

The Sabbath Recorder

TO OBSERVE THE SABBATH is to acknowledge the God of the Sabbath. To make a difference between the seventh day and the other days of the week is to obey God, and to accept him as the guide of our lives.

A. J. C. BOND, D. D.

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TO THE
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST
ONWARD MOVEMENT BUDGET

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Per month \$
Per Quarter \$
Per year \$

Remarks:
.

Name

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The above is reprinted from the "Onward Movement Dollar" folder recently sent to all Seventh Day Baptist Churches for free distribution. A few copies of the complete folder are still available.

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Seventh Day Baptist Building,
Plainfield, N. J.

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WHOLE No. 4,477

"Beautiful Snow" Somewhere in years gone by I have met this expression in attractive literature, and on this first morning with the earth covered with snow this winter, I have been able to think of little else. Every tree and bush and shrub is literally loaded with snow. Time and again have I found myself repeating the words at the head of this item.

The fact is, we see so little of the "Beautiful" here in east New Jersey as compared with what we used to see in western New York, that some way, a morning like this takes me back to the old home where we waded in snow day after day caring for horses and cattle and sheep in the mornings, and later, hustled off "cross lots" to the little old schoolhouse in the vale.

Such a morning is almost sure to make me long for a stroll among the homes of long ago. But there comes a sense of sadness, upon second thought, for I know full well that the dear ones of sixty years ago are not there, and that I would find myself a stranger where I once knew everybody.

It was eighty-one years ago this December that a neighboring young man led me through four or five inches of beautiful snow, in my first boots, to the little old schoolhouse where Miss Hannah Stillman was teaching.

Is it not wonderful how some ordinary condition in the weather will start a train of thought which brings back vividly the scenes and experiences of a life time?

This winter morning with its first snow this year, has taken some of my readers back from fifty to seventy or seventy-five years, in memories that will persist in coming, with only the sad, lonesome feeling, that most of those they once loved are here no more. But some way there is a wonderful compensation in the thought that we hasten toward a home where we shall go no more out forever.

I pray that as my friends draw nearer to the evening of life's day, there may be for them a glorious sunset which assures them of a bright tomorrow where the Son of Righteousness is the light thereof.

REPLY TO DOCTOR MACFARLAND'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

(Abstract of address by Dr. Robert E. Speer in recognition of the service of Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches in Washington, D. C., December 2, 1930)

It is a genuine privilege and a great joy, but also a difficult duty, to fulfill this commission in behalf of the executive and administrative committee, to try to give expression briefly to our appreciation and gratitude toward Doctor Macfarland.

While there are others who could speak far better than I, there is not one who could do it with more warmth of feeling or more unqualified friendliness and good will. It is a great joy, but it is a difficult duty, made the more so by Doctor Macfarland's beautiful words which he has just been speaking to us. Some of the things which he has said all of us knew; some of them a few of us knew; some of them none of us knew. I can not speak of them with the same restraint and self-control as Doctor Macfarland has done. They have moved our hearts. They deepen beyond measure our feeling of appreciation and gratitude this day. One can understand some things more fully now that Doctor Macfarland has told us the story of these early sacrifices, fidelities, and frugalities and we can appreciate more even than we have before what he has done for and meant in the life of the Federal Council across these two decades.

We have asked Doctor Macfarland to speak as he has done today and we are trying inadequately to give expression to our feelings with regard to him and his service to the Federal Council.

Now let us turn our thought to what we wish to acknowledge, namely, the unique service which Doctor Macfarland has rendered through all these years to the Federal Council and through it to all the evangelical churches of our land, and not to the evangelical churches of our land only but to the Christian cause in other lands and around the world.

First of all, we recognize what he has wrought as the guiding mind and hand in the administration of the council through these twenty years. It is quite true that great forces have been at work over and through all individuals. Each of us makes his contribution to the Christian cause, but still more the Christian cause makes its contribution in and to and through each of us. Men who do most are most humble as to how much they contribute and as to how far it was the cause which caught them up and made use of them in the years which were given them. This very principle of co-operation and association to which Doctor Macfarland has contributed so much had itself been here as a great principle in American life. That extraordinary Swedish woman, Frederika Bremer, noted this eighty years ago in her book—"America in the Fifties."

There is one principle of movement in the United States which seems to be like a creative, or at all events, an organizing power. This is the movement of association. The association founded already in the federal government of the states—an association of states, governed by a general principle or Constitution—exists as a fundamental feature of popular life. These people associate as easily as they breathe. Life in this country need never stand still or stagnate. The danger lies in another direction. But this free association is evidently an organizing and conservative principle of life, called forth to give law and centralization to the floating atoms, to the disintegrated elements.

We are so wholly in the heart of it that we have not adequately realized the strength of the force of cohesion that keeps us together as it binds no other people in the world. This force has been quite as powerful with us as the principle of individualism. The principles of individualism and association are equally essential, and in large measure we enjoy the benefits of them both. To understand our national and religious history we must apprehend and appraise these principles and their play in our American life. The work and service of the Fed-

eral Council is due in large measure to the operation of these principles which have been here all these years and which have made use of us. Doctor Macfarland has used them and given himself to be used by them.

Doctor Macfarland has moved with steady step through all these years. Only those most intimately in the central councils know with what wise statesmanship, with what sound judgment, with what judicious adaptation of means to ends, with what patience and confidence he has helped this council to achieve what has been achieved.

Take the Interchurch World Movement. The Federal Council stood in those days in grave peril. It required all the wisdom and sagacity and gentleness, the courage and the clear perception of principle, of Doctor Macfarland and Doctor North to bring the council through those dangerous ways. And not only in such great crises. There have been many other true services. We thank God and thank Doctor Macfarland for all Christ has wrought with him.

We rejoice today in what we have seen of his loyalty, steadfastness, and cause-centeredness. He has been good enough to tell us of some of the financial breakers through which the Federal Council had to find its way, and there are other sacrifices, too, which in his loyalty to the Federal Council, Doctor Macfarland has made.

There have been crises too when men thought nothing was at stake, but when as a matter of fact all the great issues were hanging in balance. With good perspective and appreciation of proportions and of dimensions he has helped us all during these twenty years. He has always centered his interest in this cause, quite willing to be in the background, not at all eager to have the work known as his, provided only it was done, and seeking always the best instruments for its accomplishment.

We would express also our appreciation of the way through these years Doctor Macfarland has realized the problem of holding together our thirty odd related communions in the Federal Council. He has been wise in spending a large part of his strength for the smaller groups in this fellowship, perceiving that the council exists not only for the large and strong bodies but even more

perhaps for the smaller groups. You know well how many helpful friendships Doctor Macfarland has established in these groups and how great an asset these have been to the work of the council.

I would speak also of the many special and important interests which Doctor Macfarland has clearly conceived and for which he has made wise provision. There are many of us who could not have adjusted ourselves to these situations. I know I could not have done so in the case of some of the relationships which have had to be cared for. Hard or easy, I will not mention any of them. Colonel Axton here could speak authoritatively of one of them—what he has done in behalf of the chaplains, their right relations to the churches, their right field for special service in the Army and Navy of the United States, and the right religious care of the young men of the nation.

And we do well to remind ourselves of the immense growth and expansion of the council during Doctor Macfarland's administration. One picks up this printed report of the executive committee and compares it with the committee of the old days when Doctor Grose and Doctor Lord and Doctor Macfarland were first together, and he is amazed at the enlarged field of the activities of the council, here in America and in service of and relations with the churches in Europe. Influences going out from the Federal Council have furnished models and ideals also for far away lands. We want him to know today our appreciation of all this service and we record our gratitude and our sense of gratitude.

Now has come, as must inevitably come in all relations between us as individuals and the organizations and the movements which we serve, one of the transition times. We think of it in sorrow and in joy.

We rejoice in the thought of Doctor Macfarland's graduation. I have listened to him with a great deal of envy in my heart. Many of us long for the day when we might make a farewell address such as he has made, as far as we could do so, and know that we were free from the close entanglements, and binding shackles of organization relationships. He will be free now to reap the harvest of the years in the evening. It

seems to me that one could not long for anything more than such an opportunity as this. With whatever health and strength he may be given and whatever opportunities, he goes on in the wide field of Christian service. He will not have now to go back and inquire how slow the slowest are or how fast the fastest—he can set his own speed. Our prayers and our affection will follow him.

But we realize the responsibilities which fall on us who remain and who must go forward, some of us also only for a little while, the younger men coming behind us, to carry this great work on. We do not stand at the end of this enterprise. We are standing at the beginning. None of us have the faith or the courage to foresee what the coming years are going to make possible, but surely we ought to hear today in this hour a call for more courage and faith, a call for fulfilling our obligations to the dead, as Bushnell would say, and to those who have gone before. We are not thinking of Doctor Macfarland as among the dead, but as standing among that company of the men who led to whom we owe so great a debt for what they did for us, for what they did in the days when they were here. Doctor Macfarland goes out from these administrative responsibilities and relations and leaves the burden on us, the great obligation to fulfill, complete, and carry forward that which during these years has been so well begun.

Not only do we recall the debt to the past that we should think about today but also our debt to the future, with new courage and new hope and with the sense of new duty. It is impossible to conceive our present achievements of character and service as an adequate expression of the cross and the gospel of the resurrection. There must be something more and new. Some upheaval must come. How can it come? Must it be by the appearance of some great personalities—a Paul, a Francis, a Martin Luther, a Wesley? Or can it be wrought by collective action? Is it not within the power of the Holy Spirit to use the body of the Church as the instrument of God as truly as any conspicuous members of the body? And does not this possibility lay a heavier obligation on us common men to lend ourselves to God that he may roll a

group of us into a force as real and powerful as a Luther or a Paul?

One does not know how the new day is to be begun but one does know that at every such turning time as this great voices are calling to us, summoning the dawn: voices out of the past, voices out of the future, voices out of the tumult of life, most of all voices from God, the God of whom Bishop McDowell was speaking to us so impressively this morning.

As we pray for you, you must pray for us, Doctor Macfarland, that we may be equal by the grace of God to our trust and to our task.

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMITTEE ON RELIGIOUS LIFE

"The work of our boards is important, the raising of funds for the united budget is necessary, but the *spiritual life and growth* of our people must be kept uppermost in mind. Without spiritual life and growth, we fail." So reads a part of the concluding paragraph of our Commission's report to the General Conference in 1930.

Too much can scarcely be said in boosting the work of our boards, for they are the machinery by means of which our work is carried on; they are the hands and feet of our organization—and much more. Much, of necessity, must be said and done in promoting the raising of funds with which to carry on. Considerable publicity has been given to this phase of the Onward Movement by the Committee on Finance, and encouraging reports are being received. Whatever is done in a financial way reflects rather largely our spiritual interests. It is all a part, a vital part of the spiritual life and growth of our people. When one hears folks complain that too much is being said about money, he is led to wonder not only about how much such a critic is giving, but how much evidence there really is in his life of spiritual grace and growth.

If we are to develop spiritually, certain conditions must obtain. A child, born into one's home, has a right to be well born, a right to healthful birth and legitimate parentage. Such is true of a Christian. Jesus declared to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again," or "from above." We "must be born again." Our churches, for spiritual

development, must be made up of regenerated people. Some *special* manner of birth is not the point of emphasis—but the need, absolute and sure, that new birth has taken place. No birth, no growth, true in the natural world is also true in the spiritual world. It is easy to wonder, when we see so little evidence of growth and so much spiritual stagnation, if birth has really occurred. Vital is the principle back of "Ye must be born again."

Also, when a child comes into a good home, great care is taken to provide for him proper food. Unfortunate and pitiable is he, who, for any reason, does not have such provision made for him, or fails to partake of it. You can not fail to see how this is true, also, in the church. Here is a "new creature in Christ Jesus." He must have proper spiritual food, the "milk of the Word" for the beginner, the stronger "meat" for the older, more developed ones. The Bible furnishes all this, but the Christian must partake of it. He must read it, study, meditate, put it in practice. Individual and denominational growth in spiritual life will result from our loyal use of the Bible. A few weeks ago the writer was in the early part of a Sunday morning service in the church of Syracuse, ministered to by Dr. Bernard Clauson. He was deeply impressed by the prominent place given to the Bible in responsive reading and in the Scripture lesson presented. He could not wait for the preacher's message, but he went out fed and blessed by the reading of "The Word." One wonders if we, as preachers, do not give too little thought to the place of, and emphasis upon, the Word of God in our worship service. A carefully prepared, well presented, and interpretative reading of the Scriptures might mean more in the religious life and growth of our people than much of the preaching we do.

Again, our new born child, now and all his life needs proper breathing exercise and fresh air. What breathing the pure air is to the natural child, prayer is to the child of God. Here is the fresh air in which we find communication with our heavenly Father. In private devotion, family altar service, prayer meeting, and worship on Sabbath morning is found healthful exercise in the very presence of God. If these means of grace are lacking, or neglected,

there is no abounding spiritual life or normal growth. When we let other things occupy all our time and attention to the neglect of the vital matters that promote proper Christian development, we need not be surprised at the lack of interest in the great kingdom tasks, or that our unified budget is undersubscribed and paid, and our boards forced into debt.

Then, too, we expect a new born child to grow by exercise. He cries; he stretches and yawns; he reaches out his hand and kicks up his feet; later, he walks, runs, and learns to play and to work. Disappointment sits heavy upon the hearts of the parents of the child who does not thus normally express himself.

Likewise it may be expected of the child of God that he shall develop by learning to work and to play. The Christian Endeavor society has done much for him along lines of normal development. Our churches have sometimes been slow to encourage the new born child of God. Sometimes they have seen that it was quite proper for young folks to be at prayer meetings, but have hesitated or delayed to provide them places for their work and play. We are glad the time is gone by when folks in the church thought that recreation was of the devil, and that now they are providing places and means for wholesome, directed sports as a normal part of the life of Christian youth.

All along there are various kinds of service to be rendered in the kingdom of God. We hear Paul describing "diversities of gifts." Every real Christian should find—for his own sake—some line of helpful, active service. Then let him put his enthusiasm and genius into it with all his heart. "How do you make the wonderful faces of the girls in your pictures?" was asked of the famous Gibson. "What kind of a pen do you use, and ink?" He replied, "Any kind of pen that will make a line, and any kind of ink that will make a mark are good enough." You see, that of himself which he put into it was what counted. What *we have*, if we will, we can put enthusiastically and wholeheartedly into the service of Christ and the church. When this is done, in the spirit of prayer and knowledge of the Word, the well-born child of God will find a wonderful develop-

ment. A soldier, during a battle, found himself separated from his company. On asking what he should do, an officer replied, "Step right in anywhere, there is plenty of fighting all along the line." Seventh Day Baptists, young and old, let us "step into" the lines in action, wherever we are, and push the fight to a finish in all loyalty to Christ and his cause which we represent. Right at home; right in your own church, Sabbath school, and Christian Endeavor society; right there the Lord calls you and gives you your first opportunity. Be true.

The appeal of our Commission is: "Cultivate loyalty to Christ, practice Christlike living, and work faithfully toward the establishment of the kingdom of God. For these purposes our General Conference and the boards now exist. Let us rally to their support, and make our cause a real Onward Movement."

COMMITTEE ON RELIGIOUS LIFE
By H. C. VAN HORN.

IT COSTS

DEAN ARTHUR E. MAIN

It does cost, of course. Every good thing costs. Someone has said that even existence is an expensive matter.

The SABBATH RECORDER costs, and costs much more than the subscription price, but we are not willing to stop publishing RECORDER on that account.

An education costs. The opportunities furnished by colleges and universities cost much more than the tuition paid, but on this account we can not well spare our colleges and universities.

Our government costs; but we need a good government.

Only ten students come directly under the influence of our Department of Theology and Religious Education and, notwithstanding this cost, many of our people think it worth while to do all we can for our young people who have the work of our ministry in view.

A sweeping argument based on costs would sweep out of existence many good and valuable things.

MISSIONS

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

THE BELLIGERENT SPIRIT IN MISSIONS

"It is not so much what you say as how you say it," is nowhere truer than in mission work; and it is equally true, that it is not so much what you do as the way you do it. Preachers and others speaking on religious subjects sometimes feel that they are not doing their duty unless they denounce real or imaginary evils and evil-doers and in other ways assume a belligerent spirit. They are sometimes encouraged in this by the suggestion that they are not afraid to condemn evil. To criticize is, to say the least, the easiest and cheapest form of public discourse.

This is not all. When one assumes, or appears to assume, a belligerent attitude he weakens his cause. Three generations ago a Seventh Day Baptist minister had started an evangelistic campaign and unusual interest had been created, but a certain wicked man was doing all he could to injure the work of the evangelist. Upon being told this, the evangelist became angry and declared, "I'll show him." From that day the interest commenced to wane, and it continued its downward course till the evangelist went to the opposer and before God and man acknowledged his wrong attitude. After this the revival went forward. Not that the opposer was right; he was not; he was hopelessly wrong. When the evangelist assumed the fighting attitude, he put himself in the same class as the opposer, and the Holy Spirit could not use him or bless his work. In more recent years an evangelistic campaign was in progress. Two young men from prominent families in the community agreed between themselves that they would make a public profession. The evangelist, however, in a sermon that night instead of entreating men to accept Christ denounced those who did not. The result was that the young men did not make a profession at that time, and have not to this day. They are lost to themselves; to the church, and

to the service of the Master because of the belligerent attitude of the evangelist.

A young man became pastor of a church rent by dissension. The senior deacon of that church was ninety years old. Upon leaving at the time of his first call at the parsonage, he turned to his pastor and said, "Win the people's love and you will succeed." Following the advice of this aged saint, success did come and peace was restored.

When one shows a belligerent spirit, whether it be in trying to advance a good undertaking, or to reprove evil, or to win men to Christ, one has lost his cause. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye who are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." Christ's invitation is an invitation of love, prompted by love. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." The message on that first Christmas morning was a message of peace, not wars and fightings. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

SHOWING MEN HOW TO BEGIN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

There is no more vital and delicate work coming to the missionary and minister than that which is his when he undertakes to show men how to become Christians. This applies to all Christians as well as to ministers and missionaries, for every follower of Christ finds himself face to face with those who are sincerely longing to know how to become Christians.

That one must be a Christian before one can show others the way to Christ, needs only be stated. Furthermore, it is true that it is one thing to be a Christian and another to be able to successfully tell others how they can come to the Savior. Throughout the writer's ministry he has often wondered if he made the way plain in his public and private ministrations, and he has feared he

did not. He has also wondered if he had given enough time and thought to this phase of the Christian message. These personal fears and struggles were brought to remembrance the other day by an editorial in *The Baptist*, under the caption, "The Imperative Necessity of Evangelism." What the editor of *The Baptist* says on the subject is timely and forceful and is given below:

He was a bank robber, had served time, and was now on the streets of the city, discouraged, friendless, as he thought, and disgusted with the sort of life he had lived and anxious to make a change. He chanced to hear a talk from a young business man upon religion and the satisfactions of a life controlled by the spirit of Jesus Christ. He was interested, deeply moved indeed, and started going to church. He attended many churches. At length he went to the office of the business man to say, "Where can I go to find out how to start the sort of life that you were talking about a while ago? That is what I need. I have felt it for years, but now I am ready to begin if I can find out how to do so. I have been going to church, different churches, for more than a month but I can't understand a good deal of what the preacher says, and no one whom I have heard has said anything about how I may become a Christian."

Was that man, or another like him, in your church? How long would a man with this man's longing in his soul have to attend your church before he would find the answer that he craves? If he persisted for a month would he hear it? Might he go for six months or a year and never hear the preacher attempt to give a simple, sympathetic explanation of how the man who seeks God may find him?

The true evangelist has been and is accounted among the most faithful servants of the Church. The writer found Christ through the ministrations of an evangelist while still a boy, and owes to that man a debt that he can never pay. But it can not be denied that "evangelism" has become a byword in our generation because of the cheap antics of many a professional evangelist. Such men have much to answer for. They have vulgarized religion in so far as it has been in their power to do so. We have all suffered by them. As a result of their devastating activities the old-fashioned

evangelistic services have fallen into disrepute.

But if many of us can no longer use the old methods we must maintain the same aims and seek the same results. Evangelism is the major function of the Church. "Make disciples" is our commission, and when the Church neglects to do so the hour of its doom is struck. There are multitudes who have never robbed a bank who are asking this same question—"How can I find God?" They are wistfully asking what word Jesus Christ has for them and how they may gain assurance of the forgiveness of their sins and help in resisting the drag and burden of them.

It is a high art, to which the ablest and noblest among us, minister or layman, might well aspire—the ability to tell men simply and clearly how they may find God. They need to be told over and over again, and in many ways, so that every type of mind may grasp it. It is the supreme privilege of the Christian to do this, but it can not be done without discipline. This is an art to which, like the painter or the sculptor, a Christian man might worthily devote all the talent that he possesses.

Men are not so much interested, however, in what we have read about God in a book, or what some one has told us about him, or what are the current beliefs about him, as they are in what we ourselves know about God at first hand. Men do not care much for our theories; they are intensely interested in our experience. They do not want our guesses or our speculations; but if any man has an authentic word from God, spoken to his own soul, men want to hear that. We shall never move men greatly if we have not ourselves been greatly moved, and we can not tell men more about God than we have ourselves learned. "A cool head and a cold heart," says Dean Inge, "never yet brought anyone to the foot of the cross."

We view with deep interest the tendency in our churches toward what is called a richer service of worship. We welcome every effort that is being made to promote dignity and reverence. We are not afraid of ritual. And while the robe upon the preacher does not with us atone for any weakness in his message, and while we recognize that no man is made any larger by

its ample folds, there is much to be said for it under appropriate circumstances.

But these things have to do with the frills of religion and not with the substance. If they are made a substitute for a real gospel which deals with men where they live and tells them what they need to know and shows them the way to God, we are offering stones to those who cry for bread, and are mocking their deepest spiritual needs.

—*The Baptist.*

THANKSGIVING AT STONEFORT, ILL.

REV. C. L. HILL

The writer of this article was glad to receive an invitation from the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Stonefort to spend the Sabbath following Thanksgiving day with them. They had arranged a program for this occasion and had planned a community dinner to be served at the church following the Sabbath morning service. It has been the privilege of the writer to visit the brethren at Stonefort many times since his residence in southern Illinois, but he does not remember a time when the people seemed to be in better health and spirits, or more optimistic concerning the future of the church. There were about sixty present for the morning service and about seventy-five present in the afternoon when the Christian Endeavor society presented the Thanksgiving program. This program was in the nature of a dialogue and pageant, the principal characters being Gratitude, Cheerfulness, and the Old Grumbler; these parts were taken by Jean, Emma Kathryn, and Minnie Lewis. The first two mentioned brought to the minds of the audience the many things for which we should thank God, but the Old Grumbler, who was dressed in black, tried to make believe there was nothing for which anyone could really be thankful. To substantiate this idea, the Old Grumbler put forth a speaker, but in the midst of his address he became confused and was forced through the medium of recognized blessings to become an optimist and give thanks to God. At various times during the play, Cheerfulness would pass out slips of paper which, when read, called to mind the many things we should all be thankful for. The program closed with a parade by a number of the young people,

each one representing one of the following blessings: plenty of sunshine, plenty of rain, abundant crops and garden products, good health, and friends and loved ones. This play was well presented and would have been a credit to any church in our denomination.

Services were conducted Sabbath morning and night, and Sunday morning and night. A rain which began late Sabbath afternoon made the attendance rather small Sabbath evening and Sunday morning, but a splendid audience was present for the evening service; the average attendance for the five services was forty.

Following the Sabbath morning service dinner was served in the basement of the church, and if the present financial depression through which we are passing, and if the Middle West drought conditions have seriously handicapped this locality, it was not evident upon this occasion. A church dinner is always a joyful event, and is especially so at Stonefort, for it becomes a time of home coming when friends and relatives gather again at the old church home and have a part in the services and social season.

It was a splendid, satisfying, spiritual occasion that we enjoyed together at the church and in the homes of the people. May we have more of them, and may God bless the people at Stonefort in their effort to carry on in the work of his kingdom.

LETTER FROM MIRIAM SHAW

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

If I were on the Young People's Board I would vote to raise the number of points on the activities chart given for letters written to missionaries. Some time I shall find time to write to each one of the many friends from whom I have received letters on the steamer and since reaching China. But now I want to wish you all a happy New Year and promise to write later.

No one could have asked for a more pleasant trip than I had on the *Empress of Japan*. The days in Honolulu, Yokohama, and Kobe were packed full of thrilling experiences. I guess my mind was over full, for when the friends on the wharf in Shanghai asked me who the new Confer-

ence president was to be I gave the wrong man the position.

The eighth of October Mr. Crofoot and my sister put me on a train bound for Soochow. I'll admit I felt a bit shaky for fear I wouldn't know when to get off or that no one would meet me. But I found a warm welcome at the Northern Presbyterian Mission, where I am living with a friend I knew in Hartford, who is also in language school.

Sometimes I have a guilty feeling, that because I am having such a splendid time I must not be studying hard enough. So I shall describe one of my days and let you judge.

Miss Ramsey and I start off in rickshas at seven forty-five in order to reach the Soochow University by eight-thirty. Our compound is outside of the city wall. Even when the frosty air nips our toes we enjoy the ride through the streets, sometimes so narrow that we can not pass a bicycle. As everywhere in China, I am always impressed by the crowds eating, working, dressing, playing, begging in the streets, or just hunting for a bit of sunshine.

It is very thrilling to dodge among the dogs, babies, peddlers, and the blind leading the blind, to crawl up arched canal bridges, and to swoop down wondering if they will all heed your clanging bell and the coolie's shouts. Soochow is called the Venice of China because of its multitude of canals. Thousands of people live all the year round on the house boats and as many in straw huts on the banks.

We enjoy seeing into the open shops where everything the people use is made and sold. At the back is hung a picture of one of the many gods.

Our day is divided into five periods each, with a different Chinese teacher. Only one speaks English. The others drill us over and over on the words we have been given. We use the international system of phonetics. Each teacher has a different method, so the days fly fast. At noon we have a long rest. I like to find a sunny spot by a wall where I can "thaw" out because we have no heat in our classrooms. Some days I wander through the streets or fields.

We start home at five o'clock. Darkness comes on suddenly with little twilight. We enjoy the silhouettes of temple gates against

the sunset clouds. Sometimes we meet wedding processions, funerals, armies, and sometimes get glimpses of home life through doors ajar.

Soochow has many places of historic interest. There are six large pagodas, the oldest of which was built sixteen hundred years ago. There are many ancient temples and gardens. The mountains near here are very beautiful, especially with the autumn colors setting off the crumbling temples and pagodas. To reach the mountains one takes a lazy canal boat through the villages and fields. The village women carry the sedan chairs from the canal to the foot of the mountain.

This week Miss Ramsay and I were trying to describe chocolate pie to one of our Chinese teachers. I am still more dissatisfied with my description of China for you.

On the first of February I shall begin work at Liuho, and continue language study there. It helps me to know that your prayers are with me that I may be equal to my task.

Yours in his service,

MIRIAM SHAW.

*Northern Presbyterian Mission,
Soochow, Kiangsu, China,
November 25, 1930.*

HOME NEWS

WALWORTH, WIS.—It is a long time since anything has appeared in the RECORDER from here. This is not because we are dead or because there has been nothing of interest that might have been reported, but just because no one has taken it upon himself to write.

We have no Christian Endeavor, nor Intermediate, nor Junior society. This is a misfortune. There are those who are interested in the things that the RECORDER brings us. There are those also who feel a deep interest in Home News, and the letters found on the Children's Page. It is a source of real pleasure and interest to know what other churches are doing.

We here have felt the pressure of hard times and yet our blessings are great compared with those who have been harder hit. As a society we have sent relief to some of the sufferers. There is a general good

feeling among the people. The pastor and his wife were made to realize this when on the evening of November 20, the time of their wedding anniversary, they were invited to come over to the church for a little sing. As they entered the church the lights were turned on and a cheerful welcome was given by the gathered company. A pleasant evening of song, games, and social converse was had, with refreshments and short addresses by two of the local pastors who had been invited in. The pastor and wife were remembered with flowers and a purse breathing forth the fragrance of friendship and good will. Such experiences help to strengthen the ties that bind and bid hope revive.

The afternoon of December 4, the Helping Hand Society entertained the ladies of the church at the parsonage in a Christmas party. A good time was had by all. This was a new departure here.

On November 7 we were cheered by the coming of President Bond of Salem College and Mr. Bishop. Mr. Bond returned to Chicago for the Sabbath and Mr. Bishop remained here and spoke to us from John 14: 9. A strong evangelistic sermon was given on "Knowing Jesus."

All greatly enjoyed the poems he recited in the Sabbath school on "The Market Garden," and "Tribute of Love to Our Fathers." Such services are seed sowing for future harvests in young lives.

The church will have a roll call Sabbath morning, January 3.

E. A. WITTER.

IN MEMORY OF MANSFIELD LOWTHER

Mansfield Lowther was the eighth child born to the late Jesse M. Lowther and Lucinda Hall Lowther on December 31, 1844, at White Oak—now Berea, Ritchie County, W. Va.

He was baptized in the summer of 1857, when he was twelve years of age, at Berea, W. Va., by Elder Ezekiel Bee. In March, 1865, when he was a little more than twenty years of age, he went in company with Sam Prunty, Jesse Lowther, and some others of Ritchie County to Edgar County, Ill., to seek his fortune in what was then the Far West. He found employment with a farmer at Chrisman, Ill., for the first summer

at least. As he had been brought up to keep the Sabbath of the Bible he was naturally drawn to people of the same faith and came in touch with the Seventh Day Baptist society at West Hallock, Peoria County, Ill. There he found employment with Thomas Vars, one of the members of that church. He attended school in this town one winter and here made the acquaintances of the late E. H. Socwell and our late Secretary Ed. Saunders. He debated in his mind whether to go with the latter when he went to Milton to attend college, but instead of going to school he went to Brookfield, Mo., in the early winter of 1867, and joined the colony of Seventh Day Baptists who settled a little northwest of Brookfield on what was afterwards known as "Yankee Ridge." Here he purchased forty acres of land from the Hannible and St. Joe R. R. Co. He broke the prairie sod and started to cultivate corn and raise hogs on a small scale.

It was here that he met Elizabeth Murrain, a daughter of one of the old substantial citizens of that section, and they were married on October 9, 1870.

They built a two room cottage and began the establishment of a humble home. Times became very hard in the early '70's and the panic of '73 came on and found them in debt on their land with the price of hogs only four cents. There were strenuous times for them for a few years.

However he was getting along pretty well in establishing his home when he was stricken down with the heat in the summer of 1878, while working in the oat field. He rallied from the stroke after a few days, but the following winter there were evidences of his mind being unbalanced and the following June he was taken to the insane hospital at Fulton, Mo. After remaining there nearly fourteen months he was released and made a visit to the place of his birth which was extended until the last of the year of 1880.

He returned to his home from this visit on January 1, 1881, but in making this trip his rest was badly broken and his mind became unbalanced again; so he was taken back to the hospital before his nerves settled. He stayed but a short while in the hospital this time.

He then sold his property in northern Missouri and moved with his family to

Houston, Texas County, Mo. He remained in this locality for about five years. His mind became unbalanced again and he was committed to the insane hospital at Nevada, Vernon County, Mo., in March, 1889, and remained there until August, 1907. While in the hospital here he learned to make violins, and turned out several of these instruments by his own hands. After his discharge he returned to his family who had moved back to Linn County, north of Brookfield, Mo.

In 1909 he visited his brothers, Thomas and Stillman Lowther, and sisters, Mrs. Mandane Wilson and Mrs. Similde Randolph in Salem, W. Va., and his brother, Johnson Lowther at Blandville, W. Va., as well as many other relatives and friends. While on this visit he left specimens of his violin making with his brother Thomas and his nephew, Dr. E. A. Wilson. He went from this visit to his son Elbert and daughter, Mrs. Virginia Evans, who were located at White Bird, Idaho. He stayed with this son and daughter interchangeably for several years. The daughter took him to her home in Baker, Ore., about 1926. After making his home with her something like three years, his son Cyrus H. Lowther took him to his home at Grangeville, Idaho, R. 3, where he lived until his death on August 27, 1930, at the age of 85 years, 7 months, and 29 days. His body now rests in a cemetery at Denver, Idaho.

The children are Jesse W., of Brookfield, Mo.; Guy, deceased; Cyrus H., of Grangeville, Idaho; Elbert T., of White Bird, Idaho; Mary M., deceased; Mrs. Virginia Evans, of Union, Ore.; Moses and Aaron, both of Cabool, Mo.

STILLMAN F. LOWTHER.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

To all those who contributed to our needs:

We are so very thankful to every one who so willingly contributed to the needs of the people of this community. You will surely receive a great blessing from heaven for this. You also have the satisfaction of knowing that there are those who will be warm this winter where they would have been shivering in the winter's cold had it not been for your generosity.

One mother (not of our faith) who is rearing, in addition to her own family, two families of orphaned grandchildren, came one morning and stated to Mrs. Bottoms that there were only two of her household who had shoes. She wanted one pair each for them. She went away with fourteen pairs of shoes; others just as needy were supplied.

As there were only a few families in our church who were real needy, we passed on quite a number of the things to the suffering around us—mostly to widows and orphans.

We have tried to write every one who so kindly answered our call for help, but fearing that there are those who might have been overlooked, I write this to express our thanks to you and to re-express our thanks to those to whom we have written.

Yours in his cause,

A. T. BOTTOMS.

Athens, Ala.

EDISON ADMITS TO STATEMENT ABOUT MORROW

Thomas A. Edison has admitted that he recently said Senator Dwight W. Morrow "did not know what he was talking about" when he came out for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The statement was attributed to Edison by Dr. James K. Shields, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in New Jersey, in an address at the Knox Presbyterian church, Kearny, Sunday night, December 7.

Doctor Shields said that during a conversation he had with Edison the inventor said: "Morrow knows nothing about the business and industrial world. He has been cooped up in an office away from the working man, and when he comes out for repeal he doesn't know what he's talking about."

When the Shields' quotation was called to his attention last night, Edison said:

"What Doctor Shields says is substantially correct. Prohibition is eternally correct. If the Eighteenth Amendment is lost, the people will battle for it."—*United Press*.

Losses and crosses are heavy to bear; but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. ALBERTA DAVIS BATSON
Contributing Editor

QUILT EXHIBITION IN MILTON

MRS. G. E. CROSLY

During the past autumn many churches in Wisconsin have held exhibitions of quilts. One such exhibition in Madison was considered so valuable that thousands of dollars of insurance was placed on the exhibit during the day or two that it remained in the church. Another church in a smaller city kept two armed men on guard in the church all night, lest something happen to the quilts while they were on exhibition.

While Milton is only a small village, the women of the Benevolent Society of the Seventh Day Baptist Church have won a wide reputation for their exquisite quilting, and their work has gone out to distant parts of the country. This reputation for beautiful work was established as far back as is the memory of those who have lived longest in the service of this church. The membership of the original Benevolent Society is now very small, but the quilting is as beautiful as ever.

Thinking over these things, it seemed to some of us that we might have a good quilt show in our village, and the matter was brought to the attention of circles two and three. It was decided that with all the women co-operating such an exhibition might be successful, and a joint committee from the two circles was appointed. Mrs. Jessie Noey, president of circle two, was elected chairman and the committee set to work. First a house to house canvass of the village was made, explaining the plan and inviting all who cared to help, to loan quilts, coverlets, shawls, and rugs. Invitations were sent to the women of the churches in Milton Junction, Albion, and Walworth and other personal invitations were extended to people who, we knew, would be interested in the exhibit. Each invitation carried instructions for the owner's name and any personal history of the article that she wished to give to be written

out and sewed to the article before it was delivered to the committee. These directions were, with a very few exceptions, carefully followed and aided greatly in the return of the articles to their rightful owners. In addition to this precaution a committee of two women, famous in our town for their speed and accuracy, in such work—Mrs. H. B. Crandall and Mrs. G. W. Davis—catalogued each article as it was entered, and checked off each article as it was taken out at the close of the exhibition. We were happy to have each article returned to its rightful owner without a single error.

We found people genuinely interested and the response was so generous that when the doors of the church were opened to the public, expressions of delight at the beauty of the display were heard on every hand. Two rooms on the main floor and the dining room in the basement were given over to the display. At the right as one entered the church, serving to separate the display room from the main body of the church, were hung the shawls, beautiful old shawls worn by our grandmothers and great grandmothers: there were Broché, Paisley, and plainer ones, all in a wonderful state of preservation. A walk down this line read like the membership roll of a Seventh Day Baptist "Ladies' Aid" of fifty years ago. Here we saw the names of Mrs. Daniel Babcock, Rev. J. M. Todd, Mrs. J. M. Todd, Mrs. James Bailey, Mrs. L. A. Platts, Mrs. William B. Maxson, Walworth; Mrs. Phoebe Whitford, Brookfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Stillman Burdick and Mrs. Luransa C. Burdick, Milton; Mrs. W. H. Coon, Utica, Wis.; and Mrs. Martha Coon, Albion, Wis. These shawls are now owned by descendants of these women or by family friends. Mrs. A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, has received an invitation from an official of the Art Institute, Chicago, to present to the institute one of the two shawls loaned for this exhibit.

As one turned from this line back to the room a bewildering array of beautiful quilts met the eye. Every available wall space was used and two rows of tables extended the length of the room, and then they overflowed into the adjoining room where wall space and more tables and screens were covered. Even the step ladders used when hanging the quilts were covered with sheets

and draped with quilts. There were two hundred quilts, spreads and old linen sheets displayed in these two rooms. And in addition there were many smaller hand woven pieces. A hand woven bed spread and a tablecloth were found among the interesting pieces of old linens. Here too were pillow slips with initials in cross stitch, baby clothes, even the baby's "best bib and tucker," a quaint little garment loaned by Mrs. C. S. Sayre, Albion. A homespun linen handkerchief, one of a dozen that were in the wedding outfit of Rev. Leman Andruss, was loaned by his namesake, Professor Leman H. Stringer. Here also were two old samplers, and a beautiful piece of needle point from England, while heirlooms from Sweden and a feather quilt from China were not far separated.

It would have been hard indeed to have selected the most beautiful quilt either from the modern ones or from the old ones. In many instances the old and the new seemed to be of the same period. I asked several what quilt they would select if they might have their choice of them all and no two chose the same one.

Of course there is not room here to give names of many owners, but I shall mention a few outstanding quilts. The oldest quilt shown is owned by Miss Miriam West. It is a trundle bed quilt and was pieced in 1787. The one having the largest number of pieces is owned by Mrs. J. B. Davis. It has 13,000 pieces and was pieced by Mrs. Davis when she was a little girl of twelve. When she told me, I said "Poor child." She laughed and admitted that "It was a good deal of work." The one having the next largest number of pieces is owned by Mrs. M. G. Stillman, who confessed that she did not piece it herself. It has only 11,388 pieces. A beautiful quilt containing more than 5,000 pieces was loaned by Mrs. J. D. Clarke, president of circle three. This quilt was pieced by her mother, Mrs. S. F. Lowther, Salem, W. Va., in 1870. We learned that the quilting took thirty days. Mrs. C. M. Sheldon, Albion, exhibited a quilt that was much admired for the weeping willow trees applied on the border. This quilt was made by Mrs. Sheldon's grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Bowler Potter, more than seventy years ago. Mrs. George Crandall, Sr., formerly of Waterford,

Conn., showed a quilt pieced by her mother many years ago. Mrs. Crandall, now past eighty years old, enjoyed visiting the exhibit. Mrs. Crandall may be remembered as the owner of the "Elder Hiscox chair," from whom it was purchased for the Denominational Building.

A large exhibit of hooked, braided, and crocheted rugs was displayed in the dining room of the basement. Most of these were beautiful modern ones, but two hooked rugs in the soft mellow tones of age were shown by Mrs. G. E. Anderson and Mrs. Walter Hudson; both are about one hundred years old. Mrs. Hudson's was made by "Aunt Martha Green," the mother of Honorable P. M. Green who was for many years the president of the Board of Trustees of Milton College.

The homespun woolen blankets and coverlets were hung in the dining room and made a beautiful background for the tea table which was laid in old pewter, sandwich glass and copper luster china, and lighted with candles in antique brass sticks. Mrs. M. G. Stillman, of the original Benevolent Society, and Mrs. A. L. Burdick, of circle three, in Colonial costumes, pouring tea from the old pewter pots, completed the picture.

Back of the table, in an alcove hung with more coverlets, could be seen the old wool cards and wool spinning wheel that might have been used in preparing the wool in some of those coverlets. Who knows? Here too stood a flax wheel such as was used to spin the linen thread used in weaving the linen articles upstairs.

It is not possible here to mention in detail the forty-eight coverlets and blankets included in this exhibit. There were coverlets of blue and white, red and white, red and blue, brown and blue, brown and white, and one in red, white and blue. There were coverlets in large figures and coverlets in small figures; there were blankets of white, and in plaids, some plain and some embroidered, a great variety—forty-eight in all. Here too we seemed to see Seventh Day Baptists of other days. There were names like Elder Daniel Babcock; Dr. John Collins, a friend of Milton Academy; Mrs. N. Wardner, Mrs. Margaret Whitford Maxson, Adams Center, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen Cotton Ennis, Little Genesee, N. Y.; Mrs.

Eunice Ann Ayers, Shiloh, N. J., and—
What shall I say more? For time would fail me to tell of Green, and of Boss, and of Saunders, and of Johnson, of Davis also and Skaggs and of the prophets.

During the afternoon soft music from the church organ under the skillful touch of Mrs. W. E. Rogers penetrated to the exhibit rooms and added to the charm of the occasion.

HELPS FOR FAMILY DEVOTIONS

(Continued from last week)

THOUGHT FOR THE SIXTH DAY— CHRIST GAVE HIMSELF

Christ's life on earth was one of continual giving of himself. The flow of life going out from him brought life more abundant to all with whom he came in contact. When he healed the sick and raised the dead he was giving life. He taught his disciples that the greatest among them should be the servant of all. He taught this by example as well as words. His giving was unlimited; when he was most tired and worn he never failed to have compassion on the multitudes and the suffering individual. He gave them the gifts of love, sympathy, friendship, and self, the gifts that the world needs today, especially those who do not know God. Are we willing to give these to those around us who do not know God?

He gave himself a ransom for many. A ransom is the amount paid to a slave holder so that the slave can be freed. Christ gave his life that we might have a way to be freed from the slavery of sin. Because he gave himself all men are drawn unto him. This sacrifice makes Christianity the greatest of evangelical religions. His death teaches us the terribleness of sin, what God's attitude toward sin is, God's love for us, and the consequences of sin.

Scripture.—Mark 10: 45, "For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Prayer.—May we say with Paul, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." May we understand this great gift of Christ's life to the world. Help us to give as he has given of time and of self. Direct us

in paths of service where the giving of ourselves may accomplish the most. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen. H. S.

THOUGHT FOR THE SEVENTH DAY— GIVING JOYOUSLY AND LIVING HAPPILY

There are so many needs to be met this year that it would seem we are afforded an unusual opportunity to tap the springs of real joyous living. With so many people out of work it is more than likely that in every community there are people who, before the winter is gone, will be face to face with real want, if not hunger and cold. Such needy cases should be sought out and relieved by those who have been more fortunate. Already large numbers of churches are doing just this service. Organized efforts are being set in motion to provide jobs for the unemployed and thus keep the wolf from many a home where there are anxious fathers and mothers. There are opportunities this year for real ministries of love.

Scripture.—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. . . . But lay up for yourself treasures in heaven. . . . For where your treasure is there will your heart be also." Matthew 6: 19-21.

"He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Matthew 10: 39.

"For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Matthew 16: 26.

Prayer.—Our Father, may selfishness and greed be cast out from our hearts and the springs of giving opened at this Christmas time. May we come to know the joy of giving and the happiness of real living. May this contagion spread, until the great reserves in our national wealth and plenty are used unselfishly. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen. E. D. V. H.

THOUGHT FOR THE FIRST DAY—WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY PAST?

As we approach the close of the old year and the beginning of the new, there are two things we can do—we can sit down and work ourselves into a wonderful fit of blues, or we can resolutely face the future and be glad for its clean page and its wonderful opportunities. Paul could have made a wonderful collection of colossal blunders,

growing out of misdirected zeal, or he could have made a fine collection of successes and achievements, but he had the good sense to know these would have been only a burden to him in his race of the Christian life, so he wisely resolved, "forgetting the things which are behind I press on." Whatever our failures and mistakes, or our successes and accomplishments, we best leave them behind us. They are of little value to us except as they teach us to avoid similar errors or lend encouragement to new endeavor. We can not change the record of the old, but the future, only the future, is ours now.

Scripture.—"Not that I have secured it yet, or already reached perfection, but I press on to see if I can capture it, because I have been captured by Jesus Christ. Brothers, I do not consider I have captured it yet, only forgetting what is behind, and straining towards what lies ahead, I am pressing towards the goal for the prize to which God through Jesus Christ calls us upwards." (Goodspeed N. T.)

Prayer.—O God, we are grateful for what the old year has brought to us of friendship, service, and happiness, and we are sorry for its mistakes, its failures, and its work undone. Forgive us and may we have the good sense and high courage to face the future unburdened by the sins of the past. May we "run with patience the race that is before us, looking unto Jesus the author and the finisher of our faith." Amen. E. D. V. H.

THOUGHT FOR THE SECOND DAY—THE WAY TO A HAPPY NEW YEAR

How happy we should be that we have before us a new year with its clean pages, its unspoiled record. Do you remember when you were a child how proud you were with your first new writing book? There at the top was the perfect specimen of writing, and the nice clean pages—how proud and happy you were. Well, we have before us the new year with Christ as our perfect pattern. We have clean pages and so much to inspire us to do our best. We have the Holy Spirit to guide us, friends to cheer us, the warmth and tenderness of those who love us, all the fine Christian idealism coming to us from out the past. We have a wonderful world in which to live with all its

opportunities for love, service, and happiness.

"To leave the old with a burst of song,
To recall the right and forgive the wrong;
To forget the thing that binds you fast
To the vain regrets of the year that's past;
To have the strength to let go your hold
Of the not worth while of the days grown old;

"To dare go forth with a purpose true
To the unknown task of the year that's new;
To help your brother along the road
To do his work and lift his load;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer
Is to have and to give a glad New Year."

Scripture.—Enter not into the path of the wicked and walk not in the way of evil men.

But the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile, depart from evil and do good, seek peace and pursue it.

Prayer.—Our Father, we are glad that in the great school of experience thou art our teacher. Thou art infinitely kind and patient with us, forgiving us when we go astray and ever pointing out to us the way of life. May we follow the pattern thou hast set for us more closely this year and grow in all the graces of our Lord. Amen.

E. D. V. H.

THOUGHT FOR THE THIRD DAY—LOOKING BACK

It is well at the beginning of each year to look back over the year that has passed, noting our mistakes and finding points in which we can improve ourselves. It is not good to dwell unduly upon our failures, but we must recognize our faults in order to correct them. We must first sincerely and truly repent and ask God's forgiveness for our past sins; then in the spirit of humbleness and trust in his power to guide, we may start once more with a clean slate. Of course our sins can not be undone; their effects can not be entirely blotted out; their memory will haunt us forever if we let it; but God is ready to forgive and to treat us as though he had forgotten them. The new year is the time to take inventory of our moral and spiritual lives as well as of our business. We should pray God to forgive the wrong we have done and the good we

have failed to do, and to help us free ourselves from the bad habits we have formed. And before he will "forgive us our debts" God requires that "we forgive our debtors."

Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all thy work undone,
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won!

—Ada Cambridge Cross.

Scripture.—Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—Psalm 51: 1, 9, 10.

Repent ye therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Acts 3: 19.

Prayer.—O God, help us to look back on our failures, not in hopeless despair, but with determination not to make them again. Forgive us, our Father, and give us a new, clean page for the record of the new year. Help us this year to follow more closely our Copy, the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

N. D. M.

THOUGHT FOR THE FOURTH DAY—LOOKING FORWARD

Since God in his infinite patience has forgiven our past failures and given us a clean leaf, let us keep this leaf spotless as long as we can. Let us look forward and plan carefully for each day that it may record only acts worthy of our best selves. Quiet meditation and communion at the beginning of the day will strengthen us for the strain of temptation and discouragement. Temptations may be met in advance. We can determine to do or not to do certain definite things. Psychologists have observed that in the actual presence of temptation we usually do what we have previously determined and expected to do.

The world needs strong, fearless men and women who will stand for right in the face of scorn and ridicule. Then let us prepare to meet the tests of life by building good habits and right attitudes.

God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy.
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking.

Tall-men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

—J. G. Holland.

Scripture.—Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Matthew 5: 11, 12.

Wherefore, leaving the doctrine of the first principles of Christ, let us press on unto perfection. Hebrews 6: 1a.

Prayer.—Our Father, help us to catch a vision of the glorious future when righteousness shall reign over all the earth. Help each one to stand for right and truth and high ideals, that this year the world may be brought a step nearer its goal. In the name of our Helper, Jesus Christ. Amen.

N. D. M.

THOUGHT FOR THE FIFTH DAY—DETERMINATION

ARE YOU GAME?

Oh, it's easy to be a starter, lad,
But are you a sticker, too?
'Tis fun oftentimes to begin a thing,
But harder to see it through.

If you've failed sometimes when you did your best
Don't take it too much to heart;
Just try it again in a different way,
For it depends upon how you start.

And sometimes a failure is best, dear lad,
To keep you from being too sure;
Success which is built on defeat, you know,
Will oftentimes longest endure.

'Tis the sticker who wins in the battle of life,
While the quitter is laid on the shelf;
You are never defeated, remember this,
Until you lose faith in yourself.

Oh, it's easy to be a starter, lad,
But are you a sticker, too?
You may think it is fun to begin a task,
Are you game to see it through?

When Colonel Lindbergh was on his famous flight across the Atlantic, he early found himself in a dense fog and was tempted to turn back; but he said to himself, "Tomorrow I shall be in Paris." The next day he not only achieved his goal but won for himself international success and fame. There are many thousands of brave men and women who have endured and won in the battle of life by being determined. Paul carried through a long life of hardship and suffering. He endured shipwreck, hunger, cold, prisons, beatings, and probably a martyr's death. But he won, and won gloriously.

Scripture.—1 Corinthians 2: 2, For I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

Luke 9: 62, And Jesus said unto him. No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

Prayer.—Our Father, we see in thee a great and steadfast love for mankind. We know that thou art unchanging and sure. We know that what thou hast promised will be given unto us if we do our part. May we with thy help be determined in all we do. Help us to finish all we start and give us strength to accomplish worth while things.

H. S.

THOUGHT FOR THE SIXTH DAY
HONESTY

In making new year resolutions have you resolved to be honest? Great rewards will be reaped if this one resolution is made. Honesty always wins a banner and this banner is always hanging where all men can see it.

There are many things in life which test our honesty. When the conductor on a train passes you, failing to take your ticket, are you honest enough to give it to him? If a store keeper, are you honest enough to sell your goods at a price so as to make you only a fair profit? If in school, are you honest enough to refuse to receive help when a little help would mean that you would not fail in the course? If in a football game, are you honest enough to play fair, when one little unfair play would win the game? Are you always honest enough to be what you are without trying to make people think you are something else?

Our inner life shows in outward expression in spite of what we can do, therefore be honest in your thoughts.

Carlyle says, "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world." We all know what people think of rascals; the prevention is honesty.

Scripture.—2 Corinthians 13: 7, Now I pray to God that ye do no evil; not that we should appear approved, but that ye should do that which is honest, though we be as reprobates.

Prayer.—Our Father, we are all blind until we see that in the human plan nothing is worth the doing if not done honestly. May we do something in our weak way to help the rule of honesty become one of the rules on the hearts of thy people. May we always be farsighted enough to look over what little may be gained for the present by being dishonest, and see the lasting rewards of honesty. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." These things we ask in thy name. Amen.

M. S.

THOUGHT FOR THE SEVENTH DAY—AIM HIGH

What a difference our ideals make anyway. If one is content to aim low, one soon gets abundantly satisfied with himself and therefore ceases to rise to higher ground. Self-complacent, self-satisfied men settle into carelessness and indifference and soon sink to lower levels. The first sign of stagnation in a man's life is the self-satisfied air. Before his conversion Paul was running for a goal which he had set up for himself and he was quite proud of himself. After his conversion, he saw things differently. A new light lit up the scene. He saw the radiant character of Christ rising mountain high and his own righteousness appeared as "filthy rags" in comparison. He immediately sets out for the new goal and says, I can reach it, "in the strength of him who strengthens me."

Scripture.—Therefore let us too, with such a crowd of witnesses about us, throw off every impediment and the entanglement of sin, and run with determination the race for which we are entered, fixing our eyes upon Jesus, our leader and example in faith. Hebrews 12: 2.

Prayer. — O God, stir our minds and hearts with discontent with things as they are. May we not be satisfied with low attainments this year, but may we fix our eyes on Jesus the perfect life. May we renew our strength each day at the fountain of all grace and remember that "as thy days so shall thy strength be." Give to us clear vision, strong hearts, and may the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us that others may be induced to enter the race and win with us the crown of a better life. Amen.

E. D. V. H.

SALEM COLLEGE NOTES

NEW YEAR DINNER

Last year during the Christmas holidays the first mid-year get-together of the Salem College alumni was attempted, with much uncertainty and misgiving felt by those in charge. The results, however, were so far beyond expectations that there could be no question as to such a meeting becoming a regular thing.

The get-together will be held again this year, with another of those great turkey dinners served by that worthy organization, "The College Aid." A thorough survey of the holiday situation was made, and it was found that, taking all things into consideration, the most desirable time to have the dinner was the evening of January 1, 1931.

Ed Davis will again have charge of the athletic event—a basketball game between the alumni and the varsity.

CHARITY FOOTBALL

Salem and Broaddus played to a scoreless tie in a charity game at Clarksburg, Friday, December 5. The game was hotly contested throughout, though Salem displayed more consistent ground gaining. Three members of the Tiger Squad played their last game of football for Salem College. They were Captain Zygmund Sobak, Archie Burkett, and Delbert Swiger.

ANNUAL BREAKFAST

The annual alumni breakfast was held at the Waldo Hotel, Clarksburg, during the meeting of the S. E. A. The attendance was gratifying, there being 132 present. Dean Van Horn addressed the gathering, and Mrs. Bond read a message of greeting from President Bond, who was out of the

state and unable to attend. Splendid music was provided by the music department of the college and three members of the 1930 girls' quartet.

GIFT BOOKS

At the annual breakfast it was suggested that each alumnus send to the college library at least one volume. If this plan is carried out the students will be greatly benefited by the increased facilities of the library. The suggestion has resulted in the addition of sixty-six valuable books to date, with indications that many more are to come.

FORMER PRESIDENT DIES

Dr. Charles B. Clark, president of Salem College during the years 1908-1919, died at his home in Hillsdale, Mich., on October 30. His loss is mourned by many friends throughout the sections of the country where he lived and served. A minute of silence was observed honoring him at the alumni breakfast.

Y. M. AND Y. W. MEETINGS

Phil Elliott, formerly a member of the National Staff of the Student Y. M. C. A. and at present associate pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in New York City, and "Chuck" Douds, sectional Y. M. secretary, are conducting a series of religious meetings on the campus this week. Both are outstanding leaders among students. Mr. Elliott is speaker and leader of the series, and Mr. Douds has charge of the vocational discussions.

THE DEPARTMENT OF THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

OR AS IT IS MORE FREQUENTLY CALLED
"THE SEMINARY"

It is said that the school has no just claim for aid upon the strictly university funds and that this is due to the fact that it has a denominational color. The friends of Alfred have recently achieved great results and, it is hoped, have formed the good habit of giving. Now I think it can not be thought amiss to suggest that the endowment of the seminary be so increased that in future years it can meet reasonably well the calls that shall be made upon it for instruction.

A. E. MAIN, *Dean.*
Alfred, N. Y.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. CLIFFORD A. BEEBE
NADY, ARK.
Contributing Editor

WHAT YOUNG MEN SHOULD BE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 10, 1931

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Interested in Religion (Luke 2: 41-52)
Monday—Reader of the Bible (2 Tim. 3: 14-17)
Tuesday—Clean in life (2 Tim. 2: 22)
Wednesday—Courageous (Dan. 6: 10)
Thursday—Courteous (2 Tim. 2: 24-26)
Friday—Willing to listen (Prov. 4: 1-8)
Sabbath Day—Topic: My idea of what a young man ought to be (Exod. 2: 16-20)

PASTOR VERNEY A. WILSON

My idea of what a young man should be is, perhaps, what most people's ideas are in that respect. A young man should have some business ability, for some day he must shoulder responsibilities, and in most cases he will have to take the responsibilities of a family. A good foundation for these responsibilities is laid by cultivating good business habits. He should not shirk his duties and be a continual loafer, for such practices tend to destroy good business habits, and therefore tend to destroy the foundation, and weaken the finer qualities of young manhood.

But business is not the chief end, in my estimation, of what a young man ought to be. The young man who has business as his chief end will fall far beneath his greatest privileges. Character is by far the greater. No young man should be satisfied with anything short of a good strong character. But there are two kinds of character, both moral and Christian. A moral character should be coveted by all. The young man who has not got a moral character does not stand very high in the estimation of the feminine mind. A man in seeking a life's companion seeks a young woman who is virtuously pure and clean, and in turn she has a right to expect the same qualities in the man whom she chooses to be her life's companion. But with all these qualities and as much desired as they are, a young man has not attained unto the highest until he

has possessed a healthy, active Christian character. This is the crowning point in any young man's life, and when he reaches it in its fullest extent he is just what I think he ought to be.

Athens, Ala.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MISSIONARY WORK IN JAMAICA

(Continued from last week)

DEAR BROTHER BEEBE:

A few weeks before Mrs. Coon and I went over to Lower Buxton. This time Brother Edwards began having early morning prayer meetings and night evangelistic meetings. Sometimes the prayer meetings, which began long before daylight, would have between seventy and eighty people in attendance. The night meetings were also well attended with increasing interest. Upon our arrival there were more than forty people who had professed conversion in these meetings. During our stay ten or twelve more made the start in the Christian life.

I baptized four adult people in the Caribbean Sea at Dry Harbor, twelve miles away, early one morning. Some twelve or fourteen people walked from Lower Buxton during the early hours of the morning in order to witness the administration of the ordinance at seven o'clock. At the water's edge each of the candidates voluntarily offered an earnest, fervent prayer.

Much interest was evidenced in the council for the organization of the church. Brother Edwards was chosen by the church to be their pastor. His father and mother are members of the church. Announcement was made that day that his father will give to the church a deed of the land where the church building stands. The church has a full quota of officers, and expects to move right forward in the name of the Lord. Others there have already begun keeping the Sabbath who expect to unite with the church soon. There is every reason to believe the church will grow.

A week ago last Monday night we were to have our last meeting there before returning home. That afternoon we had a downpour of rain. Then it rained some more; rained nearly all the afternoon. We gave up all thought of having a meeting that night. When it was almost dark, a

man, not of our people, came to where we were staying stating he believed we could have a meeting. Yes, there were about 125 people at the meeting. We had a glorious time. Four more people came forward declaring they were starting the Christian life. It would have done your soul good to have heard the testimonies and prayers thanking God for the great salvation, and that he had sent Brother Edwards among them to teach them the Bible way. The manifestations of their zeal were not of the noisy boisterous kind. But they were strong, earnest, true. All this because God put it into the hearts of our New England young people to help support a native missionary worker in Jamaica. Does it pay? Is not this the kind of work the Lord wants us to be doing?

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

2B Camperdown Road,
Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.,
November 13, 1930.

INTERMEDIATE CORNER

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

HOW TO BRING "GOOD-WILL TO MEN"
IN THE NEW YEAR

Sympathy.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep." An interest in people promotes good will. If we are interested in people's joys and sorrows and have shared them with them it will be hard to harbor hard feelings.

Humility.

"Be of the same mind one toward another." It is when pride makes us feel above our fellows that trouble begins. "Condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits." The greatest wisdom some people have is in their own estimation. The result is far from good will. On the other hand, some of the wisest men, wisest in every respect, are able to be at ease with the commonest people and make them feel at ease. Such will have every one's good will.

Forbearance.

"Recompense to no man evil for evil." "Well, he hit me," is the answer of the boy

who is corrected for fighting. Evil for evil means a fight, and after the fight good will is farther off than ever. This is just as true among older people as among children; just as true in society, business, or international relations as on the school grounds.

Peacemakers.

"If it be possible . . . live peaceably with all men." It takes two to make a quarrel. If you repay a quarrelsome person in his own coin you are promoting *ill will*. If you refuse to quarrel, you are doing your part to promote *good will*. "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Topic for Sabbath Day, January 3, 1931

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Obeying the word (Matt. 7: 24-29)
Monday—The way to success (Josh. 1: 8)
Tuesday—Obey the law (Rom. 13: 1-7)
Wednesday—Obey parents (Eph. 6: 1-3)
Thursday—When to disobey (Acts 5: 17-29)
Friday—Daniel's choice (Dan. 6: 10)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How far should we obey authority? (Luke 2: 40-52. Consecration meeting)

THE REASON FOR AUTHORITY

Knowledge.

Knowledge is a reason for authority. The doctor has a knowledge of sickness and disease as well as the cure, therefore he has authority and we obey his directions and get well. The teacher has knowledge that the pupil desires; he knows how to impart that knowledge, so he has authority over the pupil. Human knowledge is always limited, yet the one with knowledge has authority over the one with less knowledge. God only has perfect knowledge and is therefore the supreme authority.

Experience.

Experience is a reason for authority. Those rich in experience acquire a certain amount of authority along the line of their experience. They are entitled to give advice and direct the actions of the inexperienced. Thus parents have authority over their children, master workmen have authority over the apprentice. The Bible is a record of men's experience with God through revelation and so has Divine authority.

Ownership.

Ownership is a reason for authority. The man who owns a farm can say what shall

be raised, what buildings shall be built, etc. The men who own a factory have the authority to say what shall be made, who shall work and what they shall do. Parents establish the home. Ownership together with knowledge and experience give them authority over the home. The authority of a democratic government is the authority of the combined knowledge, experience, and ownership of the group of citizens.

In spite of human imperfections we recognize the rights of authority derived from knowledge, experience, and ownership, and nothing should cause us to withhold our obedience except it be some higher authority.

Topic for Sabbath Day, January 10, 1931

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—What conscience is (Rom. 2: 13-16)
Monday—Conscience gone wrong (John 16: 1-4)
Tuesday—Weak conscience (1 Cor. 8: 1-13)
Wednesday—Conscious of right doing (2 Cor. 1: 12)
Thursday—Conscience at work (Gen. 42: 21)
Friday—Conscience makes cowards (John 8: 9)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How far can we trust our conscience? (1 Pet. 3: 13-17)

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?

"Conscience is the voice of God in the soul calling, 'Do right, Do right,' but never guaranteeing that the thing we do is right."
—Williams.

God wants us to do right and so gave us conscience to help us. Every normal person, who has not deadened conscience, wants to do right. That seems certain as every one feels pleased when he obeys conscience, and feels ashamed when he does what he feels is wrong. We can always trust a healthy conscience to tell us, "Do right, avoid the wrong," and we can not do what we think is wrong without hurting our conscience. But conscience needs ever to be enlightened. If we are misinformed, conscience will lead us to do wrong. Paul thought he was doing the will of God when he persecuted the Christians. At that time he would have been ashamed of himself if he had not defended the Jewish religion against the Christian. After he was enlightened he felt bad because he had done wrong. I do not believe he felt bad because he obeyed conscience, but because he had not learned the truth sooner, so his conscience would have led him right.

Conscience carries with it a duty as well as a blessing. It is a blessing to have a constant feeling of approval when we do what we think is right, and a constant warning when we do what we think is wrong; but we must know what is right before we can do it, and we must know what is wrong before we can avoid it. That is the reason we need the Bible, the life and teachings of Jesus, and all means of knowing the will of God. They teach us what is *right*, then conscience tells us *to do it*.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

ELISABETH K. AUSTIN

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

One superintendent reports a good plan for keeping up the attendance of the juniors. She writes: "One new plan we are working is when one junior misses more than two meetings, all of the juniors invite that one to come the next Sabbath. One boy walked a mile to see another boy about being at the meeting next time."

I find that a good share of the responsibility of the success of a Junior society can be placed on the shoulders of the juniors themselves. Many times it means more and harder work on the part of the superintendent than to do the work herself, but it pays a great many times more, as a Junior society is the training school for the children and not for the superintendent. Everyone learns by doing.

HE GIVETH MORE

He giveth more grace (James 4: 6). He increaseth strength (Isaiah 40: 29). Mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be multiplied (Jude 2). He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater,

He sendeth more strength when the labors increase;

To added affliction he addeth his mercy.

To multiplied trials, his multiplied peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,

When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,

When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,

Our Father's full giving is only begun.

—Fellowship.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I thought I would write a letter. We have two little calves. One is a Guernsey and the other is part Guernsey.

I like to go to church, Sabbath school, and Junior. In Junior we are having a contest with the intermediates to see who can get \$25 first for the Missionary debt. We already have about \$7.50.

My sister Marion Ruth Maxson is five years old. I am ten, on January the twelfth. I am in the fourth grade at school.

Your friend,

GEORGE STEPHEN MAXSON, JUNIOR.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I like to have mama read the letters in the SABBATH RECORDER.

At Junior we have been learning when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea.

I hope all the boys and girls will have a merry Christmas.

With love,

MARION RUTH MAXSON.

North Loup, Neb.,
December 7, 1930.

DEAR MARION RUTH AND
GEORGE STEPHEN:

I was so glad to get your good letters, and wish you both a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. It is just the right kind of Christmas weather this year, at least in our part of the country—clear and cold and with plenty of nice white snow.

I hope, George Stephen, that you juniors win out in that contest. I wish all juniors and intermediates would have such contests. How happy the Missionary Board would be if \$50 could be added to the missionary contribution of every church in that way.

Don't you love that story, Marion Ruth, about the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem? It should make us so grateful that we would

all try to live good, pure lives, as much like Jesus as possible.

Your sincere friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

Here is a Christmas story that I have thought up. Maybe it won't be worth while to even look at, but I guess I will send it.

Just to let you know why the paper is torn; my brother Stephen just thought he'd be smart and tear it, so he did. He's got a piece in his mouth now.

Your friend,

VIRGINIA SAUNDERS.

Alfred, N. Y.,
December 11, 1930.

HEIDI'S CHRISTMAS

It was two days before Christmas and Heidi and her grandfather were sitting by the fire. Grandfather told Heidi that she had a letter from Miss Rattenmire from Frankfort. Heidi opened it as quick as a wink and this is what it said:

DEAR HEIDI:

I have made up my mind to come to your home for Christmas. Clara is coming, too, and so is her grandma and father. Clara is asleep now and I am going to bed soon and that is the only reason she didn't write to you. We will be there tomorrow night.

Your friend,

MISS RATTEMIRE.

Grandpa had forgotten to give the letter to Heidi before. It had come yesterday. Just as Heidi finished reading it, someone rapped on the door, and there was Clara, grandma, and Clara's father.

Heidi nearly jumped out of her shoes when she saw them come in. They were all so glad that they didn't know how to start out talking, so Heidi said, "When shall we get the Christmas tree?"

Grandma said, "Oh we are going to get it now." Mrs. Rattenmire said she would stay in the house because she was tired. Grandma took a nap and did not wake up until it was time for supper, so Clara's father, Clara, and Heidi and her grandfather went for the tree.

By and by they came to a nice pine tree just right for the house so they cut it down and started toward home. Heidi and Clara slid down on Heidi's sled and got there

before Clara's father and Heidi's grandfather did. When they got there they saw a whole lot of Christmas presents on the table which grandma and Mrs. Rattenmire had put there. There were some nice Christmas decorations, too.

When grandpa and Clara's father got back they put up the Christmas tree, and then they all decorated it. It was now Christmas eve, so the two children went to bed early.

In the morning when they had eaten breakfast, they all went into the dining room and had their presents, and Heidi was a very happy little girl.

Heidi went down the hill to her good friend Peter's house and gave him and all the family many presents.

The next morning Heidi's friends had to go home, but the next year Heidi and her grandfather went to Clara's home for Christmas.

VIRGINIA SAUNDERS.

DEAR VIRGINIA:

Good girl to send such a nice story. Do it often.

Does little Stephen expect to gain knowledge by eating the written page? What a lot of trouble it would save if we could all learn everything that way.

My letter must be short as our page is full to overflowing.

Your sincere friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

FORGIVENESS

That blot! That fearful sin that stained my soul!

It would not be erased nor washed away. I tried to sponge it out, but there it stood More lurid than it clung that fatal day When I had done the deed, and when the thrill Of furious deadly joy had change to pain. O how it burned! and how I loathed myself! And time did not relieve that mortal bane.

I sought relief. They said, "Appease the gods; Go sacrifice; go starve thy body, shrive Thy soul." And still the stain shrank not, but stood

The bolder; nay, it seemed the more to thrive.

Then counseled they, "Pile deeds on high; go build

A temple; feed the poor." But, lo, what joy My alms did bring but emphasized the blot, And still it clung. All pleasure seemed to cloy.

Then then they urged, "Go, learn the better way."

Nor did this help, but only showed how vain And futile was my quest—until I came

Upon a Book, a Book that first brought pain, And taught me how my soul was steeped in sin—

Both things I did and what I failed to do— And left me helpless, hopeless and in woe—

Save that it led, or seemed to lead me through.

When lo, one day it taught that God was love, And then it brought me to a cross where died

A man, the Son of God, who gave his life That I might live; then rose, but when his side

Was pierced in death, a pardon for me won— So said this Book of books. It counseled me To trust God's gracious will, and when I did,

The stain was gone; my guilty soul was free.

—Harry E. Porter in "Presbyterian Advance."

PATHFINDER QUESTIONS ANSWERED

How many millionaires are there in the United States?

It is estimated that there are now more than 40,000 persons in the United States who possess wealth valued at \$1,000,000 or more. Last year 496 persons paid income tax on incomes of \$1,000,000.

What is the largest individual pension paid by the government?

According to the Bureau of Pensions the largest individual pension which is paid by the federal government is \$416.66 2/3 a month, which is \$5,000 a year.

Why are some colleges called normal schools?

"Normal" in this connection is derived from the Latin "norma," meaning a rule or pattern. Normal schools were so called because they were supposed to be model schools whose methods of instruction were worthy of imitation by other schools.

To what mountain system do the Ozarks belong?

The Ozarks are not regarded by geologists as being part of either the Rocky or the Appalachian systems, but as an independent and distinct unit. They lie in southern Missouri, northern Arkansas, and eastern Oklahoma.

OUR PULPIT

THE RESTORATION OF PETER

REV. C. GRANT SCANNELL

Pastor of the church at Dodge Center, Minn.

SERMON FOR SABBATH, JANUARY 10, 1931

(Preached at the association at Nortonville, Kan.)

Text—Mark 16: 6, 7.

ORDER OF WORSHIP

PRELUDE
DOXOLOGY
INVOCATION
RESPONSIVE READING
HYMN
SCRIPTURE
PRAYER
RESPONSE
NOTICES
OFFERTORY
HYMN
SERMON
HYMN
BENEDICTION
POSTLUDE

"And he saith unto them be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here; behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him, as he said unto you."

"And Peter." Out of his great heart of love, Jesus sent this personal message to his erring, heart-broken disciple. He knew the black despair that gripped the heart of Peter and called to him across the gulf of sin and denial, which separated them, that he might again be brought into fellowship with his Lord.

Somehow I have always loved Peter—he was so human. The record of his self-assertion, his impulsiveness, his overweening self-confidence, his mistakes and failures, comes to me across the centuries and strikes

a responsive chord in my heart—yes, I love Peter.

Peter had many opportunities to know Christ—at the transfiguration, where he caught a glimpse of the Eternal Glory; in Gethsemane, where single handed, Christ fought and won our battle against the powers of darkness; in the quiet evenings beside the Sea of Galilee, where the rising moon built a silver path across its bosom, which seemed to Peter to lead out, and out, and out into the infinite, as he listened to the gracious words of counsel and instruction which fell from the lips of the Master he loved. Yes, Peter with all his faults and imperfections loved Jesus. And underneath the surface, he who knows the hearts of men, knew Peter, and as the potter takes a lump of clay and fashions from it a work of art, so Christ took Peter and molded him into a rock. He took Saul of Tarsus and made him into the mighty Paul.

Into the life of Peter must come hours of anguish, days of sorrow and loneliness. He had to have a mighty jolt to break his self conceit. As the fires of the crucible burn out the dross and leave the pure gold, so must the life of Peter be purified and brought into the light of a perfect service for the Master.

We see Peter in another role—that of a doubter. Jesus came to his disciples walking on the water; at first they did not know him; when they did recognize him, Peter, with a desire to do something spectacular, said, "Bid me come to thee on the water," and Jesus said "Come." "When Peter had come down out of the ship, he walked on the water." The wind and the waves were boisterous. He became afraid and started to sink. Then I think Peter sent out the shortest and most earnest prayer of his life, "Lord save me." Jesus reached out and grasped the hand of his disciple, and the elements had no power to destroy Peter, when upheld by the might of the Son of God. Yes, Peter had many opportunities to know Jesus. Now why did Peter sink? *He failed to keep his eyes fixed on Christ.*

Many people today are just like Peter. Perhaps you, my friend, belong in this class. Perhaps you attended a meeting, and met Jesus, who spoke peace to your troubled heart, which was filled with joy. You promised the Savior of men, that you would

always love him and be true. You thought, and everyone thought, that you would sail well over the sea of life and reach the Port of the Redeemed, on the other side.

But just outside the bar things began to happen. The wind and waves grew boisterous. Old companions gathered around. Old sins and temptations rose up and looked you in the face. Old lusts and habits knocked at the citadel of your soul. They were too much for you and you went down, and today you are out in the world again—without hope. Now, why was this? Like Peter you took your eyes off of Christ. When the waves of sin began to engulf, you did not send out the S O S call to the throne of infinite Love, which would have brought—if need be—a legion of angels to your rescue.

Though strong in his protestations of loyalty, when put to the test, Peter miserably failed and denied his Lord again and again. Oh, the pity of it! How the devil, who desired to have Peter for his own, must have chuckled in hellish glee. The heavenly angels must have looked upon the scene with yearning pity, Christ had said to Peter, "I have prayed that thy faith fail not." Between Peter and Satan was the prayer of the Son of God. Then Jesus was led by his captors along the corridor. Peter with the hot words of his denial, still upon his lips and echoing through the vaulted chamber, looked up into the eyes of his Lord. He saw no anger, no reproach—only love and pity in the kindly eyes of Jesus, and the heart of Peter broke. The cock crew, and Peter rushed out into the darkness—alone.

The story of Peter is the story of a man who fell. There are thousands of ways to fall; only one to rise. Only through the Christ can we hope to be lifted up. Only the shoulders of the blessed Jesus are broad enough to bear the burden of our sin.

Fear and shame could not keep Peter from Jesus. He could not go home. He dared not seek the disciples—they were scattered like sheep without a shepherd. All that Wednesday morning he followed the crowd. From a distance he witnessed the scourging of Jesus. He saw the heavy cross crushing him with its weight. He heard the gibes and curses of the mob, as they spit upon and buffeted him. His heart swelled with rage and hatred. Impotent fury against

the foes of Jesus swept over him like a mighty wave.

He felt the drive of the nails as they crushed through the quivering nerves and tissues. He felt the tearing thorns as they bit deep into the tender flesh. He waited through the darkness at midday, hoping and praying for the end of all things. He felt the spear thrust, as the centurion plunged it into the heart of God. He envied John his place near the cross, and watched as they removed the broken and bruised body from the instrument of death and laid it in Joseph's tomb.

Whither now? Shall he seek the disciples? He knew where they must be hiding. No! That upper chamber was no place for him; sin, black and hideous, had erected a wall between himself and his former friends. He must remain an outcast. Blind with grief and not caring where he went, he wandered outside the gates of the city. Perhaps he wandered to Gehenna and may have seen the broken bodies of the crucified thieves—still living, hurled into its depths, to fall upon the rocks below. Thoughts of self destruction, black and terrible, may have surged through the mind of Peter. Why not end it all? Perhaps he may have seen a man rush to the brink of the chasm, tie a rope to a splintered tree on its edge, knot the rope quickly around his neck, and with a curse spring out into space, to plunge into the darkness and gasp out his life upon the jagged rocks below. By the last rays of fading day, Peter may have recognized—Judas. A wave of revulsion and horror may have swept over Peter and he turned and fled into the darkness.

The three days and nights that followed must have been a nightmare to Peter—days of aimless, restless wandering, nights of sleepless remorse. He *must* have companionship. Better the censure and condemnation of the disciples, than the hell of his own thoughts. He flies for the upper chamber and knocks at the door. Some one opens it. Perhaps it was the beloved disciple. Does he say, "We have no use for cowards and traitors here"? No, he does not say that. He reaches out and grasps the hand of Peter and as he draws him into the room, "Come in Simon, we need you badly here."

The disciples and the women are there, and Peter with uncovered head confesses

his sin, and they receive him to their hearts as the temple bell sounds the morning of the Sabbath day. No Sabbath worship or joy for them. Their hopes are dead. On the morrow they will again take up the burden of life, perhaps to meet the jeers of their acquaintances. With subdued voices as the Sabbath day wanes, they converse together. Some of the men doze in troubled slumber. The women sleep not. They gather together their spices; they have a duty to perform. Before the end of the Sabbath, they steal out. Only Peter sees and understands.

The sun is slowly sinking to the horizon and gilding the temple spires with golden light, as the shadows lengthen and change from gray to purple. Olivet in the distance is a blaze of light, and—but listen; what is that sound growing louder and more distinct each moment? It is running feet. Now they are coming up the stairs. Awake brothers! The Jews are upon us. The door flies open, and the women, flushed and breathless, enter the room. They tell an incoherent tale of a vision of angels that had told them that Jesus of Nazareth was *alive*. The tomb was empty.

God of Abraham, can it be true? Peter and John dash out. Quick, to Calvary. They come to the tomb. The Roman guards are no longer there. The stone no longer covers the entrance to the sepulchre. They stop in fear. They look inside; the place is empty. Unbelieving, they return to the upper room. It is a sad tale they have to tell; the body of the one they loved has been stolen away. The night wears on, and the men lay plans to discover where the body has been taken, and to mete out vengeance to those who did this thing.

The morning light is breaking and the men are all astir, for this is the day that will bring stern, quick action. The body must be found. Again the door opens and Mary of Magdala stands in their midst, flushed and beautiful, with the light of joy in her eyes. As the disciples look at her questioningly, she cries out the amazing words, "I have seen him." "I have seen him, and he sends this message: 'Tell my disciples that I will meet them in Galilee, at the place they know of.'" Then turning to Peter she said, "He sent you a special mes-

sage—"TELL Peter," he said." "I have seen him, he is alive! He is alive!"

Peter steals from the room. The tears blind his eyes. He passes through the city gate. Is it to Calvary that he takes his way?

No, it is to Gethsemane. He falls on the ground where Jesus had lain. Oh! if I could only see him. If I could only tell him of my love.

Somebody lifted him up. Who could it be? Who *could* it be but Jesus, and there in the place hallowed by the agony of Christ, with his head pillowed upon the breast of Jesus, encircled by the everlasting arms of love, Peter sobbed out the story of his failures and sorrows, and was received into the heart of the infinite Christ, never to go out again.

It was a different Peter who again sought the upper chamber. "I have seen him; I have seen him, and he is just the same!" Through the company ran the words—"Simon has seen him; he is just the same." Peter's face was subdued and tender as he told the story. "He talked not of my sin. He is the same Jesus we knew."

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." Tell it to the sin sick world. Jesus is just the same. Broadcast it from one end of the earth to the other—he is just the same. The shock of the cross and the intrusion of the Roman spear, left his great heart *just the same*.

Tell it to the sick. Tell it to the outcast, the homeless and friendless. Waft the news to the frozen north, to the Eskimo in his icy igloo; to the steppes of Russia, and the coral strands of India, with its teeming millions; to China, to the islands of the southern seas, where the dusky mother rocks her babe to sleep to the music of the ocean waves, and then with blazing pencil write across the vaulted arches of Heaven, that *all* may see, these words: HE IS ALIVE, AND HE IS JUST THE SAME!

Again in the upper chamber, the disciples are alone, yet—not alone. Peter's face is thoughtful and earnest. He had confessed his sin; he had been forgiven. The day was done. The disciples one by one had departed for their homes, and Peter dreamed. He had yet to learn another lesson before his restoration was complete. He had yet

to publicly confess his Lord. Jesus met him beside the sea and was asked a question, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Peter's answer paved the way to Pentecost. The way to Pentecost, is through Calvary. Peter traveled that way. Through the grave of Jesus lies the path to life.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN

1931 *Calendar Correction*.—In the Seventh Day Baptist Calendar and Directory—1931, certain errors should be noted and proper corrections made. On the April sheet, over "Special Dates," the dates given for the meetings of Woman's, Education, Tract and Memorial boards, are the eighth. They should be the twelfth, which is the second Sunday of the month, and as designated by these various groups as the regular day of meeting. Please make the necessary correction on your calendar. Thank you.

The Unfinished Task.—The secretary "sat in" at a meeting of the Home Missions Congress, in the group discussing the work in the West Indies. Disappointment registered when it was discovered that Jamaica was not being included in the discussion because, belonging to Great Britain, it was not considered within the province of home missions. But the writer was interested to see and listen to natives and other expert workers of Porto Rico, and to learn from them something of the situation and problems of that island, which no doubt are quite similar to those in Jamaica. We learned there were vast communities embracing multitudes of people without churches and to whom the gospel had never yet been preached. In these days much is being said and written about over churching, overlapping, and the need of withdrawing. The effect on us, sometimes, is that we do not need to do as much as we are now doing. But so long as there are conditions as revealed in this congress, and conditions such as are personally known to my readers, the Christian Church has an unfinished task. The Christian Church must stand by. This is true of Seventh Day Baptists.

Quotations.—"A prophet is a man who enjoys much well-earned popularity among his neighbors' great-great-grandchildren."

"Isaiah might have put it this way: 'They shall beat their plowshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears, neither shall they cease to learn war any more, in order that nation may be scared too stiff to lift up sword against nation.'"

"A declaration of war is a verdict of a jury by a bare majority without hearing both sides that a million innocent young men shall be put to death."

"The reason why the Scripture speaks of a certain crowded way as leading to destruction is that those who travel it do not obey the traffic regulations."

"Christians Are Starving Themselves."—The writer has just read testimony of a Christian concerning appreciation of his denominational paper, and his deep set desire that his fellow Christian better understand its value. He declares, "the great bulk of Christians are starving themselves and do not know it." We feel this to be a true observation; the more so, when we notice how the Bible is neglected in Christian homes, and religious literature is so little read. The SABBATH RECORDER contains food for thought, inspiration for soul, and help for all who love the Lord and his Sabbath. None of us, brought up in good Sabbath-keeping homes, can tell how much we owe to the SABBATH RECORDER. The writer does not remember, in more than fifty years, when his father did not have it in his home. After it was fully and carefully read, his mother used to put it on the pantry shelves. Who knows but something read there, as children of the home hunted for the cookie jar, made lasting impression on youthful minds? Any way it was in the home, and *had been read*, mostly aloud. A Seventh Day Baptist instinctively feels at home in the house of a stranger when he sees there the smiling face of the SABBATH RECORDER. Why starve, when there is a feast spread before us each week. Let more of us gladden Editor Gardiner's heart by evidence that we have read the paper—and then send it on to some one else. Why not pay for a subscription, and have it sent to a friend or a stranger? Last year there were 1,519 paid subscriptions. Suppose every one of these who have the RECORDER should pay for another subscription to

(Continued on page 831)

Fundamentalists' Page

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

MIRACLES OF JESUS

XII

THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN—MATTHEW 9: 1-8

The Searcher of hearts, Master of disease, Master of the forces of nature, Master of the unseen world of the spirit! Who could be such, save God only? Yet Jesus' claim to unity with God does not rest upon these alone. Greater evidences are yet to be presented that they "might believe that Jesus is the Son of God" (John 20: 31).

To heal the diseases of the body was a blessed thing to do, a work requiring supernatural power; but that was not thorough work, in that it did not go to the basis of disease. Christ's supreme mission to the world was *to save men from their sins*. Now he is to perform a miracle to demonstrate, or make evident, that "the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sin."

After casting out the demons, Jesus returned to his own city, Capernaum. Mark tells us he was in a house, probably the home of Simon Peter. "They brought to him a man, sick of the palsy, lying on a bed." Both Mark and Luke tell us that the crowd, pressing upon them, was so large that the passage-ways into the house were blocked, and that they went to the housetop (evidently by an outer stairway) and let him down through the roof. Jesus saw and rewarded the faith of the group—he healed the man.

But Jesus saw deeper than the mere physical disease of this man. Whether this man's disease was connected, in some way, with some previous sins of his own bad living, we are not definitely informed. Yet Jesus knew the man was a sinner. He saw the true burden of his afflicted heart which haunted him worse than his sick bed. Reading there his deep need, Jesus spoke the words that not only healed the body but cleansed the soul, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sons are forgiven."

The healing of the sick is one of the most crowded of all services today, and it is one

of the most honored, too. It held a prominent place in the ministry of Jesus. His life was literally crowded with his acts of healing, though all his healings were wrought through the miraculous drafts upon his own personality.

In this case of healing, we see Jesus coming closer to human need, and he is now dealing with the world's greatest tragedy—sin. And it is false to reason, revelation, and experience to seek to eliminate this tragic fact in human life, or to try to water it down. Jesus is now pushing back disease to its fountain head—sin.

It may be impossible to trace all sickness and pain back to its source, and yet, speaking broadly, all sickness and suffering are the results of some one's sins. The innocent, because of our racial unity, often suffer with the guilty. Not infrequently the keenest stroke falls upon those who are guiltless of the wrong doing. The man who was born blind Jesus declared had not committed any sin responsible for his blindness, nor his parents. Yet back somewhere a law had been broken. When Jesus said to the impotent man whom he healed, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee," he declared there was a vital relation between sin and disease. And in the light of Jesus' teachings, we can affirm it was a great thing to heal physical diseases, but that it is a greater, more important thing, to heal the diseases of the soul.

When Jesus said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," the scribes accused him of blasphemy. They said, "This man blasphemeth." Mark and Luke say they asked, "Who can forgive sins, but God alone?" True, they did not ask these questions aloud. They were merely reasoning "within themselves." But the Searcher of hearts understood their secret questionings. They are in the presence of the Omniscient One.

When they heard Jesus pronounce the forgiveness of sins, they rightly asked, "Who can forgive sins, but God alone?" And we repeat the same question for this skeptical age, Who can forgive sins but God? They recognized the Source of forgiveness. They knew that man could not forgive sins. The whole tragedy of their reasoning was due to the fact *they did not recognize who Christ was*—that he was God incarnate in the flesh. In answer to the

question, "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" in their own hearts they had said, "He is Joseph's son." And the modernists are making the same mistake today. In answering that question they too are saying, "He is Joseph's son, or some other man's son." It makes all the difference in the world whether Jesus is God's Son, or Joseph's son.

They had seen Jesus heal the sick, and calm troubled nature, and they had marveled saying, "What manner of man is this?" Other men had claimed to perform miracles of healing, etc., but no man had claimed to forgive sin. So they rightly judged that for *man to claim the prerogative of God* was blasphemy. We have the same kind of reasoning today by men who refuse to accept the miracles which Jesus performed. "No man can do such things"; "They are contrary to natural law." These, and other equally foolish things, they say in reference to Christ's miracles.

A Houdini can produce wonders, but no man can do what Jesus did. So instead of at once admitting Jesus' claim of divine Sonship they reject miracles, declaring them to be myths, or legends, etc. Oh, the paganism of such reasoning! Who made nature, and nature's laws? God. Who can forgive sin? God. Put Jesus in his rightful place and we will have no trouble about miracles.

Jesus reading their thoughts said, "Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For which is easier to say, Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise and walk?" Then as a test of his own divine origin, and to show that he was exercising the prerogatives of God himself, he said, "That ye may know that the Son of man hath power to forgive sins (he saith unto the sick of the palsy) arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house." And the man went away healed, and the people who witnessed it "marveled, and glorified God."

"Wonderful grace of Jesus,
Greater than all my sin;
How shall my tongue describe it,
Where shall its praise begin?
Taking away my burden,
Setting my spirit free;
For the wonderful grace of Jesus reaches me."

NOTICE

In order to make this department as helpful as possible, for a time at least, the editor

will seek to answer all questions bearing upon fundamentalism, or related questions, that are asked in the right spirit and free from personalities. Send your questions direct to the editor of this department, Little Genesee, N. Y.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY MILLION DOLLAR CENTENNIAL FUND COMPLETED

(Resolutions Adopted by the Board of Trustees at Alfred, N. Y., December 20, 1930)

WHEREAS the Trustees of Alfred University adopted in June, 1927, a One Million Dollar Centennial Fund, to be raised and paid by 1936; and

WHEREAS on December 20, 1930, the sum of \$1,013,945.38 has been contributed in gifts and pledges, after a four-months' intensive campaign; therefore

Resolved:

First, that the Trustees of Alfred University by unanimous vote express to the more than three thousand contributors of this million dollars, hearty and grateful thanks for their gifts and for their loyal and generous support of a movement for a greater and a better Alfred.

The citizens of western New York, and the alumni and friends of the college everywhere have rallied to a wholehearted support of Alfred that is marvelous, notwithstanding the financial depression from which the country is suffering. The trustees hereby record their profound sense of gratitude for all these gifts, and pledge to the donors, faithfully to carry out the trust this sacrificial giving has imposed.

Second, that the trustees hereby record and express to the Hancher Organization of Chicago, which has conducted the campaign, very hearty thanks for the able, loyal, forceful, and successful way in which the campaign has been conducted. Vision, faith, courage, and courtesy have characterized this leadership, for which no praise is too high.

Particularly the trustees record their obligations to Dr. J. Wesley Miller, director of the campaign. Tireless, resourceful, wise, and considerate, the trustees have found him to be a campaign leader of rare ability.

(Continued on page 831)

Lone Sabbath Keepers' Page

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

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Just a short letter to let you know I was under the impression that I had written to you quite a while ago, and so was busying myself with other correspondence while waiting for your next letter. And I had an idea that your farm work was keeping you busy, as the harvesting season is now on hand with us, and in your northern climate you must be a month earlier than we usually are.

I have been sick several weeks, and at one time I had little hope of ever getting well and strong enough to do ordinary work about the place any more. But if no back-set upsets me any more, I am on the road to my usual output of work, with one exception; that is, the infirmities of age are causing me to give up one after another of my common daily occupations.

The last one to be dropped is the drawing of water. Owing to the strain on my back and left hand I must depend upon others for the water that is so necessary to cleanliness, comfort, and health.

From childhood washing of clothes has been part of my work, sometimes using a good machine, but mostly my own two hands. One time I suggested to a colored woman who was doing our washing, that she use the machine, as it was a great time saver. But she held up her hands saying, "Dese hands is all the machine I wants." Being paid by the hour, the more hours, the more pay. So as soon as I was able, I stood at the machine again, and she had to seek employment elsewhere.

My writing is interrupted sometimes by pain in my head, but I have to write nearly every day to my deaf son and his wife who live here; and this week my daughter Jessie is with us. Writing to her with a lead pencil on a piece of white paper saved for such use calls for no eyestrain, as I can make my letters as large as I please, not

even using my spectacles. Better still, I can write with my forefinger on her bare arm, in utter darkness, and she can read my writing as easily as in the best of daylight. I taught her this system years ago and we keep it up. It is so convenient. I think the deaf should early learn this method, as well as the blind.

I may not be prompt with my correspondence for a while, as Jessie and I intend to visit my son Henry, whose home is about twenty-three miles from here, on the other side of the Cape Fear River in a good farming section; so I am hoping to find him well supplied with the usual farm products that mean so much to country life and to comfort and health.

To a North Carolinian there is no other land so well suited to his nature, provided he adheres to the rules that we find in the Scripture of truth. North Carolina is far enough north to enjoy the cool breezes that come from its mountains, and far enough south to escape icy fetters that grip the northern states. Yet southern lassitude is unknown to those who are unacquainted with southern sunshine in the heat of summer.

We are far enough east to see the flashes of lightning along our eastern seacoast when stormy weather visits that portion of our state. Many a night have I stood out-of-doors watching those red flashes till the storm seemed to be dying away.

We are far enough west to have access to mineral springs more or less noted for the healing effects of their waters.

While attending school about sixty miles from here, I drank mineral water, because an attack of measles in cold weather had left me in a low state of health. The principal of the school advised me to do this, saying, "I do not want to bury you." I must have looked much worse than I felt.

Imagine a little peaked-faced, blue-eyed girl with a heavy shock of light brown hair and a turned up nose and you will have a good mental picture of the assistant teacher, who had already practiced teaching in common country schools. The principal had agreed to accept my services as assistant teacher in a room containing nineteen girls of ages ranging from eight to twenty years, and he allowed me tuition in seven different studies as compensation. I had to study

my own lessons before school opened in the morning, a short time during the noon recess, and after supper till a late hour. My weight was usually less than a hundred pounds, so I was a little teacher among my well-grown pupils, and they soon learned that I enjoyed their outbursts of laughter when anything amusing transpired, which often did.

A card from Aunt Emily Newton today states that Rev. W. D. Burdick and Mr. Van Horn will arrive in Fayetteville December fifth. We shall be glad to have such preachers with us and I hope their coming will be accompanied with showers of blessing for all sincere seekers after the truth as it is in Jesus.

Lovingly,

YOUR FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.

REPLY FROM THE NORTH

DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter was indeed welcome. For some time I had been wondering what vicissitudes you might be passing through. We have had a bounteous harvest of all kinds of fruits. I rejoice at your prospects for traveling to visit in other homes beside your own, as I know you are in good hands when taking a journey with Jessie. I remember the trip by train I took with you and her. She was a good traveller, especially for a deaf person. Some things escaped my eyes that she was quick to see, thereby saving me from blunders.

It is over a year now since I have ridden on a train, but driving a Ford has given me considerable experience in highway traffic, so far without any mishap. Mine is a low record, compared with most drivers, not over thirty miles from home, for I am still a home body; but during July and August the city sixteen miles away saw me twice a week when I went in with berries.

There is one thing I have observed about personal liberty on city streets, which I wonder if you have thought about.

Autoists possessing all the personal liberties of virile human beings will submit to having these liberties regulated at crossings and corners, by order of the police department. To safeguard the lives of each other,

drivers do not start, pass, stop, and park wherever and whenever they personally choose, but according to the regulations of municipal governments, in co-operation with state and federal laws.

If the personal liberties of those who indulge in wines and "strong waters" (as old timers used to say), will be as fair-minded and as submissive to state regulations as motorists are, we shall have a nation with a record to be a credit to us.

Think of us as having a quiet winter, getting rested from our hard summer's work, reading, writing, and watching the snow come and go.

As ever,

YOUR FRIEND IN THE NORTH.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

(Continued from page 827)

somebody? Our paid circulation would then be 3,038, and instead of a reading public of some 7,500 there would be 15,000 readers. Fine religious welfare work. Besides that, notice that \$3,750 more income from the SABBATH RECORDER would be cut down the deficit every year realized in its publication. Besides, what more or better publicity of the Sabbath could be given than in this way. Such work would be of vast encouragement to the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, and of vital importance to the American Sabbath Tract Society.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY MILLION DOLLAR CENTENNIAL FUND COMPLETED

(Continued from page 829)

The thanks of the trustees are also due the staff of experts who have worked with great efficiency under the leadership of the director.

Third, the trustees desire to express to the press, particularly the press of western New York, sincere thanks for the splendid way in which it has supported this Million Dollar Centennial Fund. Editorially, and through news item, space has been liberally given at all times. No small part of this great achievement has been due to the cordial support which the press has given to the movement.

DEATHS

LOWTHER.—Mansfield Lowther passed away August 27, 1930, at Grangeville, Idaho.

A more extended notice will be found elsewhere in this RECORDER.

NILES.—Archie Grover, son of Lewis and Roxanna Niles, was born in Alfred, N. Y., January 17, 1879, and passed away at the Morris-town Memorial Hospital, November 28, 1930, at the age of 51 years, 10 months, and 11 days. He had been in declining health for about a year, the last few weeks of which had been spent in the hospitals in a vain attempt for recovery.

Mr. Niles was a resident of Plainfield and vicinity for some thirty-three years, of which about thirty-two were spent in the Potter Printing Press Company shops, where he learned the machinist's trade.

He was married August 2, 1902, to Miss Mary K. Kliner in the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist church, by the Rev. George B. Shaw. Besides this life-companion he leaves to mourn his loss two dear children, Donald and Beatrice at home; his father; two brothers, James Niles of 428 Orchard Place, and William J. Niles, Long Beach, California; and one sister, Mrs. George Wooden, Lambertville, N. J., with other relatives and friends.

Mr. Niles was a Seventh Day Baptist by religious belief, a member of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, and also a member of the Machinist's Local 167. He was a retired corporal of Company K, New Jersey National Guards.

Farewell services were conducted from his late home by Rev. H. C. Van Horn of New Market who sought to bring comforting thoughts to the bereaved family from the Psalmist, "So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Burial was made in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield, N. J.
H. C. V. H.

Sabbath School Lesson II.—January 10, 1931

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.—Luke 2.

Golden Text: "Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men." Luke 2: 52.

DAILY READINGS

- January 4—The Birth of Jesus. Luke 2: 1-7.
January 5—The Visit of the Shepherds. Luke 2: 8-20.
January 6—The Presentation at Jerusalem. Luke 2: 22-32.
January 7—The Visit of the Wise Men. Matthew 2: 1-12.
January 8—The Sojourn in Egypt. Matthew 2: 13-23.
January 9—The Boy Jesus. Luke 2: 40-52.
January 10—The Beneficent Rule of Christ. Isaiah 11: 1-9.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

THE SABBATH RECORDER

THEODORE L. GARDINER, D. D., Editor

L. H. NORTH, Business Manager

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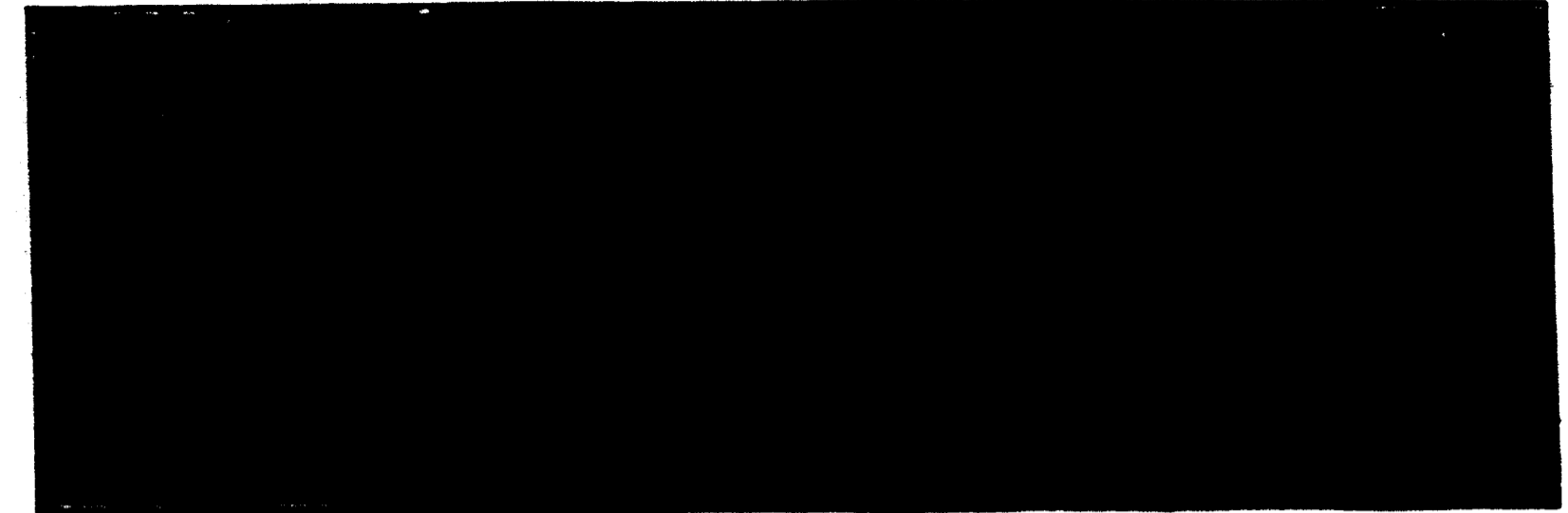
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