

June Is The Month



If You Have Made
No Pledges, Won't
You Make A Gift
In June?

● when all good Seventh Day Baptists work together to close up the year's denominational program. Despite the difficulties under which our boards have labored the past eleven months, considerable progress has been made and we have much for which to be thankful.



Treasurer Crandall reported about \$19,800 received (budget, special, debt) for the ten months ending April 30. The report for May will be available by next week. But our Budget calls for \$43,000. and unless every Seventh Day Baptist gets behind the Budget with his best efforts, the boards will be forced to come to Conference reporting unusually large deficits.



So let us plan to pay up our pledges as early in the month as possible so that all money may reach the Treasurer in time to be credited in June.

*Published by the Committee to
Promote the Denominational Budget.*

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 112

JUNE 6, 1932

No. 23

PRAYER

Almighty God, from whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed, kindle, we pray thee, in the hearts of all men the true love of peace, and guide with thy pure and peaceful wisdom those who take counsel for the nations of the earth, that in tranquillity thy kingdom may go forward till the earth be filled with the knowledge of thy love through Jesus Christ our Lord!

—*Methodist Protestant Recorder.*

Contents

Editorial. —Whence—Whither?—Religious Education and the Sabbath.—The Medicine Show	705-709
Studies in Religion and Good Health	709
Letter from Miss Susie Burdick	711
Northwestern Association and Semi-Annual Meeting	712
Missions. —A Sabbath of Privilege in Hammond.—Personal Experiences of Doctors Palmborg and Crandall	713-716
Elizabeth Patten Ordway	716
The Story of the Book of Micah	717
Story of a Polish Student	718
Woman's Work. —Worship Program for June.—Questions for June.	719
Amelia Pierce Hurley	719
Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Trustees	720
Interchange of New Jersey Pulpits	721
Young People's Work. —How Honest Are We?—Intermediate Topic.—Polly and Paul's Discoveries in the New Church	722
A Story Sermon for the Younger Smiths.	723
Children's Page. —The Meaning of "God Is Love."—Our Letter Exchange.	725
Our Pulpit. —"Such as I Have Give I Thee."	727-730
Denominational "Hook-Up"	730
Religious Education. —Church School Standards and Goals	733
Observations	734
Deaths.	736
Sabbath School Lesson for June 18, 1932	736

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Adams Center, N. Y., August 23-28, 1932.

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Maplewood, N. J.
Vice-President—Walter L. Greene, Andover, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Paul C. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Courtland V. Davis, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer of General Conference—James H. Coon, Milton, Wis.

Treasurer of Onward Movement—Harold R. Crandall, 118 Main Street, Westerly, R. I.

Trustees of the General Conference for Three Years—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.; Charles H. Stanton, Westerly, R. I.; George B. Utter, Westerly, R. I.

COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

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

Terms expiring in 1933—Willard D. Burdick, Rockville, R. I.; J. Frederick Whitford, Bolivar, N. Y.; Moses H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.

Terms expiring in 1934—Corliss F. Randolph, Maplewood, N. J.; A. Lovelle Burdick, Milton, Wis.; Ralph H. Coon, Boulder, Colo.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Maplewood, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Winfred R. Harris, Plainfield, N. J.

Assistant Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.

Corresponding Secretary—Herbert C. Van Horn, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—Mrs. William M. Stillman, Seventh Day Baptist Building, Plainfield, N. J.

Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First Day of each month, at 2 p. m.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President—Clayton A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I.
Recording Secretary—George B. Utter, Westerly, R. I.
Corresponding Secretary—William L. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.

Treasurer—Karl G. Stillman, Westerly, R. I.

The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Sunday in January, April, July, and October, at 2 p. m.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

President—Edgar D. Van Horn, Alfred Station, N. Y.
Recording Secretary and Treasurer—Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.

Corresponding Secretary—Walter L. Greene, Andover, N. Y.

The regular meetings of the Board are held on the second Sunday of January, April, July and October.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

President—Mrs. George B. Shaw, Salem, W. Va.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Lotta M. Bond, Lost Creek, W. Va.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Oris O. Stutler, Salem, W. Va.

Treasurer—Mrs. Okey W. Davis, Salem, W. Va.
Editor Woman's Page, SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. Eldred H. Batson, Durbin, W. Va.

ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES

Eastern—Mrs. Herbert C. Van Horn, Dunellen, N. J.
Central—Mrs. Loyal F. Hurley, Adams Center, N. Y.
Western—Mrs. Alva L. Davis, Little Genesee, N. Y.
Northwestern—Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Milton, Wis.
Southeastern—Mrs. Harley D. Bond, Salem, W. Va.
Southwestern—Mrs. Nancy Davis Smith, Fouke, Ark.
Pacific Coast—Mrs. Harry M. Pierce, Riverside, Calif.
Washington Union—Mrs. Cyril A. Crichlow, Washington, D. C.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—William C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Asa F. Randolph, 240 West Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.

The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.

Write the Secretary or Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Maplewood, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Mrs. William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Advisory Committee—William L. Burdick, Chairman, Ashaway, R. I.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

President—D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.
Secretary—A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
Treasurer—Louis A. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
Director of Religious Education—Erlo E. Sutton, Milton Junction, Wis.

Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

President—Miss Marjorie Burdick, 24 Franklin Ave., Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

Recording Secretary—Miss Virginia Willis, Battle Creek, Mich.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.

Treasurer—Elvan H. Clarke, 229 N. Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trustee of International Society—William M. Simpson, 619 N. Ave., R. R. 3, Battle Creek, Mich.

Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Clifford A. Beebe, Marvell, Ark.

Junior Superintendents—Mrs. Nettie Crandall, Mrs. William M. Simpson, Mrs. H. L. Polan, Mrs. Eva Miller.

Intermediate Superintendents—Rev. William M. Simpson, Richard Burdick, Miss Virginia Willis, Miss Alice Virginia Jeffrey, Rev. John F. Randolph.

Senior Superintendents—L. Emile Babcock, A. Russell Maxson, Ellis Johanson, Miss Sara Davis, Miss Floy Clarke, Miss Geraldine Maxson.

ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES

Eastern—New England: Miss Elizabeth Crandall, Ashaway, R. I.

New Jersey-New York: Miss Wilna Bond, Plainfield, N. J.

Central—Mrs. Iris Sholtz Maltby, Oneida, N. Y.

Western—Miss Elizabeth Ormsby, Alfred Sta., N. Y.

Northwestern—Mrs. Elsie V. Sweetland, Hemingford, Neb.

Miss Vivian Hill, Farina, Ill.

Miss Alberta Simpson, Battle Creek, Mich.

Miss Dorothy Maxson, Milton, Wis.

Miss Leona Bond, Dodge Center, Minn.

George Michel, Marion, Iowa.

Southeastern—Miss Greta F. Randolph, Salem, W. Va.

Southwestern—Mrs. Alberta S. Godfrey, Fouke, Ark.

Pacific Coast—Miss Alice Baker, Corona, Calif.

Washington Union—Miss Lillian Giles, Boyd, Md.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

Gael V. Simpson, Battle Creek, Mich., Chairman; Paul R. Crandall, Battle Creek, Mich., Secretary; George H. Crandall, Milton, Wis.; Richard C. Brewer, Riverside, Calif.; George R. Boss, Milton, Wis.; John H. Austin, Westerly, R. I.; Winfred R. Harris, Plainfield, N. J.; Moses H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.; William Coalwell, Hammond, La.; Royal Crouch, Center Line, Mich.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 112, No. 23 PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 6, 1932 WHOLE No. 4,552

WHENCE—WHITHER?

Our pastor, at prayer meeting the other night, wondered if we knew who the author was of the beautiful hymn just sung—"Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned." It is a most inspiring hymn used by all denominations, and rightly for it belongs to the ages. But we have a right to a special regard for it, and to get a double blessing in using it, for it was written by a loyal Seventh Day Baptist, honored and respected in England two hundred years ago—Rev. Samuel Stennett.

When we read of the staunch defenders of the Baptist faith in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and realize that some of them dedicated to the maintenance of the principles of liberty of conscience were noble Seventh Day Baptists; that a crown physician—Doctor Chamberlen—was a Seventh Day Baptist; that Eli Bailey, the great early English lexicographer, was a Seventh Day Baptist, we have a right to be proud—proud, not in an arrogant way, but in a way that strengthens and encourages loyalty and high endeavor. It is told of a child of a deposed monarch, that when he was tempted to do wrong, he drew himself up proudly and said, "No, I am the child of a king." We remember the noble reply of Joseph in Potiphar's house, as he, in the appreciation of his lineage and responsibility, replied to temptation, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

It is of high importance that our Historical Society has taken so much pains to assemble matters of Seventh Day Baptist history and interest. To be tied or linked up to a notable past is of value beyond compare.

Yes, often, and especially deeply should we remind ourselves—we have come from somewhere. We have a history of which no people need be ashamed. The stalwart men who did so much in establishing this country and the standards of education and religion have had much to do in shaping our

lives and inspiring in us noble ideals. It has long been a matter of regret to the writer that he never knew C. M. Lewis, Darwin E. Maxson, Titsworth, or Allen. Perhaps his sons will likewise regret that they did not know President W. C. Whitford, Dean Main, or Dr. A. H. Lewis (for whom their father was named), who were and are ideals and inspirations in his life. But these men through the years will continue to inspire and beckon us on. We must not fail them or those who now depend on us.

It needs a far more ready pen than this, adequately to impress the value of the "whence" of Seventh Day Baptists. For more than two and one half centuries in America and for more than three hundred years in England have men loyally held and promoted the principles of the Sabbath. It means something to us now. We must let it mean even more. When we think back of these modern historical elements of our "whence," to the fact that we are God's children, that we owe so much to him, that we are Christ's followers and upon us rest the great responsibility of his kingdom and the treasure of the Sabbath truth—we must take courage and face the present and the future unafraid.

"Whither?" then as well as "Whence?" It does seem as though God has a work for us still to do, after all these centuries. He has kept us through years of growth and years of depression. What for? "Whither?" We must have a goal if we are to arrive from whence to whither. Through the years there has been a need of our putting ourselves in the forefront, sometimes, always in the ranks of civic affairs, economic and business problems, education, social and industrial movements. We have done so unselfishly and without counting the cost. Of this we need not be ashamed. But is it not possible that, in so doing, many times we rolled ourselves thin and have forgotten and neglected our major task and responsi-

bility? Have we not been in danger and has it not been a large matter of experience that the Sabbath has been washed out of our influence and that we have lost the power of our message? That must account, as nothing else does, for our lack of growth and for our weakened spiritual power. We lack, today, the dynamic of a belief in the Sabbath truth—a belief that becomes a working force in our lives, drawing us closer to God and driving us out with a vital message needed by others. This message must have the Sabbath in solution to be precipitated in lives hid in Christ. We have been rolled thin in trying to cover everything under the sun. We must draw together and concentrate our forces on a central attack. To live is of little importance if we are untrue to our charge. Whether Seventh Day Baptists live or die, the Sabbath truth will ultimately triumph. As Mordecai of old said to the beautiful Esther: "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house . . . for if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise . . . from another place . . . and thou shalt be destroyed; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

We are perhaps, in many ways, at the "zero hour." The dawn is ahead. Let us arise and be ready to advance in the light of a new morn. The Captain of our salvation knows no defeat, waves us on. "Be not afraid," we hear him say, "I have overcome the world." "Lo, I am with you always." Let us take courage, and go forward.

Religious Education *What is Christian Religious Education?*
And the Sabbath

Education is the process whereby individuals develop in personality through their interactions and relationships with their environment—material, human, and divine—and whereby society renews its life and brings about its enrichment and progress. Education becomes religious when it recognizes the controlling place of the divine in the environment of the individual and society through which renewal and enrichment come. It becomes specifically Christian when it accepts the living and real God who is revealed through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and who releases his redemptive

power into human life through his Holy Spirit.

In accordance then with this general philosophy, religious education in the Christian sense includes all efforts and processes which help bring children, young people, and adults into a vital and saving experience of God revealed in Christ; to quicken the sense of God as a living reality, so that communion with him in prayer and worship becomes a natural habit and principle of life; to enable them to interpret the meaning of their growing experience of life in the light of ultimate values; to develop a deepening fellowship with Christ which will find expression in attitudes and habits of Christlike living in common life and in all human relations; and to enlarge and deepen the understanding of the historic facts on which Christianity rests and of the rich content of Christian experience, belief, and doctrine.

Religious Education Should Be Welcomed.—The fear is sometimes expressed that religious education is losing its distinctively religious elements and becoming nothing more than ethical humanism. There is no point upon which leaders in religious education have expressed themselves more clearly. It is true that such leaders recognize the great importance of the ethical implications of the Christian religion, both for the individual and society. Moreover most of them feel that these ethical implications have not been sufficiently urged in all their reconstructive range, either for individual or social behavior, nor adequately utilized for the deepening and enrichment of fellowship with God through Christ. However, they hold firmly to the idea that the distinguishing criterion of a religious experience is its ultimate reference to God, and that the distinguishing criterion of the Christian religious experience is its ultimate reference to the living God, and salvation from sin through Jesus Christ.

Religious education seeks to use religious ideas, attitudes, and motives as conditioning and controlling factors in every relation and function involved in human life. Any educational process which strives to reach the level of the religious must not stop short of the development of a growing consciousness of God, of a personal relation to God, and of an increasing understanding of the uni-

verse in terms of the character and purpose of God. One writer recently said, "Education becomes religious only when it is conscious of the presence, power, and love of God as the ultimate condition and supreme motive of human life, which includes and integrates all lesser values and motives whose proximate end is some form of human welfare." Religious education is not a substitute for the work of God in human life, but sets as its task such a working with God in bringing about right religious adjustments that the highest spiritual development of the learner may take place.

Jesus and Christian Religious Education.—Jesus' emphasis on the sacredness of personality and his ideal of the kingdom of God lay upon Christian religious education a responsibility both toward the individual and toward society. Each person as he grows toward maturity should have that freedom for and guidance in creative self-expression which will lead to the most abundant living. But an individual, to a large extent, grows according to the influences of the society of which he is a part, and he in turn may be the leaven which helps constantly to raise the level of that society so that the abundant living on the part of its members will be more certain. For the enhancement of individual development and social progress, it is the duty of society to make available to its less mature members its highest ideals and its experience in pursuing these ideals.

At the very heart of all this lie the teaching and example of Jesus Christ. In this connection it is natural to consider the place the Master occupies in the subject-matter of the curriculum of religious education. Such subject-matter always develops out of experience. It consists in part of the factors in the situation in which guidance is sought, in part of the unrecorded past experience of the learner, the teacher, and others, and in no small part of systematized and recorded knowledge. Subject-matter serves its purpose when it re-enters present experience as a factor leading to understanding, enrichment, and control. Christian religious education utilizes as subject-matter whatever the experience of the race and the past experience of the learners have produced, which has value in enriching present experiences and giving it Christian quality. The record

of the experience of the race is found in sacred literature, art, architecture, Christian ethics, and the customs and institutions of Christian society. Among all the subject-matter available for Christian religious education, the Bible is unique and pre-eminent. The Bible is the record of the historic situation in which Christianity arose; it contains the primary source-material for the understanding and evaluation of the rich content of Christian experience, belief, and doctrine. It not only contains the historic record of human initiative as seen in the progressive search of the Hebrew people after God, but also of the divine initiative as seen in God's search after man, culminating in the appearance on the human scene of Jesus Christ, who disclosed himself to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life, through whom alone man comes unto the Father. Of this Biblical record, we know that "Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the man of God may be complete, furnished unto every good work." If this is true, then what was Christ's attitude, he who is the very heart of Christian religious education, toward the Scripture, the commandments, and especially the seventh day Sabbath? For our answer we must turn to the teachings and example of the Master himself.

Christ and the Sabbath.—All Bible students agree that the seventh day Sabbath is given a prominent place in Old Testament Scripture, but some insist that our Lord treated the Sabbath lightly, as a worn-out ordinance. Christ did not once hint that the Old Testament law of the Sabbath had disappeared, but insisted that it was meant to serve man and not to oppress him: that "the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath." There is not in the life of Christ an assertion so broad and strong as that the Sabbath was made for the human race, nor can what he said be narrowed down to mean that the Sabbath can be merely a local and temporary institution. He who was the interpretation of God to man declared that the Sabbath was intended for humanity, nor for a section or a sect of it. Jesus had been attacked because of what he had done on the Sabbath, and the attack gave him the opportunity of speaking on the

Sabbath law. As will be seen by a study of the passage in both the first and second gospels, he began to treat the subject from the strictly Jewish standpoint, using the example of David and the ritual of the temple to correct the misapprehension and misrepresentations of those with whom he now had to do. But he does not leave it a mere Jewish question; he broadens his view, and shows that the Sabbath is for humanity at large, not, however, as a burden, but as a blessing. Thus out of this conflict with the Jews has come to us the Magna Charta of our Sabbath. "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath: therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath." Here we have, on the one hand, the vindication of our rights against those who would deprive us of our Sabbath of rest, as if the privilege had been intended only for the Jews, and was abolished when Christ came; and, on the other, the assertion of our liberty against those who, by their petty regulations and restrictions, would make God's precious gift of the Sabbath a burden instead of a blessing. Humanity, for whom the Sabbath was made, should not ignore the fact that the Lord sanctified and hallowed the sacred day, that it is called the holy of the Lord, that Jesus observed it during his earthly life, and that he taught his disciples to observe it after his departure. These are facts which religious education should carefully teach.

Religious Education and the Sabbath. — As the great text book of Christian religious education is the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, it is evident that it must be vitally interested in the Bible Sabbath, not only because it is in the Decalogue, but because it is so vitally related to the spiritual and physical welfare of the human race. Christian religious education seeks to foster in growing persons a consciousness of God as a reality in human experience, and a sense of personal relationship to him. A proper observance of the Sabbath gives ample opportunity for this. It also seeks to develop the practice of communion with God through worship. This is the natural response to a consciousness of divine-human relationship. It may be an individual or group response. Worship is an experience which has worth, both for its own sake and as a dynamic for sharing in God's work for

the world. So for this reason also Christian religious education must give a large place to the Sabbath as a means of worship. Another thing Christian religious education seeks is to develop the ability and disposition to participate in the organized society of Christians, or the church. As it is so largely around the Sabbath and the opportunity it offers for worship that the church is built, religious education is again deeply interested. Through the opportunity the Sabbath offers, religious education seeks to guide persons into intelligent, active, and efficient membership in the church, and cooperation in organized Christian movements; it seeks to guide persons into whole-hearted participation in constructive Christian service in and through the channels of the church; and is concerned with developing the efficient Christian and an out-going church, which finds its mission in the service it renders; it seeks to develop in people the ability and disposition to make a constructive contribution to the progressive realization of a church which expresses more and more perfectly the Christian concept of the will and purpose of God for the world.

Some have thought that the methods used by those interested in Christian religious education would have a tendency to weaken those who keep the Bible Sabbath, and lead others away from this fundamental Bible truth. The opposite is actually the truth in the matter. The methods used lead to an open, free study of the entire Bible, unhampered by traditions of the past and the narrow sectarianism that insists that the fourth commandment has been done away, that it was only for the Jews, and that through Jesus Christ and the apostles the Sabbath was changed from the seventh day of the week to the first. Modern Christian religious education will offer ample opportunity for groups and individuals to study the Sabbath question from the point of view of what the Bible itself has to say on the matter rather than from the point of view of what men have worked out to fortify themselves in a misinterpretation of what the Master and the early Christians taught, both by word and example. May we thank God for the opportunity given Sabbath-keeping people through modern Christian religious education of teaching the truth

concerning the Sabbath of the Ten Commandments and of Jesus Christ.

(Written by request of the editor.)

ERLO E. SUTTON.

The Medicine Show A cartoon in a recent *Baptist* ironically portrays the wet propagandist offering a return of prosperity to the American people. The public is represented by the voter looking upon a huge bottle marked "Beer," with arms akimbo and legs ready to come back. Significantly the bottle-man has no head—only the mouth from which hot air is fulminating. The ballyhoo orator—the "wets" as "medicine man"—is broadcasting: "He will redeem our youth! an' return prosperity! He will end unemployment an' stop the depression," etc. At one side, by a table sits Germany, lifting the foaming stein and saying to England—also ready to quaff from a frothy mug, "Vot a pity ve neffer found dot out yet."

The author of the cartoon comments, "The news headlines the wets have released during the past months reminds me of the words of a burlesque ballyhoo man who shouted to the crowds on Broadway: 'This stupendous production will leave you paralyzed with wonderment, convulsed with mirth, and rocked with spasms of delight! Paralyzed, convulsions, spasms—what a buy for fifty cents!'"

Many statements of the wets look as foolish as they really are when compared with facts. If good times depend upon the sale and use of beer and wine, why are not Germany, England, and France enjoying the heights of prosperity? Instead, they are among the most discouraged and depressed.

STUDIES IN RELIGION AND GOOD HEALTH

VI.

FATIGUE AND POWER

BY REV. LOYAL F. HURLEY

"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Philippians 4: 13.

The need for power was never greater. The stress and strain of life increase the amount of fatigue we ought to expect from our work until breakdowns are increasingly common. Just when we ought to be at our best we are too often "all in" and the serv-

ice we should render is not done. What was the secret which enabled St. Paul to say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me"? Can we also learn that? Men like E. Stanley Jones have learned it. He received it by faith after a breakdown.

In this study we shall borrow ideas from Doctor Worcester and Doctor Coffin, but principally from Hadfield's little volume on the *Psychology of Power*, which is being quite generally recognized as a classic on the subject. There are two principal theories regarding the source of power. One is that power is physical and is derived from what we eat and drink and the air we breathe. This makes it entirely dependent on "supply and demand." If we work hard and eat little we tire out easily.

The other theory is that power is largely psychical. To quote Hadfield, "*The chief cause of fatigue is not exhaustion but stagnation.*" The way to power, therefore, is not to harbor our resources and store up our strength by inactivity, but to find the way to tap the resources of power at our disposal, so that they may flood our life and fill us with energy."

All of us know of evidences of vast sources of power that are available on occasion, if only we would interpret aright what we have seen. Who has not known of some frail mother, caring for a sick child, who has gone on day and night for weeks on end, and did *not* break under the strain? Ordinarily she could not stand such a strain two days. We all know about that. And we have experienced, most of us, what a runner calls "second wind."

Doctor Worcester relates that on a hunting trip in Wyoming with a poor guide he was exhausted after making two unsuccessful attempts to get out of a very deep, rocky valley. "My heart was thumping so that I thought it would burst. I would take a few steps and fall to the ground. Blood was issuing from my nose and ears, and I thought to myself, 'This is the end. I shall never get out of this valley dead or alive.' Then the thought occurred to me, 'You must be a fool to die in such a place as this.' So I deliberately lay down and recalled all that I could remember of Professor James' argument. I offered prayer and gave myself suggestions of returning strength and courage. I may have lain thus five or six min-

utes. When I arose I was conscious of a radical change in my condition. I felt refreshed and vigorous and during the long ascent I stopped only two or three times to rest."

William McDougall tells of a boy being chased by a mad bull who, without thinking about it, jumped a stone wall to escape. After continuous athletic training, even in his maturity he was never able to do so again.

It may help our general understanding of the whole subject to study the various causes of fatigue. Let me quote Doctor Coffin: "What is it that wearies us? Some of our fatigue is imaginary. We talk of 'tired nerves,' but physiologists have demonstrated that the mind wearies before the nervous system, which renews itself overnight. Or we fancy ourselves rushed, merely because we live in a busy city or among busy folk; a scrutiny of our week's stint of labor reveals no overburden. Thinking one's self tired brings on exhaustion. Some of our fatigue is needless—living experiences over again and again in retrospect and blaming one's self for mistakes; inability to relax so that we sit in a taxicab tensely pushing the cab forward to hasten to a destination, or lie on our beds with taut muscles and clenched hands; want of system by which we idle part of a week and let six days' task pile up into three; faulty planning of time, trying to do creative work at night instead of in the morning, and with stimulated brains wonder why we cannot sleep. Breakdowns due to such causes are moral, not physical."

Hadfield relates an experiment with three men whose grip he tested. First he had them grip the dynamometer as hard as they could. Then he hypnotized them and suggested that they were very weak, and then had them grip as hard as they could. Then he hypnotized them again and suggested that they were very strong, and had them grip again. Their average normal grip at the first was 101 pounds; when "weak," 29 pounds; and when they believed themselves very strong, 142 pounds. Hadfield says, "Such an experiment shows us that, when our minds are depressed with the idea of weakness, our strength may be diminished by two-thirds; whereas if we have the stimulus of a great inspiration our strength may thereby be increased by one-half. It is a conclusion of utmost importance for practi-

cal life." Here the weakness was clearly mental.

Hadfield lists four main causes of fatigue as follows: (1) Purely physical fatigue; (2) over-sensitiveness of the mind to physical fatigue; (3) false interpretation of mental fatigue as physical; (4) purely mental fatigue, chiefly due to the conflict in the mind itself between will and emotion, or between the different emotions themselves. About these four he tells us that (1) physical fatigue is very rare; that (2) we pay too much attention to our little aches and pains; that (3) bad news that depresses the mind is often felt as physical pain, as in a nervous headache; that when the mind is fatigued by worry or anxiety, depression or fear, this mental fatigue is *felt* to be physical fatigue; that (4) when the emotions, or the emotions and the will are in conflict we have a "house divided against itself" and this "struggle for mastery robs our lives of strength and leaves us prostrate." Thus fatigue seems largely mental or psychical. And it would be natural then to infer that power is also, largely psychical. But if power is mental does it come from the intellect, the emotions, or the will?

It ought to be pointed out at this point that the will alone is often powerless to accomplish what we desire. The boy could jump the fence when the bull was after him, but he never was able to do it again, with all the muscle and will-power he could muster. To quote Hadfield again, "But I have only to appeal to the reader to look into his own life to realize how futile is the will to help us in many of our difficulties. Our attempts to prevent blushing produce only a deeper crimson; the effort to be at our ease produces a strained attitude; and in moral actions how often does our greatest determination to do right end in failure? It was long ago that one discovered 'what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.' One thing is willed, another is performed. The victim of a moody or irritable temper, or of some evil habit, spends days and nights in vain endeavor to master it. What more pathetic sight than that of a confirmed drug-taker affirming with a sickly smile that he can easily give it up when he wants to?"

Well, if power does not lie in the muscles, on the one hand, or in the will, on the other hand, where does it lie? That is what some are asking. It lies in the instinctive

emotions; in instincts that are racial, aboriginal, basic; in forces that are divine. The mother that cares for a sick child is empowered by the force of the sex instinct; Doctor Worcester, enabled once more to climb the rocky wall to safety, was empowered by the instinct for self-preservation; the boy who jumped the wall ahead of the mad bull was empowered by the fear instinct. Here in the instinctive emotions lies our power.

Someone is certain to protest at this. He will say, "The instincts are vicious and immoral, and you have even labeled them divine!" Well, we need to remind ourselves that the instincts are as truly the gift of God as our intellect or our will, the capacity of faith, or the power and desire to pray. It is how they are used that decides whether these divine gifts shall bless or curse us. The writer knew a young man who used to offer prayers to Satan. Is therefore the power to pray Satanic? Hardly! The fear instinct may express itself in mere cowardice, but it lies at the basis of all safety, also. The herd instinct may express itself in nothing higher than that of a gangster, but it is the source of all social progress, nevertheless. The sex instinct, debased by a lewd libertine, may horrify us, but out of it at its highest comes mother-love, and the love of beauty, and the adoration of worship. The instincts are divine gifts, however much we may abuse them. And out of them surges the power we need. "Unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us" sings Paul. Did he mean that the power works *in and through our emotions*? At least, *they* are the most powerful of all our human equipment.

And, since the emotions hold the reservoirs of power, they should not be suppressed, but re-directed until all their energy is focused on one supreme purpose. Then power in abundance is released for our use.

The writer would relate a simple personal experience to show that what he has tried to explain will work for us ordinary mortals. Last summer, during the association at Brookfield, "Pussyfoot" Johnson was to speak for the Adams Center Church on Sabbath. The pastor drove home Friday afternoon so as to be present at the Sabbath morning service. Since he was to preach at Brookfield on Sunday morning, he planned

to drive back to Brookfield on Sabbath afternoon in order that he might be fresh in mind and body for the Sunday morning service. But circumstances beyond his control prevented. He found it necessary to do some work early Sunday morning, and then drive 125 miles to Brookfield. When he arrived he was tired out! And in a half hour or so he was to preach! What should he do?

Well, he went to Mr. Friar's home and sought a quiet room upstairs. There he tried to apply the power of suggestion and prayer. He assured himself that the work was God's and that God had promised that as our day so should our strength be. He prayed that the Lord would grant a clear mind and freedom in speech, and whatever poise and strength might be needed. And with the simple faith that God would supply any need, he went to the service. He preached with more freedom and ease than usual, and after attending meetings until four o'clock he drove back home again another 125 miles and *arrived feeling fresher than he had in the morning!* "To them that have no might he increaseth strength." Many a man has had such an experience.

Three things should be said in closing. If one's life powers are all centered in one high and noble purpose—integrated, as the psychologists say—then he *may expect* sufficient power for all his needs. But that expectation is simply *faith*. The second thing is that only so long as we are active will the fresh supplies of power be forth-coming. When we quit serving, the power to serve dries up at the source. And the third thing is that, although power may be released *through* the instinctive emotions, *the power itself is of God*. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

LETTER FROM MISS SUSIE BURDICK

Rev. H. C. Van Horn,
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR MR. VAN HORN:

It was certainly a very pleasant experience to have three SABBATH RECORDERS come to me here in Jerusalem, appreciated the more because I had been so long out of connection with friends and affairs, either in China or America. There was little radio

news on the steamer and what was posted was in French.

In the RECORDER of March 14, there is an editorial, "A Modern Exodus," which naturally interested me, as on the French mail steamer *D'Artagnan*, which was our home for the four weeks we were on the way from Shanghai to Port Said, there was one unit of this great company of Mennonites, who, for conscience' sake, have given up their old home in Russia to make a new one in another country.

We did not know we had such traveling companions until just as we were reaching Hong Kong we were taken to a deck in the first class where we could look down upon the company of men, women, and children of all ages. There was said to be between three and four hundred—an entire village. They had left their well-cultivated farms and with little more than they could carry had made their way to Harbin. The steamer by which they came to Shanghai reached there the night before we sailed and they were transferred to the *D'Artagnan* without going ashore.

The fellow-passenger who had told us of them also mentioned severe illness among them, and thought we might be able to do something to help them. That could only be done through the ship's doctor, who did not receive our offer with any encouragement whatever.

At Saigon we saw them in groups in the botanical garden and zoo, and rejoiced that they were having that opportunity away from their dark, cramped quarters and in such a beautiful, interesting place. In the cool of the day they were out on the wharf playing various games which called for vigorous running—and they *could* run. The little children were playing singing games, and their voices were so sweet. At Singapore we had only a few hours, and those in the heat of the day, but at Penang the boat was alongside the wharf all the evening and these fellow-passengers had a happy time. This was the last time the *D'Artagnan* anchored in such a way as made it easy for passengers to go ashore. For more than two weeks, when in port, one must transfer to smaller boats, and you can see what that would mean to so large a company.

It was not until after we left Colombo that we commenced to hear people express

concern for "the poor Mennonites." Some of the ladies in the second class saved their oranges and apples and cakes and took them down to the children. That was but a small drop in a very large bucket and had to be discontinued. One evening we went down to hear them sing. There was a well-trained chorus. Beautiful voices they had.

We were told how they are like the Quakers in their refusal to take up arms. Probably that was the reason that some hundreds of years ago they left Germany and migrated to Russia, where they have been very industrious and successful farmers, but now Russia has imprisoned some of their number because they will not go to war. Nor were they allowed to worship God or to educate their children as they wished. "They do not believe in Bolshevism," said their leader.

We would be interested to know how they have fared since we left the *D'Artagnan* at Port Said, three weeks ago. They were to be transferred at Marseilles to another boat and go on with their long voyage to their new home in Paraguay, South America. One hopes that sometime there will be further news of them and of the other bands that were waiting at Harbin to start out on their long journey.

These have been wonderful days in Jerusalem. I must not undertake to write about them now. This Sabbath morning I had a very dear hour in the Garden of Gethsemane.

With greetings to all the friends,

Very sincerely yours,

Jerusalem, SUSIE M. BURDICK.
April 16, 1932.

NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION AND SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

A joint meeting of the Northwestern Association and Semi-annual Meeting of the Michigan and Ohio Churches will be held in Battle Creek, Mich., June 16 to 19, 1932.

We are anxious to make this an uplifting occasion and will be glad to have a good attendance and the friends are cordially invited to attend.

Very sincerely,

ALICE W. FIFIELD,

Corresponding Secretary.

226 North Washington Ave.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

MISSIONS

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

A SABBATH OF PRIVILEGE IN HAMMOND

On Sabbath day, April 16, we began the observance of the Sabbath with our usual Friday night prayer meeting, this time at the home of Everett Stillman, who has recently come down from Wisconsin to live among us and to engage in farming. A large percentage of the congregation was in attendance, and all knew that two members of the family were about to be baptized, and were filled with rejoicing. The weather on Sabbath day was most beautiful, fully in keeping with the glad occasion, a day in our beautiful southern springtime. The text for the sermon was Acts 8: 36, "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" and in the sermon allusion was made to the baptisms in Aenon near to Salim, "because there was much water there." Then it was shown how wonderful was our privilege to be buried with Christ in baptism that we might rise to newness of life.

The water for our baptism was five miles or more away in the Tangipahoa River. Thither we repaired, whither we had often gone before for the same purpose. There we were surrounded with a wealth of sylvan beauty. The season for that characteristic southern flower, the yellow jasmine, was past, but the writer could not help being reminded of its wealth of fragrance and trumpet-like shape. But other wild flowers were there and the variegated greenery of the trees was everywhere.

Some people prefer a baptism in the open air. No more beautiful spot could have been chosen for our baptism where Katharine and Randall Stillman were buried beneath the river stream and arose in the likeness of the baptism of Christ in the Jordan. For hours afterwards, in looking back, it seemed that in truth heaven had come down and was touching earth with rest.

All here are very much pleased to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and their son, Junior, of Battle Creek.

S. S. P.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF DOCTORS PALMBORG AND CRANDALL

IN THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR IN AND ABOUT SHANGHAI AND LIUHO

(Continued)

BY DOCTOR PALMBORG

We arrived at the hospital before four o'clock, found the fence down in places and looting already commenced, probably before the Japanese arrived, for there were signs of hasty getting away. I left the others at the hospital and went toward the electric light station at the end of the village street, where there were numerous Japanese soldiers on guard with guns and bayonets ready. I went slowly, stopping every few steps and waving my handkerchief, till at last a man motioned for me to come on and called "Come" in Chinese. He was a Chinese interpreter. He told me that they had not been able to make out that I was a foreigner at first. I also found a Japanese from Shanghai who was acting as interpreter and a sort of secretary and another English speaking Japanese who was also helping the army in some capacity. I told them that I wanted to get a pass for Doctor Crandall and her company to come out from the country and a pass for us all to go to Shanghai. They went with me over to the hospital, and asked if we would let them use it for their Red Cross. I said that Doctor Crandall was in charge there and I would rather they would wait until she should come, and ask her. Then they asked if I would let them have a room at my place for a dozen or so to sleep in that night. As I had told them that I lived there, I could do nothing but allow it. I let them use the main work room and locked the door of my own quarters upstairs. I stayed at the hospital with my two old ladies. This was Thursday, March third. One of them told me that I could not get a pass until the main army of four thousand arrived the next day.

My Bible woman, Mrs. Tsu, wanted to see her house at the other end of the village. They gave us permission to go and detailed two soldiers to accompany us. These did not seem too eager. They evidently had not been in that part of town before. From their actions I could see that they were afraid of snipers. We passed one poor old man lying on the street who had been shot dead a short time before. Another old man

had just come out of his house and the soldiers leveled their guns at him and fiercely ordered him in. He knew me and wanted to tell me why he had not run away. But I urged him quickly to enter his house for fear he would be shot. Mrs. Tsu's place had not yet been molested, but we climbed around a bomb hole and the debris of the houses which had been smashed by it and so received a vivid impression of what would have happened to us if a bomb had struck over the room in which we sat on that memorable first of March. It is hard to imagine how one bomb could do such terrific destruction. We saw several other places equally wrecked.

We passed a nervous night. The next morning I went over to my place to see if the men had left, but they were still there. They insisted on giving me three dollars, Mexican, to pay for the canned goods they had eaten, which was a small price. The place was filthy, reeking of tobacco and opium, the well about dry, and the garden around it a mud pond! Later one of the interpreters came to the hospital and "borrowed" a car left in our garage by the head of the bus company. He brought it back after a trip to Shanghai, saying that he had seen the general who had promised to give me a pass, and that the army was not coming that day but the next at about two o'clock. He said that he would come and take me to the general himself. He also asked that two of them might stay at my place that night, which request I granted.

Mr. Davis had secured a military pass and he and Mr. Carleton Lacy came out that afternoon to see how we were. I was so glad I had come back, for if I had not been there they would not have known what had become of us. As a number of Japanese soldiers had followed the car over to the hospital, we stayed outside to talk. Suddenly the door of the house opposite us was opened and the whole of the family, whom I had supposed had gone away, poured out! They left the door open and there were some bloody pieces of Chinese uniforms on the floor. The Japanese guards saw them and became furious and arrested the two men. The men tried to hold back, appealing to me for help, the women crying and begging me to interfere. I urged the men to go peacefully, as being safer, and

got the women back into the house. Later I heard two shots and thought the men had been killed, but found afterward that it was not so. Mr. Davis told me later that when they drove back past the electric light station there was a man dead on the road who was not there when they came in, so the shots were probably for him.

Evidently the Japanese had become suspicious of our whole party. Mr. Davis and Mr. Lacy had some difficulty in getting away from the guards at the corner. I was standing outside of the garage gate, watching to see them safely started, when the soldier who had arrested the two men came back with another soldier. The latter said in English, "Go inside. Dangerous." As I hesitated a moment, he quietly pulled a revolver out from under his blouse and pointed it at my chest, reiterating the command. I exclaimed, "Are you going to shoot me!" He smiled a little, shook his head, and said these words again, so I went "inside" and stayed until the next afternoon.

In less than an hour an airplane came and circled our hospital compound about forty times. I stayed out-of-doors and it came straight over my head every time and as low as it could fly without touching the roofs of our buildings. I felt sure that they were going to bomb or shoot me. It was so low that I could see a man standing up, holding a lever so I prepared for death forty times or more in that hour and a half but it did not come. Next morning, Sabbath day, March fifth, I had a short repetition of the visit and again in the afternoon. It certainly used me up nervously. I had not slept much for four nights nor could I eat. We three women and the two men spent the Sabbath very quietly. Once an interpreter came and I asked him what was the meaning of the airplane visits. He said, "Oh! It came to comfort you, to congratulate you." I answered, "I would prefer not to be comforted that way."

At two o'clock the promised big army of four thousand began to arrive. They poured in from three directions, cavalry and infantry on the road passing the hospital, in trucks on the auto road, and in motor scows on the canal from the gunboats out in the Yangtze. That interpreter had told me to prepare a list of all the people for

whom I wanted passes, which I had done. I waited for him until four o'clock but he did not come. I felt that I must get in touch with the commander before dark, so I took the sheet of paper in my hand and advanced slowly toward the outposts of the army. I asked them if there was anyone who could speak English or Chinese. No one answered, but at last some soldiers led me to the Red Cross and there a doctor who spoke English took me as near headquarters as possible. The narrow streets were so crowded with soldiers that we had to push our way through them. He and I waited on a bridge while an attendant went and called a couple of officers. One of them was a Captain Kondo who could speak English. He was quite obliging. He went with me to the hospital and church and wrote three notices to put up on the doors, forbidding soldiers or others to enter. He kept my list, promising to give me the pass to Shanghai next day, but wrote a small pass for the group with Doctor Crandall to come out of the country. I sent this out to them the next morning. I also sent them a letter telling them that Mr. Davis was going to try to come that day.

Sunday morning I went over to my place and found to my surprise that the door to my rooms upstairs had been opened and a number of my things taken away and the door again locked. In a short time the interpreter whom I first met came up in a very friendly way, pulled a notebook from his pocket, and showed me a list of things he had borrowed to fit up the quarters of the general, saying that when they left these things would be returned and anything they had used up would be paid for. He also pulled my keys, for which I had hunted in vain, from his pocket (fortunately I had another key) saying that I had handed them to him on Friday! That, of course, was not true. I had laid them down and he had picked them up.

After he left, Captain Kondo and Adjutant General Takahara came and paid me a call, and were very pleasant. The latter spoke very little English. Captain Kondo naively told me how well the Japanese soldiers behaved, while the Chinese soldiers were so bad. I answered that the Chinese soldiers of the present time were just as good as the Japanese! I did not go into

detail as to how I had seen the Japanese soldiers the day before systematically breaking open doors and helping themselves to anything they wanted, and he possibly did not know their atrocious actions when they went out into the country round about. He said that there would be no fighting and urged me to stay, saying they would take care of me. When Mr. Davis with Doctor McCracken came that afternoon and told me how the Japanese were digging trenches all along the road, and when I saw them dig a gun emplacement at the corner of our hospital grounds, it did not seem to coincide with the captain's assurance that there would be no fighting.

At this time Doctor Crandall with her company arrived, and Mr. Davis soon returned to Shanghai with the first load. The next day Mr. Davis and Mr. George Fitch came with two cars before dinner. After going to headquarters and getting a pass for the rest of our party, we packed ourselves and our bundles in and outside of the cars and reluctantly turned our faces toward Shanghai, though at the same time glad to get away.

I had not undressed for bed for a week, slept very little, and had not eaten much. When we reached the hospitable Davis home I went to bed as soon as we had eaten our late dinner. Even then I could not sleep much nights, for the horror that was upon me because of the terrible experiences of the poor people, the anxiety for our dear Christians, and my other girls and women.

We have made several trips to Liuho since, once with two cars when we brought out Mr. Woo's family and two school girls and their mother. We found the hospital and the other place undisturbed. On April fifth we heard that the residents were returning to Liuho and very few soldiers remained there. There were no longer any guards about the hospital and the fence was broken in some places, so we went out to see about it. We found that the report was not accurate. I decided to stay a few days to see how things were and to gather up some more of my things. We had one of my old servants with us and he found one of the hospital servants who kept me company. There were still many soldiers all about us. The servants mended the broken places in the fence, but a Japanese gendarme kicked

a big hole in it the day after I arrived. There seemed to be no possibility of doing any work and I felt that it was not safe to stay, so when Doctor Crandall came out on the seventh, I was glad to go back with her.

I have been relieved to find that a number of my girls have in various ways reached Shanghai, and as I have brought away all of my industrial work materials I have been glad to give them work here.

By devious ways the cows have, at last, been rescued, so that we have lost nothing in that way. Those which are giving milk are here, and we are enjoying the good supply of milk. Doctor Crandall has found quite a little medical work in the schools and with the group of refugees who are still in the schools. I am helping some in teaching, and with my other work keep quite busy.

There has been no more fighting and we are hoping against hope that there may be a settlement of the differences without further bloodshed.

ELIZABETH PATTEN ORDWAY

A part of what was spoken by Rev. Edwin Shaw at the funeral service of Mrs. Ordway

It was forty years ago I first became acquainted with Mrs. Ordway, when she was thirty-three, for she was born December 25, 1858, seventy-three years ago last Christmas day, and her passing away brings vividly to my recollections those days and those times and those situations two score years ago; and I trust I may be pardoned if I indulge for a moment in an old man's privilege of reminiscence.

During the summer and autumn of the year of the World's Columbian Exposition I lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira J. Ordway, on Carpenter Street, just off Madison, a little west of Halstead Street, as I had charge of one of the exhibition booths at the fair, and I traveled back and forth night and morning. Their son, Albert K. Ordway, had died not long before that time, leaving his wife, in whose honor and for the sake of whose memory we are gathered here today, a young widow with a small daughter, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Joseph Schertz, in whose home we are here assembled. They had been married on February 19, 1880.

I cannot remember whether Mrs. Ordway and her little girl were at the time I first knew them living in the home on Carpenter

Street or some place near by; but to me they, Libbie and Lizzie, were always members of the family, for it was there I always saw them. They had to be a good deal with Grandpa and Grandma Ordway, and with Auntie May, for the daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Maxson, lived in the same house; and so far as I was concerned, and I think it was the same with other outsiders, these six people constituted one single, united, indivisible family.

Mr. Ordway and Mr. Maxson conducted a high-grade tailoring establishment on Madison Street. Although this service is being held in memory of the daughter-in-law I cannot refrain from speaking a word of tribute to the memory of the elder Ordways and of Mr. Maxson who have passed on to their eternal reward. It was one of the most hospitable homes in which it has been my privilege and pleasure to be entertained. The elder Mrs. Ordway was one of the finest women I ever knew, courteous, cultured, tactful, sympathetic, graciously charming, the perfect hostess, the faithful friend. Their home was the center of the religious and social life of that little group of Seventh Day Baptists, which through the influence largely of this same home became organized into the present Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church. It is true that this Mrs. Ordway, whose body lies here in this flower covered casket, was not a member of this church. As a young girl she identified herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, continuing that relationship throughout her life. But she was first of all a member of this home, the Ordway home, and as such she added her influence of Christian womanhood loyally and unstintedly to the work of this church.

The elder Mr. Ordway, though several years my senior, was one of my most helpful and congenial friends. It is true he was sometimes a bit domineering with me, telling me where and when to get on and to get off; but somehow I rather liked it, never resented it, doubtless because of his pleasant ways and because of an undercurrent of feeling in me that he was right in his opinions and his treatment. He loved to serve; and if he had been paid any reasonable amount for the time he freely and gladly gave to religious and educational and philanthropic interests, and to the help of individuals who came to Chicago, or who were

merely passing through the city, he would have died a wealthy man. That summer I lived in his home he gave a major part of his time and thought and energy to interests outside his own business.

For the son-in-law, Mr. Maxson, I held the highest regard. He was quiet and unassuming in his ways, but true as steel, of unassailable integrity, charitable of the faults and failings of others, severe with himself, his home carried on the traditions of the elder home, unsullied and unshaken till he too passed on.

I make no apology for thus speaking of others, for to me this Mrs. Ordway was an integral indivisible part of that family home. And now she too has gone. Little Elizabeth, whom I knew in that year, and in the two years soon after, when I was a student at the University of Chicago and so many times after attending church services I came with the Ordways to dinner and often for a social gathering in the evening—that little Elizabeth has grown to womanhood and has given to her mother not only the tender care of a loving daughter in her declining years, but has also given her the blessedness of becoming the happy grandmother of Elizabeth May and Joseph Schertz.

Mrs. Ordway was a woman of strong principles. I have spoken largely of her interest centered in the home and family; but she had many other warm friends. Most of her life was spent in Chicago. As a young girl she came west from Boston, Mass., where she was born, and for a short period lived in Minneapolis, Minn., with her parents, Charles and Rebecca Patten. The last twelve years her home has been here with her daughter and family in Oak Park. In these later years I have not known Mrs. Ordway so well. My visits to Chicago have been less frequent. Several times she has spent a week or so with her sister, Mrs. Maxson, in Milton where I have enjoyed meeting her. But I feel sure that the view of life and of death expressed in the lines entitled, "Crossing the Bar," would have been endorsed fully by her. And then again I feel that she would have sincerely said for herself:

"But once I pass this way,
And then—and then
The silent door swings on its hinges,
Opens, closes—and no more
I pass this way.

So, while I may,
With all my might I will essay
Sweet comfort and delight
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way;
For no man travels twice the
Great Highway
That winds through darkness up to light,
Through night, to day."

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MICAH

BY PASTOR EVERETT T. HARRIS

PART II.

Chapter III.

Another day dawned and again Micah felt inspired to speak. This time he was stirred to the depths of his soul by the greed and selfishness of the religious leaders of Jerusalem. The priests and prophets, to whom the people might have looked for guidance, were deflected from their duty by mercenary motives and the nature of their message was determined by the size of the bit put in their mouths. The judges, too, of Jerusalem were receiving bribes so that the poor were being cruelly oppressed and no judgment could be obtained against the rich.

Micah knew himself to be a true prophet of God, drawing his inspiration not from the size of his salary but from Jehovah, and so he denounced the religious leaders of Jerusalem as lovers of money. They fondly imagined that Jehovah would protect them while they "built up Zion with blood," that is, money from the poor.

And then Micah pronounced Jehovah's judgment upon Jerusalem, the holy city. The city of Jerusalem and the very hill of Zion on which the temple was built were doomed to be reduced to a jungle. This terrible threat was remembered more than a hundred years afterward, showing that Micah was heard and his words considered, and we know now that it was at least partially fulfilled.

Chapter IV.

Then Micah changed the scene. From Jerusalem pictured as a jungle, he turned to a vision of the city as the religious capital of the world, the fountain of justice and peace. Although fully conscious of the wickedness of the present, the true prophet always looks forward to better days and better conditions. Micah saw men of all nations streaming to the temple on Mount Zion for spiritual instruction and guidance.

Wars between nations would be settled by arbitration at Mount Zion.

This passage had great practical insight, suggesting the way to world peace. If the prophet could entertain such a hope, so may we.

Although Jerusalem will lose her former dominion such as she had under the reign of David and will be laid waste and carried into exile, still she will be restored and Jehovah himself will be her king. He will gather together to Zion his widely scattered flocks and will reign over them forever.

Chapter V.

The One who is to defend Judah and lead her to ultimate victory is the Messiah, a descendant from an ancient family, probably that of David, and he shall be born not in great Jerusalem but in a tiny, at that time, insignificant town of Bethlehem. After the birth of this Messiah King, the fortunes of the people will change, the exiles return, and the Messiah will rule the world—not in his own might but in the strength of his God—securing peace for Judah, whose dominion will be world wide.

The exiles, scattered among the nations, will be victorious everywhere in the name of God. They will be as numerous and gentle as raindrops and as fierce and terrible as lions. In that blessed day idolatry will be abolished and the spiritually deaf nations will be punished.

Thus Micah brings his second group of discourses to a close.

(To be continued)

STORY OF A POLISH STUDENT

One night the Presbyterian University pastor at Cornell University, was called to the infirmary to see a boy who was to be operated upon for appendicitis. It was a desperate case—the surgeons feared that peritonitis had already set in.

When the university pastor came in, the boy said, "I am an atheist and I attended an atheist Sunday school in New York City, but they told me that I am badly off and I would like to hear about your God." The university pastor told him of the love of the heavenly Father and prayed with him and said, "I wonder if it would be any help to you if I held your hand while they give you the ether and promise to stay by and

be here when you come out from under the anæsthetic." The student said, "Would you do that for me?" "Yes, and anything else you would like to have me do." "Well," he said, "there is one thing I would like very much but it would take a great deal of your time. If this goes wrong, would you go to Buffalo and tell my father? I don't want him just to get a telegram." The university pastor said, "I will," and the young fellow put his hand up into his hand and said, "I believe in the love of God, the Father."

The operation did come out right and the university pastor wrote to the father every day telling of his boy's condition until the boy could write for himself.

The following fall the university pastor was in Buffalo and looked up the father of this Polish boy and found him a cobbler, fearfully crippled, a wheel-chair within his reach. The cobbler said that he was born in Poland, his mother died before he could remember her; he was an atheist before leaving Poland; he came to America and worked in construction work in New York City until he was crushed in the caving in of an excavation. He blamed his crippled condition on the lack of proper care in the hospital. He said that up to the time he received the university pastor's letters he had never recognized the element of kindness in any act that was directed toward him, but these letters came day by day and then the letter from his son who told him of the offer to hold his hand and stay by and then offering to go to Buffalo, if the thing went wrong, instead of sending a telegram to the father to claim the body. This was Saturday and the next day the father got into his wheel chair and rolled down the street looking for a Presbyterian church. He said, "They were good to me there and helped me up the stairs and gave me a place for my chair and helped me out again. My boy and I both joined that church this summer. We both believe in the love of God the Father."

—By George R. Baker,
In *Presbyterian Advance*.

One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees, and the birds, we doubt it,
And think it a world worth living in.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. ALBERTA DAVIS BATSON
Contributing Editor

WORSHIP PROGRAM FOR JUNE

HELPING GOD MAKE A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Planting

Leader—Read Genesis 1: 1, 3, 9-12.
Song—First two verses of "For the beauty of the earth."

Leader—Read Psalm 95: 1-6.

Prayer.

Selections—(To be read by members) Psalm 19: 1; Jeremiah 4: 3; Luke 8: 5-8; Jeremiah 17: 7, 8.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.—*Whittier*.

In the morning sow thy seed,
Nor stay thy hand at evening hour,
Never asking which shall prosper—
Both may yield thee fruit and flower.
—*Havergal*.

He who digs up the weeds and plants flowers,
who clears out the briars and plants the grain
and who strives to root out ugliness everywhere
is helping God to make a beautiful world.

Song—"This is my Father's world."

QUESTIONS FOR JUNE

1. What is the net indebtedness of the Missionary Society at the present time?
2. Shall we accept the challenge of raising the Budget for 1932?
3. If the Budget is not balanced, what will be some of the results?
4. What is to be gained by tithing?
5. What will Sabbath Rally week mean to the denomination if every church observes it?
6. What is the work of the Committee on Ministerial Relations?

AMELIA PIERCE HURLEY

The subject of this sketch came into the life of the writer of this article many years ago when she came with her husband, Rev. James H. Hurley, and two children to North Loup, Neb., to take up the duties that fall to the lot of a pastor's wife. North

Loup was then a frontier town and the Seventh Day Baptist Church there was probably the farthest west of those in our denomination. There was still virgin prairie, and many sod houses were still in existence. The time spent there was exceedingly strenuous, for an extensive evangelistic campaign in schoolhouses and surrounding communities was constantly under way. It was during this residence that drouth and a devastating hail storm reduced the people there to the direst poverty. The salary was small and the needs of the family great, but with prudence and courage Mrs. Hurley rose to the occasion and supplied



Mrs. Amelia Pierce Hurley

the needs of her family. After six years of service in this community she became the mistress of the manse in the various churches in practically all parts of our denomination. When the writer accepted the pastorate of the church at Welton, Iowa, and moved to that field, she and her husband were residents there, and when parish problems arose he often consulted with her and found her attitude charitable and her advice sound.

In addition to the responsibilities that regularly fall to parish service, she became at various times mother to three of her grandchildren, Elmer and Paul Sanford, and Talva Sanford Wulf of Welton, who was present at the funeral service.

Owing to the very nature of the case, a pastor successful or unsuccessful in his work is often in the public eye and he usually receives recognition for the service ren-

dered, but the praise and honor due a pastor's wife, who is able to take the small salary received and make it meet the demands of the home and growing family, who is able to act as a buffer between what is sometimes a friendly and sometimes a critical public, who is really the pilot who guides and directs the home and maintains its order and safeguards its position, is still to be written. Sister Hurley was such a one—she has labored and others have entered into her labors.

Five or six years ago, while the home was still at Albion, Wis., she suffered from the effect of a stroke. At the time it did not seem to be so severe, but from that time on she has gradually declined in health. Seeking rest and quiet for her and the time to give to her attention, the family moved to Welton, Ia., and here with the help of her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Campbell, and other relatives and friends, the husband has tenderly cared for her. She departed this life Monday, May 9.

The funeral service was held at the Welton Seventh Day Baptist church, Wednesday, May 11, conducted by Rev. C. L. Hill of Farina, Ill. At the request of the family, Mr. Hill and his mother, Mrs. Eva E. Hill, sang two selections: "Asleep in Jesus," and "Saved by Grace." It was something of a coincidence that Mrs. Hill, who was a girlhood friend of both Rev. and Mrs. Hurley and who was a member of his parish at North Loup and a co-worker with them there, should be present at the old home church and have a part in the farewell service.

Friends of the family came from Milton, Wis., Garwin, Marion, and De Witt, Iowa, and from the nearby localities bringing beautiful flowers that brightened the occasion, and spoke beautifully of the sympathy they left and of the esteem in which Sister Hurley was held. She was laid to rest under the shadow of the church where she was first a member so long ago, and it might well be said of her:

"Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing;
O Grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

The following brief obituary was prepared by members of the family.

C. L. HILL.

Mary Amelia Pierce was born January 23, 1859, at Warsaw, Minn., oldest daughter of Franklin and Caroline Walrod Pierce; the father was a soldier in the Civil War, and died on his way home from service.

Later the widow and two little daughters, Amelia and Alma, came to Welton, Iowa, to make their home among other relatives. In early life she gave her heart to Christ and joined the Welton Seventh Day Baptist Church.

On May 15, 1876, she was united in marriage to Rev. James H. Hurley. To this union were born Oakley L., of Long Beach, Calif.; and Mrs. Gertrude Campbell, of this place.

She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, two children, one own sister, Alma Forsythe of De Witt, Iowa; three half-brothers—Jay and Harry Van Horn of Garwin, Iowa; Otto Van Horn of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; two half-sisters — Mrs. Blanche Furrow of Blair, Okla.; and Mrs. Mae Hurley, Adams Center, N. Y., and many other relatives and friends.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist Building, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, May 8, 1932, at 2.00 o'clock, p. m., with President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present were: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Alexander W. Vars, Winfred R. Harris, Asa F' Randolph, Mrs. William M. Stillman, Ahva J. C. Bond, William M. Stillman, Orra S. Rogers, Esle F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Irving A. Hunting, A. Burdet Crofoot, Courtland V. Davis, Neal D. Mills, Business Manager L. Harrison North.

Visitors present were: Mrs. Esle F. Randolph and Miss Dorothy P. Hubbard.

Prayer was offered by Neal D. Mills.

The minutes of the last regular meeting, of April 10, 1932, were read.

Leader in Sabbath Promotion, Dr. A. J. C. Bond, presented and read his report, which was adopted, as follows:

REPORT OF LEADER IN SABBATH PROMOTION

One month ago, April 7-10, I visited Alfred University, and with the co-operation of President Davis, Pastor Ehret, Chaplain McLeod, and others, carried out the following program:

I gave the college assembly address on Thursday morning, and spoke at the chapel service Friday morning; preached in the Seventh Day Baptist church Friday evening, following the organ vesper service, and again at the Sabbath morning service of the church; held a conference with a group of Seventh Day Baptist students Sabbath afternoon; preached to the Sun-

day congregation Sunday morning; attended the regular meeting of the Education Society Sunday afternoon; and had a conference with the pastors of the Western Association with reference to a possible summer camp for the young people of those churches.

This was the first visit to Alfred in several years in the interest of the work with the Tract Board. In a letter from President Davis he says, "We here feel that your visit was of real service to the college, and particularly to the Seventh Day Baptist young people here, and I think the interest was cumulative."

I have co-operated with Miss Bernice Brewer in planning a Teen-Age Conference to be held next week at Riverside, Calif. Materials have been sent her from the office, as well as a personal message, at her request, to the young people of the Pacific Coast.

Several other matters of interest have been taken care of as will appear in the correspondence.

A. J. C. BOND,

Leader in Sabbath Promotion.

Treasurer Mrs. William M. Stillman reported, informally, balances on hand.

For the Advisory Committee, Chairman Esle F. Randolph reported as follows:

It is recommended that the corresponding secretary be instructed to reply to correspondence from Mr. G. B. St. John regarding an exhibit of the American Sabbath Tract Society, at the Chicago Exhibition, to be held in 1933, that the American Sabbath Tract Society does not wish at this time to enter into an arrangement for an exhibit at the Chicago Exposition.

The recommendation was adopted.

Chairman Jesse G. Burdick of the Committee on the Distribution of Literature submitted and read his report with recommendations as follows:

The following report of the Committee on the Distribution of Literature is herewith submitted for your consideration:

Number of tracts, old RECORDERS and calendars sent out on order	5,600
RECORDER subscriptions discontinued	3
RECORDER subscriptions new	1
Net loss	2

Respectfully submitted,

JESSE G. BURDICK,
Chairman.

RECOMMENDATION

The Committee on Distribution of Literature met in the office of Secretary Van Horn at 3.30 p. m., Sunday, May 1, with Chairman Jesse G. Burdick in the chair and the following members present: LaVerne C. Bassett and Courtland V. Davis.

It was voted that the committee request an item of at least five hundred dollars for the distribution of literature in the ensuing year's budget with the understanding that with this amount our already depleted stock of tracts will probably be exhausted by July, 1933.

COURTLAND V. DAVIS,
Secretary.

It was voted that the recommendation that \$500 be included in next year's budget be referred to the Budget Committee.

The treasurer requested an authorization to execute a satisfaction of mortgage in connection with the Reuben Ayars estate.

Authorization voted.

In commemoration of the supreme sacrifice made by Peter Velthuysen in Africa, Mr. Orra S. Rogers suggested that a suitable memorial be erected to his memory.

It was voted that the chair appoint a special committee to consider and report to the board. The following were named as the special committee: Orra S. Rogers, William C. Hubbard.

The minutes were read and approved.

Adjournment.

WINFRED R. HARRIS,
Recording Secretary.

INTERCHANGE OF NEW JERSEY PULPITS

On the second Sabbath of "Sabbath Rally Week" the pastors of our New Jersey churches effected as general an interchange of pulpits as is possible for four churches to experience in the services of a single Sabbath. Following is the schedule which was carried out in full:

Friday evening, May 20, Pastor Maltby of Shiloh was at Plainfield; Pastor Bond of Plainfield was at Marlboro; Pastor Cottrell of Marlboro was at New Market; and Pastor Mills of New Market was at Shiloh.

Sabbath morning, May 21, Pastor Cottrell was at Plainfield; Pastor Bond was at Shiloh; Pastor Maltby was at New Market; and Pastor Mills was at Marlboro.

—Contributed.

"Father, freight is goods that are sent by water or land, isn't it?"

"That's right, son."

"Well, then, why is it that freight that goes by ship is called a cargo, and when it goes by car it is called a shipment?"

—Clipped.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

CLIFFORD A. BEEBE
Contributing Editor
MARVELL, ARK.

HOW HONEST ARE WE?

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 18, 1932

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Determined honesty (Job 27: 1-6)
Monday—The man God loves (Ps. 15: 1-5)
Tuesday—Too honest to need bolstering (Matt. 5: 33-37)
Wednesday—Practical honesty (Luke 3: 12-14)
Thursday—An honest official (1 Sam. 12: 1-5)
Friday—A grafter (2 Kings 5: 20-27)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How honest are we as individuals and groups? (Acts 4: 32; 5: 1-5)

It has been said that "Honesty is the basis of all human relations." A little thought will tell you that this is true. If the majority of people were not honest, the world's business could not go on.

There is much dishonesty, big and little, in the world, and the crooks seem to be getting things in their own power; but honesty must rule.

If you have a copy of the April, 1931, *American Magazine*, it might be well to study over the article "We're Ninety-Nine Per Cent Honest," by James R. Crowell. It is a report of an interview with a small-city banker, who makes this assertion after years of experience which make him qualified to judge.

Much dishonesty is caused by the fact that we have learned wrong codes of honor in our youth. A child learns to lie or cheat in school rather than tattle; to lie to his parents to escape punishment; and these little dishonesties grow into larger ones. Let us be especially careful that we live honest and upright lives before children, for they are naturally honest, and a right training will preserve that quality. C. A. B.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC

HOW DOES PRAYER HELP?

For Sabbath Day, June 18, 1932

Why should we get the habit of daily prayer?

How has prayer helped us?

Why is prayer more for fellowship with God than for emergencies?

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Daniel found courage (Dan 6: 10)
Monday—Prayer develops trustfulness (Matt 6: 25-34)
Tuesday—Prayer leads to fellowship with God (Eph. 2: 18-22)
Wednesday—Prayer reveals God's will (Ps. 5: 1-8)
Thursday—Prayer effects deliverance (Acts 12: 1-12)
Friday—A model prayer (Matt 6: 9-13)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How does daily prayer help? (Eph. 3: 14-21)

POLLY AND PAUL'S DISCOVERIES IN THE NEW CHURCH

A LESSON FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

BY MRS. W. B. LEWIS

7. A Place of Beauty

"It seems queer not to be over to the church," Paul said to Polly as they stood with their faces close to the window watching the rain splash into the puddles of water out in the street. "What is the surprise?" he asked eagerly as mother came into the living room after dinner was over.

"It is this letter," she said, handing it to Paul. "Father got it after the morning services and I thought you would enjoy it more this afternoon than then, and you could read it in place of going over to the church as it is too rainy for that."

He glanced at the post mark and exclaimed, "It must be from Cousin Walter." Opening it he began to read, but soon turned it over to his mother saying, "You read it, you can read so much faster."

And mother read aloud:

"Dear Cousin Paul:

"I have heard mother and dad talking a lot about the new church you are going to have. Mother says it must be nearly done and that we are going over to church more often. I am anxious to see it. Is it going to be pretty?"

"We have eight baby lambs. I wish you could see them frisking about. Father says he will give me one for my own."

"Maybe when school is out you can come over and stay a week. We will have a lot of fun. Shep likes to play as well as ever."

"Don't forget to write and tell us when the first meeting will be in your church. Look for us then."

"Good-bye,

"Walter."

"Oh, good," exclaimed Paul. "I was in no hurry to finish having our afternoon

trips to the church, but I would like the time for Walter's visit to come soon."

"Will he think it is pretty, mother?" asked Polly.

"I hope so, sister. As I said before, it will not be a place of splendor like Solomon's temple covered with gold, nor will it have wonderfully pictured windows in beautiful colors. It is just a small, plain church, but any new building looks nice and maybe there is something we could do to make it more beautiful. What do you think?"

"I could take my picture of Jesus and the children," offered Polly.

"That's a good idea. Pictures make a room look prettier. Perhaps there are others who will bring pictures, too. I think the teacher is planning some curtains for the windows," mother said.

"She says we will paint the chairs and table ourselves," added Paul, "and we boys may help her."

"We want flowers, too," suggested Polly.

"That's right. With pretty chairs and curtains and pictures and flowers, I am sure your room will look lovely. But how about the main room of the church? People do not hang pictures on the walls there nor use curtains at the windows for the windows will have colored glass."

"We could have lots of flowers," decided Paul, "and maybe we could find pretty flowers and plants in the woods."

"I begin to think we can make it very attractive," said mother. "We can just look around for God's beautiful things and we will find plenty to decorate with. 'He hath made everything beautiful in its time,' and this is the time when flowers are beautiful. The heavenly Father is providing for the beauty of his house."

"When we add our work to his," spoke up father, "we can have many beauties. And so the men must help beautify the outside. We will grade and seed the lawn and plant some shrubs."

"Let's put on our list," Polly reminded them, "that our church needs to be made pretty."

Paul went to the card hanging on the wall and read:

"Our Church Needs—

1. Our offerings to help in its work.
2. Clean hands and feet and hearts.
3. Furniture unmarred.

We did not put anything down last week when we talked about taking care of the books," he said. "We ought to have the fourth thing 'Books'."

"You may put that down, Paul. But is that enough just to have books? Doesn't it need folks who will keep them in good condition?"

"Yes," agreed Paul, "we need books and bookkeepers."

"And put down for the fifth reminder what Polly said, 'It needs to be made pretty'."

"I know," cried Polly, "I will use all the flowers from my flower bed this summer to keep our church looking nice."

"Mother is glad to have her girl share her pictures and her flowers, and Jesus knows she is showing love that way. Would you like to work on your scrap book now?"

"Oh, yes. I have made only one book for the babies and I want to make three."

"And I want to make another animal," said Paul. "I think I'll make a dog this time." So the afternoon which had looked so gloomy from the front window turned into happy planning.

Use Ecclesiastes 3: 11a as the memory verse.

It would be well to have two or three words of each memory verse on a card or blackboard and review them each week by seeing who can complete the verses. If you have used the verses on your posters, you could review from them by partly covering the verse with a card or paper.

Ask the children to tell what they think is beautiful about their church and how they could make it more beautiful. Picture all these ideas on your poster under your own caption.

As you speak of the beauties of the church lead the conversation to other beauties that God has given and close by singing "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

A STORY SERMON FOR THE YOUNGER SMITHS

A GOOD SAMARITAN AT THE PICKET POST

BY "UNCLE OLIVER"

For our Scripture reading in this service let us take our Bibles, find the tenth chapter of Luke, and, beginning at the twenty-fifth verse, read through the thirty-eighth, taking for our text the last five verses.

What we have read is one of the well known parables spoken by Jesus Christ. But what is a parable? Looking into the dictionary at my elbow I find this definition: "A parable is a short, fictitious narrative of something which might occur, and by means of which a moral is drawn." Fictitious narrative means a made-up story. But the sermon story I am now about to give you is not a parable at all. It is a war-time story about a real Good Samaritan on a picket post, and is true, every word of it.

Seventy years ago, in the month of February, 1862, my regiment, the Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry, was stationed at the little village of Weston, Mo., ten miles up the Missouri River from Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Our particular service there was picket duty. We had a guard line nearly a mile out from the village, reaching from the river above in a curved line around to the river below. Along this line guards were stationed about thirty rods apart; and these guards were called pickets—the line a picket line.

It was a pretty cold winter, there being considerable snow on the ground. One cold, stormy morning I was on picket, hungry, chilly, and lonesome, yet making the best I could of it. My post was in an open field. Over across the road from me there was a little log house which I could just see through falling snow and the darkness. I was not only cold and hungry but sleepy. I was only sixteen years old, and I thought of my little mother, away off in another little log house in Wisconsin. It was just coming to be daylight and the folks over across were astir. Soon smoke came curling up out of the stove-pipe, and the light of a candle twinkled through the window. Before long there came to me the rich odor of boiling coffee as an aggravation to my hunger. It made me a trifle homesick, and I almost wished myself back in my Wisconsin home with my father calling me to get up for breakfast.

In the meantime I paced to and fro—rather sullenly, I guess—upon my beat. By and by I heard the door open over across the road and, looking up, I saw a man coming toward me. Now it was not at all common for a stranger thus to approach a picket guard. It was my duty to halt this man and demand of him the countersign and his business; but I thought that as he came

openly from the house I would not stop him—yet I held my gun ready for instant use. I noticed he had a little pail in one hand, and as he came near I got a smell of good coffee—oh, *so good!* When he came up to me he said in the strong German accent of some of our good German neighbors back home, "Dot ish a ferry stormy morning, undt I dank you must be coldt alreddy, so I prings to you some dings to warm you up a leedle." As I stood looking at him in astonishment he poured out of his little pail for me a big cup of steaming coffee. He put this into one of my hands and into the other a big brown doughnut, saying heartily, "Dose tings will do you good." While I drank the rich coffee and ate the big doughnut he had brought I gave thanks to the good old German and the Father who dwelt in his heart and had sent him thus across the road to me. In the meantime we had a good visit. I cannot tell you how good his German accent sounded to me that morning. It seemed so much like being with our good German neighbors back home.

Bless his big heart! In a very real sense, stranger though he was, thus he kindly made his way into my heart, and I have kept him there all the three-score-and-ten years since then. Many a time I have thankfully thought of him as a Good Samaritan at my picket post. He of the Jericho road did not mind the fact that the poor man who had been beaten and robbed and left half dead, was a Jew who would have "No dealings with the Samaritans." It was enough for him that he was a fellow man robbed and beaten and left half dead and needed help, so he took care of him.

I do not know whether that good Missouri German was at heart a Union man or Confederate. He knew me by uniform, and I knew him by what he did that stormy winter morning as a Good Samaritan.

Suppose now that we Smiths, every one of us, resolve in our hearts that we will, as often as we have opportunity, be Good Samaritans in thought, word, and deed to someone somewhere.

"'Twixt optimist and pessimist the difference is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole."

It's the song ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE MEANING OF "GOD IS LOVE"

1 JOHN 4: 7-11

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath
Day, June 18, 1932

BY MRS. NETTIE CRANDALL

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

I have just returned from a wonderful ride. How I wish you juniors could all have been with me! What a wonderful time we would have had! From the very start I heard voices saying in one way or another, "God Is Love!" The trees, covered with their beautiful green; the verdant fields; the cool, restful woods with their sweet flower faces, all seemed to be whispering their joyful message. A meadow lark sat on a fence post and cheerfully sang, "God Is Love." Then we turned our car toward home and the crimson west. We repeated, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." And I thought, "The heavens declare the love of God. There is no speech, nor language, where his voice is not heard."

Who can take a ride or walk into the country without feeling like repeating:

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
Perfect in power, in love and purity."

Indeed one feels like praying:

Thou who hast made the world so fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights
And set thine altars everywhere;
To thee we turn, to thee we make our prayer.

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

Our school closed last Friday, so now I have lots of time to write letters. I passed into the third grade.

I helped mother hoe and set out tomato plants this week. Mother has a beautiful tulip blossom. Naoma and I pick wild flowers every day. There are very many violets in our lane.

Brother Sheafe is holding meetings at our church in White Cloud. I have heard him twice.

We are practicing for Children's day program.

I hope other children will write to you this week. I like to read their letters.

Lovingly,
DOROTHY BLAKE.

Bitely, Mich.

DEAR DOROTHY:

I cannot begin to tell you how pleased I was to receive your well written letter. Do you know, you write wonderful letters for a little girl of your age. I always look forward to them. I am sorry your hope cannot be realized this week, for no other children's letters have come in this morning. Perhaps I'll have better success next week.

I am glad you could help mother with her tomato planting. We have two boxes of tomato plants in our dining room window, but do not dare to set them out yet for fear of frost. We had a heavy frost last night, but although we have quite a number of things up I do not think anything was hurt. I covered up my geranium bed with old sheets and newspapers, until it looked quite ghostly.

I, too, have some lovely tulips this year, all along the west side of the house; some are yellow, some red, some pink, and some lavender, in various shades and variations. I feel quite proud of them for they are the first I ever raised. The wild flowers are certainly very plentiful and very beautiful this year, and early garden flowers are at their best. We have just returned from Memorial day services at the cemetery, and I don't believe I ever saw a more beautiful array of spring blossoms, both wild and cultivated. I hope you will have a fine Children's day program, with many flowers to make it attractive.

Congratulations, Third Grader. I'm glad you are doing so well in school.

Sincerely your friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

GOD'S HELPER
(Continued)

The other soldier told the meaning of his comrade's dream, thus: "It means that the sword of G—, a man of Israel, shall fall

upon us, for into his hand hath God delivered Midian."

G—, God's helper, was very happy when he heard this conversation, but of course he could not clap his hands and shout for joy. He and his fellow soldier had to creep quietly back to their own army, but I am sure, aren't you, that they were silently praising God in their hearts? When they were safely among their friends, G—woke up his three hundred men and said, "Get up quickly, and march with me against our enemies, for God will help us to conquer them, every one." So, while it was still night, God's helper with his three hundred men came silently out of their camp and stole down the hill to the camp of the enemy. Each soldier carried three things—a trumpet, a pitcher, and a torch which he kept hidden in the pitcher. God's helper divided his men into three companies and had them form a line around the enemy, and gave them this command, "Watch me, and do just as I do. When I come to the outside of the camp and blow my trumpet, you must blow your trumpets and shout, 'The sword of the Lord and of G—.'"

So God's helper and his three hundred men blew the trumpets, and broke the pitchers, holding the lamps in their left hands and the trumpets in their right hands, and cried, "The sword of the Lord and of G—."

You can imagine how frightened the enemy were, suddenly awakened from a sound sleep by hearing three hundred pitchers smashing, and three hundred trumpets blowing and seeing three hundred torches flaming, while three hundred men were shouting at the top of their voices. They were so startled that they thought there must be thousands of men around them; only a great army could make such a great noise. So, wild with fright, they all jumped and tried to run away as fast as they could. God's helper and all his brave soldiers pursued the fleeing enemy until they were completely conquered.

The people were so pleased with their wonderful leader that they wanted to make him their king, but this he would not allow, for, said he, "The Lord is your king."

At last they made him a judge and he ruled over them wisely and well.

The End.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

I am pretty sure you have guessed the name of this brave soldier, God's helper. Who will be the first to tell me his name? Can you tell anything about him that I have not mentioned?

Let us all try to find as many ways as we can in which we can be God's helpers. And let me tell you this: We cannot help God unless we are ready to help the people around us; we cannot help God unless we try to conquer the enemies of our fellow men. Ask your fathers and mothers to explain to you what some of the enemies are that are harming our country and its people. How can we help to conquer these enemies? Most of these enemies are under the general name of "bad habits." What can we do about them?

I am still watching all the mails for your letters. Only one letter this week. I am sure you can do much better in the weeks to come. I have any amount of faith in my RECORDER children. "The RECORDER cat," as Carol and Kenneth Burdick call our cat, Skeezi, has curled himself up on some of my typewritten copy. Do you suppose he is trying to make an impression on you, too, so that I'll receive more letters? Anyway he made an impression on my finger when I tried to remove him. I guess he thought I was trying to play a game with him.

Yours for many letters,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

P. S.—I must add a few words to remind you that, as Kenneth Burdick has reminded me, his cousins, the Thorngate children, are here from China. It's fine, isn't it, that many of us will be able to see them?

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

Mother: "See that lady swimming."

Little Carol Burdick: "Yes, but she's not on her frontwards; she's on her backwards."

Little May (Seeing zebra for the first time): "Oh, daddy! See that horse with a bathing suit on!"

Little Ben (To the visiting minister): "Are both of those horses in papa's stable yours?"

Minister: "Yes, my boy. Why?"

Little Ben: "Well, I thought you were a one-horse preacher."

OUR PULPIT

"SUCH AS I HAVE GIVE I THEE"

BY REV. HERBERT L. COTTRELL
Pastor of the church at Marlboro, N. J.

Text—Acts 3: 6.

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

LORD'S PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN

SCRIPTURE READING

PRAYER

HYMN

OFFERING

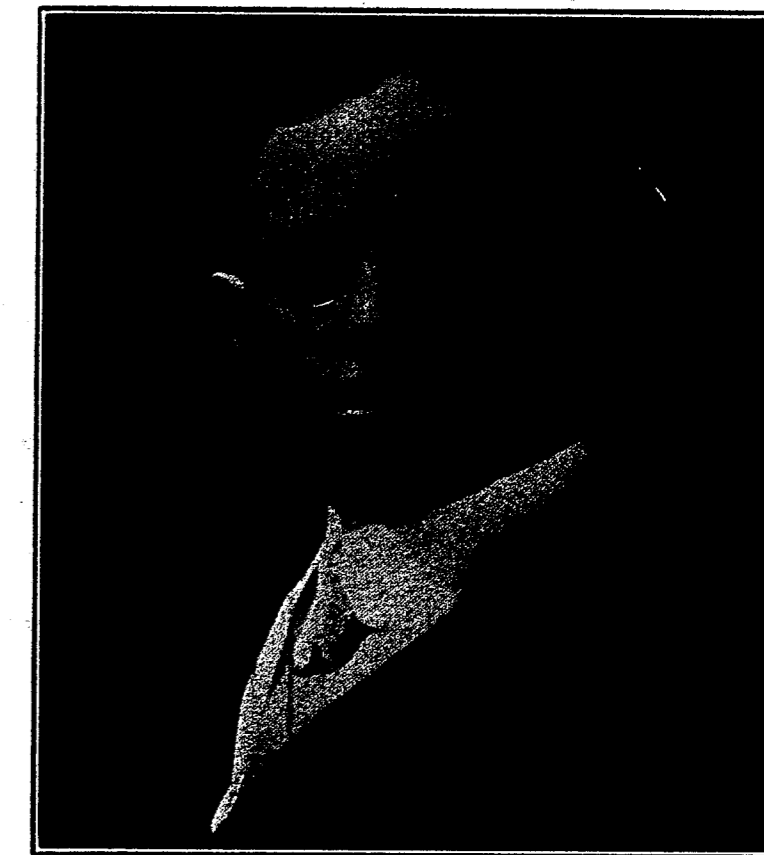
SERMON

HYMN

CLOSING PRAYER

ship, and it would be well if in our choice of companions we could secure such a reciprocity and counterbalance as Peter had in John and John had in Peter. Peter was active, impetuous, and frequently abrupt. John's character was deeper and the more intense.

As these two companions were entering the temple, one afternoon, by the gate called "Beautiful," they saw a beggar who



We read that "Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer." What a beautiful picture of companionship in worship! What a beautiful thing it is when families come to church together, when one brother brings another with him to the house of God! What a blessed thing to share our religion with others, thus cementing more firmly together the ties of brotherhood and making us feel more keenly that we are the children of one common heavenly Father!

But Peter and John illustrate not only the beauty of companionship in worship, but the companionship in service. The Master realized the increased power and effectiveness of the disciples when they went out into service, two by two. One could supplement the other's weakness, and both by their mutual helpfulness and peculiar talents could maintain a higher degree of spiritual success. Theirs was emphatically a holy friend-

was privileged to have a seat there because he had been lame from his birth. This lame beggar is but a type of the great mass of humanity today with their needs, imperfections, and unanswered longings. Yet, in a sense, he represents a worse condition than is found in the mass of humanity today. For then, there were no homes for the unfortunate, no hospitals or dispensaries for the care of the sick, no modern knowledge of medicine and surgery, so that even money in those days could not have alleviated the condition of those who were sick and crippled. While today, there are thousands of philanthropic citizens who, led by the spirit of Christ, are giving of their time and means for the care and treatment of the poor. There are bread lines in the cities for the feeding of the hungry, while there are organized efforts at different times in the year to send the poor and needy who are sick and crippled to hospitals and dispensar-

ries where they can receive the care and treatment that only modern scientific knowledge can give. Yet, notwithstanding what modern medical knowledge and philanthropy are doing in these times, the lame beggar, in a real sense, represents humanity today. They may not all be crippled like the lame beggar of old, but they are spiritually crippled, needy and disconsolate for lack of human love and sympathy, religious faith and guidance, hope, happiness, and vision. The great mass of humanity is crying out to the Christian world for help and succor. Think of the call that comes every year to Christian America to feed the thousands in pagan lands where they are dying of famine; think of the social conditions in our great cities which make living so hard, little more than a bare existence.

But where did the lame man go for help? They carried him to the door of the temple. Notwithstanding the fact that there were religious hypocrites in those days, the temple was the place where the best and most charitable people were accustomed to go. It is the same today. The charitable work is done by the Christian Church and organizations and individuals led by the spirit of Christ.

What can the lame man ask for? He asked for the thing that would meet his immediate need—money to buy something to eat, to get clothes for his body, to pay for a place of shelter. He was asking for mere material needs to help him eke out an existence. That is what the mass of humanity is asking for today—something that will answer its immediate needs. If we had the opportunity of asking for anything we wanted, would we choose material blessings first? We all realize the necessity of a certain amount of material things for our physical health and comfort, but would we always ask for the best things? Was the lame man asking for the things that were best for him, for the thing that he wanted more than anything else in the world? No. There was nothing that he wanted more than healing, the ability to take his place as a citizen in the community and earn his living.

Why did he not ask for this thing? His mind was doubtless too much worried by the ever present bread and butter question, to think long of better possibilities. How many thousands today are in the same class?

Perhaps the lame man had never dreamed of asking for such a thing as complete healing. And if he had, he would not have had the faith to believe that such would be possible. He was resigned to live along on his low plane of life. Many people are like that today. We perhaps little dream of the good things God has in store for us, if we would only ask him in faith and then reach out and take them. But we, with so much broader outlook upon life than that lame man, are satisfied, or at least resigned, to the second best.

We are resigned to the second best things in life, not only because we lack faith in ourselves and in God, but because we lack courage to fulfill the conditions that would bring to us the best. Dwight L. Moody, John Wanamaker, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Roosevelt, and scores of others realized God's best for themselves, not because they folded their hands and were determined to be satisfied with anything, but because they asked great things from God and expected great things from him, and then having asked, they sought after those things by struggle, sacrifice, and perseverance.

But the poor, lame man enjoyed the richest blessing because someone was willing to give. In response to his entreaty, Peter said, "Look on us," and he immediately raised to them an expectant eye, supposing that he was about to receive, as indeed he was, some very unusual and precious gift. But how must his hope for a moment have sunk within him when he heard the words, "Silver and gold have I none!" I could almost fancy how at first he might be tempted to say, "That's a poor joke. You might surely find something better to do than to make fun of an impotent man like me." But when he heard the rest of the sentence, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk," and when he saw the apostle advance to take him by the hand, his heart thrilled with a peculiar anticipation. He said within himself, "This cannot be a mockery," and grasping the hand of Peter, he swung himself to his feet, and felt a strange, tingling life run prickling along his nerves as his limbs grew firm beneath him. Then, half walking and half leaping, like one unaccustomed to the exercise of locomotion, he went into the temple to praise the Lord for his goodness. What a

tingling of new life, what a consciousness of new powers, what greater joy in living would we experience, if we would only ask God for his best things in life, then confidently expect them, work for them, be continually reaching out after them!

We enjoy the blessing of modern Christian civilization with its physical comforts, religious freedom, educational privileges, modern inventions, safe homes, and protection of property because many in the past have given something of themselves—their talent, their time, and sometimes their very life's blood, that we might be richer and happier and better. Is someone missing the best things in life because of something we have failed to give? But we say, "What shall I give?" It ought to be a comfort to know that God will not ask us to give anything we haven't got. He didn't ask Peter and John to give money, for he knew that they didn't have any.

Yet what a blessing may come to him who possesses money, if he only willingly lays it on the altar or at the feet of the Savior. Money is a material thing but it has an eternal spiritual significance. If a gift of money represents the sincere desire that it may be the means of feeding the hungry, saving the lost, and bringing in his kingdom; if it represents a part of the giver's spiritual self and starts on its mission, accompanied with a prayer that it may accomplish God's purpose, then it is a vitally spiritual thing and means the spiritual growth and uplift of the giver. It is ours to determine whether money is to be a terminus which marks the place of our spiritual ruin, or a highway leading us onward and upward to better things; whether it is to be an incubus to sink us, or wings to lift us out of the fog and mire of sordid things. Money laid on God's altar in sincere consecration forms the golden steps that lead us up to the best in life and to God.

There are many things we could give if we only would. Frances Havergal gave her testimony, and in giving her testimony she gave her talent. She was a devoted Christian as well as an accomplished singer. She was a guest at an occasion where many distinguished people, including the king himself, were present. A famous Italian prima donna had been engaged to furnish entertainment for the brilliant audience, and after a number of wonderful renditions, Miss

Havergal was asked if she would sing. She hesitated. You know she wrote among other songs, "Take My Life and Let It Be." But from the drift of the evening and other indications, she knew that they were not ready for anything like that. She paused a moment in uncertainty, then stepped to the piano and made a most exquisite rendition of Handel's most difficult oratorio. Then, even before the applause ceased, she began to sing to her own accompaniment the words of her most deeply spiritual poem for which her pen had become so noted:

"Oh, Savior, precious Savior,
Whom yet unseen, we love,
Oh, name of might and favor,
All other names above."

Among the very first to congratulate her was the renowned Italian artist who said to her, "You have something I do not have, and I want it." Indeed it is not only true that much of the value of real music lies in the quality of the soul that renders it, but there is an attraction in the manifestation of sincere and genuine Christian experience that overcomes prejudice, melts down opposition, and dissipates barriers until men and women come to want it as their own.

We can give our love, sympathy, and wholehearted interest to the welfare of others. How much do people hunger for these things!

A beautiful incident is told in connection with the life of the late Henry Grady. He was in his day, Atlanta's foremost citizen. He was a true patriot, a great statesman, and a Christian gentleman. Some of the most beautiful things in the English language have come from his pen, and his brilliant editorials as the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* are the pride of the Southland today.

If you ever are in Atlanta, they will show you a statue in Piedmont Square and say to you, "This is our Henry—Henry W. Grady, we love so much," and then they will tell you the following beautiful story; how this warmhearted, devout, Christian man, in the midst of his busy life, his quick and astonishing success, discovered that he was losing his vision of Christ, and that the richness of his Christian experience was going from him.

The trouble with most Christians is that they never mind. But it worried Henry Grady and he suddenly disappeared. He

packed his grip and made off to his boyhood home, some sixty miles into the country, where his dear old mother was still living. He hurried down the lane and through the yard under the old familiar trees, took a drink from the old pump, and then on into the house.

The old mother's face lit up with joy as she said, "Why, my Henry boy! I'm so glad to see you. How did you happen home?"

He said, "Mother, I'm drifting away from God, and I want you to let me play the boy again around the old home."

And his mother did. She had his grip carried upstairs to his old room. She baked corn pones for him and sweet potato pie, and mothered and kissed him as she had done when he was a fair-haired boy, and she took him upstairs and tucked in the covers as she used to do and kissed him "Good-night." And for five days, great strong man that he had grown to be, he got down on his knees in the morning by his mother's chair, and in the evening, by the bedside, and said his prayers as he had done when he was a child. And she would talk to him about God and what Christ had done for him; after five days of an experience like that, he returned to the city, and the citizens of Atlanta noticed that a change had come over him. He had caught again the vision of his Lord, and the sanctifying faith and rich experience of the earlier days had come back. They could tell it in his footsteps and in the shining of his eyes.

Life today is just as strenuous, and the Christian must have a care lest the rush of things steals his mind away from God. But oh, the hallowed memories of the wooing voice of other days when the vision was clear! Yield yourselves to them and they will bring you again to the place where Christian experience is rich and sweet. As this dear old mother's love brought back to God her drifting boy, so the love, sympathy, and interest which we have to give may keep someone from wandering away from God.

But, after all, the best and most acceptable gift we can make to Jesus Christ is ourself. If this gift is given sincerely, everything else will follow.

When Frank Higgins, the lumberjack sky-pilot, was taken sick and plans were made to take him to the city hospital, the big fellows he had led to Jesus Christ held

a consultation and decided to send one of their number along with him to be of any service possible, for they loved the man who had taught them to love the Lord. The man chosen was a big, oversized fellow, decidedly out of place in a hospital, as he stood around in the corridors waiting to be of some use to Frank. When the time of the operation came he said: "You know we love you and want to help you; now while the doctors are operating, I will be at the door; and Frank, if the doctors find that they need a quart of blood, or a piece of bone or skin, they can call on me. Frank, you can have every drop of blood or every bone in this body. Now, don't forget, I will be at the door." Have we said as much as that to him who saved us by his life and death on the cross?

"Give of your best to the Master,
Give him first place in your heart,
Give him first place in your service,
Consecrate every part.
Give, and to you shall be given;
God, his beloved Son gave;
Gratefully seeking to serve him,
Give him the best that you have."

Have we made this declaration of purpose to Jesus Christ, "Such as I have, give I thee"?

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

ATTALLA, ALA.

DEAR BROTHER VAN HORN:

Today I taught the T. E. L. class (Timothy, Eunice, Lois) of the First Baptist Church Sunday school—a class of adult women.

The topic of the lesson, "Esau Sold His Birthright," gave me an opportunity to urge the importance of the temperance issue.

I told them Esau and Jacob represented two types of character in our day, and two tendencies in our own lives. Everyone of us must choose whether or not his life shall stand for the physical, temporal, and ignoble, or for the spiritual, eternal, and Christlike.

But I took my pen to tell you that I questioned this class concerning that *Literary Digest* ballot, and learned that just two out of twenty-four present had voted. Four others had received the ballots but did not vote. Does this, I wonder, represent about the proportion of Christians who voted or

who had an opportunity to vote—eight and one-third per cent?

That *straw* vote is scaring people unnecessarily.
O. S. MILLS.

SABBATH RALLY DAY AT DE RUYTER, N. Y.

Sabbath Rally day was observed in the De Ruyter Seventh Day Baptist church on May 21, 1932, by special services, which included the singing of Sabbath hymns, a responsive Scripture arrangement, and a sermon by the pastor which he called, "A Sabbath Autobiography."

In this he traced his own life experiences in relation to the Sabbath day, beginning with his spiritual pedigree of many generations, then through his childhood, boyhood, and young manhood on the Iowa home farm; his college and seminary work; and his call to the gospel ministry.

He spoke of alluring voices that had whispered of wider fields and a larger influence for good in "other pastures," and he was able to meet these temptations to abandon his Sabbath faith, by finding his answer in the clear teachings of God's Holy Word. These had held him steadfastly to the responsibilities which the Master had laid upon him, and he had found joy and blessing in the path where God had placed him.

At the close of the benediction, the congregation was asked to be seated for a further item of the day. Raymond Burdick came forward and stated it had been learned, through an article in a recent SABBATH RECORDER, that it was the Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church which had "requested the ordination of Theodore J. Van Horn to the gospel ministry. And that on May 21, 1893, T. J. Van Horn and W. D. Burdick had been ordained by the Milton (Wis.) Seventh Day Baptist Church."

Mr. Burdick spoke feelingly of the long years of service of Pastor Van Horn in the pulpit and on the mission field, and extended good wishes for added years of ministry in the future. Then in behalf of the De Ruyter Church he presented Mr. Van Horn with a beautiful bouquet of American Beauty roses in honor of this thirty-ninth anniversary of his ordination to the gospel ministry.

It was difficult for the pastor to respond to this touching tribute from his beloved people, which came as a complete surprise.

But such pleasant tokens are treasured among the precious experiences of a pastor's life, and leave a tender glow and perfume in the heart.
—CORRESPONDENT.

ALFRED, N. Y.

The Ministers' Association of Hornell and vicinity and the Allegany County Ministers' Association held a joint session in Alfred, Monday, May 23, the guests of Dr. B. C. Davis, Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, and Dr. J. Wesley Miller and their wives. A special invitation had been given to the members to bring their wives, so about eighty-eight were present. The meeting took place at the College Social Hall. Dr. Clara E. Morgan of Cohocton was moderator of the day, which was most appropriate as she is the only lady member of the organization. The speaker of the day was W. G. Martin of New York City, state secretary of the Young Men's Division of the Y. M. C. A.

On the evening of the twenty-first, at the residence of Professor and Mrs. H. O. Burdick, an informal reception, and on the evening of the twenty-second, at the residence of Dean and Mrs. Main, a supper were given in honor of Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate of the Seventh Day Baptist mission in China, and Mrs. George B. Shaw of Salem, W. Va. . . .

The families of Elwood Ormsby, Paul Saunders, and Ray Polan held a picnic, Sunday, at the Ormsby farm near Almond, where they had as their guests, Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate and family of Liuho, China, Mrs. George B. Shaw of Salem, W. Va., Professor and Mrs. H. O. Burdick and family, and Miss May Dixon of Alfred.

—Sun.

HAMMOND, LA.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Crosley, Milton, Wis., attended church services here last Sabbath. A church social was held at the T. M. Campbell home that night; strawberries and cream, punch and cakes were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Aden Clarke left for points north, Thursday after a month's stay here.

Mother's day was observed with appropriate songs and readings and a splendid sermon.
CORRESPONDENT.

MILTON, WIS.

Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, '03, of Alfred Station, N. Y., spoke to the student body

Thursday morning on the subject, "Opportunities of the Christian Ministry." After thirty years' experience in the field of the ministry, Mr. Van Horn would choose the same profession, and said that young people do well to give this field careful consideration. . . .

Ideal weather, a beautiful spot, a charming guest leader, and a group of about thirty-five girls combined to make the Y. W. retreat last week-end a success. Friday afternoon the retreaters and their equipment were assembled at Lincoln Center, Clear Lake. Miss Esther Irene West, National Y. W. secretary, and Mrs. L. C. Shaw, adviser, were present.

At dusk a campfire was built on the shore and everyone gathered around to sing. Eva Crouse, chairman of devotions, had planned a short but interesting service.

On Thursday evening, May 19, C. B. Davis, '32 assisted by his sister, Sara Davis, cellist, presented his graduate recital in piano in the college chapel. Amid the scent of roses and lilacs he played with poise and ease a heavy program which displayed the hours of hard work necessary to accomplish such a feat. Mr. Davis has been enrolled in the music department at Milton for the past four years, having accompanied the Men's Glee club for the last three years; in addition he is pianist for the Milton Methodist church, and Haydn String Trio.

Miss Davis, whose dexterity with the cello is most remarkable, was accompanied by Mr. Davis in her Concerto. Her stage poise and ease revealed her experience and talent.

The last graduate recital of the year was presented in the chapel Wednesday evening when Lois Wells, who has completed the required theoretical and practical course in only two years, gave a very well balanced and finely interpreted piano recital before a large audience. A most delightful setting of salmon pink roses and white and lavender lilacs gave atmosphere to the room. Miss Wells' poise and her joy in music supplemented her natural talent to make an artistic execution which was felt by all, whether musically educated or not.

A recital by the organ students in the School of Music was given Thursday evening in the Seventh Day Baptist church, by students of Mrs. Kathryn Rogers.

The program was well presented, with technical ability and musicianship shown by all of the group.

Gladys Sutton, Milton Junction, who played the Mendelssohn Sonata No. 3, is planning to graduate in organ next year. Miss Sutton received her diploma from the pianoforte department last year.

Helen Johnson, who is not in school this semester, is also planning to graduate in organ next year.

Ruth Paul, Milton, is a graduate in piano. She graduated in 1927, the same year that she graduated from high school.

The University scholarship for the year 1932-33 has been awarded to C. Burton Davis, of Battle Creek, Mich.

The scholarship is offered by the Regents of the University of Wisconsin for graduate work. Similar scholarships are awarded to five other Wisconsin colleges, Beloit, Carroll, Lawrence, Milwaukee-Downer, and Ripon.

Mr. Davis, who has been chosen from this year's graduating class to represent Milton in the University graduate school, has a double major in Mathematics and Music. He will continue his graduate studies in Mathematics.

Mr. Davis was chosen by the faculty on a basis of scholarship, character, ability, and availability for graduate work.

—Milton College Review.

WE NEED THE QUIET HOUR

An age of hurry and noise needs the quiet hour. The unrest of the world is wearisome to both mind and soul. Our lives are often weakened by fretful care and inner disquiet. "We lose in efficiency and miss our aim by a certain nervousness of spirit that reflects the rush and confusion of the world's life around us." With our Master, busier and more burdened than we, it was not so. The multitudes pressed him frequently, and many times he was too busy to eat. We make such an experience a reason for not praying; Jesus made it a reason for praying. Is there any doubt which is the wiser and better course?
—Clipped.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

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

CHURCH SCHOOL STANDARDS AND GOALS

A church school standard is to the religious worker what a blue-print is to a builder. It is an orderly setting forth of specifications. As such, it must include with proper emphasis the things which are important in a good school. In setting up a standard, not every desirable point can be stated, but at least those of fundamental importance should be covered, for in the very nature of the case, what is included in the standard will be stressed, and what is not there is likely to be neglected.

The most important use of a standard is that of indicating to the one using it what should be the goal of his efforts. It is an instrument of guidance to good practice. With a well constructed standard before him, the worker can proceed to build his church school in accordance with the best known methods of religious education. To the extent that the user is able to determine in definite and concrete terms what the goal of his efforts should be, the standard has fulfilled the first of its functions. A standard is intended to promote continuous growth and achievement. A standard is not the means by which a goal is reached, then followed by a general slump.

A second function of a standard is that of measurement. Any standard which presents in detail the progressive steps involved in reaching a goal is in itself an instrument by which the quality of present attainments may be measured. In reality, guidance and measurement are but two parts of the same process. Guidance is most effective when accompanied by periodical measurements to determine how effectively the suggested points have been carried out. Measurements, on the other hand, serve no useful purpose outside of pointing out weakness and strength of present attainments with a view to improvement. A number of standards have been carefully prepared, different types for various types of schools. These

are not intended as a means of comparing one school with another, but for the purpose of greater efficiency in the individual school.

A good standard must have certain qualities. The aims of religious education must center in life. The only ultimate measure of a church school is the extent to which it leads the pupils into the development of Christian character. It is fair to say that Christian character is manifested through the quality of Christian living. If a measure could be secured of the effectiveness with which a school has helped pupils to learn to live the Christian life, this would be the very best measure of a school. While it is true that interesting experiments have been made in the field of the measurement of character, the science is as yet too immature to base school standards upon any available character tests. It is therefore necessary to base measurements on the conditions under which religious education takes place. In the construction of standards for church schools it has been constantly borne in mind that the primary object of the church school is to help pupils to learn to live the Christian life, and all items included in these standards have been selected with the view of including those things which will best help to bring about this type of Christian education.

Experience in thousands of cases has shown that certain procedures are more likely to bring about desired results than others. Such, for example, is the plan of organizing the work of a school into such distinct activities as worship, study, fellowship, service, and personal commitment. In making these procedures a part of the standards for the church school, the assumption is that, other things being equal, better results will be achieved when these procedures are carried out in the manner which experience has taught to be most effective. Experience has also taught that certain conditions are necessary if the best educational results are to follow. Thus it is easier to set goals for schools, than reach them, if there are standards or "blue-prints" to follow.

E. E. S.

Mrs. M.: "What is your husband's average income?"

Mrs. N.: "From one to two a. m."

—Clipped.

OBSERVATIONS

BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE TRACT SOCIETY

AT CHICAGO

Sabbath in Chicago was a beautiful day. An interested group gathered at the meeting place and gave good attention to the message of the corresponding secretary. Friends of former acquaintance were met and new ones made.

For many years services have been held in the Capitol Building, formerly known as the Masonic Temple on State and Randolph Streets. The meeting room is pleasantly and conveniently located on the sixth floor and will comfortably accommodate about one hundred people. At annual meeting time, when a church dinner is served, it is usually well filled.

Organized in 1883, the church has never had a large numerical membership, but has had an interesting and fruitful history. Many preachers and leaders have been assisted and encouraged in their preparation for the ministry by this people. Seventh Day Baptists seeking for opportunity to follow their calling or to specialize in their professions have here found a chance to cultivate the spiritual life and to establish themselves more strongly in their convictions and loyalties. Some of our strongest and most useful churches should be developed in such large centers. That this may be done, however, requires not only a loyalty but a firm belief in the great realities of life, of religious faith, and in the Sabbath, together with a consecration of life and purpose to the cause of Jesus Christ. All honor and blessing to those who have stood loyal and firm in spite of discouragements and of material pressure.

Following the Sabbath at Chicago, one day was unofficially spent in southern Wisconsin before continuing the itinerary to Jackson Center and West Virginia.

JACKSON CENTER, OHIO

The church at Jackson Center was organized ninety-two years ago, in 1840. Never of large membership, it has, nevertheless, an honorable career and has filled a place helpfully among our churches. It was organized out of the movement westward, as men with a hunger for land and homes pressed back the early frontiers. Zeal for religious privileges and for the advance-

ment of God's kingdom usually resulted in the setting up of churches. It was true of Seventh Day Baptists in this section. I am sorry I am not where I can get the information concerning the number of preachers this church has furnished to the denomination. Of the older ones I recall Rev. Simeon H. Babcock and Rev. D. K. Davis, while of the later ones we still have with us Rev. William M. Simpson of Battle Creek, and Rev. Herbert L. Polan of Brookfield, N. Y. The present pastor, brother Verney A. Wilson, serving his second pastorate here, with his fine family, is helpfully filling a good ministry in church and community. During the present year sixteen members have been added to the enrollment, and others among whom are converts to the Sabbath are soon to join.

On the first afternoon after the writer's arrival the pastor took him for hasty calls at practically all the homes of the parish, and invitations were extended for all to come out for the evening services. A splendid audience was present that night and gave interested attention to the secretary's presentation of the denominational situation and of the American Sabbath Tract Society's program. No little interest was shown in the new tracts, "Spiritual Sabbathism," "My Holy Day," Piscataway, and "The Sabbath and a Changing World." Much interest was manifest in the work, also, of publishing the SABBATH RECORDER, and encouragement given for continuing to publish the calendar and directory.

On Wednesday night another good congregation met to hear the writer's message on The Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists. Three "outsiders" were present to hear this sermon.

With good courage and loyalty to the Word of God, our folks at Jackson Center are seeking to meet the situation of the day and bravely to face its engrossing problems. On a beautiful day the journey was resumed toward West Virginia.

IN WEST VIRGINIA

On the way a restful stop of a few hours and a night was made at Zanesville, Ohio, in the home of a friend, one-time secretary of West Virginia Christian Endeavor. The hills and valleys of this beautiful state beckoned to us as we rolled along the peaceful Ohio, and immediately on crossing these

same hills hurled a challenge to gasoline and oil, as their steep ascent began. But nature gives way to engineering and machinery, and within a few brief hours we were among the friends we had hoped to see.

The Sabbath was spent at Middle Island with Pastor Emmett H. Bottoms and his church. This church, one hundred years old, also has had its times of depression and discouragement, but is still loyally pressing on. It, too, has furnished a goodly quota of ministers, of whom there readily come to mind the names of Rev. Alva L. Davis, Rev. William L. Davis, and Rev. Harley D. Sutton. Who can measure the abiding influence of such a church? A goodly group met for Sabbath school, Sabbath morning, and stayed for the worship and message. More than forty gave attention to the interests presented. The writer regrets he was unable to remain for the evening meeting which was of "community" interest, when Dr. George Thorngate and his wife from China were to speak.

On Sunday morning the secretary-editor had the honor and privilege of addressing about one hundred fifty people, largely students, in the opening session of Salem College commencement, under the auspices of the Christian Associations. For a few days of the commencement he and Mrs. Van Horn remained as guests of the college. He expects some of the local workers will make rather complete reports of the commencement week's activities.

WORTH WHILE LIFE

While at Battle Creek a friend handed me an editorial from a recent number of the local daily paper. The article was headed "Death Takes a Neighbor." It was so suggestive that the secretary wishes to make it the basis of an "observation" — drawing freely upon the author's thought and language. It is so easy for us to feel that life affords but little opportunity for worth while things and that there are few who care or notice what we, the common mortals of life, do or achieve. However, life is full of daily privileges, and if one will but live his life sweetly and sanely, with helpful, thoughtful ministrations, there are always those who notice and feel helped.

A good neighbor had passed away. The one commenting observed that the deceased had never gone out to make an impression

upon the world; had never seemed ambitious to be a leader or craved social prominence or popularity. Yet when he died his neighbors wept. They recognized that their lives had been touched by a good man and that his memory would abide with them in the years to come.

This man, with a fine mind and an inventive genius, was content to build himself a home and make it his castle; to work well at his task and expect no great rewards. He loved to be at work and remained with one concern for more than thirty years. He saw room for improving his art and took advantage of it, adding to the richness of that art and content to see his employers benefit from the little touches of genius which he applied. Those who worked with him knew not only his skill but his loyalty to his labor. With the working day ended, he sought no outside pleasures, but hurried home with a few flowers or some other treat for "mother." Only his most intimate friends knew of his undying romance and loved him for it. He had two words, the shop and the home, and the home to him was a sort of Paradise. He was naturally religious and loved to attend public worship. While a wondrously good reader and lover of the very best and unusually capable of expressing himself he was, in congregation, social, or other audiences, quiet and inconspicuous. To his intimate acquaintances he often disclosed his wealth of understanding, but he had little time to make it known to the world. In fact his world was the home, "mother" and the two girls. He lived and died content. He knew death was approaching and was prepared and unafraid.

Newspapers and bulletins contained not his name. No great organizations attended his funeral or sent expensive floral designs. The flowers laid at his bier were those placed there by men and women who knew him for himself and loved him deeply. Like Stephen of old, it could be said of him, "He was a good man." We like the word "good." As used in the sense quoted it is the same adjective Jesus used in describing the soil that produced thirty and sixty and a hundred fold. Of many it is said they were great or that they were fine artists or wonderful leaders; that they were powerful molders of public opinion or developers of financial resources. Of all too few of them can it often truthfully be said they were good men, who

loved the simple things of life and were content; of all too few, who years after they were wedded, kept the romance of life bright and shiny; who went to their labor with heads high and hands ready, and from their labors with worn hands and tired minds, but an unquenchable faith that in the quiet of an ordinary American home they would find complete satisfaction and happiness.

So, it seems, passed the life of a man unknown and unsung by the outside world, but leaving in the hearts of his friends a warmth and kindness of feeling that give greater thrills than the big things of life, so called, ever give. It is not easy in this world of show and excitement to measure the real worth of a man. Often it is only with death there comes a realization that it is the humblest who attains the greatest joy of living.

DEATHS

HURLEY.—Amelia Pierce Hurley (wife of Rev. James Hurley) died May 9, 1932. An extended obituary appears on another page of this issue.

Sabbath School Lesson XII.—June 18, 1932

JACOB THE AGED FATHER.—Genesis 46: 1-7, 28-30; 47: 7.

Golden Text: "Honor thy father and thy mother." Exodus 20: 12.

DAILY HOME READINGS

June 12—Providing for the Aged Father. Genesis 46: 1-7.

June 13—Honoring the Aged Father. Genesis 47: 7-12.

June 14—A Loyal Daughter. Ruth 1: 15-22.

June 15—Heeding Parental Instruction. Proverbs 1: 7-19.

June 16—Caring for Parents. 1 Timothy 5: 1-8.

June 17—Children and Parents. Ephesians 6: 1-9.

June 18—Honoring the Heavenly Father. Luke 2: 41-52.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

A "flaming" courtship came to a close recently at Iowa City, Ia., when Margaret Smoke was married to David Ash.

—*Brookfield Courier.*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

THEODORE L. GARDINER, D. D.,
Editor Emeritus

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

L. H. NORTH, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription

Per Year\$2.50
Six Months 1.25
Per Month25
Per Copy05

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature, will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion.

Cash must accompany each advertisement.

LETTERS TO THE SMITHS, by Uncle Oliver. Of special interest to young people, but contain many helpful words for parents who have the interests of their sons and daughters at heart. Paper bound, 96 pages and cover, 25 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. Mailed on receipt of price. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

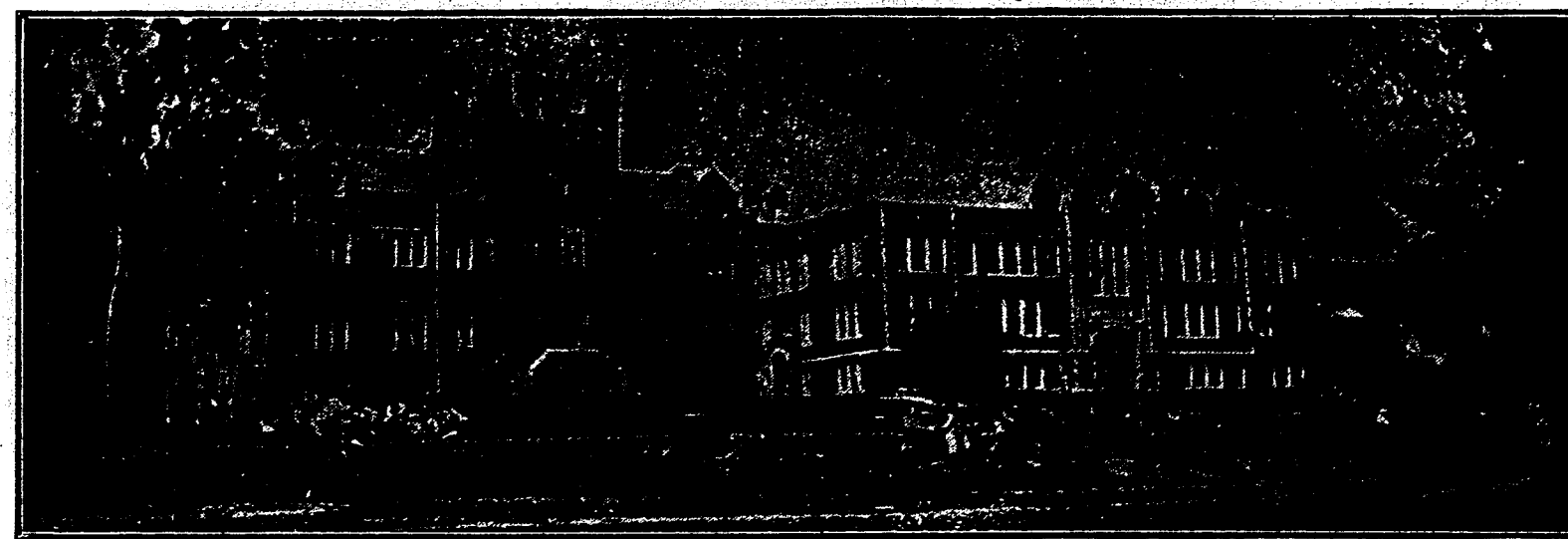
JUNIOR GRADED HELPS, four year course, four parts each year, 15c each. Intermediate Helps, three year course, four parts each year, each 15c. Teacher's helps for Junior lessons, each part 35c; for Intermediate, 25c each. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

A MANUAL OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST PROCEDURE (Revised), is a book of exceptional value to those who would know more about Seventh Day Baptist ecclesiastical manners and customs. Price, attractively bound in cloth, \$1 postpaid. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

COLLECTION ENVELOPES, Pledge Cards, and other supplies carried in stock. Collection envelopes, 25c per 100, or \$1.00 per 500; denominational budget pledge cards, 30c per 100; duplex pledge cards, 40c per 100. Address orders to Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

FOR RENT.—One-half house in Shiloh, N. J. Pleasant location; close to church, school, post office; lights, running water, bath. Elizabeth Fisher (Mrs. Luther S.) Davis, Star Route, Bridgeton, N. J. tf-5-23

SALEM COLLEGE



Administration Building Huffman Hall
Salem College has a catalog for each interested SABBATH RECORDER reader. Write for yours.
College, Normal, and Musical Courses.
Literary, musical, scientific and athletic student organizations. Strong Christian Associations.
Address S. Orestes Bond, President, Salem, W. Va.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY

A modern, well equipped, Class A, standard college, with technical schools.

Buildings, equipment and endowments valued at over a million dollars.

Courses offered in Liberal Arts, Sciences, Ceramic Engineering, Applied Art, Agriculture, Rural Teacher Training, Music and Summer Schools. These include Pre-medical, Pre-dental and Pre-law courses.

Faculty of highly trained specialists, representing the principal American colleges.

Combines high class cultural with technical and vocational training. Social and moral influences good. Expenses moderate.

Tuition free in Ceramic Engineering, Applied Art, Agriculture and Rural Teacher Training.

For catalog and other information address The Registrar, Alfred, N. Y.

BOOKLETS AND TRACTS

THE SABBATH AND SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS.—A neat little booklet with cover, twenty-four pages, illustrated. Just the information needed, in condensed form.

WEEKLY MOTTOES.—A Sabbath motto for every week in the year. By Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, D. D. Printed in attractive form to hang on your wall. Fifty cents each.

A COURSE IN CHURCH MEMBERSHIP FOR JUNIOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Rev. Wm. M. Simpson. Including fifteen Perry pictures. Fifty cents each.

FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.—By Prof. W. C. Whitford, D. D. A clear and scholarly treatment of the English translation and the original Greek of the expression "First day of the week." Sixteen pages, fine paper, embossed cover.

THE SABBATH IN THE BIBLE.—All Biblical references to the Sabbath, with titles and comments.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HYMNS AND SONGS.—Fifteen cents each.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CALENDAR AND DIRECTORY. Twenty-five cents each.

A SABBATH CATECHISM FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF JUNIOR-AGE.

MAKING THE ANNUAL CANVASS.

SABBATH LITERATURE.—Sample copies of tracts on various phases of the Sabbath question will be sent on request with enclosure of five cents in stamps for postage, to any address.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY
Plainfield, New Jersey

MILTON COLLEGE

Founded in 1844

A COLLEGE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Philosophy and to a certificate in music.

Milton College endeavors to maintain the quality and ideals of the American Christian college. Its volunteer Christian organizations are alert and largely influence the campus life. The faculty of twenty men and women are thoroughly trained teachers.

The institution has five buildings and an attractive campus of eight acres. Its graduates have a high rating in graduate and professional schools as well as in public school teaching.

The School of Music provides excellent courses in theoretical music, and affords opportunities for individual study in organ, piano, violin, and voice. Glee Club and Chorus singing are special features.

For fuller information, address

Jay W. Crofoot, O. T. Babcock,
President Registrar
Milton, Wisconsin

Alfred, N. Y.

DEPARTMENT of Theology and Religious Education, Alfred University. Catalog and further information sent upon request.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND
Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.

The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

BIBLE STUDIES ON THE SABBATH QUESTION. By Dean Arthur E. Main, D.D., of Alfred University. Third edition, revised, cloth, \$1.00 postpaid. American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

COUNTRY LIFE LEADERSHIP. By Boothe Colwell Davis, S.T.D., LL.D. A series of Baccalaureate Sermons Delivered Before Students of Alfred University. Price, \$1.25 prepaid. American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK. A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons. Conducted by the Sabbath School Board. Price 60 cents per year in advance.

Address communications to *The American Sabbath Tract Society*, Plainfield, N. J.

S. D. B. GRADED LESSONS
Junior Four-Year Series, per quarter 15c.
Intermediate Three-Year Series, per quarter 15c.
Send subscriptions to American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

June Is The Month

when all good Seventh Day Baptists work together to close up the year's denominational program.

Let us plan to pay up our pledges as early in the month as possible so that all money may reach the Treasurer in time to be credited in June.

**If You Have Made
No Pledge, Won't
You Make A Gift
In June?**

*Published by the Committee to
Promote the Denominational Budget.*

The Sabbath Recorder

VOL. 112

JUNE 13, 1932

No. 24

LET US PRAY

Oh God, the way is dark,
Our eyes are blind;
We grope, we stumble on our way,
Our path to find.

Oh God, our days are drear,
Our skies are gray;
Oh come, and with thy love transform
Our night to day.

Oh God, the future holds—
We know not what;
But do thou still be merciful,
Thou God forgot!

Thou wast our fathers' God,
Thine aid didst lend;
Be thou our own, our children's God,
Unto the end.

By Rev. Frederick A. Reiter,
in "Presbyterian Advance."

Contents

Editorial. —Do We Give the Church Too Much?—Making Seventh Day Baptists.—Thinking Double.—"We Want Beer."—A Century of Progress	737-739
Missions. —The West Gives Encouragement.—Discussing Religion Without a Religious Experience.—Letter from Miss Shaw.—Miss Burdick, En Route, Writes Regarding Bible Lands Visited	740-742
Western Association	742
Science, the Ancients, and the Bible	747
Young People's Work. —The Needs of the World.—Intermediate Topic.—Polly and Paul's Discoveries in the New Church	748
Letter from Rev. D. Burdett Coon	750
Observations	751
A Government Expedition	752
Children's Page. —A Junior Is Kind to Animals.—Our Letter Exchange	754-756
Annual Meeting at Stonefort	756
Statement Onward Movement Treasurer, May, 1932	757
Denominational "Hook-Up"	758
The Story of the Book of Micah	759
Our Pulpit. —The Sabbath and Evangelism	761
Studies in Religion and Good Health	762
Deaths.	765
Sabbath School Lesson for June 25, 1932	768