vestry of the church on Main Street last evening. The resignation will become effective June 1. He was by the unanimous vote made pastor-emeritus, and will continue to make his home in Westerly.

Doctor Burdick has been forty-seven years in the ministry, having come to the Westerly Church in 1903 from Ashaway, where he served for four years as pastor of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church. Previous to that he was for eleven years pastor at the Brookfield Church, and previous to that at the West Edmeston Church, N. Y., for four years.

He was born in Utica, Wis., and after supplying his home church as a lay preacher was ordained to the ministry by that church. His first pastorate was at West Edmeston and from there he moved five miles away to Brookfield.

#### GIVEN HONORARY DEGREE

Mr. Burdick was given the honorary degree of D. D. by Alfred University in 1916. The selection of his successor will be left in the hands of a committee to be appointed by the president of the church.

At the business session following the annual church supper, the following church officers were elected: George B. Utter, president; E. Howard Clark, treasurer; Laverne D. Langworthy, clerk; George B. Utter, Charles P. Cottrell, Howard M. Barber, trustees; John H. Austin, collector; Mrs. John H. Austin, assistant collector; Karl G. Stillman, auditor.

The following were elected ushers: William Healey, Charles Barker, Hiram Barber, Wilfred B. Utter, Karl G. Stillman, Alexander Austin, Cyril Kenyon, Carroll Hoxie.

The following committee was elected to have charge of the church music: Ira B. Crandall, Mrs. Walter G. Grenolds, Karl G. Stillman.

The nominating committee consisted of Samuel H. Davis, Dr. Edwin Whitford, and Karl G. Stillman.

#### \$12,205 IN FUND

The report of the permanent funds of the church showed a total of \$12,205.50. Three gifts were reported having been received by the church since the last annual meeting, which included \$881 and \$1,250 respectively from the estates of Mrs. Almira Mitchell of Mystic and Harlan P. Hakes, and \$2,000 from Mrs. A. H. Langworthy.

During the twenty-seven years which ended February 1, of Doctor Burdick's pastorate at the church in Westerly, he has officiated at more than 950 funerals, performed 635 marriages and has preached more than 4,150 sermons. Practically three-quarters of the present membership of the church have been received into the church during Doctor Burdick's pastorate.

In addition to serving as pastor of the Westerly Church, Doctor Burdick has served for the past fifteen years as supply pastor at the Third Baptist Church in North Stonington, where he has preached each Sunday. He will continue his relationship with the North Stonington Church for the present.

#### FAMILY OF MINISTERS

Doctor Burdick comes from a family of ministers. His father, Rev. Russell Green Burdick, was a missionary in Berlin, Wis., before assuming pastorate at Utica, Wis., where his son was born. Doctor Burdick's brother was Rev. George Burdick, whose death occurred in Milton, Wis., eight years ago. Four of his nephews entered the ministry: Rev. George Shaw of Salem, W. Va.; Rev. Edwin Shaw of Milton College, Wis.; Rev. W. D. Burdick of Rockville; and Rev. Orson Stillman of Eugene, Ore.

Doctor Burdick also had three uncles engaged in the ministry: Rev. Alexander Campbell, who was the first pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church in

Westerly, which was organized in 1840; Rev. Zuriel Campbell, and Rev. Austin Campbell, all of whom were natives of New York State.

#### EIGHTY SERMONS IN YEAR

During the past year Doctor Burdick has preached eighty sermons at the Westerly and North Stonington churches. He has performed twenty-three weddings, the most in any one year during his pastorate here, and officiated at fifty-nine funerals.

In 1919, during the epidemic of influenza, Doctor Burdick officiated at sixty-four funerals, a large percentage of which were young people.

During his pastorate of nearly half a century he has six times entertained the General Conference of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination.—*Westerly Sun*.

### RESIGNATION OF REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK

APRIL 3, 1930

Your pastor would respectfully submit to you his twenty-sixth annual report.

In bringing to you my annual report, at the closing of this, the twenty-sixth year of our service among you, we wish, first of all, to express our thanks to the God we love, for his unceasing care by which we have been kept and sustained through the losses we have met with.

The comfort we have received, in such an uneasy and changing world, has been great indeed. Full well we know that it is not because of merit on our part, but love on his, that has brought his mercy and kindness.

Your own care of us, and our generous vacation had much to do with our coming back to you with increased vigor and hope. We wish to thank you again for it.

The year has been much as other years. The usual services have been maintained without omission. During our absence, the church used supplies, and two or three of our own have visited us. The Eastern Association was entertained here, and other events, as Christian Endeavor week and the like, were entered into.

We regret, that, because of sickness in our own family, the privilege of visitation has had to be curtailed.

I want to thank the people for their support in sustaining one of the most important

services of the church, that of the Sabbath evening prayer meeting. These meetings have been of great spiritual value.

The Sabbath school seems to be putting forth increased effort, and is gaining in members.

The women's societies have been successful in the support of the church, as you have already heard by their reports.

Both of the Christian Endeavor societies are in good condition, and although small, we are thankful for their excellent spirit.

The death of our chorister, Mr. Tanner, who faithfully served us for so many years, cast a shadow over the whole church especially the choir. It is gratifying that the choir members have not failed us in this emergency.

Your pastor has engaged in the following activities this year: Calls, about two hundred; sermons and addresses, over eighty; twenty-three marriages, and fifty-nine funerals.

What I have to say now is, in a way, one of the hardest things that has ever fallen to my lot, and Mrs. Burdick agrees with me in all that is to follow.

I was forty-five years of age when I came to Westerly in February of 1903; so most of the very best part of my life has been spent among you. It is true that the happiest part of my life has been here. I have remained a longer time in the dear old parsonage than in any other home since I was born. You can imagine how dear it has become.

During these years I have watched some of you from infancy to young manhood and womanhood; others from middle life to older years. Many of you I have led into the waters of baptism. We have passed through joys and sorrows together, and your loved ones I have helped to lay away in their last resting place.

Your kind thought of us during all the days is more appreciated than words can express, and the Christian fellowship will always be dear to us. Our regret is that we have not done more for you.

We can not deny that age is coming on, and the responsibility of a church like this, is heavier as the years go by. Mrs. Burdick and I have gladly shared in the privilege of our duties, but after prayerful consideration, we both have come to the conclusion that it is best for the church, and best for

ourselves if we offer tonight our resignation, to take effect the first of the coming June.

For the spiritual growth of the church, we long, and for more consecrated lives, for peace and harmony among its members. God grant that we may all grow in grace and the further knowledge of the truth.

Respectfully presented,  
CLAYTON A. BURDICK.

### AMERICAN SABBATH 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 Building, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, April 13, 1930, at 2 o'clock, p. m., President Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Alexander W. Vars, Winfred R. Harris, Asa F. Randolph, Miss 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, Harold R. Crandall, Franklin A. Langworthy, Laverne C. Bassett, Theodore J. Van Horn, Business Manager L. H. North, and Assistant Corresponding Secretary Bernice A. Brewer.

Visitor present, Miss Dorothy Hubbard.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn.

The assistant corresponding secretary, Bernice A. Brewer, presented letters received from W. P. Jones, moderator of the Central Association; Mrs. Emma Jeffrey, corresponding secretary of the Northwestern Association; and Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, president of the General Conference.

The leader in Sabbath Promotion, Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, reported informally regarding the conference of college young people, to be held in Plainfield, April 24-26, and, further, that arrangements for the entertainment of the young people by the Plainfield Church have been completed.

Treasurer Ethel L. Titsworth presented the regular audited report for the quarter ending March 31, 1930.

Voted the report be accepted.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported with recommendation as follows:

Your Committee on the Distribution of Literature would respectfully report as follows:

1. It is recommended that an edition of 5,000 copies of *Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists* by Corliss F. Randolph be printed at this time for special distribution in connection with the committee's campaign through the churches, this printing to cost approximately \$175.

2. The committee would again report progress in the campaign through the churches. Appended hereto is a list of fifty-one Seventh Day Baptist churches actively co-operating with the committee in distributing our literature. A total of more than fifteen thousand tracts has been sent out to, and largely distributed by, these churches since the inception of this campaign. In many instances additional supplied of tracts have been requested. The interest and co-operation of so many people in all parts of the denomination have been such as to convince the committee of the value of the work which it has undertaken.

3. During the past month a special feature of the campaign has been the attempt to interest non-subscribing Seventh Day Baptists in the SABBATH RECORDER. A list of over eighteen hundred heads of Seventh Day Baptist families where the RECORDER is not taken has been prepared through the assistance of the church clerks of most of the co-operating churches and of ten other churches. Four issues of the RECORDER are to go to each name on this list. Three of these issues have already been mailed. In the issue to be mailed next week a special perforated subscription blank will be included as one page for the convenience of those wishing to send in subscriptions. You will recall that a part of the campaign plan is individual calls by members of the committees of the co-operating churches upon all persons whose names appear on this list.

4. The committee wishes to call your attention to the fact that the entire burden of the clerical work of the home office in this campaign has been carried by the assistant corresponding secretary in addition to her regular duties, and to express its appreciation of the faithfulness and intelligence with which this has been done.

#### CO-OPERATING CHURCHES

##### Eastern Association

Plainfield, N. J.; New Market, N. J.; Waterford, Conn.; New York City; Marlboro, N. J.; Berlin, N. Y.

##### Central Association

De Ruyter, N. Y.; Adams Center, N. Y.; Brookfield—Second; Leonardsville—First Brookfield; West Edmeston, N. Y.; Verona, N. Y.

##### Western Association

Hebron, Pa.; Hartsville, N. Y.; Little Genesee, N. Y.; Friendship, N. Y.; Alfred, N. Y.; Alfred Station, N. Y.; Independence, N. Y.

##### Northwestern

Milton Junction, Wis.; Nortonville, Kan.; Dodge Center, Minn.; Milton, Wis.; Albion, Wis.; Walworth, Wis.; North Loup, Neb.; Denver, Colo.; Battle Creek, Mich.; Boulder, Colo.; Jackson Center, O.; Welton, Ia.; Farina, Ill.; Garwin, Ia.; New Auburn, Wis.

##### Southwestern

Little Prairie, Ark.; Gentry, Ark.; Fouke,

Ark.; Hammond, La.; Athens, Ala.; Edinburg, Tex.

##### Southeastern

Salemville, Pa.; Middle Island, W. Va.; Salem, W. Va.; Berea, W. Va.; Roanoke, W. Va.; Lost Creek, W. Va.

##### Washington Union

Charleston, W. Va.; Washington, D. C.

##### Pacific Coast

Riverside, Calif.; Los Angeles, Calif.

#### CHURCHES NOT ON ABOVE LIST THAT HAVE FURNISHED MEMBERSHIP LISTS FOR THE RECORDER DRIVE

Rockville, R. I.; Second Hopkinton, R. I.; Westerly, R. I.; Shiloh, N. J.; Cumberland, N. C. Andover, N. Y.; Scio, N. Y.

Stonefort, Ill.; Exeland, Wis.; Elkhart, Kan.

5. The committee takes this occasion also to call to your attention the unusually fine spirit of interest in the campaign which has been manifested by pastors, church clerks, campaign leaders, and committees throughout the denomination. Such an attitude so generally and widely taken greatly heartens us all in the work we are trying to do.

6. Literature distributed since last report:  
In campaign through the churches, tracts.. 10,300  
On order, tracts ..... 5,531

Total tracts this month ..... 15,831  
Sample copies of RECORDER ..... 5,550

Grand total ..... 21,381

Respectfully submitted,

JESSE G. BURDICK,  
Chairman.

April 9, 1930.

Report with recommendation approved.

The chairman of the Supervisory Committee reported that business in the publishing house has been satisfactory during the past few months. He also commented informally upon future policies of the SABBATH RECORDER.

The Teen-Age Committee reported a meeting in March and that plans are under way for the Lewis Summer Camp.

The report of the special committee appointed to consider selection and employment of a corresponding secretary was taken from the table, pursuant to action of the board at the last meeting.

Voted to accept report of special committee.

Voted that the secretary voice the love and sympathy of the board to our fellow member, Orra S. Rogers, now in the Polyclinic Hospital, New York City.

Voted that the president of the board appoint a committee to prepare the program for the General Conference, and also ap-

point delegates to the associations to represent the Tract Board.

The personnel of the Committee on Program of the Tract Society for the General Conference, as appointed by the president, is as follows:

Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, chairman; Miss Ethel L. Titsworth; Rev. Harold R. Crandall.

Minutes read and approved.  
Board adjourned.

WINFRED R. HARRIS,  
Recording Secretary.

### THE MINISTRY OF MOTHERHOOD

"You should never have been married, you should have been a minister." Thus spoke a woman, herself a mother, to one who had just closed an appeal to a large group of women that they reconsecrate themselves to do God's appointed task, wherever and whatever that task might be.

"But I am a minister," was the reply, "called and ordained of God, to minister first to those in my home circle and then as I have strength and opportunity, to extend my influence to those outside the home whom I may be privileged to serve 'in his name.'"

Theodore Cuyler has said: "God made mothers before he made ministers; the progress of Christ's kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise, and pious mothers than upon any other human agency."

Truly, motherhood is a partnership with God, and the ministry of motherhood is the most complete of all ministries. To be a "faithful, wise, and pious mother" requires the deepest consecration and the noblest living of which any woman is capable. To mothers God has entrusted the greatest and yet the sweetest of all ministries.

That all mothers do not recognize the sacred nobility of their task, does not reflect upon motherhood, but upon the individual mother. And even the most careless mother when awakened to the greatness of her opportunity shows her kinship with the Divine.

To many women having no children of their own, God has entrusted his ministry of motherhood, and we find such women wherever the need of the child or youth is great.

(Continued on page 599)

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### HOW MISSIONARIES ADVANCE WORLD PEACE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
May 24, 1930

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—By preaching God's Fatherhood (Acts 17: 28)  
Monday—Man's brotherhood (Matt. 23: 8)  
Tuesday—By teaching service (Rom. 15: 1-4)  
Wednesday—By urging the Golden Rule (Matt. 7: 12)  
Thursday—By proclaiming God's love (1 John 3: 14-18)  
Friday—By urging justice (Deut. 24: 17, 18)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: How missionaries advance world peace (Isa. 52: 7-10)

#### MANTIE LONGINO

In our daily life, wherever we go and whatever we do, we hear people talking world peace. Never before has there been such a desire for peace.

The missionaries are doing a wonderful work in their efforts to help bring about this desire. Their aim is to bring about a spirit of blessed forgiveness. They always proclaim God's love for men and stress the Golden Rule. Justice, kindness, and love for one another is instilled into the hearts of every one with whom they come in contact.

Christ is given as a pattern and guide for every nation, and every one is urged to try to live daily the ideals of Jesus.

When every nation gets the Christlike spirit and practices the Golden Rule, then we will have world peace.

Some questions to think about:

1. What do we owe to our missionaries?
2. Why try to bring about world peace?
3. Why should we have patience with one another?

Some suggested songs:

1. "Onward Christian soldiers."
  2. "Send the Light."
  3. "Stand up for Jesus."
  4. "I love to tell the story."
- Fouke, Ark.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

The daily readings for this week suggest some thoughts for our meditation. Missionaries advance world peace by preaching God's Fatherhood. God is no respecter of persons. He loves all of us, regardless of our race or nationality. He is our Father, and we are his children. This fact helps to make us peaceful in our nature, and helps to advance world peace.

Missionaries teach the idea of man's brotherhood. All of us are brothers, and should love each other. There should be no room for hatred in our hearts, but love should reign there. If we have love for each other we shall be peaceful among ourselves, and this will advance world peace.

Missionaries urge the practice of the Golden Rule. The practice of it helps one to love his neighbor and not hate him. If every person can get this spirit into his life this world will be a much better place to live in.

Jesus came to bring peace on earth, and he taught us to be peaceful. Let us try to follow his teaching in our daily lives.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

### INTERMEDIATE CORNER

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

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Seek peace (Ps. 37: 8-11)  
Monday—Seek good will (Matt. 5: 43-48)  
Tuesday—Seek justice (Isa. 2: 1-4)  
Wednesday—Trust in law (Rom. 13: 1-4)  
Thursday—Practice the Golden Rule (Matt. 7: 12)  
Friday—Do good and do not seek revenge (Rom. 12: 17-21)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: How can we help to abolish war? (Luke 6: 27-38)

Topic for Sabbath Day, May 24, 1930

WHAT CAN INTERMEDIATES DO TO HELP ABOLISH WAR?

LURA MAE FITZ RANDOLPH

Since the World War, people everywhere have recognized the importance of abolishing war. All nations are so closely con-

nected by recent inventions that it has become practically impossible for only two nations to fight. From now on, all wars will be world wars, in all probability.

War should be abolished. Everyone realizes it. But what can we as mere intermediates do? There are some things, although they may not seem important, that even intermediates may do to help abolish war. We may study national questions, so that later we will know the problems and how to meet them. We may study other peoples and their customs and ideas. It is usually the people we know the best that we have the least trouble with. We may cultivate a friendly disposition and be friendly to all; and thus, in our own small way, make the world a more peaceful place in which to live.

Texarkana, Ark.

### JUNIOR JOTTINGS

ELISABETH K. AUSTIN

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Answer One—Ask Another

These two questions were so nearly alike that I asked one person to prepare an answer for both.

Question—How can we get the juniors to do the required memory work at home, when the mothers say they do not have time for it on account of their school work? When parents are not interested how would you secure an abiding interest in memory work?

To begin with we must remember that the junior age is the golden age for memory work and that it is necessary for Christian people to hide God's Word in their hearts that they may not sin against God.

No junior should be required to memorize anything he does not fully understand. Time should be taken in the Junior meetings to explain the meaning of the Bible passage or hymn before the juniors are asked to commit it to memory. This may be done by general discussion, a study of the passage as a whole, a study of each verse, or by means of charts illustrating the passage. And by the way, if you intend to use the chart method, appoint a chart committee to meet with the superintendent and study the passage in advance, then let the members of this committee make their own chart.

If the majority of homes will not cooperate with you in having the children do their memory work, then place the responsibility upon the juniors themselves and have the bulk of the work learned during the Junior meeting. At times you will have fifteen minutes to devote to memory work, at other meetings probably only five, so you must make your plans accordingly. The first week each month explain the work that you will expect to memorize that month; then spend the other three weeks on repeating and drilling.

Create an interest in the work among the juniors themselves by means of competition, honor rolls, and such.

### THE MINISTRY OF MOTHERHOOD

(Continued from page 597)

est, giving joyfully of their lives in ministry.

In her book *The Unfolding Life* (which every mother should own), Mrs. Antoinette Lamoreaux says: "It is said that there are three types of women. The most numerous are the natural mothers, whose instincts are overwhelmingly maternal; the next are the women who are better wives than mothers; and the last are the rare women equally fitted in either capacity."

One of the miracles of today is the way in which God can transform a careless, fun-loving, thoughtless or even selfish girl into a radiant and consecrated mother. God is constantly making over lives through his call to the ministry of motherhood.

#### MOTHERS HELP US TO UNDERSTAND GOD

God's inexhaustible patience has always been the wonder of all human kind, and when we try to understand it we look at the patience of a mother, and in some measure realize what we cannot understand. God begins early to teach the mother patience, even before the little life takes form, and where human patience would fail he gives from his great store until the mother-heart and the heart of the eternal God beat in tune. Adequate patience for all of life's problems is one of God's richest gifts to all whom he calls to the ministry of motherhood.

The love of God for the world and the love of a mother for her child are among the greatest themes which have employed

(Continued on page 601)

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### CRUSADERS WITH CHRIST IN AFRICA

ACTS 8: 26, 39

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath  
Day, May 24, 1930

MRS. HERBERT L. POLAN

Use pictures of knights, also scenes of African life, Egypt, camels, desert, elephants, Arabs, Moors, on your poster.

Assign some boy The Story of Livingstone; another, The Story of Stanley; another, The Story of Moffat.

Have a map quiz—making out a set of questions to be answered by pointing to the map.

Sing—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

"Jesus Shall Reign."

"Jesus Saves."

"Rescue the Perishing."

### OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I have been to Fokiën. There is a bridge called "The Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages." It is crooked because the Chinese think that the devils have to go straight, and so fall into the water.

It seemed as though many Foochow pole junks came out to meet us.

There are lots of hills and mountains. It is prettier than over home. The Chinese make their houses out of mud pounded in tight.

I went to Ingtai and the water was too fast. We had to walk eighteen miles.

The bottoms of the boats are thin, so they are light and can go down through the rapids.

I am eight years old and I am in the third grade. I have to study all the morning.

Your friend,

GEORGE THORNGATE (JUNIOR).

*Liuho, Ku, China,*  
December 16, 1929.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

We had to have a well to run our water system, and then we had to have a pump to pump the water up to the tank, and then we had to have a man to pump. It was so tiresome for the man that we got a windmill to pump the water and it was just finished in March.

The new building for the hospital is finished now, but no one can walk on the floor. Can you guess why? Yes, you guessed it—the paint is not dry.

Your friend,

GEORGE THORNGATE (JUNIOR).

*Liuho, Ku, China,*  
April 7, 1930.

DEAR GEORGE:

I am sorry it has taken so long to get your fine letters in the RECORDER, especially the first one. Both of them are very interesting and I'm sure all the children will enjoy them as much as I have. Do write often, Brier dear. Do you know, I like that name even better than I do George, and George is one of my favorite names at that.

It's queer I did not receive your first letter the first time, for we often received letters directed to Independence when we were living there, and Mr. Greene is still pastor of that church as well as at Andover, although we have been living in Andover for over five years. There is no postoffice in Independence now, only rural delivery. Letters for Independence should be directed to Andover, R. D. No. 2.

Tell your dear father that I enjoyed his letters very much, and that soon I am going to write to both him and mother. Did mother tell you that I have known her since she was even younger than you, so of course you are just naturally one of my boys.

I had to stop my letter just now to help our pussy cat, Skeezics, out of trouble. The Methodist minister's dog got after him and he burst his way right through a perfectly good screen door. They made such a racket that I was frightened myself. There is only our church building between the Methodist parsonage and ours, and we, the Methodist pastor and his wife and the Greens, are very good friends, though the same can not be said of our cat and their dog.

Your true friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

### A LESSON FROM NATURE

Boys and girls, come out to play;  
The grass is green, now let's be gay.  
The yellow daffodils are lifting their heads;  
Soon the purple violets will awake from their  
brown, earthy beds.

The birds in the trees are singing a song;  
Soon the bees and butterflies will be flitting along.  
The sun shines bright for a whole long day,  
Then the clouds appear and the rain holds sway.  
But whether sunshine or rain we around us shall  
see,

The birds, flowers and bees all as happy as happy  
can be.

Now boys and girls, can not we a lesson from  
Nature learn,

To always try and smile which ever way things  
turn?

God's in his heaven, all's right with the world;  
It's the folks in it that keep things in a whirl.  
Let's, like the birds, blossoms, and flowers,  
Be contented with the sunshine, also the showers.  
Let's keep our faces smiling and try not to frown.  
Trust God at all times, and our blessings pass  
around;

For there are many who need them, and if we  
begin young

Our battle in life is nearly won.

So let's smile, smile, the whole day through,  
And to God, those around us, and to ourselves be  
kind and true.

MRS. JESSE BURDICK.

*Richburg, N. Y.*

### THE MINISTRY OF MOTHERHOOD

(Continued from page 599)

the pen and brush through the ages of the past. And yet today no greater theme has been found. The world's most majestic music, most heart-stirring verse, most enduring prose and highest art, center in the theme of love. Changeless love is invariably typified by the God-love and the mother-love.

The reason the Madonnas still hold us with their power is that the shadows of God-love and mother-love mingle there as nowhere else, except it be in the Madonna faces of the mothers whom we meet now and again. For there are faces which today show a mingling of these two strongest of loves.

It has been said that there are ten children who are loved by their parents to one whose parents have understanding and sympathy. Great as is love, it alone is not enough. So God equips his ministering mothers with a wise-goodness which probes the heart of the child with understanding and sympathy as it strives to build character. And understanding and sympathy will reach the child heart

as love can not do; and through understanding and sympathy, instruction, and discipline assume their proper places.

Benjamin West's tribute to his mother: "A kiss from my mother made me an artist," shows what understanding and sympathy may accomplish where criticism would utterly fail in helpfulness.

Because so much of the equipment for the ministry of motherhood comes through suffering and pain, God gives to mothers not only the aforementioned virtues but much added compensation as "good measure, shaken together, pressed down and running over."

He makes true motherhood a matter of choice. A mother is ordained to the ministry of motherhood rather than some other ministry, as a matter of choice on her part. God calls, but woman chooses. She may refuse the call—though at great peril to her womanhood—or she may answer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

One of the compensations is that of priceless comradeships—first with her fellow minister in the home; then with other mothers; and last, but by no means least, with her own children. No other tie than that of motherhood can so closely hold the real comradeship of the father. And by the birth of the new life a new sweetness and strength makes the two more truly—one.

All comradeship depends upon the elements of oneness, and only as two grow together can comradeship endure. Therefore the more closely the two become one the more real the comradeship.

Motherhood opens the door of comradeship with all the mothers of the wide world. Common sufferings, common problems, and common joys bring about a comradeship through unity of experiences and hopes. Every mother is kin to every other mother of whatever color or social station because of her motherhood.

The comradeship of one's own children is very sweet to every mother. The comradeship of child and mother, existing through the mother's sympathy with the child in the earlier years; the comradeship of son or daughter with mother, because of mutual confidence in the later years, is most fitting compensation for all the sacrifices demanded by motherhood. To make life-comrades of one's children is, indeed, blessed.—*Ermina L. Cooper in "Christian Advocate."*

## OUR PULPIT

### THE CONSEQUENCES OF SIN

MR. NEAL D. MILLS

Student in Alfred Theological Seminary, and  
pastor of the Hartsville Church

SERMON FOR SABBATH, MAY 24, 1930

Text—Hosea 10: 126.

#### ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

LORD'S PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN

SCRIPTURE READING

PRAYER

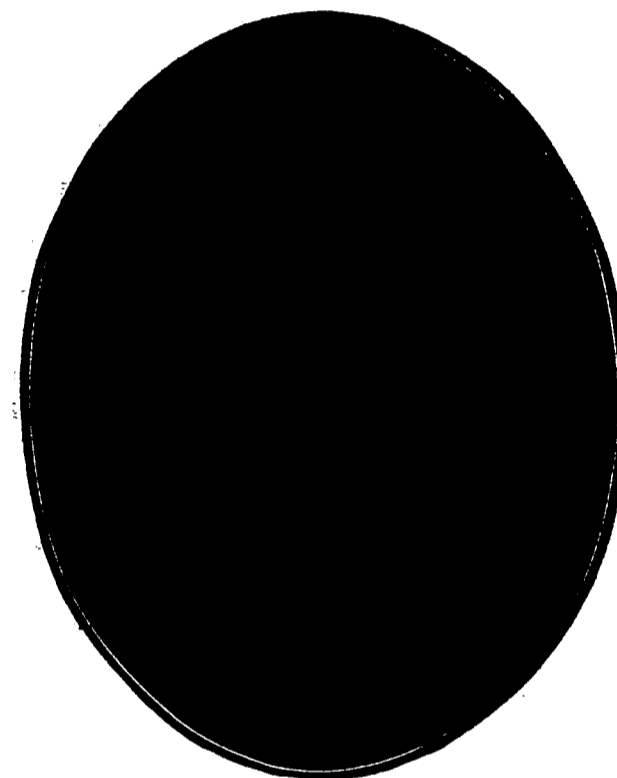
OFFERING

HYMN

SERMON

HYMN

CLOSING PRAYER



Turning to the Bible, we find the prophets dwelling at great length upon the awful and dire consequences of Israel's sins. Even Hosea, who of all the prophets most emphasizes the love and forgiveness of God, describes in no uncertain terms the agony and despair that shall soon befall Israel as a result of her neglect of Jehovah. For example read the tenth chapter of Hosea.

Why all this condemnation of Israel? The answer is in the thirteenth verse. They had been "plowing evil" and "sowing lies,"

and they must reap the inevitable harvest of disaster. They were resorting to political scheming, evil plotting, assassination, cheating in business, and worshiping idols. They trusted in armies and chariots of war, in the power of their king, and in their wealth. But how modern the description sounds! Political intrigue? America proposes a naval reduction plan that would leave our navy relatively stronger than before, while she continues to talk peace and urge the rest of the world to disarm. Votes are bartered off among legislators as though the issue were of no more consequence than a beauty contest. Think of the profiteering in business! Goods are sold for two or three thousand per cent profit to the manufacturer, after the public has been convinced through dishonest advertising that it needs the products. As in ancient Israel so in America today, there is a prevalence of crime and a

"Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek Jehovah."

A couple of generations ago when preachers wished to win souls to the kingdom, they figuratively shook their victims over the fiery flames of hell, and their eloquent descriptions of that dreaded place frightened many of the hardest sinners into the fold. But in these days it is a little old-fashioned to preach about hell. They say it is bad psychology. It is better to draw men into the kingdom by preaching the love of God and the blessedness and joy of salvation, than to drive them in by preaching the wrath of God and the horrors of hell. Personally, I agree with the principle, but it seems to me that when men refuse the benefits of the kingdom and remain unmoved by the God of love and compassion, it is time to tell them about the God of wrath and the results of sin.

general disregard for established laws. These conditions are largely due to the determination of men to worship the green god of selfishness instead of the great and loving God of righteousness. But men and nations must suffer punishment for sin just as much and just as surely in the twentieth century as the Hebrews did in the days of the prophets.

And what is the punishment for the sins of our day? Thousands of mothers, widows, and children mourn the loss of their loved ones and suffer poverty, because our nation trusted in armies and chariots of war. Millions of people are unemployed because of greed in industry. Many a mother lives in agony and disgrace because her son is a criminal, and she was too busy to lead him in the ways of righteousness when he was young. Many children are trying to meet life handicapped and stigmatized by the sins of their fathers.

A few years ago a two or three year old boy came to visit across the street from where I was living. He was a beautiful child with deep blue eyes, long curly hair, and an innocent smile. When asked where his father was, he always replied, "Oh, daddy works in Auburn." That was all he knew, but think of the sorrow that will come into that boyish heart when he comes to realize what it means to have a father serving time in Auburn prison, and a mother disowned by her people because she married a criminal!

My friends, I have been describing hell to you—the modern hell if you like—but nevertheless a very real hell, the blackness of which can not be over-painted. It is the kind of hell, I think, that Jesus meant when he said, "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." It is not torture or punishment inflicted by an angry God. It is but the consequences which in the very nature of things must follow sin. I like to think that the reason God does not want us to sin is because of the awful consequences rather than that he arbitrarily makes the consequences to satisfy his wrath. But whatever our theory, the facts are clear. Aside from what is in store for us in the future life, sin brings hell right here and now. If hell in the next world is anything like that in this world, then I do not care to go there.

The only cure for hell, either in this life or the next, is Jesus Christ. He can transform the most degraded sinner into a useful

child of God. He transformed the cross from a symbol of disgrace to a symbol of love and sacrifice. Before the death of Jesus the cross was the most despised means of death, used only for the worst criminals and forbidden to be used for Roman citizens. But now it glistens from the highest domes in the greatest cities of the world, and, set with jewels, it hangs from costly necklaces and golden watch chains. Many saints have died by the gallows and the guillotine, yet no one wears a golden guillotine in his watch chain. But the cross is a symbol of honor and glory.

Jesus transformed the shepherds' occupation from the lowly, despised work of indolent serfs to the most honored labor, sung in the strains of sublime poetry.

He has transformed mankind in every part of the earth. He transformed Peter, James, and John from common fishermen to great apostles of the gospel, who have moved the world by their preaching. He has transformed men in the very depths of sin and despair to men of respect and honor, whose lives have counted for good in the world. He can transform you! He can give you peace and satisfaction of soul, and make you a power for righteousness. You will always have crosses to bear, but with Christ in your heart they will be easy to bear. The Master said, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and you shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

A story was told in the SABBATH RECORDER a few months ago about an Italian girl who was brought up in a beautiful, happy home. After she was married and had three children, life was still joyous, until one day when her husband was brought home from the forest, killed by a falling tree. The widow, not accepting God's will, grew cold and hard. She struggled against poverty and cared for her children, but was so stern and unloving that even her children would hide when she came to them.

One night she prayed, "O Lord, take away my life; this is more than I can bear." As she slept she dreamed she was standing in a room full of crosses, some large, some small, some white, some black. The Lord standing by her side said, "Give me your cross that is too heavy and from the crosses here choose another in its place."

Eagerly she thrust her cross into Jesus' hands and raised one that looked small and light; but it was heavy as lead. "Why is it so small and yet so heavy?" she asked. "That is the cross of a little crippled girl. If she lives twenty years more it will be twenty years of bedridden life. It is small because she bears it for my sake."

Slowly the woman selected another cross, but when she touched it, it burned her hands with great heat. "That," said Jesus, "is the cross of one whose husband is a wicked man, and she bears her cross hidden, though it burns hourly into her flesh. But through it all she is brave and kind."

Then the woman raised another cross, but this one was cold as ice. "That is the cross of a mother whose six children are all dead," said the Master, "and her heart is in six mounds of green." Slowly the woman picked up her own cross and said, "I will bear it for thy sake."

In the morning she rose seeking to be gentle to her children and submissive to God. As days went by her children returned her love and her neighbors helped her more. Brightness came back into life because she carried her cross for him.

In the cause of Christianity you can find a task great enough to challenge your highest efforts, a cause into which you can throw your whole life. How many people there are for whom life is drab, because they have no great goal toward which to work—no all-engrossing purpose in life! In spite of the sorrow and anxiety, many people were happier and more cheerful during the World War than before or since, because they had a great common task of winning the war, and were bending every energy toward that end.

Do you doubt the power of Christ to transform your life? See what he has done for others. Consider a host of martyrs all down the pages of history. Why were they willing to suffer torture and death rather than deny the Christ? Can it be they were all deluded? Ah! They feared persecution less than the torture of a stinging conscience. There is something in the life of a real Christian that is worth all it costs.

"Break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek Jehovah." Soften up your heart that is hardened against God, for it is time to accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior. Now is the time! The longer the

land lies idle and fallow, the harder it is to plow; the longer you wait the harder it will be to confess Christ.

A friend of mine tells of an old man who had lived a hard, sinful life, but who went to church one night and was deeply moved to give his heart to Christ. After the service he attempted to leave the church, refusing to yield to his conscience. In the doorway he halted unable to go further. He went trembling back to a seat. Three times he approached the door before he was able to overcome his conscience and pass through and go home. A few days later he was suddenly killed. He had stubbornly thrown away his last chance. Because he had refused Christ all his life he was unable to receive him in old age.

Will you not let Jesus into your heart now? Break up your fallow ground in your heart and let him help you sow the seeds of righteousness that will grow and blossom into a life of joy in the service of him.

#### PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

The Riverside Church always looks forward to the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Association. This year a larger number than usual attended because special invitations had been sent out.

The session Friday evening was given over to the ordination of one deacon and two deaconesses for the Riverside Church. After a praise service led by Miss Ethlyn Davis and a few remarks by the president, W. R. Rood, the candidates—Gleason M. Curtis, Mrs. C. D. Coon, and Mrs. P. B. Hurley—came to the platform and the consecration prayer was offered by Rev. G. W. Hills, of Los Angeles. Rev. G. D. Hargis, pastor of the church, gave the charge, Mr. C. D. Coon gave the welcome from the deacons, and Pastor Hills preached the sermon of the evening. The men's chorus sang two selections.

The general subject for all the meetings was, "Lord, What Wilt Thou Have Me Do?"

A large number listened to the Sabbath morning sermon by Rev. E. S. Ballenger. It was earnest and evangelistic and closed with an invitation to the unsaved to decide for Christ, while Miss Davis and Mrs. Rood sang "I Surrender All."

(Continued on page 606)

## Fundamentalists' Page

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

### AN INTERESTING LETTER—OUR ANSWER

The following letter is from our good friend, Mr. George H. Greenman of Mystic, Conn. While it was not written for publication, I am sure he will offer no objection to my placing it in the RECORDER. And I answer it through the RECORDER, for I feel that he has raised a question that is troublesome to many of us. The letter follows:

"I have read your articles in the RECORDER with much interest, but there is one point upon which I would like more information. Almost the entire Christian Church believe as do you that the Old and New Testaments were given by the inspiration of God. Yet they say that the original Sabbath was given to the Jewish nation only, and that it was done away with at the resurrection of Christ, and that the Lord's Day, or Sunday, was instituted in its place.

"We Seventh Day Baptists and Seventh Day Adventists, both small denominations, believe the original Sabbath is still in force and has never been repealed. Both of these denominations also believe that the entire Scriptures were given by the inspiration of God. How could God inspire these two opposing views? It would be a false view of inspiration to say that both these views are God-inspired. There is no evidence anywhere in the New Testament that the Lord's Day (so-called) was to take the place of the Sabbath. Many Christians say the Lord's Day, or Sunday, should not be called the Sabbath. The multiplicity of beliefs in regard to the teachings of the Bible is good evidence that most of it is not derived from an inspired Book."

Mr. Greenman says, "the multiplicity of beliefs" in regard to the teachings of the Bible is good evidence that these beliefs were not derived from an inspired Book." That is absolutely true. It is the records found in the Bible that God *inspired*, not man's beliefs or interpretation of these records. That holds in reference to the Sabbath.

Again Mr. Greenman says, "Almost the entire Christian Church declare as you do that the Old and New Testaments were given by the inspiration of God." That is a perfectly true statement, and could be applied with little or no qualification to the belief of the Church till within compara-

tively recent years. And I think it can be truly said it is still the view held by the great majority of the Christian world. But it can not be said to be the view held by modernists and radical higher critics. They hold no such view of the Bible. They reject the claims that the Scriptures are God-inspired, in the sense in which the Christian Church has used that term. I have made that perfectly clear in my series of articles on Biblical Criticism.

The French skeptic Reinach in his new edition of "Orpheus," a history of religion, very accurately states the modernist's position on the New Testament when he says: "Broadly speaking, our Gospels tell us what different Christian communities *believed* concerning Jesus between the years 70 and 100 A. D. They reflect a *legendary* and expository labor for at least forty years" (page 237). Again: "The Gospels, stripped of the authority of the Church, are documents which can not be utilized for a history of the real life of Jesus. They can and should serve only to teach us what *primitive churches thought of him*" (page 238). That is the modernist's position stated mildly.

Of course, from the modernist's point of view there is no Sabbath of divine origin. We need a worship day, a rest day. Israel had one, we need one; but any day will do—the one most convenient, the better. The modernist Fosdick puts the Sabbath and baptism along with other ceremonial rites, such as circumcision, clean and unclean foods. Impatiently he exclaims, "Must Christianity carry all that along?" (Farewell sermon.)

Frankly, I am fearful that too many Seventh Day Baptists hold this modernistic view of the Sabbath. I am fearful that the Bible has lost its authority to command the consciences of men, and that the sacredness of God's holy day is a vanishing thing. Sabbath keepers are drifting away from the church, and it is not primarily business. With the professions largely open to us, with business organized more and more on a five-day week basis, it never was easier from a business point of view to keep the Sabbath. But the integrity of God's Word is questioned; the sacredness of the Sabbath is questioned; and Sabbath breaking is an incidental thing. We have lost the consciousness of sin.



Let Seventh Day Baptists, every lover of the Bible Sabbath, honestly face the tragic consequences of modernism. Dr. Charles F. Potter, only a few years ago, was the pastor of a large Baptist Church. But he was in the grip of modernism. He left the Baptists and united with the Unitarians. Now the Unitarian faith is too restricted for him. He has founded a religion of his own—the religion of humanism. He defines humanism as a "faith in the supreme value and self-perfectibility of human personality." This has led Doctor Fosdick to declare that humanism is a "Religion without God," being both "atheistic and mechanistic." And Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin, another modernist, calls upon fundamentalists and modernists alike to unite in fighting humanism, which he calls "the scourge of Christendom."

But why these modernistic appeals? Is not Doctor Potter's position the logical end of modernism? Certainly modernism rejects an authoritative Bible; it makes the subjective disposition of man the criterion as to what to believe and what reject. To transfer the basis of authority from the Book to personal experience is to leave the world with no certain guide anywhere or at any point. The seat of authority left to the human heart, or human opinion, is a failure. Modernists freely declare that the Bible must be re-written to harmonize with modern thought, and that in reality "each man must write his own Bible." Doctor Potter's new religion of humanism tells its own story. Just why he needed to abandon Unitarianism to preach humanism is not clear, for certainly one can be a Unitarian and believe anything, or nothing.

#### CHRISTIANS OF CONSERVATIVE FAITH

Let us now turn to Christians of conservative faith—those who claim to accept the Bible as the inspired Word of God—and yet keep Sunday instead of the Sabbath of the Bible. These I shall discuss under three heads: (1) those who admit the claims of the Sabbath, and yet observe Sunday; (2) those who honestly believe that the Sabbath was transferred from the seventh to the first day of the week; (3) those who believe the Lord's Day celebrates the new creation. I purposely leave out of classification that great mass of people—some of whom call themselves Christians—who have no convic-

tions in regard to the Sabbath—they just go with the crowd, and don't care one way or the other.

(1) Those that admit the Biblical claims of the Sabbath, and yet refuse to keep it. I confess I have less patience with this group than with the other two—or even the modernists. They claim to believe the Bible wholly, and yet refuse to obey it. They are preaching in pulpits. You ask them why they don't keep the Sabbath, and they will frankly admit that we Sabbath keepers are right; but they just can't keep it. If they were in a Sabbath-keeping community they would gladly keep the Sabbath. You know this type of folks, you have met them. They admit they ought to keep the Sabbath, yet they lack moral courage to acknowledge God's claims in willing obedience. Home and church ties, public opinion, etc., bind them.

Very closely related to this group are those who do not want to be disturbed in their views. They do not defend Sunday keeping on Biblical grounds, and they do not want to read or investigate the Sabbath. You give them a tract and they will throw it in the fire. Their minds are closed so far as this truth is concerned. This whole group furnishes a fertile field for Sabbath promotion work, if once we can get these people wholly surrendered to Jesus Christ. When once they are genuinely converted to Christ, and they learn that "obedience is better than sacrifice," they will yield to the claims of the Sabbath.

(To be continued)

#### PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

(Continued from page 604)

Preceding the communion service, Mrs. Francis Hurley sang a consecration solo.

The Christian endeavorers brought several presentations to answer the question, "What would Jesus have young people do?" This will be reported in the Young People's Page.

The evening after the Sabbath, Pastor Hargis brought the message from the words, "Behold the Man," following which, pictures of the Passion Play were thrown on the screen.

An interesting business meeting was held Sunday morning, followed by a discussion

of the new calendar, led by J. W. Jeffrey of Los Angeles. At noon, dinner was served in the church basement. Some time was spent raising money and taking pledges for the evangelistic campaign about to be launched on the Pacific Coast.

A climax service, led by Rev. Mr. Balenger, closed the association, which was uplifting and inspiring to all who attended.

PACIFIC COAST PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

## DEATHS

CLARKE.—Emily Frances, wife of the late B. Franklin Clarke, died in Westerly, R. I., March 21, 1930, at her home on the Shore Road, aged ninety-three years.

She was the daughter of Stephen S. and Eliza Burdick Kenyon and was born May 23, 1837, at Rockville R. I., of one of the oldest families of the state. She was one of the oldest residents of Washington County, R. I.

On December 15, 1857, she was married to B. Franklin Clarke, who died April 8, 1920. To them were born four sons and one daughter, all of whom are living today: Albert F., J. Perry, John S., and E. Howard Clarke, and Mrs. Gurdon Hiscox. Three brothers remain in nearby homes: William, Alexander and Albert.

When her husband and two sons were baptized, May 25, 1889, she joined by testimony with others of the family, the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church of Westerly, in which her interest and love were very pronounced.

Mrs. Clarke was remarkable in many ways. She was of strong character and of confident belief; clearness of mind, and strength of body remained until very near the end. Until Mr. Clarke passed on, in 1920, the family remained unbroken and the homestead on the Shore Road was a great place for the family to gather. She was always interested in the younger ones and her ready wit made her a pleasant companion.

The funeral service was from the old home in sight of the sea and was attended by many friends and loved ones, who felt a deep loss in her passing on. The services were conducted by her pastor, Clayton A. Burdick.

C. A. B.

LANPHEAR—Esther Langworthy Lanphear, daughter of Russel C. Langworthy and Lois M. Maxson, was born December 8, 1847, and died at her late home in the town of Alfred, N. Y., April 27, 1930, after some years of ill health and the effects of a fall in her home some weeks ago.

Mrs. Lanphear's mother was a sister of the late Dr. E. R. Maxson, at one time a prominent physician in Syracuse, and an older sister of her

mother was the wife of Elisha Potter, well known in the earlier history of Alfred.

Mrs. Lanphear attended school at Adams Center, N. Y., and Alfred University. When twenty-one years of age she married Lyman K. Maxson, who died two years later. After the death of Mr. Maxson she taught school near her home in Jefferson County until her marriage to Nathan Mortimer Lanphear, June 27, 1878. For more than fifty years they have lived happily at the Lanphear homestead on the Andover-Alfred road, respected and loved by a wide circle of friends.

When fifteen years of age she was received into the Adams Center Seventh Day Baptist Church by Rev. James Summerbell. After her marriage to Mr. Lanphear, she united with the Andover Church, where she retained her membership until called to the Church Triumphant. A kindly, helpful life has gone from our midst.

Farewell services were held from her late home, April 29, 1930, conducted by her pastor, Walter L. Greene. Interment in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

W. L. G.

RANDOLPH—Mary Yale Randolph was born October 10, 1866, and died January 25, 1930. She was the daughter of Henry O. and Jenny Lyman Yale, and was born in the Town of Willing, near Wellsville, N. Y.

Her education was in Alfred University and the Chautauqua Home study course. On February 28, 1894, she was married to Virgil Fitz Randolph. To them was born one son, Winston Yale. With the exception of a few years her entire life was spent on the farm where she was born.

At the age of thirteen she united with the Methodist Church. After her marriage she became a Sabbath keeper and remained loyal to this faith the remainder of her life. For nearly sixteen years she has been an invalid, and during that time was confined almost entirely to her home. All her life she was thoughtful of others, willingly sharing what she had with them. A friend remarked that if she had a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a neighbor came in, the neighbor would get half; then if another neighbor came she would get half of what was left, and so on as long as it lasted. This was said to show her generous spirit, not only with flowers but as a manifestation of her generosity in all lines.

She is survived by her husband, her son, and grandson Donald of Saranac Lake, N. Y., a sister, Mrs. Myrtle Wells, Wellsville, N. Y., and some nieces.

Funeral services were conducted by A. Clyde Ehret of Alfred, and burial was in the Yale family cemetery on the farm where she spent most all her life.

A. C. E.

If pacifists wish to do something worth while, let them see that school histories use as frontispiece a crutch instead of a general. —*Brooklyn Times.*

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### Sabbath School Lesson VIII.—May 24, 1930.

JESUS DESCRIBES THE FUTURE OF THE KINGDOM.  
Matthew 24: 1—25: 13.

Golden Text: “Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.” Mark 13: 33.

#### DAILY READINGS

May 18—The Wise and Foolish Virgins. Matthew 25: 1-13.

May 19—Doing God's Will. James 1: 19-27.

May 20—Watching and Praying. Mark 13: 28-37.

May 21—Watching Without Anxiety. Luke 12: 22-34.

May 22—Watching Without Ceasing. Luke 12: 35-40.

May 23—Fully Prepared. Ephesians 6: 10-20.

May 24—Seeking the Lost. Isaiah 55: 1-8.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Mr. Peters: “At last we're out of debt.”

Mrs. Peters: “Oh, goody! Now I can get credit again.”—*Pearson's*.

Motorist: “What is the speed law here, please?”

Villager—“Got none. You fellers can't get through here any too fast for us.”—*Christian Science Monitor*.

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