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The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 112

APRIL 4, 1932

No. 14

LIGHT

When skies are dark we need the light.
So when the clouds obscure the sun,
When golden day has changed to night,
When quaking terror strikes us dumb,
God, give us light.

When times are hard we need God's Word.
When pressing gloom provokes despair,
When violent threats of war are heard,
And bloody schemes are in the air;
God, keep us right.

—Rev. J. R. Warnick in Presbyterian Advance.

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"THE CHRISTIAN WAY OUT"

The president of Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, presents under the above heading an address which every thinking person ought to read. Without invidious implications we were rather surprised to find it written into the Congressional Record. A condensation of the article with a few quotations is attempted in this editorial. We are impressed with the significance of the title as well as with the force of the doctor's presentation and conclusions.

He bluntly avers that a large proportion of the American people and an even larger representation among public officials show no real appreciation of what has happened to the world or what is going on around them. Such elements "continue to use old phrases, old slogans, and old rallying songs, as if these really meant something," quite oblivious of the fact that they have wholly lost any meaning they might once have had.

"The economic, the social, and the political convulsions which are shaking the whole world are without a parallel in history. It is quite futile to draw curves and to make charts of how earlier depressions and economic crises in the United States have developed and how they have led the way to recovery. This procedure is wholly futile, because conditions are entirely without precedent, and the remedies for these conditions will have to be without precedent as well.

"Two great historic movements happened to reach a climax at about one and the same time, and the effect has been to overturn the world as our fathers knew it. These two movements are, first, competitive and armed nationalism, and second, the industrial revolution which followed hard upon the invention and installation of machinery a century ago. Armed and competitive nationalism went to its natural death in the great World War. If nations insist upon huge armaments under the guise of self-defense, and if they look upon all neighboring nations as envious competitors and potential enemies, war is the natural and almost necessary result."

While wars fought in the past with small armies were not particularly important, it was vastly different in the Great War with

ten million men involved, whole continents subject to ravage and outrage and innocent people fifty miles away sent to their death without knowing what it was all about. With improved aircraft, lethal poisons and gases perfected, another war would be horrible beyond imagination. "Unless the nations . . . keep their word when they solemnly pledged themselves not to resort to war as a national policy, civilization may yet be destroyed . . . in the twinkling of an eye."

The Great War destroyed not only life but wiped out an immense part of the savings of the world accumulated during the past three hundred years. "This is the primary cause of the present economic, social, and political crisis. Men's savings have in large part disappeared, having been burned up in the killing, the pillage, and the appalling expenditure" of the Great War. With these losses also went the trade, the commerce, and the industry of the world.

The Armistice was one in arms only. Mental hostilities did not cease. Political policies and processes were still disrupted.

"The Great War is still going on without the aid of armies and navies. Greedy, envious, and self-centered nationalism is everywhere manifesting itself, and every nation's hand is more or less raised against its neighbor. Hate and fear upon which were based some parts of the war settlement can never serve as foundations for the building of human satisfactions and peace."

With the effects of the war sufficient in themselves to disrupt the world, came industrial revolution with the people quite overlooking "the necessity of augmenting the power to consume in ways that would keep pace with the growth of the power to produce."

"In one sense there is overproduction because there are natural products and manufactured goods that are not sold. On the other hand, there is underconsumption because there are millions of human beings who need these natural products and these manufactured goods

to keep them alive, to cover their nakedness, and to house their families, but who have not the wherewithal with which to acquire them."

These conditions are not local, or national. They are world wide. No nation can solve the problem alone. "The forces at work and the problems which they have created are international, and the ways of dealing with them must be international, too." While time is slipping away and many things becoming worse, we find public officials at home and abroad trying helplessly to find ways and means of helping themselves first. This cannot be done because every problem of importance, practically, of government, of industry, of commerce, of trade, and of finance is international in its every aspect. "Those who would have us mind our own business use words with a meaning that would have us neglect the chief part of that business which is our own." Unlike Cain, we should willingly admit we are our brother's keeper and assume our responsibility.

"Each nation is a moral personality with a mind and heart and soul. Each nation is a member of the great commonwealth of nations, with duties and responsibilities like to those which the individual man has toward his neighbors and fellow citizens. What the world needs is voices and acts of leadership that will point the way, that will rouse men from their lethargy and self-centeredness, that will lead them to see facts as they really are, and to take their part in rebuilding a broken and disordered and a sorely stricken world."

Revealed by the Spade Last week's papers, one day, carried news of certain findings of recent archeological excavations which help to confirm some of the Old Testament history. "Pharaoh in Exodus Days Urged to Stop Israelites" is the heading, in bold type, of one article.

The excavations were made at Tel-el-Amarna, Egypt, and the clay tablets are reported by Sir Charles Marston, a noted Biblical archeologist. The expedition interested in the search of old ruins was headed by Professor John Garstang. The letters contained in these ancient tablets make an appeal to Amenhotep IV, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, who arrogantly answered Moses—"And who is Jehovah that I should hearken unto his voice and let Israel go?" or to his immediate successors. The appeal was for military aid to help stem the invasion of the Israelites entering Palestine. The aid of

soldiers and chariots was implored to defend Palestine against the invading warriors described as "Habiru," who could be identified, according to Sir Charles, as Hebrews. The baron holds that according to recent research the dates which the letters bear coincide with the period of the Israelite conquest of Palestine.

Once again the spade helps to establish the integrity and authenticity of God's Word.

Tel-el-Amarna, we find in a modern encyclopedia, is the modern name of a mass of ruins of a city that was once the capital of Egypt in the time of the Pharaoh above mentioned. Tablets now known as "Tel-el-Amarna tablets" were unearthed here in 1887-88. They are inscribed with cuneiform characters and contain diplomatic correspondence between Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia. They furnish important facts of Asiatic history between 1400 and 1370 B. C. There were 320 of the tablets.

Pioneering in 1932 American frontiers have been pushed back. The days of adventure on the borders are past. Building up the waste places of wilderness and vast prairies is largely a matter of history, and is not to be repeated. The picturesque in past frontier life may scarcely be duplicated today.

That this is so may be a matter of regret to many sentimentalists and adventurers. But that there are frontiers in many phases of life and adventures demanding the highest type of courageous manhood and womanhood is apparent to anyone who will look upon the realms of science, economics, religion, and politics. The imagination of youth must be enlisted in these open and promising frontiers. Read this extract of a stirring message from a son of the late Thomas Edison, Charles, to his employees:

"1932 is a year of challenge and opportunity. But what are you going to get out of it? If you are made of sterner stuff; if this vanished prosperity, which has caused so much weeping, has not made flabby your muscles and your character; if you will substitute self-reliance and individualism for your belief in Santa Claus, and, like the pioneers who forged our nation, turn your backs on the smug comforts of security, you, like them, will build new empires in every realm of thought and action. 1932 is a year of opportunity for you! It is a

year of tremendous forces in action! New leaders will be bred. You need not only just *save yourself—you can build.*"

These are not only strong words, they are sensible as well. Not only are they true of the situation considered but in fields already mentioned: realms of religion, political and civic righteousness. The outstanding development of pioneer life was resourcefulness in which America has been especially rich. Well may we all be warned against the leveling, mechanistic processes of a mechanical age. Well will it be for America if her sons and daughters dare to lay hold of some of the stern problems of their day and prove themselves pioneers, as real and unafraid as the fathers in a century more primitive. Successful pioneering demands the sternest qualities and the hardest character of a country's citizenship.

Still Lost The Lindbergh baby is still missing. Conflicting daily reports, eagerly watched by millions of people, alternately raise hopes and as quickly dash them down.

There are so many distressing things about the case. Hearts beat in sympathy with the parents. Many are led to feel—why so much distress over *this* child? Hundreds of parents just as worthy, perhaps, have met like tragic experience and little was said. We are glad, however, that much is being said. Let public attention be focalized until the concentrated heat of indignation sets fire to people's will and determination to end kidnaping and other forms of lawlessness. The event is thrusting a challenge upon the attention of the world that must be heeded. One evening journal well says, "It may bring definite rebellion against the ruthless rule of crime that seems so secure in its insolent defiance of puny and futile protest. It may serve as a jolt to awaken us from temporizing lethargy." Must we conclude that crime is winning, which has been so strongly recruiting its forces during the past decade?

It is depressing to think it has become necessary to call in the underworld for assistance; to bow to crime to secure justice. We pray to God and depend upon criminals and racketeers to secure our ends. We support the government and pay tribute to crime. What is the end? It is tragic.

Another matter distresses us. It is human to be wrought up over the loss of a child. We ought to be, and we would be inhuman and criminally unsympathetic if we were not. Millions are interested in this kidnaping case and would do anything within their power to help. But, there are millions of children—old and young—who are *lost*—in sin—away in the "far country," away from God, and no man cares for their souls. No one gets heated up trying to solve the mystery of their lost condition. Why not? Perhaps they think it does not matter much. They are not far away—not very much lost. But ruin and death are their portion if they are not reclaimed. What rejoicing will be in the Lindbergh home and throughout the country when the baby is restored. Likewise, there is joy in heaven, we are told, over the restoration of a sinner that repenteth.

In the Shop Men speak of a machine age. They mean an age or time when the larger part of the world's work is accomplished by machinery. What once was done laboriously and at great cost of time and strength by hand is now much more expeditiously and cheaply done by machinery. In fact machines are made to do, now, what never has been done by hand, and perhaps could not be.

We have some very remarkable machines here in the RECORDER Press shop—machines that set lines of type faster than formerly words could be set up by hand. Sometime we want them to tell the story.

It's a far cry from the hand presses of a hundred fifty years ago to the Miehles and Gordons and Kelleys in our shop today. Let their operators on our floor tell you about them. Mr. Herman Liesch tells us about the "Miehle":

The Miehle cylinder press, called "Miehle Unit," has fourteen iron and composition rollers which distribute ink between fountain and form. Sheets travel about fifteen feet from Dexter suction pile feeder, through press to automatic extension delivery.

Size of stock can be 11 by 17 to 26 by 41. "Recorder" is 26 by 38—printed in two forms of 16 pages each. After sheets are printed they pass over gas flame which "sets" ink, quickens drying, and prevents smearing and offset. The press operates at speeds from 1,000 to 2,200 sheets per hour.

And here is Mr. H. J. Bridgens' story: All the small job printing in our plant is

printed on Gordon platen presses equipped with Miller automatic feeders.

These automatic feeders work as if some unseen supreme power were directing their mechanical actions. The paper is fed into the press by vacuum suction, which is created by an air pump under the press, one sheet at a time. After this sheet is printed it is picked up by two pick-ups and dropped into a neatly arranged pile on top of the feeder. This machine may be operated up to a speed of 2,600 sheets per hour, according to thickness and size of paper to be fed.

When one sees this machine running, he begins to realize that this is a machine age and he wonders what next man will make.

These are short stories, yet what possibilities they cover. The SABBATH RECORDER, week by week, comes from the Miehle. All sorts of the fine larger work in the shop are "pressed" here. Our RECORDER readers are invited to visit the Seventh Day Baptist Building and the shop. We want you to come and see the beautiful work that is being done here. Samples are shown in the exhibition case in the main lobby, and our genial manager will be glad to show you other samples. You will find interested and courteous workmen in the back shop, ever ready and pleased to explain and demonstrate the machines dedicated to your work in the Lord's kingdom.

Items of Interest The Rev. Leland Foster Wood, Ph. D., professor of Christian Sociology in the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, has been called to the secretaryship of the Committee on Marriage and the Home, of the Federal Council of Churches, and has accepted the position, to take effect after the close of the present academic year.

All the members of the Federal Council's Committee on Marriage and the Home are highly gratified over Professor Wood's acceptance of the new post and look forward to a noteworthy leadership from him. He is a Baptist minister, ordained in 1911. He was a missionary to the Belgian Congo, 1911-20, and brings to all his work a true missionary spirit. He was professor of Religious Education at Bucknell, 1923-25, and is still educational in his approach to all his work. In 1925, he came to Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. His doctor's thesis was a study of African family life. Still in his forties, he has come to hold an important place, not only in the Baptist denomination, but in interdenominational cir-

cles as well, as a mature student of the relation of the Christian gospel to social life. He was chairman for 1930-31 of the Church Conference of Social Work. Churches are being asked to enlarge their activities as centers of organized friendship for youth. On the basis of this social life, it is advised that young people be given counsel in the selection of their life mates, and educational assistance in preparation for marriage and home-making. Pastors are being asked to set up definite safeguards around the marriages they perform and to prepare themselves for consultation service in problems of personal and family adjustment. Study courses are in preparation.

A recent number of the Plainfield *Courier-News* carries information of North Plainfield's (N. J.) plan to help the unemployment situation within its borders. A garden opportunity is being furnished to those who will to provide vegetables for their tables. A tract of thirty acres of land lying within the city's precincts and belonging to George Babcock of Plainfield will be plowed, fertilized, and laid off into plots of fifty by one hundred feet. The soil is rich and fertile. Mr. Babcock generously gives the use of the land, while the city prepares it and furnishes seed and fertilizer. The wisdom of the movement is to be approved as well as the generosity of owner and municipality commended.

THE CHURCH IN RURAL LIFE

The Country Church and Our Generation, by Edwin E. Sundt, New York, Fleming H. Revell Company, 1932.—\$1.50.

This is a discussion of the present rural situation and the relation of the Church to it. Mr. Sundt gives current data in regard to the increase of communications, the improvements in transportation, developments in education, the coming of the machine age, and to the land, the movements for economic co-operation. But, he says emphatically, the "new day" of the machine age presents a real challenge to those concerned about social and spiritual values. The Church faces a task in rural life perhaps more difficult than ever.

If the churches would minister adequately to the new rural life, they must become

fellowships in Christian worship, service, and education, and in efforts to build a Christian world. They have the responsibility to create more appreciation of the values of rural life. They must learn to cooperate with one another. They must have more trained leaders. They must proceed to organize their life and work more intelligently.

Mr. Sundt, after a long experience in the pastorate, has for several years been director of town and country work of the American Baptist Home Mission Society.—*From Federal Council Information Service.*

WET PLANKS OR DRY?

In both Republican and Democratic parties wet leaders are vociferously demanding wet planks in party platforms? They claim that only through a declaration in favor of repeal can party success be won. Some wets seek to camouflage the issue by using the popular term "referendum" instead of repeal, but the only object is resubmission for the purpose of repeal.

Wet planks will be fought to a finish by the National Prohibition Board of Strategy, representing the united dry forces of the country. The objective of the board is to secure prohibition enforcement planks in the platforms of both dominant parties and the nomination and election of candidates committed to prohibition enforcement.

The Board of Strategy warns party leaders that millions of dries over the country, who believe in prohibition as the right policy of government and insist that it be given a fair chance, will refuse to support their party if it allows itself to be misled by wet sophistry into adopting a wet plank or nominating wet candidates.

The "stay-at-home" voter is an indirect ally of the wets, for the wets stand the best chance to win in any election where only fifty per cent, or less, of the qualified voters participate. Men and women voters favorable to prohibition enforcement are urged to fulfill all requirements for voting—registration, payment of poll tax, etc.—in ample time for the primaries, and to see to it that every dry vote is cast this year, first for dry delegates to the party convention, in the primaries and in the general election.

The fate of national prohibition in this and the next generation may depend upon

the outcome of the election this year. Dries get busy.—*From the National Prohibition Board of Strategy.*

"BOY SOLD AT AUCTION"

A boy was put on the auction block and sold to the highest bidder at an unusual service in Trinity Union Methodist Episcopal church, Providence, R. I.

A business man, a gangster, a school teacher, a salesman, a bootlegger, a doctor, and a minister—each in turn, told what he would give for the boy's life.

Judge Russell W. Richmond, an auctioneer in real life, wielded the gavel and asked: "How much am I offered for this sound boy, without a flaw or a blemish. What do I hear bid . . . are you all done? . . . once . . . are you all done? . . . twice—sold to . . ."

Charles Lockwood was the boy up-raised on the auction block and in the glare of a spotlight. It was a dramatic presentation of what various lines of endeavor hold out for youth.—*From the Baptist.*

HYMNS AND GOSPEL SONGS

No. II

BY REV. S. DUANE OGDEN

Authorities and students of hymnody as well as most of the specialists in religious music and most song leaders recognize the fact that gospel songs and hymns are distinctly different. But many people and, unfortunately, many ministers and others who lead religious services apparently do not recognize this distinction. If they do vaguely realize that there are the two general classes of religious songs for congregational singing, they are unaware of the real distinguishing characteristics.

Some even prefer to be indiscriminating by choice. These people see no distinction or choice between literature of cheap or of good quality. They are uninterested in choosing the best in art or in music. Anything that makes an appeal is acceptable. But to people who are discriminating such carelessness seems unintelligent and even disastrous.

As is frequently the case, many who are discriminating in other things are strangely indiscriminating in things pertaining to religion. It seems to me that we can hardly

afford not to distinguish between the appropriate and the inappropriate in things religious, certainly, if we consider religion of importance in life.

It is both desirable and possible to distinguish between hymns and gospel songs for the differences are many and usually more or less well marked.

It ought not to be overlooked that not a few people do differentiate between gospel songs in a way entirely satisfactory to themselves, but in a way which is most revealing of their lack of thoughtfulness or good judgment and quite unfortunate for their influence on others. I refer to the unhappy notion that the difference between a hymn and a gospel song is that the one is dull, slow, doleful, and unattractive while the other is bright, lively, tuneful, and pleasant. This distinction is untrue and misleading. By no means all gospel songs are bright or lively or pleasant. Some of them picture anything but a pleasant scene, as for example the very well known "Rescue the Perishing." Some of them are not particularly bright and lively tunes, as "Just As I Am." These two familiar songs are cited not because they are not good or usable, for they are. They are not rare examples but are representative gospel songs and they illustrate the inaccuracy of the false distinction that represents gospel songs as contrasted with hymns in liveliness of tune or pleasantness of sentiment.

Likewise, to class all hymns as slow or doleful is simply untrue. For example: "Ancient of Days," "Angel Voices, Ever Singing," or even "Come Thou Almighty King," are hardly slow or doleful. Or to suppose that hymns as a class are dull and unattractive or even heavy is equally absurd and ignorant. To cite but a few that are *anything but unattractive* one thinks at once of: "Joy to the World," "Day Is Dying in the West," "Awake My Soul," "We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps," "O Worship the King," "For the Beauty of the Earth," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "Angels from the Realm of Glory," "O God the Rock of Ages," and "Rejoice Ye Pure in Heart." But why extend the list?

Some gospel songs are slow and some are not, some gospel songs are pleasant and attractive, some are less so. The same is true

of hymns. This differentiation, then, is not a true one.

There are, however, a number of respects in which hymns and gospel songs are different. Anyone who is thoughtful and who wishes may readily distinguish the one class of songs from the other by studying them in regard to eight points of contrast.

1. Gospel songs and hymns differ in the purpose for which they were written. The former are intended for evangelistic purposes; that is, they have been written for the purpose of winning men to discipleship to Christ. Hymns are intended for the use of Christians in orderly and solemn worship. Gospel songs are meant to be used in one type of service, the informal, revival type, while hymns are for the use of worshipping congregations of Christians whose immediate concern is not the appeal to start the Christian life, but to continue steadfastly in it.

2. This leads us to the second distinction. In a gospel song the concern of the writer and those who employ the song is the reconciliation of others to God. Hence it could be compared to an exhortation to others, or an invitation extended. In hymns, however, the writer and the singer are concerned not primarily about the relation of others to God but rather the attention is directed toward one's own condition of heart and one's own relation to God. Thus the hymn is like a prayer instead of an exhortation, as the gospel song. Indeed many hymns are pure prayers directed to God, possibly a majority are such. Good examples are: "Break Thou the Bread of Life," "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Savior Breathe an Evening Blessing."

3. The gospel song differs from the hymn in its emphasis. True to its purpose, the gospel song emphasizes the beginning of the Christian life. The hymn, on the other hand, emphasizes the cultivation and growth of the Christian life. This is a clear differentiation and is usually apparent at once. For example, compare the emphasis in the typical gospel song, "Almost Persuaded," with the hymn, "O Master Let Me Walk With Thee."

4. The gospel song is usually timely, whereas the hymn is more timeless. That is, the former fits a given situation or serves its generation more or less admirably but

dies and is forgotten, being supplanted by other songs more timely in other situations. Few gospel songs survive the generation for which they are intended. One in a hundred may live. The others are forgotten.

Hymns, on the other hand, like enduring literature, live on through the ages. They represent the perpetual aspirations and meet the age-long needs of men and they express these sentiments in undying form. The "Gloria Patri" has been used for over fifteen hundred years. Anatolius' "The Day is Past and Over," written in the seventh or eighth century, is still one of the best evening hymns of the Church and is widely sung today. Bernard of Cluny's hymn (translated by John Mason Neale), "Jerusalem the Golden," dates to the middle of the twelfth century. "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," by Bernard of Clairvaux, who lived also in the twelfth century, is a favorite of many Christians in the twentieth century. Then, to name but two other ancient hymns that survive, there is the Crusader's hymn, "Fairest Lord Jesus," and Bernard of Clairvaux's "Jesus Thou Joy of Loving Hearts."

The reason more hymns do not survive from early date is that few were written until the period of the Protestant Reformation. The hymns of that period are sung in such numbers that it is unnecessary to list them here. Hymns by Luther, Isaac Watts, and Addison (to say nothing of the long list of later hymn writers) are as virile today as ever, apparently.

This quality of timelessness is a distinguishing characteristic of hymns.

5. The appeal of gospel songs is usually limited to certain groups or types, whereas hymns generally make a more universal appeal. It is often observed that hymns make little appeal to certain types of people who use gospel songs exclusively. The degree of culture determines this to some extent. Whether or not they have had profound or mature Christian experience and the degree of intelligence inevitably also limit appreciation. But the chief reason certain groups of Christians in America prefer gospel songs to hymns is due to the fact that they have never cultivated a taste for any kind of religious music but the more popular gospel song. This in turn is due to the limited emphasis in many groups where re-

vival religion is the only kind. Large numbers of people have been led to suppose that the experience of conversion and beginning the Christian life is all there is to religious experience, because that is all they have heard preached and sung, and about all they have observed or experienced. For such people, religion is a succession of starts and stops, of "coming forward" and "back sliding" over and over. Of course the gospel song and not the hymn fits this type of experience. But most gospel songs are likely to appeal strongly only to such types of people.

Hymns, while not appealing to certain groups, do make their appeal to larger numbers and to those of every class, group, and age. Their appeal is more universal.

6. Gospel songs and hymns differ in the thought content. As a whole the gospel songs are inclined to be excessively sentimental, the ideas or conceptions are often vague, and the expression is apt to be loose and careless. Ponder the thought content of this refrain from a popular gospel song, "I'll shout and sing for Christ my King 'till the whole world knows." As if the world will be greatly influenced by such supposed evangelization! Again the message of a gospel song is often trivial as in the old favorite "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." Many secular popular songs have as worth while sentiments and are as religious as this song. Other gospel songs are extravagant in their thought content. For example examine the words of the song, "My Heart Keeps Right."

Hymns, in contrast, have more genuine and less extravagant thought content. The expression is more careful, more intelligent, and better balanced. The thought is more precisely expressed. A comparison of the thought content of such a hymn as "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," with even the best gospel songs will bring out this contrast.

The religious experience reflected by the gospel song writers is apt to be extreme, peculiar, exotic, and even abnormal. It is frequently excessively emotional, sometimes to the point of being revolting.

The experience portrayed in the hymns, however, is normal and more typical of all Christians. The conceptions are sane and moderate, as a rule. Genuine deep feeling

is often revealed in hymns but not sentimentalism. How the hymn, "We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps," stirs our hearts! Yet how sane and normal is the experience reflected!

7. The literary quality of the verse of hymns is on the whole quite superior to that of the gospel songs. There are exceptions but they are rare. The verse of many hymns is true poetry, though not always. (The distinguishing characteristic of poetry is that it employs figure to represent thought. Verse may have rhyme, rhythm, meter, and beauty of thought, without being true poetry. Language devoid of figures of speech is prosaic.)

The verse of most gospel songs is of poor literary quality, as most students of literature agree. Many times the words are pure doggerel. In the great majority of cases the thought contained is didactic or dogmatic, often crudely so. It must be said that occasionally this is also true of hymns, though not typically. Much of the best hymn verse is good poetry. A good example is Whittier's "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind."

8. Those best qualified to speak are agreed that the tunes and harmonies of the hymns are superior to those of the gospel songs. Again there are exceptions, sometimes notable ones. Of course the music of either hymns or gospel songs is of uneven quality and attractiveness. Taking the general run of gospel songs, the tunes are inferior in quality to the hymn tunes. The former may be more catchy but they do not wear well and they are easily discerned to be cheaper or coarser.

The gospel songs may be compared to popular secular songs (many gospel songs are plain religious jazz) while the hymns may be compared to semi-popular and classical music. Some of the composers of hymn tunes are Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Gottschalk, Beethoven, Bach, and Schumann. Also many less noted composers have written no less worthy hymn tunes.

COUNT NICOLAUS LUDWIG ZINZENDORF

BY DEAN ARTHUR E. MAIN

He was born in Saxony, A. D. 1700 and is known as a German nobleman of piety and wealth. He was the friend and pro-

tor of those who were persecuted on account of their religion. He reorganized, broadened, and sought to guide the Bohemian and Moravian Protestant movements which had their center in the German village of Herrnhut on Zinzendorf's estate. He did not wish to start a new religious sect but sought to establish a union of all the followers of Christ within the bounds of the various confessions. He claimed to be loyal to the fundamental principles of Lutherism.

He is said to have lived in Germany, Holland, England, Island of St. Thomas, Pennsylvania, again in England and Germany, everywhere preaching the gospel.

He was pastor of a Lutheran Church in Philadelphia. Germantown and Bethlehem were centers of his missionary activities which also spread to the North American Indians.

His sentence of banishment from Saxony having been removed in 1749, he returned to Herrnhut, where he died in 1760.

It is said that he wrote about two thousand hymns, a number of which are in English translations of John Wesley and others.

And now we come to a matter of very special interest to us as Seventh Day Baptists. Deacon Herman Pieters of Alfred, N. Y., is the fortunate owner of a book in the Dutch language, that is, the language of Holland—a book of great interest and value that gives an account of the life and labors of Count Zinzendorf. At least three times in this book he is spoken of as a Sabbath keeper. With this agrees an article in "The Advent and Sabbath Review Herald" of December 17, 1931. This article refers to a new book by R. Ruhling entitled, "For the Sake of the Faith."

In this book are quotations from early writers concerning Sabbath keepers in Bohemia and Moravia. All this goes to show that the Sabbath truth, like a living stream, flowed on through the ages from the days of Christ until our own day. Sometimes this stream is well nigh out of sight but again and again it comes to the surface. This fact is also illustrated in Buchanan's "Researches in Asia" of about one hundred years ago. He writes of people whose general character is that of wealthy, industrious, and enterprising citizens who observe Christian worship on the seventh day.

MISSIONS

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

PROPAGATING A RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT OR A RELIGION OF FORMS

Professor Vedder in speaking of Francis of Assisi says, "It was the life of the spirit upon which Francis entered after his conversion, not a religion of forms. It was the immediate grace of Christ that he had experienced, nor did he ever feel the need of any other intermediary between himself and God. No saint was permitted to usurp in his heart the throne sacred to the Son of God. 'Jesus,' not 'Mary,' was the name ever on his lips in prayer."

There is a vast difference between a life of the spirit and a religion of forms, and there is no place where it is more necessary to distinguish between the two than in mission work.

One of the marked differences between the mission work by Protestants and that by Catholics is that Catholics have emphasized a religion of forms, and Protestants have insisted that religion was a life in the spirit brought into existence by personal and immediate fellowship with the living Christ. To be sure there have been marked instances where Catholics have emphasized the spiritual side of religion, and there have been instances where Protestants acted upon the idea that religion was largely a matter of forms. Perhaps there has been a tendency among Protestants to drift to formality till their religion was little more than the observance of forms. The Apostle Paul in 2 Timothy 3: 5 predicts that this will come. After describing the people who belong to this class, he sums up by saying of them, "Having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away." Through the centuries one of the most subtle temptations in the Church has been to substitute forms for the life of the spirit. The temptation is still present.

Life in the spirit, or true religion, is not a formal affair that can be seen. It is an experience. No amount of religious instruction can make one a Christian. To

become a Christian is an experience in which the soul yields itself in complete abandon to Christ.

It is a continuous experience. Instruction is good if it be of the right kind; it is necessary, but it is not enough. It is the privilege of every individual to experience a personal fellowship with Christ through communion and submission to him and to live in its glow through the vicissitudes of life.

TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

The work of the missionary, Xavier, in India and Japan in the sixteenth century, is a good illustration of the futility of a religion of forms. Writing of his methods, he tells us that he had the heathen memorize the Confession of the Holy Trinity, the Lord's Prayer, the Angelic Salutation, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments. When they had learned these, he told them they were Christians if they believed them, and he baptized all who professed belief in these statements. "A whole village in a single day" was baptized by him. What was the result of all this? When he left the work, it vanished. There was no life in it. It was a religion of creeds and forms.

How different on the day of Pentecost! How different through the years to come with the apostles and their successors. What took place is finely described by a recent editorial in the *Baptist* as follows:

The early church was founded upon a transforming experience, which itself rested on the resurrection. They had a sense of the presence and power of the risen Christ. It was the enthusiasm and passion in the hearts of the disciples, born of that experience, that moved the multitudes. The first Christians had no New Testament, no written creed, no church—just an experience. But it was a reproducible experience. A little group of men and women thoroughly believing in the resurrection, all trusting in a risen and reigning Christ and conscious of his presence, were able to communicate that experience to others, and these to still others, and so the impulse was set in motion that will yet transform the world.

Forms, creeds, and instruction therein have their place in missions and evangelism, but they are not the most important things. The item of paramount importance for which we should strive is life in the spirit, a new experience in the soul never to be forgotten, transforming the personal life and

all human institutions through the transformation of the individual. Human society is redeemed in proportion as its members are redeemed. This is God's plan of work through the ages. This is the work of missions and evangelism—the work of the Church of the Son of God. This is the most glorious, important, and sacred work ever committed to men.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTHWEST

[In a recent letter from General Missionary Ellis R. Lewis are to be found the following items of interest regarding the work in the southwest.]

So many discouraging things are continually coming up to keep on "blue," it is a very real pleasure to report in a more happy strain.

Have kept very busy since the last report, with good general interest in all parts of the field visited. You will be interested to learn that eight have asked for membership in our churches—four by baptism, and four by testimony. Three others professed a saving faith, one a mechanic who drove two hundred miles over the weekend to tell me of his experience. He could have written, but said "I just wanted to see you and tell you about it." I believe God gives us these experiences for our comfort and encouragement.

Local conditions are more favorable than for some time past, and interest in the local work remains good.

REV. AND MRS. G. D. HARGIS BEGIN THEIR WORK IN JAMAICA

*Rev. W. L. Burdick,
Ashaway, R. I.*

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

After a few weeks in Jamaica, we are now ready to send a letter for the RECORDER, so that we may in this way touch friends all over the States, let them know of our appreciation of all they have done for us, and interest them in the great work to be done in this beautiful island of Jamaica.

Arriving safely on the nineteenth of February, after three weeks of travel via Panama Canal (stopping over in Cristobal, C. Z., for one week), touching three South American ports which were of great interest to us, and experiencing a very rough sea for three days, we have every reason to be

thankful to God and grateful to our friends for their prayers in our behalf.

Our welcome here was generous and sincere on the part of all our people throughout the island. Special services were held in which we were honored and made to feel "at home," and real talent was shown in the programs that were given. The church was beautifully decorated, and with the radiant faces of friends present, the occasion was one long to be remembered. Our only regret was that our American friends could not be present to see the manifestation of the Spirit and good will of the people, which cannot be conveyed to you in words.

We spent five days at a small hotel on East Street (owned by friends of the Coons) while getting acquainted with the city and finding a suitable location for living. We decided to take a house in the northeast section of the city, near the mountains, and at a much higher elevation than the downtown district. The house is reasonably comfortable, in pleasant surroundings, and enough lawn space for the boys to play. The house has five rooms (or apartments, they call them here) and bath, and a long porch connecting the house with the servants' quarters. There is also a nice porch across the front and one side of the house. The custom here is to call all porches "verandas." We have named the place "The House of Many Keys," as we have eighteen keys to check each night before retiring. It may be of interest to know that sixteen of these keys are of huge proportions and fully five inches in length, and if on a single ring would put to shame any gatekeeper's equipment in the U. S. A. (We are still wondering, if by any chance, this ring might be an Austin tire rim, the Austin being the popular "road bug" in this country. Also we wonder if we have committed an error by not hiring a special servant just to look after these keys.)

The Kingston Church, on account of its location geographically, is the central church in the work of the island, and we have given our first attention to its work and problems. We are glad to say that prospects are bright, and there is apparent increase in attendance and interest in all services. The people are active workers, good listeners, and ready to be led. It is our supreme desire to hold the Christ be-

fore them as Example and Leader, and we feel sure that you will soon hear greater things from the Kingston Church. Three people took their stand for Christ in the first Sunday night service, and a Brother Connelly, who has been attending the church for some months, united with the church on March 6, and we think that he will be heard from later. By the way, he was ordained to the ministry by Brother Sheafe, and knew Elder Tenney well.

More than a week ago we made a hurried trip to the north side of the island, visiting the sites of four churches and vicinities of two others. At the end of a one hundred twelve mile trip, we found ourselves as tired as when we drove three times that

distance in the United States, on account of curves, narrow roads, left hand driving, pedestrian traffic, and continuous honking of our horn. The pedestrians are the "lucky folks," they have the right of way in this land. For instance, to prove our point, we were driving down one of the busiest streets of Kingston, and while "crawling" through the traffic at about five miles per hour, we came upon a native woman bent over double in the middle of the street. Honking our horn seemed to have no effect, and not until the bumper of the car came alongside her nose did she calmly lift her head, twist her body, and without any concern or moving from her tracks, allowed us to slide by—and then we saw her stoop



Mrs. A. B. Howard Mrs. Hargis G. D. Hargis
"Donnie" Robert
REV. G. D. HARGIS AND FAMILY

again to finish what she had started to do—tie her shoe!

There are also hundreds of donkey carts (two wheeled) and carts pushed by human hands, which must have their share of the street, and we have to do a quick sum in arithmetic, sometimes, to figure out how much space will be left for us, after allowing room for everybody and everything else, for here the streets are not built on the generous lines of American streets.

Last Friday we made our first trip into the country, visiting our church at Bath, forty-four miles from Kingston. We stopped at the home of Brother and Sister Ross, during our stay sleeping in our car and cooking our meals on the little gasoline stove which we carry in our camp outfit. The letter we had sent on Monday, asking them to notify us immediately if we should not come, was still reposing in the postoffice when we reached there. Although we were unannounced, we were welcomed by a large group of our folks who had come to worship, many of whom stood outside the bamboo booth because there was not room enough within. At every service there was a similar crowd present. A class of five people received instruction for baptism, by Mr. Hargis, and at the same meeting (Sabbath afternoon) he welcomed into Christian fellowship in behalf of the church, seven new members. One young man, a newcomer to the community, asked for the privilege of joining the new baptismal class by a public declaration of his faith in Christ. Most of the above candidates are converts to the Sabbath, coming from Baptist churches and the Church of England, the latter being very strong in the island.

One new experience was given us in the little consecration service we held in Brother Ross' home for a darling little baby boy, a few months old, named Albert Constantine White. In this service Mr. Hargis knelt with this child in his arms, offering a consecration prayer, and asking Divine guidance for the future life of the little fellow. The baby is motherless, so he has been given to Mrs. Ross for her own.

We wish you could see the enthusiasm of the people at Bath, and the cement foundation already laid for their new church (48 by 30), showing their enthusiasm is practical. We shall return there on the last

Wednesday in April to help lay the cornerstone, and spend the following week-end there with them. The testimonies of the people, both here and elsewhere, would inspire any church in America.

We have said nothing of the wonderful scenery, ocean drive bordered by cocoanut palms, rocky shorelines, waterfalls, etc., with the lovely mountains always as a background. We have realized, as never before, how essential is a good automobile in a work like this. And *this* was made possible through the generosity of many friends of the work. Thank you all.

This field has many needs and they are, some of them, so easily supplied. If I tell you that the Kingston Church is worshiping each Sabbath with only about one dozen song books—about six of "Christ in Song" and a like number of "Life-time Hymns"—many people singing from memory, you will see how easy it will be to have a part in the work here. Many of our churches have song books in quantities lying unused in the church or scattered in the homes. We can use one or many if you will send them prepaid to us. We know so little of sacrifice until we witness the life of these people here. There is no duty charged on religious books. We are using "Awakening Songs" in our work and last week purchased one dozen ourselves, from a bookstore here, in order to have a small supply on hand to use when we go about the island. We were wishing that we could buy more, and the wish was realized sooner than we expected, when we received a gift from N. O. Moore and wife, of Riverside, which we converted into "Moore" songbooks. We felt that this was a good time to buy songbooks and other equipment for the field, for we have been able to benefit from the exchange, and especially was this true in the heavy expense of customs on the car, and getting settled ourselves. (Postage from the United States to Jamaica is five cents.)

This letter has been elongated more than we planned, but our hearts are "full" for Jamaica. The letters from home have been "meat and drink" to us, and have carried much encouragement, so please keep them coming. And above all, *pray* for us and for the work to be done here.

We shall be watching with interest, and fervently praying for, the work in the home-

land and for the coming Conference at Adams Center.

Sincerely, in his Name,

MR. AND MRS. G. D. HARGIS.

"Forest Villa,"

No. 5 Grafton Road,

Vineyard Pen,

Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.,

March 15, 1932.

JESUS CAME PREACHING

A REVIEW, THE LAST IN THE SERIES

BY REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN

In submitting this last review article on Doctor Butterick's book, "Jesus Came Preaching," I have passed over the two chapters, "The Craftsmanship of the Preacher" and "The Personality of the Preacher," not because I am lacking in appreciation of what he says there, but because these chapters seem to me of more interest to the minister than to the public, and again, because I fear this series of articles is already too long.

This book is rightfully receiving a wide reading and study, and our own ministers will do well to get a copy and read it carefully again and again. They will find it full of suggested themes for vital preaching as I have, and be led into a deeper appreciation of the preaching ministry of Jesus and the wonderful opportunities of the ministry today. If any one feels his authority as a minister is slipping he should by all means read this book, which presents a new outlook upon the authority and sanctions given us in the ministry of Jesus. Preaching is not a passing profession, but a *coming* profession rich in opportunity, wider in its field of influence, and backed by an authority which our muddled thinking and changing order will welcome. This last and climax chapter of the book deals with

THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS

The one overmastering passion of the disciples in that first wave of missionary preaching was "Christ crucified." It was not his resurrection—that was secondary—but the power of the *crucified Christ*—"I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto myself." That prophetic word opened to them with glorious meaning as time passed. While

the Christ of Galilee had wrought with healing and power, his work had been within the narrow confines of a small province. Now his influence breaks over these limits and suddenly becomes a world power. The healing of his "pierced" hands knows no limits. "The songs of the redeemed swell and break and swell again like a sounding sea. 'Worthy art thou to take the book . . . for thou wast slain.'"

It is feared that modern preaching has lost this note of authority and triumph. The advertised themes in any Saturday newspaper for Sunday's preaching betrays the fact that Calvary finds scant place in our modern preaching. Why is it? Is it because of our easy view of sin? Have we become callous to the heinousness, the blackness, the terribleness of sin? Calvary stands as a warning of the lengths to which sin will go. It took the purest soul that ever lived and smeared it with the venom of its hate, mocked it, tortured it, and subjected it to the most horrible death known. Herein is revealed the true nature of sin. Have we forgotten that? Have we become strangers to that conception of sin? Is it true that "our self-sufficiency of material wealth and mechanical power blinds us to our dependence on God and to that spiritual poverty in which we must trust only in his mercy"? A modern writer quotes with apparent assent:

"I fight alone and win or sink,
I need no one to make me free;
I want no Jesus Christ to think
That he could ever die for me,"

"as if mothers did not die for us, and teachers and soldiers, and doctors, and the God within. It is almost incredible that any one could be so blind to the vast *givenness* under which we live."

It is sometimes charged—and not without reason—that the Church has contributed to this indifference by its unethical theories of God's relation to the death of Jesus. But we must remember that God just as truly poured out his life on the cross as did Jesus, and that the cross expresses his wondrous compassion and his redemptive plan. Nor must the meaning and significance of the cross be removed from public understanding by theological theories obscure to the common mind. The power of Christianity ebbs when the cross

is obscured or forgotten. "In any event," says Doctor Butterick, "love compels us to cry—it is all such preaching need hope or wish to say—'Behold the Man'."

1. The cross is nothing less than a miracle. It was intended so far as man was concerned to mark the end of a movement. Men because of their blindness failed to recognize the true character and mission of Jesus. They saw only a disturbing influence in his life, the threatening overthrow of the established order. They hated him for this and decided to get rid of him. So they slew him by hanging—a most painful and shameful death. Thus they put an end—so they thought—to his life, his movement, and the hopes and aspirations of his friends. "They had quenched his light in dark shame! Had they? When his sun set, the night did not conquer it. His sun in its setting tore asunder the blackness and brought a new, strange day. Suddenly his gallows by his dying upon it, ceased to be the implement of shameful death and became the symbol of life! And this is the miracle." The cross of Christ suddenly ceased to be a symbol of death and became for evermore the symbol of life.

"Why preach the Cross? Because the world has felt with a true instinct that life is there. Forsaking the cross, the world has always come back to the heart's home. Despite our contentious theories, mankind looks to Calvary as to some secret of power and hope."

2. In the mental struggles of Christ's early ministry it is easy to see how he tried honorably to avoid it. The shadow of the cross lay across his pathway on many occasions, and from it he naturally recoiled. But as oft as he turned away from it he returned again to it. It was unavoidable. He asked even at the very end to be spared it, but finding it unavoidable, he chose it. It was purely voluntary on his part. He could have avoided it. That was the nature of his great temptation; it was Peter's suggestion when he said, "Lord this shall never be unto thee." Constantly during the closing days of his life this avenue of escape was open to him, but he steadfastly refused to enter it. Speaking of his life he said, "I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again." "If anybody would come after me, let him take

up his cross. . ." Jesus took up *his* cross, nobody forced it upon him. He chose it because by some divine intuition he saw in the cross the world's salvation—"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." That was his dream. "Did it come true? Others have dreamed of world dominion: conquerors of subduing mankind by a sword; statesmen and ecclesiastics of binding mankind in an iron system; poets of winning mankind with a song. But here was a carpenter dreaming of dominion by death! He asked only a cross on which to die in love! 'Nail me to your gallows, if it must be,' he cried, 'and the world will be God's.'" And if this was Jesus' method of winning the world, should it not find a more prominent place in the preaching today?

3. How shall we explain the magnetic force of the cross? Is it merely the outgoing of sympathy in the face of his suffering? Hardly, for other good men have suffered and even been crucified. Thousands have died heroically, yet they have been forgotten. Whatever may be said as to the reason for the universal appeal of the cross, this remains true, the cross is cosmic because Christ is cosmic—world-wide in its significance and power. To this end was he born. To this end he lived and to this end he died. For this reason the cross has universal and irresistible attractiveness.

4. If, then, our preaching is to be rendered effective, we must bring home to men, individually and personally, the appeal of the cross, that in Christ crucified is a revelation of the heart of God. If it be said that in his life he revealed God, let us remember that only in his death could that revelation be complete. "Having loved his own he loved them to the end." Only in death can we see the limits to which God would go to save the lost. The night of sin was dark, the journey was long and rough, it ended in Calvary; but true to the heart of the shepherd, he went out, suffered, and died that he might bring to the fold the sheep that were lost.

5. "Preach the cross of life—as the best wisdom of human conduct" is the advice of Doctor Butterick. It is good advice. There is an element of the heroic in every man. And after all, the appeal that gets scant attention is the appeal to his lower self, while the appeal to the highest, the best, the

heroic in him brings response. The way of the cross is the way of high endeavor, of self-giving, of self-sacrifice. Jesus said of the prodigal that he was not himself when he went out to live selfishly, but when he came to himself, he turned homeward. To live with one's lower self is to forfeit one's claim to his higher self; while to claim the higher, means cutting away the lower, even though by painful surgery. "He that loseth his life shall find it."

6. Preach the cross of Christ as the power of God. How is the cross of Jesus the power of God? The fact is, our conception of power is honeycombed with falsity. When we speak of power we think of physical force. The waters of Niagara River going over the falls constitute a mighty power. Electricity and steam when controlled are a mighty power—they turn the wheels of industry. The army, the navy, the aeroplane, and other engines of war represent power. But they do not represent the kind of power that will help men to live creatively, constructively, and unselfishly. We want our children to "grow up joyous, clean-limbed, eager minded, true spirited." We want to be free from the intolerable load of our sins, to have our minds and wills free to choose the good; we want power to make a friendly earth; but no power on earth can accomplish any of these desired results. The power to accomplish these high purposes comes from God, not ourselves. God alone can make men and women kind and true, Christlike, and that is by the power of a loving life laid down. And since he has done that we may preach "Christ crucified—the power of God."

7. We must preach the cross of Christ as salvation from sin and unto life eternal. The world is in need of forgiveness. The shallow minded may not fully sense it. They may say sin is a trifle, an immaturity, a besetment one cannot avoid. But men who have been in the presence of God and whose spiritual perception is not clouded know that sin is a terrible thing. The pages of the saints are blotted with tears and distorted with anguish. Nor have the great dramatists failed to sense this truth. Macbeth with the blood of murder on his conscience said, to his doctor—"Raze out the written troubles of the brain."

The canker of sin can never be removed

by a surgeon's knife. "If thine eye cause thee to stumble, pluck it out. If thy hand cause thee to stumble, cut it off," said Jesus. Sin is a terrible enemy. It is to be feared. "Fear not them that kill the body"—death is not to be feared but sin makes an eternal hell.

Dr. Henry van Dyke has said, among others, there are two ways by which we may know that sin is real—by the judgment of regret and the judgment of condemnation. We have all done things we know we ought not to have done. We say, "I wish I hadn't done that." Remorse, bitter, unrelenting follows some of us until we say we would give anything if we could blot out the memory of that day. Nor do we excuse sin in others. Who of us would say of the criminal, "He can't help himself; it has been so intended from the foundations of the world that grafters should fleece the innocent, that racketeers should demand and receive tribute from others without in any way earning it"? We know what is the trouble. We know sin when we see it. And we know it spreads. It is like a foul disease; it puts everyone under the necessity of guarding against it as we would a criminal. It may insinuate itself into our lives and do its work silently and treacherously so that before we know it, it has injected death into our veins.

How shall it be overcome? Who can forgive it? "How are the frontiers of mankind advanced? By pioneers lost on the ocean, lost behind ranges, lost in arctic snows! How is our health won? By men like Dr. Robert Koch who found that sleeping sickness was caused by the tsetse fly, and that the fly perhaps drew its venom from the crocodile and who therefore penetrated the jungle and lived on an island in the midst of an infested lake to study the disease at its source." How are the liberties of mankind purchased? By men brave enough to stand out and be persecuted for righteousness' sake while others go free! . . . How are the iniquities of our industrial life to be banished? How will money-madness, the exploitation of humanity for selfish gain, the indifference to recurrent unemployment be done away? How? By someone who is willing to brave the obloquy and scorn of those who will call him a "radical," a "sentimentalist," a "fool," and

who will likely banish him from the company and friendship of those he would enjoy. That is the price of progress. "The teacher shedding blood of mind for the pupil; the mother daily dying for her child; the doctor and the nurse bearing pain that others may be free from pain; the just yielding up life for the unjust—that is the law of life. . . . Ought not a man to suffer? If sharing a load can lighten it, ought not a man to get under the load? Just two alternatives—to stand on the sidewalk and with smiles or despair watch the procession of man's agony go past, black with crosses, or to volunteer to carry one of those dark burdens."

Since all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, we need more than mutual burden bearing — though that will help. Who but God himself can pay the bitter cost? He only is good enough, kind enough, vast enough in power, enduring enough in time. His suffering must save mankind from age to age. He must be the "lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The cross is his sign, his symbol, it is the heart of the Christian gospel. Let us preach it.

AN INFORMAL RECEPTION

To Pastor Hargis and family, as representative of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, U. S. A.:

We, the members of the Charles Street Seventh Day Baptist Church, along with the other churches in the island who were under the administration of your predecessor, do welcome you to our island home, hoping that your stay in this island may prove a success for the establishment of the cause which we so dearly love, and that the building up of the kingdom of God may meet with the heartiest co-operation from these sister churches and their pastors. We realize that it is a great sacrifice for a man with his family to leave his home, acquaintances, and the society to which he had been accustomed, to domicile in a strange country without knowing the habits and customs of the people, though of the same language. The missionary life is a hard one. He is not exempted from contending with bandits, disease of various sorts, and untold difficulties and perplexing

problems to solve, which are generally brought about by dissatisfied elements of the churches over which he is made overseer, and it is only by manifesting the Christlike spirit that such problems can be solved.

We, the members of the Charles Street Seventh Day Baptist Church, do pledge ourselves to co-operate with you and your wife in solving such problems, just as we have co-operated in the past with your predecessor—a man who is dear to the majority of the members of this church. I say "dear" because we still hold a tender spot in our hearts for him and his wife—a love which only death can sever. He has taught us practical democracy so far as church government is concerned, a true spirit of tolerance which has always been characteristic of Seventh Day Baptists, that although we might be persecuted we must still encourage that spirit of love for our persecutors, and that we must not sacrifice a principle by compromising with the wrong doer.

Hoping you, sir, have brought along with you this heritage, we welcome you among us as a co-worker in the Master's vineyard for the saving of the souls of our fellow men, for Kingston is a parish yet untouched. I say "untouched," because out of seventy thousand people in Kingston, you cannot find one hundred Seventh Day Baptists among them. So you will see that the Seventh Day Baptists in Jamaica are as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

There is plenty more to say but time will not afford, as there are others from whom you would like to hear something.

On behalf of the Charles Street Seventh Day Baptist Church, we welcome you and your family in our midst.

C. E. HUNT,
Moderator and acting pastor.

ARTHUR L. BATSON,
Deacon.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another. — *John* 13: 35.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. ALBERTA DAVIS BATSON
Contributing Editor

HISTORY OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

(Concluded)

Following is a list of the officers who have through the years so faithfully and earnestly promoted the work of the Woman's Board:

PRESIDENTS

Mrs. L. A. Hull	1884-1886
Mrs. H. S. Clark	1886-1894
Mrs. O. U. Whitford	1894-1896
Mrs. J. B. Morton	1896-1899
Mrs. L. A. Platts	1899-1902
Mrs. S. J. Clarke	1902-1908
Mrs. J. H. Babcock (Metta P.)	1908-1909
Mrs. A. B. West	1909-1929
Mrs. H. C. Van Horn	1929-1930
Mrs. George B. Shaw	Since 1930

CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES

Mrs. L. A. Platts	1884-1886
Miss Mary F. Bailey	1886-1892
Mrs. O. U. Whitford	1892-1893
Mrs. Alfred Whitford	1893-1902
Mrs. Nettie West	1902-1904
Mrs. T. J. Van Horn	1904-1908
Miss Phebe Coon	1908-1909
Mrs. J. H. Babcock	1909-1929
Miss Lotta Bond	Since 1929

RECORDING SECRETARIES

(Made a separate office in 1889)

Mrs. C. M. Bliss	1889-1892
Mrs. E. M. Dunn	1892-1897
Mrs. E. D. Bliss	1897-1904
Mrs. J. H. Babcock	1904-1908
Mrs. H. C. Stillman	1908-1910
Mrs. A. J. C. Bond	1910-1912
Mrs. A. S. Maxson	1912-1918
Miss Cora Clarke	1918-1919
Mrs. Edgar D. Van Horn	1919-1923
Mrs. Edwin Shaw	1923-1925
Mrs. James L. Skaggs	1925-1929
Mrs. Oris O. Stutler	Since 1929

TREASURERS

Miss Susie M. Burdick	1884-1886
Mrs. M. E. Post	1886-1887
Mrs. Nellie G. Ingham	1887-1893
Miss Elizabeth Steer	1893-1894
Mrs. E. B. Saunders	1894-1895
Mrs. George R. Boss	1895-1900
Mrs. L. A. Platts	1900-1906
Mrs. George R. Boss	1906-1908
Mrs. L. A. Platts	1908-1909
Mrs. J. Fred Whitford	1909-1913
Mrs. A. E. Whitford	1913-1929
Mrs. L. R. Polan	1929-1931
Mrs. Okey Davis	Since 1931

In conclusion may I quote from the thought expressed by Mrs. Platts in her article referred to in the beginning of this history.

Such is, briefly, the history of our women and their work in active endeavor for the uplift and promotion of work among the women of our denomination.

Of the unwritten history, the anxious planning, the painful solicitude, the earnest, united prayers of our body of women, the glad fruition of hope long deferred, the looking forward to the oncoming future with unfaltering trust, who shall speak?

It seems only wise and fitting here to mention the two women who saw such long service in the work of the board and who were so very faithful to its every need. I refer to none other than Mrs. A. B. West and Mrs. Metta P. Babcock, who for twenty years served the board and the women of the entire denomination so well as president and corresponding secretary respectively. Many others have served long and well, but none so long as these two consecrated women.

With unshaken faith in the purpose and ability of our women, born of the manifold experience of the past, we confidently leave the unfoldings of the future in their hands, believing that they will be directed and blessed by him who is all-patient, all-loving, and all-powerful.

LETTER FROM CHINA

DEAR READERS OF THE
SABBATH RECORDER:

You may wonder why we here on the front row, so to speak, have had so little to say concerning this unprecedented state of affairs heading up the last month in the city that so many of us call "home." We have found it difficult either to report or to interpret, or yet again to prophesy; hence our silence.

The unbelievable has happened, nor does a solution seem much nearer than was seen on that dark twenty-ninth of January, when the first bombs began their line of destruction, and the first fires began their early paths of devastating wreckage. If you all could look down on Shanghai now as I write within the sound of booming guns, you would be astonished at the havoc

worked, and the end is not yet. None of the south side of the city has been touched (that means our side), and we hope that the preparations going forward both across the road in Chinese-held territory and here in the French Concession for resistance to a raid of some sort in this vicinity, will be only unrequired preparedness. Airplanes are flying over us now again, but not so often as at first. These have always been Japanese planes.

One must ever remember that this undeclared war is more than a war. There is so little in this conflict to commend itself to even the hardheadedest of "preparedness" advocates. I came back to China this past autumn with a new dedication to "War Against War." No possible stretch of imagination, no conceivable dream of progress, no faintest hint of business success by the nefarious road of the sale of arms, under whatsoever auspices, could make me now look upon war as anything but what Sherman, long since, said it was, and then some. I have believed this for years; now I know. No motive of helping a nation, weak though she may be, to get upon her feet by way of sword, fire, and howitzer; by bomb, rape, homelessness, and hunger, and all the rest in the method of terrorization, appeals to me more than it did when it was a most remote possibility.

As I said, this is more than war. It means hatred, bitter and eternal. It means suspicion, not only of the chief opponent, but of all nations. It spells retrogression in all business relations with the world. To us, worst of all it means delay in the establishment of the kingdom of God—the Rule of Love—a loss which cannot be recovered in a century, if then. And yet there are people right here in Shanghai who dare to say, "The Chinese will forget this in a little while!" They are less likely to forget it in one long, weary aeon. What is more, the whole world is due its share of the hatred and aloofness arising from suspicion. When shall we learn—we mortals—that the way of love is the only way, and that the law of love applies to nations as well as to individuals?

Do not think that we are ignorant of the mistakes of China. We are quite aware of the failure of China to live up to her opportunities to pull herself up to the status

of one of the great powers of the world. We were pained by the blind disturbances wrought by the students this past autumn which made national affairs so difficult. We were regretful that the best government China has had since the days of the republic's inception was thwarted through foolish ignorance. However, two wrongs, or a score, can never make a right. While China continued to need help in getting on her feet, it was not clear to all of her politicians just how this should come, and in their impatience, blunders were most unfortunately made. Likewise, patience was getting threadbare in other quarters, until the first match was allowed to be struck which set going the present conflagration. Yet as one looks over all this, no light comes as to the *why* of the degree of punishment in payment for declared provocation. The point is, no matter what wrong any one of us may do, that offers no excuse for anyone else doing as much wrong or worse. Upon so slight a pivotal point does the weight of mighty affairs turn.

Just now Shanghai is busy trying to take care of the thousands who are in need. There are about three thousand homeless people in the big Continental Bank building, and about three thousand more in Brenan Road. It requires a lot of people to take care of all these. Some are dying in these camps every day; children are being born. Smallpox and other infectious diseases have broken out there. Our members have helped in the vaccinating of the throng. I think Miss Shaw told me that her group had vaccinated over a thousand, and many of those unwilling patients. There the mass of people must be fed twice a day, at ten and at four o'clock. An emergency hospital is fitted up with a resident physician, and isolation rooms are available. A school has been opened for the many unoccupied children. This camp is in the very center of the city, and today some two thousand wounded soldiers are being moved into that building, as all the available hospitals with newly opened ones are more than full.

Miss Shaw is helping just now in a recently opened hospital under the Chinese Red Cross society in the second block from our mission compound. As she is waiting for better times to return to our Liuho hospital, she is very glad to be of service, and

at the same time feels she is gaining something in experience in working with these Chinese doctors on duty there, most of whom have been trained under German instruction.

Last Tuesday, the Thorngate family left for home. We miss all who go, of course, but since their furlough was more than due, we were glad to have them go now. On Sabbath noon, Miss Burdick sailed for home via Europe. She, too, has long been due for furlough. While all of them regretted leaving at so critical a time, we felt that they must certainly not fail to take the rest and change so much needed, and which was "coming to them."

Communications with Liuho are very incomplete just now, but at the moment of Miss Burdick's leaving, we did hear that all was as well as possible out there, though they had had three days of intense anxiety. It had seemed to Doctor Palmborg and Doctor Crandall best to remain at the hospital, which had been practically emptied of usual patients. They planned to escape, if serious need came, by way of other towns and canals, rather than coming to Shanghai over a road which is fraught with special danger, as it is highly fortified and Japanese planes, flying over, are likely to draw fire with probable unfortunate results. The little town of Ta-zang, outside of which we once hoped to build our new schools, has been almost completely wrecked by bombing. This is the first station on the Liuho auto road from this direction. We think it authentic that but one house remained there untouched after the shelling of last week.

Our schools may open in part this week. Mr. Chang Toong-ming, of the Boys' School, has not returned from his country home where he went to take his family. Yesterday, a letter came from him saying that because of bandits it was very difficult to get out, but that he would try to come some time this week. The first few grades—children from the neighborhood—hope to open this week, and possibly some of the older girls will come from a greater distance. Not all of the teachers are back.

As I write, intense firing is keeping up on one of the "fronts." I judge it is in the vicinity of the North Railroad Station. Day before yesterday immense fires were burn-

ing there to enable the opposing army to have freer access to territory hitherto strongly guarded and unavailable.

The papers today say "Peace in Sight," but the guns go right on with their booming. How soon we may hope for the prediction to be carried out, I am not presuming to prophesy. Nor after that what? It will be sure to be different from what those who least understand the Chinese think it will be. This resistance on the part of the Chinese people and army as they have been endeavoring to salvage their country, has been one of the supreme surprises of modern times. And now though this war may—yes, *may* unite China as nothing else ever has—it is at too terrible a price, and how unnecessary!

Sincerely yours,

MARY ROSS DAVIS.

23 Route de Zikawei,
Shanghai, China,
February 29, 1932.

P. S. — Eugene has today (March fourth), during what was supposed to be a truce, been to Liuho. Evidences of war were seen along the road, but at Liuho, despite rumors which had made us most apprehensive, the town was not destroyed nor had the hospital been at all injured. There had been no battle, but airplanes had flown over, spitting fire from machine guns and dropping some bombs. The Japanese had control of the town at three o'clock this afternoon. Doctor Palmborg, Doctor Crandall, and all of their party of Chinese had gone into the country a short distance, and most of them were remaining there for the present. However, Doctor Palmborg, together with two old ladies and the coolie who cares for the cows at the hospital, had returned. They remained at the hospital last night and were expecting to stay there tonight. There was fighting to the west of Liuho, which had kept the doctors from going to the town of Zang-zok, where they had expected to flee should need arise. Doctor Palmborg had sent a servant with supplies to Doctor Crandall.

M. R. D.

"My most comforting faith is that every thing in the universe exists under law."
—Julia Peterkin, in *The Baptist*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

PUTTING PURPOSE INTO LIFE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
April 16, 1932

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Purposes: To know God (Phil. 3: 7-11)
Monday—To teach (Prov. 1: 1-9)
Tuesday—To preach Christ (Phil. 1: 12-21)
Wednesday—To be a healer (Matt. 10: 1, 5-8)
Thursday—To be like Christ (Rom. 8: 29)
Friday—To achieve success (2 Tim. 2: 15)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Putting purpose into life
(Phil. 3: 12-16)

BY CLARA L. BEEBE

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.
And to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

—John Oxenham.

There is no signboard planted at the cross roads to direct us on these ways. But to each of us is given a road map, and directions, which, if we read, will guide us in our choice of roads. If, however, we fold it up and put it in a pocket or keep it on the parlor table, our directions will do us no good. We may make the wrong choice of ways and soon find ourselves "bogged down" in the muddy road of Low Purpose, or wandering about on the marshy, misty flat of No Purpose.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy Word." "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." These are but two of the many "markers" along the Highway the Bible tells us about.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." We must in other words, read our directions carefully, in order to be able to make right choice of a way.

PLANS FOR THE MEETING

Advertise the meeting by a poster, featuring a road map of your section of country. Under it put these words, "Come to C. E. and learn how to follow 'the Marked Trail.'" Of course add place and date.

A week in advance, assign to several members the following topics for three-minute talks: "One who had no purpose in life," "Wrong Purposes and What They Lead To," "The Road of Low Purpose," "The Results of High Purposes." Tell the speakers to illustrate their talks by definite examples of those who followed the path about which they are to speak. Also a week in advance, ask each member to be ready to tell of some man, or woman, who had high purposes, and attained the goal.

Songs to Sing

Following Jesus, Help Me Find My Place, He Leadeth Me, If Jesus Goes With Me, Trust and Obey, With Me All the Way, Have Thine Own Way.

A Few Questions

Which produces worse results, to have no purpose, or a wrong purpose?

To what extent should the future life shape our purpose for this life?

Why should one have a purpose in life?

WE WOULD SERVE OTHER PEOPLE

BY MRS. BELL COOK

To serve others we must do two things. First, we must love God, and if we truly love God we will love each other, and if we love one another we can serve others.

Second, we must forget self—not altogether but enough to think of others. We must think of others to be able to serve others.

There are two ways of serving others: First, to do things for others then brag about it and tell every one. Second, to serve others and receive our reward from our Father in heaven.

In serving others the best help is prayer. If we pray earnestly our prayers are answered. As this year has been set aside as a year of prayer, let us all pray earnestly that we may live to be able to say, "Here, Lord, am I; send me that I may serve others."

Bridgeton, N. J., R. 1 (Marlboro).

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Topic for Sabbath Day, April 16, 1932

How do words cause misunderstandings?
How does gossip cause misunderstandings?

How does race prejudice cause misunderstandings?

DAILY READINGS

Sunday — Gossip causes misunderstanding (2 Thess. 3: 11-12)
Monday—Envy (Gen. 37: 1-4)
Tuesday—Hatred (Prov. 10: 12)
Wednesday—Arrogance (Prov. 8: 13)
Thursday—Greed (Gen. 13: 1-13)
Friday—Watch the tongue (James 3: 4-6)
Sabbath Day—Topic: The causes of misunderstandings (Acts 15: 36-41)

JUNIOR HELPS

The Junior superintendent (Mrs. Nettie Crandall, 291 N. Washington Ave., Battle Creek) writes that she has secured the help of Mrs. W. B. Lewis in preparing helps for superintendents of Junior Societies, and that these will be ready to begin very soon.

—C. A. B.

OUR WORSHIP OUT-OF-DOORS

ARRANGED BY MARGARET KIMBALL HENRICHSEN

II.—UNDER BIG TREES

Prayer

Give me thy harmony, O Lord, that I
May understand the beauty of the sky,
The rhythm of the soft wind's lullaby,
The sun and shadow of the wood in spring,
And thy great love that dwells in everything.

Teach me, Father, how to go softly as the
grasses grow:

Hush my soul to meet the shock of the wide
world as a rock,

But my spirit, propt with power, make as simple
as a flower

Let the dry heart fill its cup like a poppy look-
ing up—

Let life lightly wear her crown like a poppy look-
ing down.

Teach me, Father, how to be kind and patient
as a tree;

Joyfully the crickets croon under shady oak at
noon,

Beetle on his mission bent tarries in that cooling
tent,

Let me also cheer a spot, hidden field or garden
grot,

Place where passing souls may rest on their way,
and be their best.

—Edwin Markham.

Hymn

"My God I Thank Thee Who Hast Made the
Earth so Bright."

Poems of Worship

Give me the dance of your boughs, O tree,
Whenever the wild wind blows;
And when the wind is gone, give me
Your beautiful repose.

How easily your greatness swings
To meet the changing hours;
I, too, would mount upon your wings,
And rest upon your powers.

I seek your grace, O mighty tree,
And shall seek, many a day,
Till I more worthily shall be
Your comrade on the way.

—Edwin Markham.

Once, walking home, I passed beneath a tree,
It filled the air like dark stone statuary,
It was so quiet and still
Its thick green leaves a hill
Of strange and faint earth-branching melody;

And all my weariness then fell away,
The houses were more lovely than by day;
The moon and that old tree
Sang there; and secretly,
With throbbing heart, tip-toe I stole away.

—W. J. Turner.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

Pain is the rich dark loam where my roots thrust
and grope,
Breaking their stubborn food, struggling for
scope;

But up in the delicate air that wraps leaf and
bark,
Joy, like a foam of flowers, bursts from the
dark.

—Karle Wilson Baker.

Hymn

I Got me Flowers to Strew Thy Way
—Bach.

Psalm

I will sing of the bounty of the big trees,
They are the green tents of the Almighty,
He hath set them up for comfort and for shelter.

Their cords hath he knotted in the earth,
He hath driven their stakes securely,
Their roots take hold of the rocks like iron.

He sendeth into their bodies the sap of life,
They lift themselves lightly toward the heavens,
They rejoice in the broadening of their branches.

Their leaves drink in the sunlight and the air,
They talk softly together when the breeze blow-
eth,
Their shadow in the noonday is full of coolness.

The tall palm trees of the plains are rich in fruit,
While the fruit ripeneth the flower unfoldeth,
The beauty of their crown is renewed on high
forever.

The cedars of Lebanon are fed by the snow,
Afar on the mountain they grow like giants,
In their layers of shade a thousand years are
sighing.

How fair are the trees that befriend the home of
man,

The oak and the terebinth and the sycamore,
The broad-leaved fig tree and the delicate silvery
olive.

In them the Lord is loving to his little birds,
The linnets and the finches and the nightingales,
They people his pavilions with nests and with
music.

The cattle also are very glad of a great tree,
They chew the cud beneath it while the sun is
burning,
And there the panting sheep lie down around
their shepherd.

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.

Lord, when my spirit shall return to thee,
At the foot of a friendly tree let my body be
buried,
That this dust may rise and rejoice among the
branches.

—Henry van Dyke

Hymn

"For the Beauty of the Earth."

When Christ went up the April roads
The winds of April wept,
But through the woodway's early buds
Triumphant murmur swept:
"On every height while time shall be
Shall shine the glory of a tree."

—Charles L. O'Donnell.

Prayer

"As we try to understand thy love this morn-
ing, O God, help us to realize thy great gift of
trees. As their roots go deep into the earth for
strength and nourishment, so may our lives take
deep hold upon thee that we may be fed and
stand steady in time of storm. As the tree lifts
itself to the light of thy day, so may we be lifted
into the clear searching light of thy presence.
Our Father, to all thy children we would offer
the protection and shelter of our love, even as
these trees give shade and comfort to us. But
beyond these things we pray that we may learn
to understand the significance and the glory of
that other tree on which our Master gave him-
self that we might live more abundantly. In his
name—Amen."

GOD, HOLD ME STEADY!

God, hold me steady!
Keep me seeing straight
Through all the darkness
Of these treach'rous years.

I learned in childhood
Certain clear cut rules;
Was taught that some few things
Were always right—
Strong, simple things
Like honor, kindliness,
Clean living, courage,
Generosity,
And faith in you.
These things they told me,
Were worth all they cost,
And would withstand
The shock and shift of time.

But now—I wonder;
Now I am dismayed;
For all things change,
And I have lost your hand.

The past has vanished
With its simple code.
The present whirls around me
In a fog.
I fumble blindly,
Fail to find a light
And cannot sometimes,
Tell the wrong from right.

And, from the turmoil,
Voices mock and sneer,
And ask what honor buys,
Or decency,
They cry: "So get it
While the getting's good;
You've but one life;
Don't throw this chance away!"

And other voices,
Soft and snaky, rise,
Uphold new standards;
Say: "The times have changed.
Your father's code
Was proper for a child,
But now, you're older.
Turn from fairy tales
And dare to face
The ruthless facts of life."

And so I falter,
Wond'ring where to turn,
While through the fog,
The tricky half-truths burn
Like will-o'-wisps
Above a quaking bog.

God, hold me steady!
Help me in my plight!
And in the darkness
Set your laws alight,
Like steadfast stars,
To guide me safely home.

—Selected.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

WHAT KIND OF BOYS AND GIRLS WOULD JESUS LIKE TO HAVE US BE?

EPHESIANS 4: 25, 29, 31, 32

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath
Day, April 16, 1932

BY MRS. NETTIE CRANDALL

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

DOES JESUS WANT US TO BE CLEAN IN
HEART AND SPEECH?

When John Coleridge Paterson was a
young boy he put himself on the side of
Jesus Christ. It was not long before his
loyalty was tested. The cricket team of
which he was the star player was holding a
meeting when one of the boys told an un-
clean story.

"If that's the kind of stories you enjoy,"
declared young Paterson, "I resign from
this team," and he walked out.

"Let him go! Who cares!" grumbled one.

"He's right and we're wrong," insisted one
of the boys. Anyhow, how could Paterson
be a Christian unless he tried to be like his
great Leader?

The boys were convinced that Paterson
was right. He was found and brought back,
and the boys promised that such a thing
should not happen again.

DOES JESUS CARE IF WE TORMENT AND
CALL CHILDREN NAMES?

The boys in the 7A teased and ridiculed
Lee Sing, who was put into their class.
Stung by their ridicule, Lee kept out of
their way as much as possible, but along
came Tom, and he was so pleasant and
friendly that he drew Lee into their games.
Soon the boys forgot that Lee was any dif-
ferent from the rest of them.

HOW CHARLES FOUND OUT WHAT KIND
OF BOY JESUS WANTED HIM TO BE

Charles was worrying his mother with his
mischief and disobedience, but all this was
changed when one day he decided to take
Jesus as his great Leader. "What will my
Leader want me to do?" was his first

thought. "I know he would want me to be
careful not to worry mother," he decided.
His mother's heart was very soon made glad
by his efforts to please and obey her.

"How can I please Jesus in school?" was
another question. He tried to answer this
by refusing to cheat, by obedience to school
rules, and friendliness to the dullest and
most unattractive classmate.

Thinking over the question, "How can I
please Jesus at play?" changed Charles from
a loud-voiced boy, demanding his own way
in every game, to one willing to enter mer-
rily into games of his playmates' choosing,
and made him also careful to draw into
those games the lonely, neglected boys and
girls.

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I thought I would write to the Children's
Page for the first time. I am six years
old. I started to school this year. I am
in the Primer.

I have two pets, a dog and a cat. My
dog's name is Ring and my cat's name is
Tinker. Then I have eleven head of hogs.

You will have a bunch of Mitchells this
week. I have another who is going to write,
and Preston is writing this for me.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT MITCHELL.

DEAR ROBERT:

I am grateful to Preston for helping you
write this good letter until you have learned
to write for yourself. I hope to hear from
you often, especially as soon as you have
learned to write letters. I surely am pleased
to get such a nice "bunch of Mitchell" let-
ters this week.

You have a nice bunch of pets, too. I
always had pet hogs when I was a farmer's
girl. I think I have told you of how I once
tried to ride one and of how he threw me
into the mud.

Sincerely your friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I thought I would join the Children's
Page, too. I am eight years old and I am
in the first grade. I didn't go to school
today.

I help my mother feed the chickens and get the eggs at night.

The back-water didn't get as high as it did in twenty-seven.

Preston is writing this for me, too.

Sincerely yours,

MADISON MITCHELL.

DEAR MADISON:

Preston certainly is a helpful boy to write for you and Robert as well as himself. Real helpfulness is one of the very best ways to make life worth living, isn't it? The more we help others the happier we are ourselves. It is fine that you can help mother care for the chickens. You will soon be able to do it all alone will you not?

We are having a great old snow storm and blizzard this morning, and I am glad to be near a nice, warm fire. Do you ever have snow in your part of the country, and do you think you would like our kind, especially in the springtime when the girls want to wear their Easter bonnets?

Your sincere friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I thought I would write to the Children's Page again. I have been reading the letter I wrote the other time.

The back-water is falling now. I have just come from boat riding and I got wet, too. I have been watching my papa float logs.

I will close.

Sincerely yours,

PRESTON MITCHELL.

Nady, Ark.,

March 16, 1932.

DEAR PRESTON:

Thank you for all the good letters. This is just the day for answering them, for I haven't any desire to be out in the snow storm; it is falling thick and fast. Mr. Greene has shoveled off our walk twice this morning, but I really believe the snow is above my shoe tops even now.

It must be interesting to watch your father float logs. Did you ever read "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"? If not, I hope you will. It gives a fine description of log floating, and is a very interesting book, especially for boys.

I am glad Mrs. Beebe has told us more about "back-water" and "twenty-seven water," and also answered some of my other questions for you. Please thank her for me.

Yours sincerely,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

MY DEAR MRS. GREENE:

Since the boys haven't yet explained a few things which puzzle you and your "correspondents," I'll try to do so.

Some time ago, M. A. Mitchell wrote you, telling about our trip to historic Arkansas Post, the first settlement in this part of the country. M. A.'s full name is Alexander Madison, but his mother thought that too long for every day use and since, of course, it wouldn't do to call a boy "A. M.," the initials were changed about to make his name what it is. You probably don't know, and neither did I until we went to Fouke in 1922, that many boys (and very few, or perhaps not any girls) in the South are called by their initials instead of a nickname or full name.

When people in Arkansas speak of "twenty-seven water," they refer to the extra high overflow of 1927. Most of Little Prairie was flooded then, although the church and parsonage were above high water mark. "Back water" is caused by water backing up into bayous and lakes or tributary streams when the rivers overflow. It is quite often caused by a levee (or dyke) on the opposite bank of the river, which prevents the overflow water from spreading out equally.

You may also be interested in knowing that M. A. and Preston are not brothers nor are they cousins. M. A.'s father is half-brother to Preston, so you see Preston is really M. A.'s uncle. There are in all sixteen Mitchell children in our Sabbath school.

In the children's corner a few weeks ago I saw a letter from twin babies. May our twins, David Lewis, and Paul Victor, aged six months, join the circle, too? Our almost five-year-old Anne wants me to read the letters in your corner to her or else tell her about them. She has a pet cat, and a pet—not dog—but pig, who will sit down when she scratches her ears. (I don't mean Anne's ears, I mean the pig's!)

It is planting time here. Yesterday Anne and I planted a row of sweet peas and set out some gladioli bulbs. Still, a week ago last Sabbath, we had the first snow of the winter.

It wasn't so awfully many years ago that we children had a pet lamb with some tricks much like Nancy's. That was back on the farm at Little Genesee.

With best wishes for you and all the children who write for the corner, I am

Sincerely yours,

CLARA L. BEEBE.

Nady, Ark.,

March 16, 1932.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

My sister wrote to you. She certainly did surprise us by writing you a letter.

I am eleven years old and am in the fifth grade. I am getting along fine in school.

Mother's name is Amy Babcock Crandall.

Today I went to Sabbath school and then went to church.

I hope I can surprise mother, father, and Cecil, as Cecil surprised us.

My father's aunt died and he went to the funeral Friday morning and will probably be back Sunday evening sometime.

My mother is still taking care of a sick friend that Cecil told you about. Cecil is with my mother and I am staying at Zella Rogers' until my father gets back.

I think I had better close now.

Your little friend,

THAINE CRANDALL.

Battle Creek, Mich.,

March 19, 1932.

DEAR THAINE:

I am more than glad that you have taken my hint and have written me such a nice letter. Please come often. I know this is just the kind of surprise your family will enjoy.

Although you are having such a pleasant time visiting with kind friends, I imagine you will be glad when father and mother are both back and you can all be at home together again, for surely home is the best place of all.

I'll have to tell you what a crazy thing I did one time when I was about your age. I lived on a farm two miles and a half from Walworth, Wis. One year I stayed

with some good friends at Walworth so that I could attend school there. One night after school I suddenly took it into my head that I just had to go home. So off I went without saying a word to anyone of what I intended to do, which as you can see was a very thoughtless thing to do and a cause of anxiety for the kind friends with whom I was staying. I got home safe and sound after a long, cold walk, and how good it seemed to be with the home folks again; but after talking it over with my father I began to see that I had not done just the right or kind thing, and I have been ashamed of it ever since. You see it was before the day of telephones, so my friends might have had quite a time to worry if it had not happened that one of my school-mates guessed that I had gone home, and even then they were some worried about me. How necessary it is for us to be thoughtful of others, of our dear ones at home and also of all with whom we come in contact.

Your true friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR LAVERN PALMITER AND
MARTHA LANGWORTHY OF
ALFRED STATION:

I am sorry I haven't room for your fine letters this week. They will surely head the page next week.

Very sincerely yours,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

WHY NOT WATERFORD?

Every summer, many Seventh Day Baptists spend some time away from home, during their vacation period. Others send their families away for a month's vacation. Those living in cities want their families to enjoy the healthful sunshine and cool breezes of the seashore, the coolness of the wooded sections, the beauty of God's out-of-doors, the pleasant, refreshing drives through the country.

Many places offer you all of the above mentioned attractions, but few of them offer you all these, plus the privilege of attending a Seventh Day Baptist church.

Waterford offers you all that can be desired for a real restful vacation. Situated about five miles from the city of New Lon-

don, on Long Island Sound, 125 miles from New York City, it is ideally located. Pleasure Beach is within walking distance of the Waterford church. Here cottages may be rented, purchased, or erected. A good beach is convenient and open to the public.

The church overlooks the sound, is known for its hospitality; holds weekly Sabbath morning worship and Sabbath school the year round, prayer meetings Sabbath eve, Christian Endeavor for the young folks—just a friendly little church at the seashore.

Give us an opportunity to tell you more about Waterford. Write to any one of our committee, and we will try to serve you in any possible way. Come to Waterford for your vacation this year. Let us help you find a cottage, or rooms in a private home, or in a hotel. Waterford would like to have you with us this summer. How about it?

MISS JOSEPHINE MAXSON,
Waterford, Conn.,

ALBERT BROOKS,
Waterford, Conn.,

MORTON SWINNEY,
Niantic, Conn.,
Committee.

JUST ONE OF OUR PRAYER MEETINGS

It was Wednesday evening, early in March, and a high wind was blowing outside. The pastor and sexton were at the church; the latter said, "Won't be many out tonight." The pastor replied, "The true and tried will be here."

Soon the folks began to gather. We started with a lively song service, singing several spiritual songs, such as "Savior More Than Life to Me," "Down at the Cross," and "Take the Name of Jesus With You." We close our song service at prayer meeting with the singing of "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

The pastor read from John, the second chapter, and then led in prayer. This part of the service we all enjoyed, when, laying aside our cares, we knelt in his presence talking to our Father whom we know as a kind and loving parent, seeking to magnify his name, praising him for his greatness and goodness which he has declared to such sinners as we.

After our telling of our shortcomings, asking for pardon, and thanking God for all things, the pastor closed with a song of triumph in Jesus' name.

Someone started a hymn, all joined heartily, and we were ready to listen as the pastor spoke briefly on the Fellowship of Prayer and on the renewed hope that Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit, enabling us to launch out into the deep. We did not fear even though we are but a little flock. What joy this thought brings to us.

The real thought of the evening's service was found in John 2: 7, 8: The wedding—help needed for the wine has given out; Jesus a helper in the time of trouble; mother understands him; empty vessels; command to fill, draw out, and bear—Jesus did the rest.

"It is God that worketh in you both to will and do of his good pleasure." Empty your heart of self if you would be used of God; then he says be filled with the Holy Ghost; we might say filled with his fullness. The next command is to draw out; out of the abundance of the heart comes that with which we are filled. Life service is not done until we bear to the needy of our community. The common things of life become glorious and beautiful when borne at his command. The wine saw its Maker and blushed; men called it wine of the very best vintage. The blessings of God transform life's ordinary things to the glory of his name and for the good of mankind.

The congregation caught the spirit of the thought and each testified freely. It was a regular "pop corn meeting."

The storm outside did not enter our vestry, for it was warm and cozy; and to add to our comfort, after services were closed, the sexton, Miss Mary E. Evans, brought in some hot cocoa and cakes, and passed them to all present. We were well prepared, both spiritually and physically, to face the inclement weather. We all thanked God for the service, and went to our homes much refreshed.

LILLIAN W. CRICLOW,
Church Clerk.
People's Seventh Day Baptist Church,
Washington, D. C.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world.—*Baptist.*

OUR PULPIT

THE HOUSE OF THE SOUL

BY REV. PAUL S. BURDICK
Pastor of the church at Leonardsville, N. Y.

SERMON FOR SABBATH, APRIL 16, 1932

Text—John 1: 38 b.

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

LORD'S PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN

SCRIPTURE READING

PRAYER

HYMN

OFFERING

SERMON

HYMN

CLOSING PRAYER

is nothing hid that shall not be revealed," the Scripture says truly. And there is One who is never deceived by a polished exterior, for he knows all about the dust and cobwebs lying in dark corners.

In what sort of house do you dwell? Has it the windows looking upward toward heaven? A house in Rochester, N. Y., has an observatory on the roof. It was built by a man who enjoyed spending his spare time looking at the stars. We all have such an



What sort of house do you live in? When the first disciples asked Jesus, "Master, where dwellest thou?" he replied, "Come and see." And that afternoon's experience not only satisfied their curiosity regarding a dwelling place, but it revealed to them the abode of a soul.

Not only does Jesus freely welcome us into the chambers of his soul's home, but he seems to have means of access to ours, for he surprised and amazed Nathanael by saying to him, "When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee."

Just as our houses reveal the tastes and habits of the occupants, so do our souls express themselves continually in outward fashion by gesture, word, and act. "There

observatory in our spiritual home, and time spent therein brings eternal rewards.

Perhaps we might liken the soul's house to a three story dwelling. Inside the first story there is a kitchen, pantry, and dining-room. Here the material needs of the body are satisfied. But he who is content to remain in the first story all the time does not rise higher than the level of the brutes. So there is a second story. This contains a parlor, where we entertain our friends, and a library filled with good books. This represents man's mind and its cultivation. Time spent here is important, but here lies a danger, that men will cultivate the mind to the neglect of the soul. So we have to have still a third story. It requires the climbing

of an extra flight of stairs, but what wonders are revealed to us in this upper chamber! The extra effort is well repaid, while neglect of the cultivation of our friendship with God cannot be made up by any amount of cultivation of the body or the mind.

I know there are those who will say that they would gladly spend more time in communion with God and fellowship with Christ, but they haven't the time. The hours of their day are filled up with duties and tasks around the home or farm or office. But no one is too busy to think. While you are going about some accustomed task, does not your mind occupy itself with some past event, some conversation you have recently had, or some plan you hope to carry out in the distant future? Now, instead of being occupied with non-essentials, could we not use those periods of mental freedom to consider the handiwork of God and give him thanks? Our work would not suffer. Or how about the moments of leisure between sleep and work in the morning and evening, or before and after dinner? Cannot everyone find some time during the day that is usually wasted, or at best spent in unimportant conversations, that could profitably be given to the soul's nourishment in the upper chamber?

The basement or the observatory, which shall be your dwelling place? Remember that Jesus sees you wherever you are. Can you not be ready to answer the question, "Where dwellest thou?" with as ready an invitation as his to John and Andrew, "Come and see"?

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

The Christian Endeavor society had charge of the regular church service on Friday evening and Sabbath day, February 5 and 6, the occasion being Christian Endeavor week. On Friday evening Helen Johnson provided the music for the vesper service and Martha Coon led the devotionals. Special music was furnished by Kenneth Babcock, Milton; and Marion Van Horn and his father, C. C. Van Horn. Sabbath morning there were talks by Marion Van Horn and Donald Gray.

The society has again divided into two groups, Intermediate and Senior. At the

present time the division is on trial for a month, and there is a contest between the two groups. The first of April there is to be a party furnished by the losing side.

The society has been somewhat lax in the use of the Christian Endeavor pledge. However, the pledge is now taking its proper place. The members have signed the pledge and made plans for its use in the regular monthly consecration meeting. The seniors furnish the *Junior Christian Endeavor World* to the Junior society this year. We are also giving a subscription to the *SABBATH RECORDER*. Our pledge to the State Union is \$12 for the year 1931-1932.

As a missionary project for this year, we plan to hold some meetings in our church at Berlin, Wis. —*Pastor's Assistant.*

FARINA, ILL.

(From Mrs. Howard's letter from Jamaica)

I will give you our address at the end of this letter. You will find it a long one. All the outlying districts of the city beyond the business section seem to be called "Pens," and the streets, "Roads." We have read that the word "pen" originally meant a farm or ranch, and these districts are farms sub-divided into city lots.

We are very pleasantly located near the mountains, so we are in a higher and cooler section than nearer the business part.

So far the climate is delightful—not extremely hot in the hottest part of the day, and quite cool at night, so that we need light blankets. It is much like California in early spring, except that the nights are not so cold, I think. The thermometer registers about 82 in the hottest part of the day, but there is always a breeze, from the sea during the day, and at night from the mountains. Of course we expect hotter weather later.

We find we are not out of the world by any means. There is a twenty-four page daily paper with the world news, and our neighbor's radio entertains us each night. They get stations KDKA, WGY and others.

Kingston is a nice city, much cleaner than the cities of Panama or South America which we visited on our way here. In this statement I do not include Cristobal, in the canal zone, which is under the government of the United States, and mostly composed of government houses for the soldiers

and employees of the canal. It is much cleaner and more sanitary than Colon, which is separated from it only by imaginary lines.

The people of Kingston, as a whole, seem much more intelligent, cleaner, and better dressed than the Spanish-speaking people of Panama and South America. We have been surprised to see how well some of them dress. —*News.*

DERUYTER, N. Y.

The church recently voted to approve the recommendations of the Advisory Committee to engage in evangelistic meetings under the direction of the Central Association pastors next autumn.

The Woman's Benevolent society held a food sale, with the rooms appropriately decorated, on St. Patrick's day. A quotation from "Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America" was attractively displayed, recalling the fact that good St. Patrick was a Sabbath keeping Protestant.

CORRESPONDENT.

DENVER, COLO.

Great interest is being shown in a Wednesday evening study class conducted by Pastor Coon. "Prophecy Fulfilled" is the subject being taken up. Sabbath, March 26, we expect to occupy our newly acquired church for the first service. Remodeling is going forward rapidly and a gratifying result has been achieved.

ESTHER STAUNTON, *Clerk.*

WALWORTH, WIS.

Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Witter started for Milton Junction on Sabbath morning, where the former was to exchange pulpits with Rev. J. F. Randolph, but near Emerald Grove were obliged to turn back on account of the storm. Rev. and Mrs. Randolph met with an accident at Emerald Grove. They were not injured, but their car was damaged. They were picked up by Rev. Mr. Hewlitt who was taking a load of boys to the Older Boys' Conference in Clinton, and reached Walworth in time for the services.

—*Walworth Times.*

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul S. Burdick attended service Sunday night at the Methodist church in Brookfield. The three Brookfield

churches are uniting in pre-Easter services all this week. Pastor Burdick preached from the subject, "Our Cities of Refuge."

The men's club served a pancake supper last Thursday evening. A fair crowd was in attendance, and the men received many compliments upon their artistry with the pancake turner. —*Brookfield Courier.*

THEME ANNOUNCEMENT

Rev. Lester G. Osborn, who has been supplying the pulpit of the Los Angeles Seventh Day Baptist Church since the death of Elder Hills, announces to his people by "postal" a short series of Easter themes. It is given space with the hope that it may suggest possibilities to other pastors.

EASTER

When thoughts turn to Spring Styles!
THREE SERMONS ON CLOTHING

Rev. Lester G. Osborn

March 19Wedding Garments
March 26Grave Clothes
April 2Robes of Glory

At the Seventh-day Baptist Church

262 West 42nd Street
Los Angeles, California

Sabbath School at 10, Worship Service at 11

A CHALLENGE TO SKEPTICS

When the microscopic search of skepticism has turned its attention to human society and found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort, and security, supporting and educating his children, unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy protected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard—when skeptics find such a place where the gospel of Jesus Christ has not gone and cleared the way, laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will be in order for the skeptical literati to go there and ventilate their views. But so long as these men are dependent upon the very religion which they discard for every privilege which they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they rob the Christian of his hope and humanity of its faith in that Savior who alone has given to man his hope of eternal life, which makes life tolerable and society possible, that robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom.—*James Russell Lowell, in Western Recorder.*

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON
Director of Religious Education
Contributing Editor

THE CONFIRMATION OF THE FALL IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE

BY REV. LESTER G. OSBORN

We have before us the account of the beginning of sin in the human race. Genesis three tells us that man disobeyed the definite command of God, and certain results followed his transgression. As we would naturally expect, this story is confirmed by later Scripture, notably Romans 5: 12-21 and 1 Corinthians 15: 21, 22. It is the basis of the plan of redemption. Beginning with the wonderful promise in the fifteenth verse there is a "scarlet cord" running through the whole Bible, the other end being tied to Calvary's cross. From here runs a "golden cord" of hope for the promised restoration of all things which were lost in the fall, at the second coming in glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But there is other confirmation too, from outside the Bible. It comes from human experience in the natural world. The first "curse" was pronounced upon the serpent (verse 14), and to this day the crawling, dust-eating snake is a witness to the truth of the Genesis account of the fall of man. The second curse was placed upon the woman (verse 16), and even now, in this day of marvelous triumphs by medical science, the suffering and sorrow of motherhood bears testimony to the veracity of the author of this record. The third curse was upon the ground (verses 17, 18), and today farming and gardening are one long struggle against weeds. Wheat, corn, beans will not grow without planting and cultivation. Weeds abound everywhere, and in spite of all the farmer and gardener can do, they persist. Even soil from hundreds of feet down will produce weeds. Closely allied to this was the curse upon man (verses 17-19), and the sweat and sorrow of man avow the authenticity of this Bible story of the origin of sin. And over all lies death! "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt re-

turn." Who can deny the truth of Genesis three in the light of the activities of this "last enemy" of mankind?

There are other facts of human experience which testify to the authenticity of this account. Not only were eternal life and fellowship with God lost in the fall, but righteousness too. On every hand we see evidence of this. All are sinners, and by natural generation, for we are the sons and daughters of sinful parents. All are disposed to sin. It is so much easier to do evil than good. Again, take the fact of the existence. It is not mere speculation to believe that all sickness in the world is the result of sin—not individual sins, but sin generally. The "wages of sin" is not only death, but pain, and sorrow, and suffering, and poor health. Then too there is the fact that every nation has clothed itself. Anthropologists and archaeologists have shown that man did not adopt clothing to meet physical needs. The most ancient peoples clothed themselves. Why? Read it in verse 7. Next, take the matter of dominion over the animals, which was given to man at the beginning. That too was lost as a result of sin. Oh, human beings "lord it" over the animal kingdom, but this "dominion" comes as a result of fear and dread, and is not willing as that exercised before the fall, and which will be restored in that golden age when "a little child shall lead them" in a world where the desert will blossom like the rose, with no weeds and thorns to retard the blooming.

And, lastly, there is no "peace on earth." Sin is responsible for war. Adam forfeited peace on earth when he fell, and ever since brother has lifted up hand against brother, and nations have resorted to arms to settle their differences—and this in spite of our efforts at world peace through conferences, good-will projects, etc. As Will Rogers humorously, but truly, remarked about the Geneva Peace Conference—there is nothing that stands in the way of its success except human nature. Don't think that we do not believe in peace conferences, for we do. It is a splendid thing for nations to get together and discuss their grievances, and to try to settle them amicably. But as long as human nature is what it is, there will be wars. It will not be until he, the "Prince of Peace," comes that "nation shall not lift

up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Is the account of the fall in Genesis three true? Indeed it is! Not only is it plainly taught in Scripture, but all around us in nature and in human experience we see things which confirm it.

DEATHS

CROSBY.—Wells L. Crosby, the son of James W. and Elsie G. Crosby, was born in New Auburn, Minn., June 23, 1887, and died at St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver, Colo., March 1, 1932.

Mr. Crosby was baptized at New Auburn. On December 29, 1908, he was married to Jessie Beebe at Auburn. Thirteen years ago he moved to Wheatridge, Colo., about five miles west of Denver. Since that time he has been engaged in raising vegetables and fruit for the Denver markets. His parents, Deacon and Mrs. James Crosby, lived for some time on a farm near him. He and his wife put forth every effort to make them comfortable in their last days. It was only last December that the father and mother died at his home. A deep sorrow entered his home a year and a half ago when his oldest daughter, Elsie, twenty years old, died August 20, 1930.

Mr. Crosby had been operated on for chronic appendicitis. His death resulted from conditions which could not have been foreseen. He is survived by his wife and two children, Ada and Kenneth. The funeral service was conducted by Pastor Ralph H. Coon of the Denver Seventh Day Baptist Church. R. H. C.

DRUMMOND.—William Drummond was born near Swedesboro, N. J., January 31, 1845, and died at his residence in Bridgeton, N. J., March 9, 1932, aged 87 years, 1 month, and 8 days.

When he was seventeen years old he enlisted in the Civil War, serving four years and eight months and fighting in at least twenty-six battles, among which were Winchester, Cedar Creek, Cedar Mountain, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Battle of the Wilderness and Gettysburg.

He married Margaret MacPherson on May 4, 1869. After his marriage they moved to Bridgeton, where he lived until his death. He and his wife had enjoyed nearly sixty-three years of happy married life. He was a good soldier, and a kind and generous friend and neighbor, as was shown by the large number of friends who were present at the funeral.

The funeral, which was conducted by Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, was held from Mr. Drummond's late residence in Bridgeton on March 12, 1932. The interment was made in Overlook Cemetery, Bridgeton, N. J. H. L. C.

FISHER.—Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fisher, daughter of Margaret Hitchner and Hugh Dunn Ayars, was born May 6, 1848, near Shiloh, N. J., and spent all her life in the vicinity of Shiloh and Marlboro, N. J. She died March 9, 1932.

She was one of a family of five brothers and three sisters, all of whom have preceded her in death. There is a half sister, Miss Margaret D. Ayars, of Salem, N. J.

She was married to Ephraim B. Fisher on March 28, 1868. If Mr. Fisher had lived sixteen days longer, they would have celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

The children born to this union are Elizabeth, wife of Luther S. Davis, Shiloh, N. J.; Harry, who died in infancy; and Agnes, wife of Dr. George W. Post, of River Forest, Ill.

There are also four grandchildren: George Post, IV, and his sister Barbara; Paul Gravatt and Ephraim Fisher Davis; and two foster grandchildren: Arthur C. R. and Joseph K. Davis.

She was baptized, March 21, 1863, by Elder Walter B. Gillette and united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church on April 18, 1863. On January 7, 1871, she united by letter from Shiloh with the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a faithful member until her death. The only persons living who have been members longer than Mrs. Fisher, are Deacon Henry L. Davis and Charles Frazier, who united with the church, March 2, 1867.

She was a charter member of the Marlboro Ladies' Aid society and was actively interested in all of its work.

Mrs. Fisher has lived a long, peaceful life and has left a sweet and beautiful influence in the hearts of both old and young in all the community in which she lived. She always took a great interest in her grandchildren and enjoyed seeing them do well. She especially noticed and loved little children and enjoyed watching them come forward Sabbath mornings at church service to hear the sermonette given them by their pastor. Her home was a most hospitable place where her friends and neighbors loved to go. She was sincerely attached to her church and nothing took its place in her life. She was not only interested in all of the church activities but she also gave generously toward its financial support. The SABBATH RECORDER was very dear to her. She faithfully read its pages and wished that all could read it. It was said of her that she was always seeing good in everybody. She passed quietly away March 9, 1932, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Luther S. Davis.

The funeral, conducted by her pastor, Herbert L. Cottrell, was held from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Luther S. Davis, and interment was made in the Marlboro Cemetery. H. L. C.

Street Orator: "We must get rid of radicalism, socialism, Bolshevism, Communism, and anarchism." Voice from the crowd: "And while we're about it, why not throw in rheumatism?" —Anonymous.

Sabbath School Lesson III.—April 16, 1932

THE CALL OF ABRAM.—Genesis 12: 1-9.

Golden Text: "Be thou a blessing." Genesis 12: 2.

DAILY HOME READINGS

April 10—The Call of Abram. Genesis 12: 1-9.

April 11—Abram's Obedience. Acts 7: 1-7.

April 12—Melchizedek Blesses Abram. Genesis 14: 17-24.

April 13—God's Covenant With Abram. Genesis 17: 1-8.

April 14—The Call of Moses. Exodus 3: 1-12.

April 15—The Call of Saul. Acts 9: 1-9.

April 16—Faith Is the Victory. Hebrews 11: 8-19.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)**AND IT DOES JUST THIS!**

A commercial traveler, who was also a Gideon, and who made a practice of reading his pocket Bible while on his railroad trips, was asked by an unbelieving fellow traveler why he spent so much time reading a book which everybody criticized so much these days.

"My main object," replied the Gideon drummer, "is not to criticize the Bible, but to let it criticize me."—*Selected.*

Friends of prohibition and of high type newspapers regret very much to learn that the project of a Christian daily has been abandoned. Under the stress of the times and the tremendous financial strain of publishing such a paper, it seemed impracticable and inadvisable to launch the movement. Dr. Stanley High, former editor of the *Christian Herald*, who was expected to become its editor, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, Stamford, Conn.

Dean Main's book on "The New Psychology, Behaviorism and Christian Experience," of over forty pages, will be sent to any address, post paid, for fifty cents.

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

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

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REV. H. C. VAN HORN, M. A., Editor

L. H. NORTH, Business Manager

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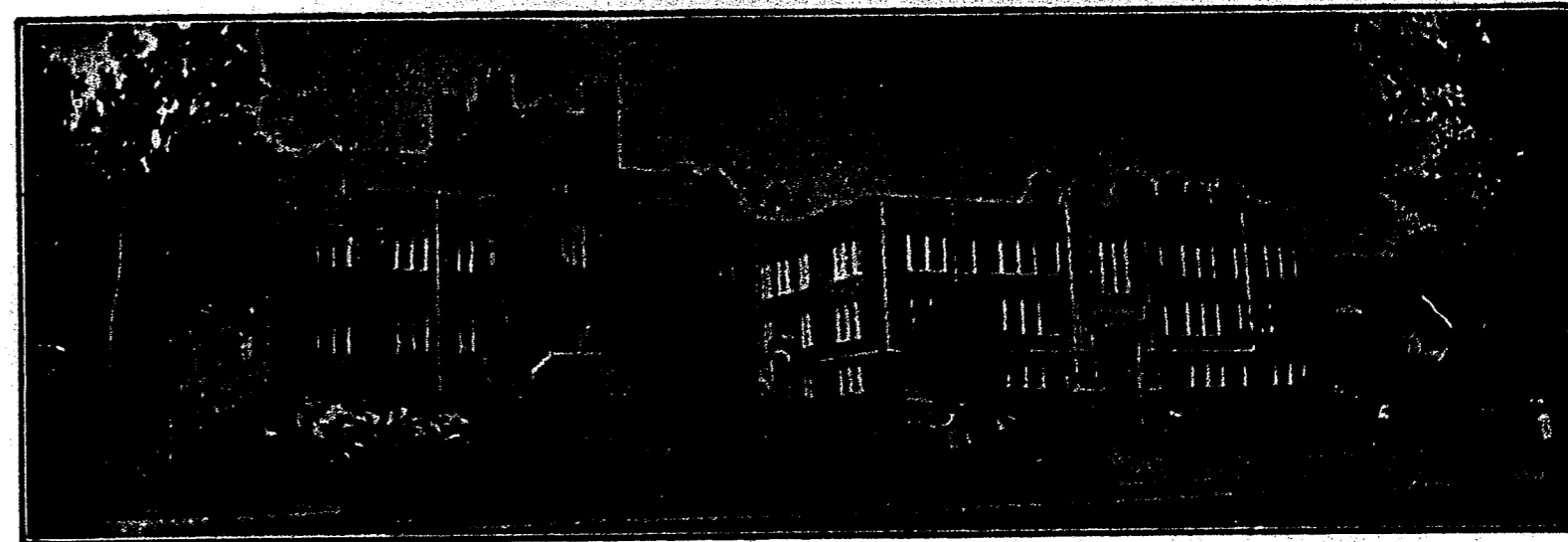
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OF COURSE we will raise the Budget for 1932. The needs of the field, the welfare of the workers, the cause for which we stand—require it.

- The last General Conference cut down the Budget, including the needs of current activities and the amount of our indebtedness, from more than \$61,000 to less than \$42,000. This represents actual living needs, with many of our usual activities seriously curtailed.

- The Seventh Day Baptist denomination is more than two hundred fifty years old. Born with the great Baptist Movement, it has suffered persecutions and even martyrdom. Nourished by sacrifices, it has survived opposition and hardships. It has never grown large, but it has grown deep. It has heartened and encouraged its people through periods of loss and depression. It has planned and carried into successful execution a statesmanlike program of education, evangelism, and missions.

- Blood and spiritual children of men and women who have refused to be overcome or stalemated by difficulties and discouragement, we must continue to be worthy of our forefathers and to be loyal to our Christ, as they were to theirs.

- Of course we must raise our Budget. To do less points to suicide. To raise it spells advancement of the whole Sabbath truth and cause.

- The Budget represents the united work of the church. It educates our people touching our various activities. It provides an intelligent program of giving. It gives every member of the church his opportunity to carry his fair share of the load.

- We are challenged to do our best: to re-assert the quality and value of our faith in God and the truth of the Sabbath. God calls us to "prove me now herewith." He challenges us to tithe our incomes and to bring the tithe with our offering in the expectation that he will "pour out a blessing" upon us.

- Your Finance Committee believes that there are stout-hearted pastors and people in every church, and that they will do this hard and challenging task of financing the program in 1932.

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 112

APRIL 11, 1932

No. 15

IT'S APRIL

When the raindrop spatters sound,
When they loosen up the ground,
When earth's Easter comes around—
It's April.

When the sunshine and the show'rs
Mingle midst the passing hours,
Painting rainbows, tinting flow'rs—
It's April.

When gold daffodils appear,
Whisp'ring, "Springtime now is here,"
And the blossom-bursting's near—
It's April.

When warm moisture stirs their roots
And the trees, with verdant shoots,
Forecast foliage and fruits—
It's April.

As life's seasons swift rotate,
When fickle feelings fluctuate,
When smiles and tearfalls alternate—
'Tis our April.

—Arthur C. Hodgson,
In the Baptist.

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