



THE Committee to Promote the Financial Program of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference wishes to take this opportunity to thank those who so quickly and generously responded to the request in October for an early payment of a portion of their pledges for Denominational Work. You may see what was given through the churches or as individuals by referring to the treasurer's report in this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER.

The canvass for pledges for the Denominational Budget has not been completed in all churches. But we as individuals know now about what we will be able to pay for the support of the work; and if we will pay each month our pro rata share the workers on the mission field will get their salary checks on the first of December, January, etc., and all our interests will be cared for. Won't you be one of those who contribute monthly?



The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 113

NOVEMBER 21, 1932

No. 21

Thanksgiving

For all things beautiful, and good and true;
 For things that seemed not good yet turned to good;
 For all the sweet compulsions of thy will
 That chastened, tried, and wrought us to thy shape;
 For things unnumbered that we take of right,
 And value first when they are withheld;
 For light and air; sweet sense of sound and smell;
 For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies;
 For eyes to see the unseen and the seen;
 For vision of the Worker in the work;
 For hearts to apprehend thee everywhere—
 We thank thee, Lord.

—John Oxenham
 in "World Outlook"

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The Sabbath Recorder

A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY

Published by the

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Thanksgiving Again Thanksgiving time is here. What consolation has the season brought? What have the people to be thankful for? At first thought it may seem that there is little for which to be especially grateful. True, there may be need for carefully thinking things through. There may be questions to answer and explanations made before one realizes as he should his very many blessings. There are the fireless hearths, the empty cupboards, cold feet and emaciated hands, cheerless apple-venders on street corners, and half-shamed beggars everywhere. There are the hosts who have lost courage and self respect because their communities have had no work for skilled hands, or employment for the needy men and women. Bitterness has been fostered by sight of well-fed and luxuriously attired people crowding summer hotels or flitting carelessly southward for comfortable winter quarters.

But there are many things to brighten thought and life of all who take the pains to look for them. We must be fed, but even more is needed than bread and meat; we need clothing, but the "body is more than raiment." Many are learning the comfort and

pleasure of an evening spent at home, rather than at the movies seeking entertainment. Husband and wife have been drawn closer together as they have together sought to solve the problems of living. The lack of a vacation perhaps gave one an opportunity to come face to face with himself as never before. All such experiences are matters to be deeply thankful for. It may be the summer's illness was a blessing in disguise, though not easy to realize. Recovery from it, at least, is a cause for special thanksgiving on the part of sufferer and loved ones.

Then, "This is my Father's world," and in spite of everything seemingly to the contrary, it is good and for it we are thankful. Teeming with life, it is full of opportunity and calls for the best there is within us. Surely we should be thankful for all God has done for us. It is God's world and he will care for his own. To be driven by extremity back to him; to feel his presence and to know his love—these are among the greatest causes for thanksgiving. "This is the way; walk ye in it."

The Pastorless Man The man who depends largely for sympathy, comfort, and help upon his good friend, the pastor, rarely realizes that this friend who means so much to him as a pastor is himself pastorless. While others are privileged to have the encouragement of an "undershepherd," a pastor to whom they may go for help, this very man is without that earthly aid and comfort. He is pastorless.

Few appreciate the demands constantly laid upon the pastor, or the "pulls" upon his heartstrings, vital forces, and spiritual reserves. From early morning until late at night this man is giving off energy, handfuls of cheer, sympathy, and service to all who seek his care and aid. Morning study is interrupted by unthinking callers who take the minister's time; the telephone breaks in upon him until he is almost in despair over the preparation of next Sabbath's sermon.

The broken-hearted are comforted; the right words are attempted at the funeral, or in the home broken up by the tragedy of death; the wedding ceremony is rehearsed with blooming youth anxious for a "big" wedding; the man without employment is encouraged and assisted; distressing stories are given careful attention, and solutions found for perplexing problems; sick calls are made

and discouraged business friends are cheered up; a teacher is sought for a new class in the Sabbath school to meet some critical situation, and the choir disturbance is helpfully settled; an aged member in a "Home" is visited, and so *ad infinitum*. This does not tell the half of it. This "man of God" has willingly and gladly carried on this day's service, and draws upon all that is in him, day after day and week after week. If ever a man needed a pastor, the minister does. Happy is he who has a good wife who understands, sympathizes in the work, and is able to minister to the minister. But unhappy is he and out of place who knows not the comfort and help of him who declared, "I am the Good Shepherd."

But after all, what a joy it is to be a pastor. There is no joy greater than to minister to another's needs, especially to his higher, his soul's needs. But it takes the best out of a man. His source of supply must be in the heart of God. He must realize that and know how to draw upon it. The man of God must be a man of prayer and a man of the Book. Of one of old whose name meant "Son of Consolation," it was said, "for he was a good man, and full of the Holy Spirit and faith." Such only will be able for his stupendous task.

But there is also an earthly help. That should be the church; its people supply this pastorless man. He needs that which he does not always get—"a medicine that comes from contact with understanding hearts, with souls that . . . love" him. Let the member of the church remember his pastor's need. Let him give this friend of his words of encouragement, a word of praise for the good sermon preached, a friendly hand-clasp and cheerful smile. Let him not forget the power of "the upper room." Let him give the best possible loyal support in every way. Well may we thank God for the men and women in every church who are doing just these things for their pastorless men.

To the Clergy "Information Service," a useful sheet from the Federal Council, brings a stirring message to the American clergy concerning the demoralizing conditions of the farmers of our country. It is addressed to the ministry of Protestants and Catholics alike and is concerned only with justice and right. It sets forth the conditions in a fair and just light, and should stir every soul who reads it

to put forth some effort to bring about a happier situation. The address is prepared and signed by eminent men connected with the social ethics department of the Chicago Theological Seminary, and others, of whom one is the field secretary of the American Country Life Association. So vital is the question of justice to the farmer class—the last line defense and bulwark of our nation—that we largely reproduce the address as follows:

After an extended series of hearings among farmers in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, we call attention to existing conditions on American farms inconsistent with the principles of a just and Christian social order as taught by both our historic faiths.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." Yet farmers are today working long hours without reward for their labor. When the results of their labor are turned into money, they are not enough to pay taxes, to buy professional services, or to replace equipment. Farmers are deeply disturbed because they can no longer support the social, philanthropic, and religious agencies in which they believe.

Farmers are in debt because they have tried to build schools, good roads, good homes, and efficient farm plants. The institutions of credit furnished them have encouraged this debt, and now in their time of need have almost entirely deserted them. With a normal interest rate, now made more than ever burdensome by a decreased income, the breakdown of credit has made farmers victims of intolerable conditions. Instances have been found of farmers paying forty-two per cent interest on loans. For lack of a small amount of additional credit, the equities which represent lifetimes' savings have been ruthlessly swept away. Foreclosures are continually and ever more rapidly increasing.

This combination of debts, decreased income, and foreclosures is bringing tragedy to hundreds of thousands of American farmers. It is filling with discouragement men who are doing basic work with a moral purpose none can impugn. It is punishing men who took a chance to build America in intelligence and economic efficiency. They are reducing their standards of living at many points to a peasant level. Habits of labor and thrift are being rewarded with failure for which they are in no sense responsible. A large proportion of the generation who by their labors created improved rural schools, better churches, and hard roads, are being dispossessed of their homes, driven from the land to face an old age of poverty.

These men who are facing peasantry demand an American standard of living. They demand an income adequate to maintain it. As self-respecting business men they demand cost of production. As men who participate in a money economy, they demand honest money and a credit system free from exploitation. Along with those organizations which repre-

sent the farmer, it is, we believe, particularly the obligation of the clergy to give voice to these moral convictions and just demands of millions, many of whom have no voice of their own.

What these men feel to be an American right, we believe they are entitled to as a Christian right. We must remind ourselves that in the teaching of both Catholic and Protestant churches, brotherly standards of living, the right to a fair price, and condemnation of sinful usury, are enjoined. We believe that all these teachings are being violated in the conditions which face American farmers and that the clergy of America are morally bound to investigate present conditions and help mold public opinion with reference to the conditions in our rural social order which are inconsistent with these historical principles.

We believe that it is high time that the issues involved in discriminatory tariffs, prices below cost of production, and an unstable currency, should be faced not alone as political issues, but as moral issues involving Christian social justice, not less important than intemperance, gambling, and prostitution, concerning which the churches have developed an effective social conscience.

"Gandhi Victorious" So headlines, news reports, and editorials in many papers inform us.

That little man, reduced to a bag of bones weighing ninety pounds after fasting 149 hours and very near to death, brought not only the British Empire, but India itself, to its knees at his cell door when the Hindus accepted a plan by which the untouchables will be represented in the proposed Indian parliament. This is the point the Hindus refused to grant, but they were forced to it rather than accept the responsibility for the death of Gandhi.

So one of our thoughtful contemporaries runs. The world was interested in this experience of India's greatest living man. He has received the plaudits of India, of England, and of all the world. The victory seems to assure an opportunity for self respect and human and moral rights to a submerged ("outcastes") class of people numbered by the millions. They "will now lift up their heads and sit in the parliament of India with a sense of human worth and rights." That they are to have a chance for the "pursuits of happiness," if that is what it means, many will indeed be glad. The Mahatma is reported to be none the worse for his fast of more than six days.

This writer may be entirely wrong, but he does not "enthuse" over this experiment and "success" of India's "prophet." His sympathies are for the people for whom Gandhi suffered and for his cause. He thinks highly,

from what he knows, of this political leader. But he cannot see wherein, if suicide is wrong, Gandhi can be justified by the Christian ethic. What is the difference between death by slow starvation and by the way of the rope or gun? If it were not his purpose to commit suicide in this starving of himself to death, then his action was but a colossal "bluff." This is not written captiously. But there has been much said about the "Christlikeness" of Gandhi. He has been held up as a sort of Christ—if not equal to Christ—for India.

There is nothing Christlike in suicide or "bluff." Jesus never courted death, nor welcomed it. He submitted to it because of sin, and became the Savior of the world. No one would impugn Gandhi's motives. Had he gone to an imposed death because of his convictions and in loyalty to his fellow men, a real "victory of soul-force" would have been achieved. As it is some cannot have quite the sympathy and confidence in the "little brown man" they had before.

FROM THE CONFERENCE PRESIDENT

Sabbath day, October 29, was the day set for a meeting with the group of churches situated within a radius of fifty miles in West Virginia. When the hour for the morning service had arrived every pew of the Salem church was filled, chairs in the wing of the auditorium to the number of a score were occupied, with an additional thirty young people in the choir ready to lead us in our worship and to render in a most inspiring manner the anthem, "Remember now Thy Creator in the Days of Thy Youth."

Practically every single worshiper present was known personally to me and I recognized, besides many Salem friends, delegates from Lost Creek, Ritchie, Middle Island, and Roanoke. Deep emotions stirred within me as I arose to speak, surrounded as I was by many friends of former years from the churches among my native hills. It was an inspiring and encouraging experience.

In the afternoon a goodly number returned for an address and an informal discussion of denominational matters. In this discussion Pastor George B. Shaw and President S. Orestes Bond gave good support, and it was entered into by several interested laymen. It was evident that the interest in the work of the denomination is very real in certain of

these churches at least. Assurances were given that they were ready to adopt the slogan for the year with reference to the denominational budget:

NO CHURCH DOING LESS THAN LAST YEAR

AHVA J. C. BOND,

President of the General Conference.

OBSERVATIONS

BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE TRACT SOCIETY

Gentry is not what one could call "prosperous," just now, but there is plenty to eat, and for the most part people are comfortable. This means not a little in these days. The secretary was selfishly glad to get through St. Louis, and even out of the pleasant town of Rogers, Ark., because of the approaches made by men and boys to be helped to something to eat. Appeals were pitiful and compelling. Of course "pan-handling" is practically inexcusable, unnecessary, as there are organized means of caring for the unemployed. Nevertheless it is painful and heart affecting to be solicited for help and to be compelled to say "No." Brother Ellis R. Lewis was on hand at the appointed time and made the drive from Rogers to Gentry over some of the side roads in order to show the visitor a real cross section of this beautiful Ozark country. People are justified in being enthusiastic over it. Not developed by wealth as is the North Jersey country, nor as vertical and abrupt as the West Virginia hills, this country, nevertheless, has its own wondrous beauty and intrigue. From Brother Lewis' front yard, one gets a wide extended view in a broad arc, with mountains or hills on the rim forty to sixty miles away. Such a view never fails to inspire. The stone house, standing on this site, has been built by Pastor Lewis' own hands from sharp, flinty rocks gathered from the place—stones ranging in size from a baseball to a football and larger. Fine orchards and vineyards and strawberry fields are found on these stony uplands, while corn and other annual crops do well.

A LOYAL GROUP

Interesting as the country is and beautiful as its views are, the interests that draw are the folks who live here. Compared with more affluent days, Seventh Day Baptists who remain at Gentry are few. But they are loyal

people still, who do not have to debate the question Sabbath mornings whether they shall attend the worship service or not. "As their custom is" they regularly go to church and are blessed. Fifteen met together Sabbath evening and the secretary spoke quite informally to the group gathered in the choir seats behind the pulpit desk. The praise and prayer service conducted by the pastor was helpful and inspiring. Sabbath morning about twice as many gathered. Before the speaker was presented, the pastor read to the congregation the letter recently sent out by the Finance Committee of the General Conference. Immediately steps were taken to make the canvass of every member for church and for the United Budget. One who listened with keen interest feels an assurance that our President Bond's slogan, "No church doing less than last year," will be achieved by Gentry, "plus." Not only was careful attention given to the secretary's morning message, but in the afternoon all came together again and listened again as the program of our people as represented in the United Budget was presented. The particular task and responsibility of the American Tract Society were given due place. Some thoughtful questions were asked and answered. A thorough and good work is being carried on here in this community by the general missionary of the Southwest, especially through a careful Bible study and in the training of the children and young people in the Sabbath truth.

COON HOLLOW

No wonder Seventh Day Baptists, thirty years ago, were enthusiastic about the Gentry country. It is a beautiful land, with its high altitude furnishing invigorating air and healthful conditions; with its fine land waiting to be tickled into productivity. Why did they ever leave it? There are answers, of course, but no more satisfactory than those for leaving West Hallock, or Utica, Wis., many years ago. However, they are gone, and but few are left. A drive along "Seventh Day Baptist Lane" causes one the deepest kind of regret. Just beyond these level stretches with their fine but neglected orchards, there is a wild break of terrain, and at once the traveler is in the woods and gorges with clear spring streams babbling and bright. Now there is observed the grown-over site of a one-time artificial lake. A weather beaten signboard

bears the legend, "Lakeside." All that is left, however, are the surrounding ledges and a partly destroyed dam. A poorly preserved hotel-like building remains of a carnival resort that a dozen years ago was somewhat noted for its disorderliness. The drive up the rocky course of the stream in the gorge known as Coon Hollow, through woods and barb-wire gates was interesting and invigorating, and finally brought us to our quest, the home of the Vincent family, known to many of our RECORDER readers. The location seems wild and primitive; the log house, set down beneath great, spreading oaks, was inviting, however, and within were found comfort, hospitality, and Christian companionship and cheer. What a delight to visit, here, with folks who knew one's parents in their younger days, and were acquainted with friends of other places. But even of greater significance, they "know the Lord," and love to speak of spiritual things. In this delightful spot a few minutes were spent in hunting flint Indian arrow heads, and finding a few; here one could hardly help giving expression to a real desire to spend a couple of weeks in the quiet of the forest, with saw and ax, laboring with these friends. What welcome rest one would expect at the end of the day, and with what zest one would be able to sit down to an evening meal. The visit in Coon Hollow will not soon be forgotten.

MISSIONS

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

HOLDING THE BATTLE LINE

Christians should hold and strengthen every point now occupied for Christ. There is a temptation in these days, when retrenchment is the order of most mission boards, to desert certain fields. To retreat is always discouraging to an army, and the inevitable result when Christ's followers witness withdrawals is the loss of morale. The worst effect is the consequences to the sections and people from whom the Word of Life is withdrawn.

This is well illustrated in Mohammedanism. Christianity was planted in Arabia in the days of the apostles; but as the centuries passed by Christians let it wane. Five hundred years went by and Mohammed arose in this same territory and established the begin-

ning of Mohammedanism with all its errors and wrongs. Such a thing could not have been had the Christian religion been maintained till it had leavened the entire lump. If Christians had been faithful to their trust in this land, the powerful character known in history as Mohammed would have been a Christian and his remarkable powers would have been exerted in the spread of Christianity. There seems no doubt but he was influenced, consciously or unconsciously, both by Judaism and Christianity, but Christianity was in such a decadent state in Arabia that there was nothing about it to appeal to a strong character. The way it was lived and taught made it repulsive rather than otherwise. Thus by failing to hold Arabia, Christianity has suffered irreparable loss for twelve or fourteen centuries.

Seventh Day Baptists should hold and strengthen for Christ and the whole truth of the gospel every point now occupied. To do otherwise means weakness to the entire battle line of Christianity and defeat to Seventh Day Baptists. To hold the places already occupied in these trying days means strength of character in hardship, joy of life in service, and victory to the cause of the Redeemer whom we love.

LETTER FROM MIRIAM SHAW

DEAR SECRETARY BURDICK:

The doctors say they haven't any "face" to write because they told their war experiences at such length. I guess we've all been waiting until the future seemed more definite. Just now there are so many "ifs" in every plan that we hardly call them plans at all.

The political unrest that kept us stirred up for so long seems to have subsided in this section so that our work is practically back to normal. The deficit that we incurred during six months of war disturbance has already been made up.

The friends of Dr. Lincoln Pan, who just returned from seven years of preparation in America, will be interested to know that he is now assisting Doctor Crandall. The nurses had a tea and the staff a feast to honor his coming. For a long time the hospital has felt the need of a Chinese doctor. It is especially fine to have one who has many friends among our American supporters and one with high professional standards.

I felt very happy yesterday when Doctor Davis baptized three of our nurses, together with our technician and the grandmother of one of our Sabbath school children. One other nurse was ready but had not received permission from her parents. Another was held back by the fact that she is the only member of her family in Liuho, where the ancestral graves are. The family expect her to do the ancestral worship for them. Chinese society is so complicated! We Americans have no idea of the strength it takes for one to be a Christian in a heathen family, to be looked upon as disloyal to home and ancestors—to be blamed for sickness and death because heathen customs have been neglected.

Through the kindness of a Shanghai friend I had a very fine vacation at Tsingtao in August. Miss Holway has her own little cottage near the beach. I enjoyed living in a missionary community with church and some privileges again. I made the passage to and from by deck passage on a Japanese steamer. The trip was much more interesting than comfortable, especially when the ship was held up in port for twenty-four hours — my rations ran a bit short and the rains made a pool in my cot and drove us into the lounge where there was less than standing room. But I would do it again just to hear the music we enjoyed from the Russian flood refugees from Harbin. With homes and business plants under water, they sang most of the way to Shanghai.

After a vacation far too long, I have at last found a Chinese teacher and shall begin studying an hour each day. My teacher, Mr. Dzau, is the brother of Samuel Dzau our superintendent. He is also doing the dispensary registration.

Since Doctor Crandall has to keep the hospital accounts while Mrs. Thorngate is away, I have undertaken the housekeeping. Fortunately our cook is rather intelligent and used to foreign Chinese, so that when I ask for lions for dinner he gives us persimmons (the words are very much alike in Chinese).

I wish that those in America who have sacrificed and prayed for our work in China could enjoy with us some of the evidences of the power of Christ to change things. It is like electricity. You can't explain it but you see the evidence. I wish you at least had a talking picture of the group of convalescent

tuberculosis patients just now playing croquet on the lawn. I'm sure you would be glad to have had a part in restoring them to society that is so badly in need of strong bodies and healthy minds.

Sincerely,

MIRIAM SHAW.

Liuho, Ku, China,
October 16, 1932.

OUR MISSION

BY REV. S. S. POWELL
(Pastor in Hammond, La.)

In that part of his Conference address by our missionary secretary which was published in the SABBATH RECORDER for November 7, some very pertinent things were said about the extreme difficulties which at times beset our pathway when we are endeavoring to do our Lord's work.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," John 14: 27. He said, and his great apostle to the Gentiles, Saint Paul, when on his first missionary tour, said, "that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God," Acts 14: 22. "Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," Galatians 6: 9. At this crucial point in our history let us hold fast with unerring fidelity to our profession and stay our minds and our expectation upon God. If we have courage and stand in the battle, surely we shall witness the favorable assistance of God from heaven. He who gives to us occasion to fight, to the end that we may gain the victory, is ready to help us if we but trust in his infinite grace. The battle is his, not ours. The best that we can do is never too much for him. He asks our all; and if that is once given and maintained, his help will not be withheld.

That the Sabbath has been entrusted to our hands places a most blessed responsibility upon us. We are God's representatives, his witnesses, bearing a most sacred mission from him who is Lord of the Sabbath. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets," said Jesus in his teaching concerning the rich man and Lazarus, "neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." How can we think of Moses and the prophets, to whom our Lord refers us in his teaching, without the Sabbath? From Sinai's mount and from the lofty mount of Jesus' teaching, from the

mountain of God's holiness, "There remaineth therefore a keeping of the Sabbath to the people of God," Hebrews 4: 9. The Sabbath is God's sign and should be indelibly stamped upon the heart and character of every Christian.

TRACT SOCIETY—TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

Treasurer's Receipts for July, 1932

GENERAL FUND	
Contributions - Onward Movement	\$ 82.14
Income from invested funds:	
Sarah Elizabeth Brand Bequest	\$.19
S. Adeline Crumb Fund	4.94
W. C. Cookman Bequest05
Selinda I. Green Bequest	1.75
Susan Loofboro Gift	1.75
Mrs. H. Gillette Kenyon Gift	1.00
Cyrenus P. Ormsby Bequest	1.49
Electra A. Potter Bequest	10.71
S. D. B. Memorial Fund:	
Mary M. McBurney Bequest97
Receipts from publications:	22.85
"Sabbath Recorder"	\$ 89.45
"Helping Hand"	164.68
Outside publications50
Junior Graded Helps	22.55
Intermediate Graded Helps	13.80
Calendars	3.50
Tract Depository	6.25
Contributions for special Sabbath Promotion work	41.67
	\$ 447.39

DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING FUND

Income - Interest on note - S. G. Burdick estate	21.00
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MAINTENANCE FUND

Rent from publishing house	125.00
Total	\$ 593.39

Treasurer's Receipts for August, 1932

GENERAL FUND	
Contributions - Onward Movement	\$110.67
Woman's Board	50.00
Receipts from publications:	\$ 160.67
"Sabbath Recorder"	\$162.23
"Helping Hand"	185.90
Outside publications	7.49
Junior Graded Helps	5.00
Intermediate Helps	1.80
Tract depository	2.21
Contributions for special Sabbath Promotion work	41.67
	\$ 566.97

DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING FUND

Contributions	10.00
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MAINTENANCE FUND

Rent from publishing house	125.00
Total	\$ 701.97

Treasurer's Receipts for September, 1932

GENERAL FUND	
Contributions - Onward Movement	\$ 151.14
Receipts from publications:	
"Sabbath Recorder"	\$283.09
"Helping Hand"	25.81

Intermediate Helps	1.20
Tract depository	6.46
	316.56
Contributions to special Sabbath Promotion work	41.67
Loan from the Plainfield Trust Company	2,000.00
	\$2,509.37

MAINTENANCE FUND

Rent from publishing house	125.00
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DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING FUND

Contributions	15.00
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Total	\$2,649.37
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TRACT SOCIETY—TREASURER'S REPORT

For the quarter ending September 30, 1932

Ethel T. Stillman, Treasurer,
In account with the
American Sabbath Tract Society
Dr

To balance on hand July 1, 1932:	
General Fund	\$1,728.82
Denominational Building Fund	222.07
Maintenance Fund	850.46
	\$2,801.35

To cash received since as follows:

GENERAL FUND	
Contributions:	
July - Onward Movement	\$ 82.14
August - Onward Movement	110.67
August - Woman's Board	50.00
September - Onward Movement	151.14
Income from invested funds:	
July	22.85
Receipts from publications:	
"Sabbath Recorder"	534.77
"Helping Hand"	376.39
Outside publications	7.99
Junior Graded Helps	27.55
Intermediate Graded Helps	16.80
Calendars	3.50
Tract depository	14.92
Contributions for special Sabbath Promotion work	125.01
Loan from the Plainfield Trust Company	2,000.00
	3,523.73

DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING FUND	
Contributions - August	\$ 10.00
September	15.00
Income - Interest on note, Silas G. Burdick estate	21.00
	46.00

MAINTENANCE FUND	
Rent from publishing house	375.00
	\$6,746.08

By cash paid out as follows:

GENERAL FUND	
Sabbath Promotion work:	
Holland - G. Velthuysen - appropriation	\$ 150.00
British Isles - Mrs. T. W. Richardson - appropriation	25.00
Special Sabbath Promotion work:	
A. J. C. Bond—salary	150.00
Traveling expenses	20.47
Stationery, etc.	12.28
Stenographic work	16.68
Young people's work:	
Salaries, directors of camps	60.00
Traveling expenses	39.43
	\$ 473.86
Expenses of publications:	
"Sabbath Recorder"	\$2,590.85
"Helping Hand"	339.18
	2,930.03

Young People's Work

MISS MARJORIE J. BURDICK
1122 Seymour Avenue, Lansing, Mich.
Contributing Editor

MICHIGAN YOUTH COUNCIL OF PROHIBITION

On the afternoon of November fifth, we drove over to Lansing to see the formation of the parade. I hoped there would be the thousand cars as they said there would be, but thought that they might need another car. I ceased all of my worry when I saw.

We drove in the lines for awhile, representing our youth who could not be here, and then we stopped to watch and later joined in again. We found to our surprise that we were not in the first part of the line as we had supposed; hundreds of cars, the bands, and many of the floats were so far ahead of us that we did not see them.

To me it was all very thrilling; I was filled with joy as I watched these young people, all of such splendid type, pass in car after car. Every car was marked with signs and stickers, proclaiming that youth, this youth, desires the highest and best.

The portion of the parade which we saw and the thousands of youth and adults on the capitol lawn were quiet and orderly, presenting a forceful demonstration for the right. It was a joy to join with them in singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Mine Eyes have seen the Glory," and "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

The following is taken from an article in the *State Journal*, Lansing's one paper:

Michigan youth, 7,000 strong, gathered on the east lawn of the state capitol grounds, Saturday, in a great demonstration designed to influence the adult vote on the proposal for repeal of the prohibition amendment to the state constitution.

Gathering in many cities and villages in lower peninsula counties the groups of young people moved upon the state capital in more than 1,300 automobiles which formed a parade ending at the capitol.

TAKE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

There the young people took the oath of allegiance to the state and national constitutions, administered by Lieutenant Governor Luren D. Dickinson, and heard addresses by Congressman John C. Ketcham of Hastings; Grant M. Hudson of East Lansing, former congressman; Richard H. Scott, president of the Reo Motor Car company; Mrs. Truman H. Newberry of Detroit; and the president of the Michigan

Tract Society printing and distribution of literature:	
Intermediate Graded Helps	\$.80
Junior Graded Helps	3.41
Tract depository	50.71
Outside publications	4.58
Reports to Conference	98.47
Postage, distribution of literature	6.99
Photos of building for display at Conference	25.00
Services of M. G. Marsh, selling tracts	10.00
	199.96
Calendars - postage	2.00
Miscellaneous:	
Traveling expenses of editor to Conference	\$ 50.00
President's expenses:	
Traveling	38.97
Stationery, etc.	20.55
Treasurer's expenses:	
Surety bond	25.00
Audit, fourth quarterly and annual reports	15.00
Telephone	3.50
Clerical assistance, etc.	58.50
Corresponding secretary:	
Salary	356.50
Traveling expenses	25.00
Telephone	1.75
Annuity Gift incomes	430.00
Interest on loans	145.44
Check tax92
	1,171.13
	\$4,776.98

MAINTENANCE FUND

Janitor service	\$ 33.90
Coal	129.87
Transfer of funds to savings account	500.00
	663.77
	\$5,440.75
By balance on hand:	
General Fund	\$ 475.57
Denominational Building Fund	268.07
Maintenance Fund	561.69
	1,305.33
	\$6,746.08

E. & O. E.
Ethel T. Stillman,
Treasurer.
Total indebtedness (loans)

Plainfield, N. J.,
October 4, 1932.
Examined, compared with books and vouchers, and found correct.
J. W. Hiebeler,
Auditor.

PERMANENT FUND	
Total amount in this fund July 1, 1932	\$69,649.57
To this has since been added:	
Alice A. Peckham Annuity Gift, Lowville, N. Y.	500.00
(The interest of the donor having terminated, in accordance with her wishes, the gift becomes a part of the Permanent Fund)	\$70,149.57

DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING ENDOWMENT	
Total amount in this fund July 1, 1932	\$ 2,651.93
To this has been added:	
Mrs. Emeline B. Whitford Gift	100.00
	2,751.93

LIFE ANNUITY GIFTS	
Total amount of these gifts July 1, 1932	\$12,941.75
From which has been deducted the Alice A. Peckham Annuity Gift which has been transferred to the Permanent Fund, as stipulated by donor	500.00
	12,441.75
	\$85,343.25

Youth Council for Prohibition, Thomas Lindsay of Detroit.

The parade of automobiles, bands, and floats preceding the capitol lawn program, moved through Lansing streets for more than one hour.

Mayor Peter Gray of Lansing, delivered an address of welcome. Rev. Stanley B. Niles of Eaton Rapids, gave the invocation.

John George of Lansing led the singing of songs and hymns.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD MEETING

MINUTES OF THE MEETING OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD SEPTEMBER 17, 1932

The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Marjorie J. Burdick. The devotional service was led by L. E. Babcock. The minutes of the last meeting were read.

Miss Burdick reported the action of the Commission and Conference upon the recommendations submitted to them by the Young People's Board.

The appointment and work of the associational secretaries were discussed.

As Miss Burdick is to do the mimeographing for the board, she was authorized to purchase a typewriter suitable for the work in view.

The Junior superintendent, Mrs. Nettie Crandall, reported in regard to work planned for the individual societies.

The president was authorized to appoint the standing committees and department members.

It was voted that our meetings be held on the evening after the second Sabbath of each month.

Members present: Miss Marjorie Burdick, Dr. B. F. Johanson, Mrs. W. B. Lewis, Mrs. Nettie Crandall, Mrs. Ruby Babcock, L. E. Babcock. Visitor—Miss Maude Ober.

L. E. BABCOCK,
Recording Secretary.

DR. PAUL E. TITSWORTH ACCEPTS PRESIDENCY OF ALFRED UNIVERSITY

In an interview today with President Boothe C. Davis of Alfred University it was learned that he has just received word from Orra S. Rogers, president of the board of trustees, that President Paul E. Titsworth of Washington College, Chestertown, Md., has accepted the presidency of Alfred University to succeed President Davis, who retires at seventy years of age, July 31, 1932, after thirty-eight consecutive years of service as president of Alfred University.

President Titsworth is a graduate of Alfred University of the class of 1904. Doctor Titsworth was an honor student in college. He pursued graduate studies in Ohio State University and in the University of Wisconsin from the latter of which he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He taught for a number of years in Alfred University, first as instructor and then as professor of modern languages, and later as professor of English. On the retirement of Dean Alpheus B. Kenyon at seventy years of age in 1920, Doctor Titsworth was appointed dean of the College of Liberal Arts. He held this position for three years until his election in July, 1923, as president of Washington College. He has, therefore, had over twenty years of teaching and administrative experience, including the deanship for three years and the presidency of Washington College for ten years.

In his ten years' administration of Washington College he has greatly strengthened the college in courses of instruction and equipment, and has brought it to approved, standard rating in the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland.

His fine scholarship, his sterling character, and his able and successful teaching and administrative experience have led the trustees of Alfred University to feel that they are particularly fortunate in being able to secure his acceptance as president of Alfred University to succeed President Davis.

UNIVERSITY PRESS CLUB.

THANKSGIVING HYMN

BY HOSEA W. ROOD

With joyous, grateful hearts we come
This glad Thanksgiving day,
To thank thee by whose gentle hand
We're guided on our way.

We thank thee for good health and strength,
For food, and clothes to wear;
For busy days and nights of rest
Beneath thy watchful care.

We thank thee for the Sabbath day,
And for the house of God;
For sermon, prayer, and Christian song,
And for thy holy Word.

We pray that in the coming year
Our willing feet may be
Led onward in the path of peace
That leadeth up to thee.

Help us to seek the heavenly source
From whom all blessings flow;
So may we find the peace and love
Of heaven here below.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

"JOY TO THE WORLD"

MATTHEW 2: 11

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath
Day, December 3, 1932

BY MRS. NETTIE CRANDALL

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

THE BLUE SANTA CLAUS

Of course he ought to have been red, just as red as red could be, with the rosiest of cheeks and the jolliest of smiles. For that is the way Peter and Peggy always pictured him. Yet actually he was blue, just as blue as indigo, and his cheeks looked pale and tired, and there was no smile anywhere on him!

He propped his arms on his knees and gazed at them mournfully. "The time has come," he groaned, "the time has surely come—I shall have to own up! But I do hope you won't think I'm a fake."

"Oh, no indeed, Santa Claus," they answered politely, but they looked at each other in great surprise. The poor old dear must certainly be sick.

"The truth of the matter is," he said, "that you folks all think my work-shop is up at the North Pole, and that I keep several hundred jolly little elves and gnomes busy all the year round making toys and presents for me to stuff in your stockings on December 25. But—but—"

"But what?" Peggy asked, while Peter thought to himself that he never dreamed it was going to be like this to stay awake the night before Christmas to see the jolly old fellow, only to find him blue, blue, blue!

"My dears," he said kindly, "there's trouble in three directions, so I'm going to ask you to please hop into my sleigh and I'll drive you around and show you."

So they hopped. And he bundled them up in great fur robes so that only their little noses were left outside to be nipped in the frosty air. Away they went skidding over snowy roofs and icy tree tops, each of them holding one of Santa Claus' hands while he said to them: "Now one of my troubles is this foolishness about elves and gnomes. That is

perfect nonsense, my dears, for all my helpers are actual people; some of them boys and girls just your age. Here we are—you shall see!"

And to their surprise they found themselves in an enormous factory where people seemed to be making more dolls than you ever dreamed about in your wildest dreams. One man made a plain little head, then zip! he tossed it to another man, who painted in eyes and ears and nose and mouth like lightning; zip! and a third man glued on some hair; zip! and a fourth man sewed up a sawdust body; zip! and a fifth person, a woman, stitched the head onto this body; zip! and another woman slipped a skimpy little dress over the doll's head; zip! and a young girl fastened on some tiny boots, and laid the doll in a box. And, behold, that doll was ready for Christmas! But hundreds of other dolls were also being made, and fingers were flying, flying, flying. There were other rooms where the hair was made into little wigs, where leather was made into little boots, and muslin was cut into little dresses.

"My dears," sighed Santa Claus, "these are my real partners. Without them I couldn't leave a single doll in anybody's stocking. And you can see for yourselves that they aren't elves or fairies, but just somebody's ordinary every-day father or mother or sweetheart. There are thousands of others who made the sleds and the horns, the candies, and all the toys; and I'm blue because I'm tired of getting all the credit when they do all the work. I simply tote the presents around Christmas eve, and, of course, that's fun."

Peggy smiled. "You know you're what my mother would call conscientious. Yes you are! And I love you for being blue over a nice beautiful thing like getting too much praise. But Peter and I will never forget about your partners, never!"

Meanwhile they had dashed over miles and miles of roof and were landing on the biggest department store in town.

"I have other partners here," sighed Santa Claus, "Most people call them bundle-clerks and special delivery boys. Did you ever see so many packages to be wrapped? Now that's because too many somebodies in town forgot to do their Christmas shopping early, and the provoking part of it is that tomorrow half the people in town will shout, 'Oh, see the nice present Santa Claus wrapped up

for me! And you can see for yourself I don't do any of the wrapping at all, the bundle-clerks do it all. It makes me blue to get so much credit."

Peter patted him on the arm. "You certainly are awfully generous about it, Santa Claus, and I'll always get my shopping done early after this."

Then they flew through the air again and Santa Claus said dismally: "Here's one of the bluest of my blue troubles. Do you see that young lady staring at that perfectly wretched little Christmas tree? Well, tell me what's the matter with it?"

—Margaret T. Applegarth.

(To be continued)

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

SNOW FLAKES

Beautiful, feathery flakes of snow,
Softly come and softly go;
Kissing our cheeks and dazzling our eyes,
Emblem of purity sent from the skies.

Spreading a blanket soft and warm,
Keeping the flowers and buds from harm,
Melting away in the springtime sun,
Aiding the brooklets and rivers to run.

Clothing in mantle of white the earth,
Softening a couch for the flowers' birth,
Coming in stars and going in tears,
Emblem of hope for happier years.

Bright little feathery flakes of snow,
Hasten to come but linger to go,
Glittering crystals of purest ice,
Look out and see them: aren't they nice?

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

When I looked out of my window this morning and saw the big flakes of snow come pattering down I thought of these verses which I used to teach to my little second grade children a good many years ago. They liked them so well that I think you will like them, too. Do you, and wouldn't you like to memorize them?

This afternoon the snow is almost gone but the clouds above look as if they were full of "feathery flakes" just getting ready to come softly falling down, so I will not be one bit surprised if the ground has another soft, white carpet in the morning.

We were very sorry this afternoon to hear that "The Brick," the girls' dormitory at Alfred, was on fire. It is not known how the fire started, but it began in the attic; that floor and the third were burned before the fire

could be put out, and the rest of the building badly damaged, though the walls are still standing. About a hundred girls and others are wondering where they are going to sleep tonight, but of course a place will be provided for them. Their clothes and other belongings were mostly saved. A pretty bad loss for Alfred.

I am wondering why I get so few letters nowadays from my RECORDER boys and girls. Those that I do get are very, very good but I want many more of them. Others as well as myself are disappointed when there are no children's letters in the RECORDER. So please get busy and send on your stories, letters, poems, junior reports, funny sayings, etc. I hope "I'll be seeing them" right along now, one at the very least for every week. How about it?

I have spoken several times about the dear little brown dog, Snubby, that used to trot by our house every day, and of how much everyone thought of him. A short time ago he was run over by an automobile and killed instantly. His mistress and many others miss him greatly but we are glad that he did not have to suffer long. He was such a dear, loving little dog.

I think my letter is quite long enough, don't you? Well you see I had to take the place of several boys and girls. Here's hoping someone will help me out next week.

Sincerely your friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLAG

(Address delivered by Rev. A. L. Davis at a Fathers and Sons banquet at Verona, N. Y., November 5, 1932, and published by request of those present.)

On the eleventh day of November, 1918, pandemonium broke loose in every part of our country. The awful holocaust of war was ended. Peace had been declared, a war-weary world rejoiced in the news, and thanked God it was so. Bells pealed the joyous message from every church tower, whistles blew, bands played, men shouted. How deeply our emotions were stirred! Some of us can never forget that day.

Dr. Newel Dwight Hillis, during those days, wrote: "War vultures, with black wings, brood the earth as couriers of poverty, sorrow, and death. During many months multitudes have known but one color—black. They have had but one song—a funeral dirge."

How true a characterization that was! Hope was fast dying out of our lives. Despair was gripping our hearts. Day by day, fathers and mothers, with forebodings, scanned the pages of the papers to see what names were among the killed and missing on the field of action. In windows throughout our land appeared gold stars, betokening that here and there a son had been given. The one song of a truth was set to slow music—it was in very fact a funeral dirge.

A father and his small son were walking down the street at evening time. The father was explaining to the son the meaning of the gold stars in the window. The little fellow watched eagerly as they passed the dwellings. Pointing to one window after another he would exclaim, "There's a star, daddy!" Suddenly he gripped the father's hand more tightly, and pointed far ahead of them to the evening star that had just appeared in the sky. Rapturously he exclaimed, "Daddy, God must have given his Son, too!"

Certainly God gave his Son, too. But he was not a war lord, but the Prince of Peace. He came to teach a better way than to kill human life. He came to reveal love as the supreme instrument of social and spiritual progress. He taught the utter futility of physical force.

The farther we get away from that first Armistice Day, the farther we are prone to get away from what it was all about. The World War was a tragedy. But the real tragedy, after all, is not that men have died, but that we, *the living, so soon forget.*

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Let us seek to recover the meaning of the Armistice, recapture its significance, re-emphasize its blessings, restate its interpretation as we attempt to reinterpret Americanism in the light of our American flag.

The whole history of mankind is an effort to give expression to that which defies verbal expression. Man lives so largely on the borderland of the Infinite that he is constantly confronted with the impossibility of voicing the highest and best aspirations of his soul. Beethoven came back from one of his pilgrimages into God's great conservatory of music and wrote his masterpiece, and then said with pathos in his voice, "Yes, but the symphony does not compare with the music I heard."

How true this thought is of patriotism, that mystic something that makes men heroic unto death. What is the symbol that expresses our highest ideals of patriotic sentiment, national enthusiasm, and our common hope? As men sought some adequate symbol of the spiritual element in our political life, they seized upon that trinity of sky-born glory—a trinity which waves its signal of liberty and freedom to more than 120,000,000 people.

How may we best find an interpretation of what we mean by Americanism, and then pledge anew our loyalty? We might recite the thrilling battles and deeds of our heroes. Or we might ask our statesmen of different periods of our history and let them be our interpreters. This is, indeed, the better way.

Let us, then, try to see our flag in the portraits of some of our great men who demonstrate our ideals—men who have woven into our flag ideals which inspire our hearts, and stir the wonder of the world.

Into the glorious folds of Americanism, memory weaves the feature of one of whom it was said, "He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Beautiful in his humility, Washington, better than any other, reveals for us the ideals of the patriots who struggled against nature and human selfishness to give to the world a new interpretation of freedom. Catching the holy aspirations of the Covenanters, the pilgrims, the Quakers, the Refugees of the Iron Age, he disciplined them in the vast expanse of God's out-of-doors.

Giving life itself, bathing life itself on the altar fires of the Eternal, these great souls went forth with a gleam of victory that has cast a contagion on every wrestler for life and liberty.

The Americanism of Washington is big with the expanse of the American plains, high with the upreach of her towering mountains, and glorious with the evergreen beauty of her perennial verdure. Washington will ever stand as symbolic of the best in our colonial life—the Father of His Country, and—his country's flag.

Let us leave the portrait of Washington woven into our flag, and watch others as they widen the borders of our nation. Scarcely had Washington oiled and set in motion the machinery of our national experiment when the call of the wild began tugging at the hearts of other, though different, statesmen. With

less of polish, but with equal patriotism, the Boones, the Lewises, Clarkes, Fremonts, Lees, and Sutters began to climb our mountains, and penetrate the vast wildernesses beyond. Forging streams, conquering the wild life of an untamed continent, they never ceased until the flag was planted on the Pacific, and the wonderful architecture of our government was set up for generations yet unborn.

Then came the years when the sky was darkening with clouds of an un-American compromise, and a new birth of idealism emerged from the American wilderness. How shall we describe this new picture?

First, we see a slender youth standing by the bier of a dead mother in a lonely cabin on the frontier, weeping only as an orphaned child can weep. The bier moves forward, and the broken hearted child follows one hundred miles on foot to shed his tears at the sacred resting place of his childhood's inspiration. Then, in his poverty, we see him by the flickering light of pine fagots studying his three books until they sink their wondrous message into his soul. When just a little past twenty-one, one day he walks into an assembly and utters words like these: "A house divided against itself cannot divided stand. I do not believe the Union can long endure half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union will be dissolved; I do not expect the house will fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided."

The Rebellion came. A shot spun across the waters to Fort Sumter. The flag was pulled down, and the nation was insulted. Call followed call, twelve in all; 2,000,000 boys responded, and 700,000 died on the field of battle or in training camps.

Let us now leave this scene while we throw our fourth picture upon the screen. The man is pale, with lofty brow, and deep-set eyes. He loved peace and abhorred war with all his soul. While yearning for peace, and conscious as never before of the common interests of mankind in such a crisis, he saw no other alternative but war. We hear him say: "We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling for them but one of sympathy. But right is more precious than peace, and we will fight for those things we have always carried nearest our hearts."

May it be said to the undying glory of our higher idealism at that hour, never for a moment did we ask political questions. Again

the streams of youth began to mobilize in camps built and equipped over night. Surgeons left their offices to others; teachers closed their schoolrooms; clerks turned over their tasks to others; farmers left their fields—all to defend the liberty of mankind.

Next May, we will assemble in our cemeteries to lay our wreaths and place our flags as fitting memorials upon the grassy mounds of our unforgotten dead. But listen before we do it. A voice sounds across the expanse of years. The words are strangely familiar. Every schoolboy and every schoolgirl knows them. Standing in the midst of that great multitude of silent reminders of glory that leads but to the grave—that strangely sad voice calls a solemn challenge to every succeeding generation. Listen; it is surpassing sad, but sweet:

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it far beyond our power to add or detract. It is for us, the living, rather, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work."

Such words savor of the spirit of Jesus. They constitute a call to brotherhood. Under the spell of these words our flag takes on superlative glory. In the flag of the future I see the face of Jesus giving a new interpretation of American ideals.

First, I hear him asking for men with such sobering memories to lay aside their race-hatreds and their class prejudices. In the second place, it is a call for us to dedicate ourselves to the cause of a warless world.

What is the matter with the world today? The answer is not hard to find. Twenty million people were murdered in the World War. Two hundred fifty thousand million dollars was poured out and wasted. According to *Information Service* the cost of the Civil War to the United States was \$3,221,000,000; the Spanish-American War, \$2,000,000,000; and that of the World War \$21,500,000,000. The cost of pensions for the veterans of the various wars to June 30, 1932, was \$14,244,849,037. The National Economy League estimates that under existing legislation the costs in the future of the Civil War will be \$900,000,000; the Spanish-American War, \$5,600,000,000; and the World War, \$82,000,000,000. This is merely the cost in cold cash. It tells nothing of the loss of life, the blasting of human hopes, the destruction of life's higher values.

CONTINUOUS CHEER

"Rejoice evermore." Who speaks? The reply comes, "I, Paul, an apostle by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, am he who speaks."

"Why, Apostle Paul, do you mean that in the face of our difficulties, disappointments, discouragements, and defeats we are to rejoice? How can we? How can we?"

Paul answers: "I was urged by the Spirit to go to Jerusalem in time for the Harvest Festival. I did not go to Ephesus. However, I invited the officers of the Ephesian Church to meet me at Miletus. When they came I told them, among other things, although I did not know what awaited in Jerusalem, but in town after town the Holy Spirit has warned me that imprisonment and troubles are in store for me. But then, I set no value on my own life as compared with the joy of finishing my course and fulfilling the commission I received from the Lord Jesus to attest the gospel of the grace of God. Am I not able to say, 'Always be joyful?'"

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice."

"But Paul. We are losing our homes and our farms. What we produce must be sold at a loss. Our salaries are reduced. Our business is gone. Some of us are out of work. We cannot do for our families as we would like. Our children are deprived of many opportunities. Some of us do not know which way to turn. How can we be happy?"

Again the Apostle speaks, "Be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the will of God, (even) the thing which is good and acceptable and perfect."

"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

"And remember the Lord Jesus when he said, These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

"Yes, Paul. We begin to understand. But how can we have this continuous cheer?"

"Pray without ceasing," answers the devout apostle.

PERENNIAL PRAYER

The habit of thanking God for all things as happening for the best will bring continuous joy. "The Greek is, 'Pray without in-

Consciously, or unconsciously, men are seeking for a new way of life. They cry for a bond which shall unite the world in freedom, right, and love; that shall liberate it from its sufferings, hatreds, and disunions. They cry for a religion of life, for an active spirit of peace on earth, good will toward men.

The profound need of our time is to realize the everlasting truth of the oneness of the human race. This is no day for a selfish Americanism. He is an American who loves our flag, our institutions, and our government, and obeys her laws, whether Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, American born or foreign born. Your flag, my flag, our flag! May it wave over a united people, where there is no North, no South, no East, no West.

OUR PULPIT

CONTINUOUS THANKSGIVING

BY REV. HURLEY S. WARREN

Pastor of the church at North Loup, Neb.

1 Thessalonians 5: 16-18.

Several years ago in a Christian Endeavor meeting of adults my grandfather said, "I am thankful that I am better off this year than I will be the next." Some one who was present sympathetically remarked afterwards, "Brother Davis spoke the truth in his testimony this afternoon." Many of grandfather's friends were beginning to realize that ill health was overtaking him and as I remember he did not worship with his fellows another Thanksgiving.

Some of us might well voice the feeling of grandfather. At any rate we ought to be grateful to our heavenly Father in whatever state we may find ourselves. Among the closing instructions which the Apostle Paul gave the Thessalonians in his first letter to them are these: "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." Highly significant are these counsels when we understand them in the light of the conditions in the Thessalonian Church. Persecution was the lot of many. The church had lost her leader. A large number of members had been taken by death. If ever a Christian band had reason to be discouraged this one had. Yet they are encouraged to rejoice and give thanks.

termission': without allowing prayerless gaps to intervene between the times of prayer."

It is reported that Tolstoy said of himself, "I had only to know God and I lived. I had only to forget him and I died. I only really live when I feel and seek him. What more do I ask? And a voice seemed to cry within me, 'This is he, he without whom there is no life.' To know God and to live are one—God is life!"

We come to know God more completely by praying without intermission. We come to know him who imparts life and joy and peace and who is Love.

PRAYER

I asked for bread; God gave a stone instead.
Yet while I pillowed there my weary head,
The angels made a ladder of my dreams,
Which upward to celestial mountains led.
And when I woke beneath the morning's
beams,
Around my resting place fresh manna lay;
And, praising God, I went upon my way,
For I was fed.

God answers prayer; sometimes, when hearts
are weak,
He gives the very gifts believers seek.
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
And trust God's silence when he does not
speak;
For he whose name is Love will send the best.
Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls en-
dure,
But God is true, his promises are sure
For those who seek.

—Author Unknown.

Perennial prayer produces permanent peace. That peace from God which passeth all understanding has its roots firmly planted in the life of ceaseless prayer. Then, and then only, are we able to give thanks in everything, even in what seems adverse.

TOTAL THANKFULNESS

THANK GOD!

Thank God for life!
E'en though it bring much bitterness and
strife,
And all our fairest hopes be wrecked and
lost,
E'en though there be more ill than good in life,
We cling to life and reckon not the cost.
Thank God for life!
Thank God for love!
For though sometimes grief follows in its wake,
Still we forget love's sorrow in love's joy,
And cherish tears with smiles for love's dear
sake;
Only in heaven is bliss without alloy.
Thank God for love!

Thank God for pain!
No tear hath ever yet been shed in vain,
And in the end each sorrowing heart shall
find

No curse, but blessings in the hand of pain;
Even when he smiteth, then is God most
kind.

Thank God for pain!

Thank God for death!
Who touches anguished lips and stills their
breath

And giveth peace unto each troubled
breast;

Grief flies before thy touch, O blessed death;
God's sweetest gift; thy name in heaven is
Rest.

Thank God for death!

—Author Unknown.

"There is a song of Thanksgiving that leaps out of the soul's own consciousness of God. So deep and so real and so radiant may be that sense of the divine love that when life is denuded of all its material prosperity; when the soul's lone barque drifts through the dark; when love is bereft and the heart is rent, yet that song, too deep for words, will rise like the sweetest incense-offering to the throne of God. And that is the perfect tribute. God the Father never receives such deep devotion, such significant praise as when apparently a heart loves him for naught; as when all gifts gone, the faithful heart clings to the great Giver."—Rev. William H. Boddy in *International Journal of Religious Education* (Nov. '30).

Nothing is really adverse when we understand and share God's purpose for our lives.

"And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to his purpose."

Dr. Amos R. Wells says, "The fountain of thanksgiving is the assurance in our hearts that God is good. If we know that life at its center is kind, we shall not mind what the exterior seems to be. We shall know that everything will work out right for us.

"Therefore one of the most necessary of human tasks is the giving of thanks to God. This is a perpetual duty and a constant privilege, so that at least one day of the year should be set aside for the special cultivation of this grace. Really, every day is to the Christian a thanksgiving day."

"In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

THE WILL OF GOD

"This is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you, that ye should 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, (and) in everything give thanks.' " Christ is the Revealer of God's will to those who have accepted him by faith. One has said that God's will is the believer's law.

"THY WILL BE DONE"

"Thy will be done." Why always bow the head
In anguish when these sacred words are said?
More light than darkness falleth from above;
The will of God shows clearest through his
love.

Why should we kneel in fear, as God were foe,
When unto him we pray, "Thy will be
done"?

Why learn to "bend and kiss the rod" in woe?
On just and unjust shines his blessed sun.

"Thy will be done." Is there no other way
Than crying out of sorrow, thus to pray?
God's daily gifts outweigh the heaviest loss;
The crown is ours as surely as the cross.

If aught we know, we know that joy reigns
there;

Then let us, as we pray the Christ-taught
prayer,

Lift up our hearts in joy at blessings given:
Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in
heaven.

—Louise Peabody Sargent.

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee."

—Anne Steele.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

NORTH LOUP, NEB.

President and Mrs. Jay W. Crofoot have recently been among us, renewing old friendships and making new ones, both for themselves and Milton College.

Miss Mary T. Davis was re-elected state Christian Endeavor secretary-treasurer at the state convention in Omaha, early in November. For many years the young people of our church have been affiliated with district and state Christian Endeavor in Nebraska.

Not boastfully, but as a matter of interest, the honor roll of our high school for the first period contains the names of two seniors, three juniors, three sophomores, and eight freshmen, all of whom except six freshmen are young people of our Sabbath school. "The Lord has need of you."

CORRESPONDENT.

WELTON, IOWA

Our services have been much the same as usual, only it seems that Pastor Hurley's sermons get better each week and the study of the Sabbath school lessons more interesting under the leadership of our superintendent, O. W. Babcock. Pastor Hurley makes his trip to Marion once a month and in his absence our faithful deacon, U. S. Van Horn, has charge of the service.

We have seen nothing in the RECORDER about the yearly meeting at Marion, the latter part of September. It was a very good meeting with sermons by Rev. J. T. Babcock of Garwin, Rev. C. B. Loofbourrow of Wisconsin, and Pastor J. H. Hurley. The young people there are a capable group and furnished good music and a religious play at the close of the meetings.

We have been enjoying an old-time hymn sing on Sabbath afternoon. It has brought many memories of those who have labored here in the past and we feel we have been encouraged to make new endeavors in the Master's work.

CORRESPONDENT.

FARINA, ILL.

The Farina Church and the church at Stonefort have recently had the pleasure of having President Crofoot of Milton College, and Editor H. C. Van Horn of Plainfield, N. J., with us. They spoke at the Friday evening services and at the morning hour Sabbath morning. Sunday, with the pastor of the Farina Church, they went to Stonefort and there conducted morning and evening services. President Crofoot's visit preceded that of the editor by one week.

The church recently enjoyed a Hallowe'en social at the parish house, and following the unmasking a series of games and a luncheon of doughnuts, cocoa, and sandwiches were enjoyed. Miss Margaret Burdick won first prize for the best costume. —Contributed.

ALBION, WIS.

Mrs. Babcock, aged mother of Deacon D. L. Babcock, returned to her home in New York State, November 7, after spending the summer with her relatives in Albion.

Mrs. Flora Randolph of Lodi, Calif., has been visiting her sister and other relatives, and will return this week to her home via New Orleans, where she will be the guest of her brother, Charles Saunders.

A group of Albion singers are taking advantage of the training of the Choral Union in Milton under the direction of Maurice C. Sayre.

There has been considerable sickness due to damp, cloudy weather. CORRESPONDENT.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

On Sabbath morning, November 5, the pastor extended the hand of fellowship to eight new members recently admitted to the church. Four were juniors who had completed the pastor's class in church membership and were recently baptized; four transferred their membership from other Seventh Day Baptist churches.

Many of our young people and juniors attended one or more sessions of the Southern Wisconsin Christian Endeavor Convention at Janesville, October 29. Our juniors had places on the afternoon Junior program.

Joint committees of the Milton and Milton Junction churches are beginning work on preparation for Conference.

Both the Junior and Senior Christian Endeavor societies held Hallowe'en socials in the church basement on October 30—juniors in the afternoon and seniors in the evening.

J. F. R.

MILTON, WIS.

Miss Adeline Titsworth, who is a teacher at Hull House, Chicago, was a week-end guest at the home of Professor and Mrs. L. H. Stringer.

Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Coon are nicely settled in the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage. Mr. Coon has accepted the invitation to supply the pulpit of the local church until January 1.

President and Mrs. J. W. Crofoot, Dean and Mrs. J. N. Daland, and Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Johnson are among those who attended the annual Milton dinner in Milwaukee.

News has been received from Dr. W. L. Burdick, secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, to the effect that the final decision of the board has been to recall Rev. H. Eugene Davis from the China field. It is expected that Doctor Davis will be able to conclude his part of the work in Shanghai at such time as will enable him to reach Milton by July 1, 1933.

This news is most gratifying to the Milton Church. Doctor Davis is greatly admired and highly respected throughout the Seventh

Day Baptist denomination. His coming to the Milton Church is an event of real importance. A man such as Doctor Davis, with his wide experience in the Orient as well as here in America, with his deep insight into the truths of the religion and his ready sympathy for people—such a man is sure to leave his mark on the community, and the mark is sure to be the good of us all.

We greet you, Doctor Davis, in anticipation, and may your coming into our midst be fruitful of every kind of blessing! Across mountains and seas Milton extends to you her welcome.—*News*.

ALFRED, N. Y.

November 14—Fire swept a five-story dormitory for women at Alfred University yesterday afternoon, driving many of the one hundred ten girls who lived in the building out to the snow-covered campus.

The fire broke out in the top floor at noon, while some of the women students were at church and others in their rooms. Burning fiercely, the fire spread through the entire building, but the girls were all accounted for.

Many ran out with personal belongings, which were strewn about the campus, but the advance of the flames kept them from returning for more. They are being housed in private homes and sorority houses, while university officials study the problem of finding permanent homes for them.

After three hours only the brick walls of the old building remained standing. The dormitory was valued at \$150,000, and its contents at \$12,000. Origin of the fire was not determined.

Three fire companies from Alfred, Almond, and Hornell fought the fire.—(A. P.) —*Plainfield Courier-News*.

FIRST BROOKFIELD (LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.) CHURCH

We have nothing remarkable or unusual to report, but are glad to say our people loyally support church services. Prayer meetings at the homes are especially well attended. The Book of Hebrews is half completed in prayer meeting studies.

All who have followed the De Ruyter meetings with interest and prayer have been helped.

P. S. B.

VERONA, N. Y.

The Pearl Seekers Sabbath school class who are having monthly mission studies were for-

tunate in securing Dr. George Thorngate, who is studying in Ray Brook Hospital, N. Y. He spoke on the China mission in the church in the morning and in the evening an informal reception was given Doctor Thorngate, sponsored by the class.

Supper was served to about seventy-five. After a selection by the male quartet the doctor gave an interesting and instructive talk on the manners and customs of China, followed by several questions which he answered very satisfactorily.

Sabbath morning, November 5, Pastor Davis preached a sermon especially to the middle aged people, on "The Autumn of Life." The choir was composed of older people and there were two vocal duets—by Pastor Davis and Mrs. Leila Franklin, and Mrs. Florence Stukey and Ira A. Newey.

The father and son's banquet was held in the church parlors, November 5. Pastor A. L. Davis was the speaker of the evening. His subject was, "Our Flag in the Light of Armistice Day."

At the close of the Sabbath service last week two young people were received into church membership, one by letter and one by baptism.

In the afternoon Doctor Davis motored to Syracuse where he conducted communion service for the church people there.

Mrs. Sorensen's house that has been under construction is completed and she will take possession this week. PRESS COMMITTEE.

MILL YARD CHURCH, LONDON, ENG.

The services of the Mill Yard Church have been conducted as usual every Sabbath at Argyle Hall during the past quarter, being taken by Pastor McGeachy with the exception of six Sabbaths on five of which Rev. W. Winston Haines occupied the pulpit. On the last two Sabbaths of July the pastor was compelled to be absent owing to the serious illness of his son Alan, who was taken ill with meningitis, and passed away on Sabbath, July 30, 1932. The pastor and his wife desire to thank all who so kindly sent letters of sympathy in their bereavement. The fellowship of sympathy from the members of the church has meant more at this time than can be expressed.

The other four Sabbaths the pastor was away, combining a holiday with the work of the E. S. M. Press in Yorkshire.

The first Sabbath in July was marked by

the visit of Miss Susie M. Burdick, one of our Seventh Day Baptist missionaries from Shanghai, China. She gave a very interesting address to the Willesden Mission in the morning, telling of the successes and disappointments of the work in the Far East. . . . We pray that God's richest blessing may attend Sister Burdick as she spends her furlough in America after so many years of strenuous service in China.

The month of July was also notable for the departure of Sister G. E. Richardson from London to attend the General Conference of Seventh Day Baptists in Adams Center, N. Y., U. S. A. This is the first time since the organization of the General Conference in 1802 that the Mill Yard Church has been represented in this way. The Conference opened on August 23, 1932.

July also marked the close of the second year of the work of the Evangelical Sabbatarian Mission, and the first year of the activities of the E. S. M. Press. The year has been very successful in that 25,000 copies of "Tales from the East" have been sold by our colporteurs.

A companion volume has been written by the mission superintendent, entitled "Tales from the West," and is now on sale.

—*Sabbath Observer*.

Religious Education

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

THE HOME DEPARTMENT OF OUR BOULDER CHURCH

Rev. Erlo E. Sutton,
Milton Junction, Wis.

DEAR BROTHER:

In reply to your letter of September 20, I will try to give you an outline of the plan of home department work as developed in the Boulder Sabbath school.

The Boulder Church gets out a "News Letter" not more than four times a year. This is strictly a news letter, without religious discussions of any kind. We felt the need of something of a more religious nature, that could be sent out more frequently, for non-residents who desired something of that kind. After prayer, thought, and discussion for

some time, the best way to accomplish this seemed through a weekly Sabbath school class which we call an "Extension Class."

A circular letter describing the plan, with blanks for suggestions and enrollment, was sent to all non-residents, the plan is as follows:

1. The class is for anyone, anywhere, of any church or no church.

2. Conditions agreed to in becoming a member are: (1) The desire to join; (2) to send in a review, comments, questions, or something on the Sabbath school lesson for the week assigned by the class director; and (3) to pay four cents per week to cover cost of postage, stationery, and mimeographing or typing.

3. These lessons are assigned some time in advance. Members are asked to get copy to director ten days in advance of lesson. This copy, with any comments of director, perhaps a few news items of interest to class, etc., is then mimeographed or carbon copied on typewriter and mailed in time for members to receive their copy before the proper Sabbath.

4. The director sees that the members receive *Helping Hands* each quarter. One letter does for a family or group.

5. Members range from children to old age. It would be desirable to have a children's department under a specially qualified director. We are working on that now.

6. It is necessary for the success of this plan to have at least a part of the membership consecrated and working. We are especially fortunate in this class in this respect. The director must also have these qualities. Our membership is scattered; letters go to Colorado points, Kansas, Oregon, and Washington, D. C. Each member has an account kept and is charged with each letter and credited with all payments made.

There are twenty-one members in the class all the time and some summer members who are here in the winter—requiring eight to ten letters to serve them. The larger the number of letters required the less the cost per letter, if the mimeograph is used.

I should especially mention the valuable work donated by Floetta Burdick, a trained stenographer, daughter of our treasurer, Linn Burdick.

We think both the class and the church get spiritual help and encouragement from this. I know the director of the class does.

Glad to answer any questions from any one interested, if a stamp is inclosed.

Yours,

PAUL H. HUMMEL.

Boulder, Colo.,

September 24, 1932.

TWO RECORDS OF CREATION

BY CHARLES S. SAYRE

[Some time ago there came to the editor's desk as a friendly token a neatly printed and beautifully bound monograph, entitled "Creation's Two Records." It proved to be a brief treatise by him of a subject in which everyone is interested. We are glad to publish it in the RECORDER for the help it will furnish for many. The first installment follows and the article will be concluded next week.—EDITOR.]

INTRODUCTION

It was while studying geology and zoology in Milton College that I first became impressed with the agreement which I could see in the Bible account of creation and what science had worked out in the books I was studying. And "The Bible and Science Agree," became the subject of an oration which I delivered at a joint session of the Philo and Iduna lyceums in about 1894. And that conviction has grown upon me with the years. With the exception of an explanation of the nebular hypothesis, what I said that night was substantially what I present in the few following pages of this little booklet.

I am putting these thoughts in this convenient form so that fathers and mothers and religious workers may have something convenient and simple and brief and to the point to present to the boy or girl who is stumbling over evolution.

Respectfully,

C. S. SAYRE.

Albion, Wis.

THE TWO RECORDS OF CREATION

We have been furnished with two records of the world's creation. One is written in the rocks, and the other in the Bible.

The record in the rocks is a sort of diary, written, if you please, on the spot, at the time the events took place, almost countless ages before the one in the Bible. And though time

and later writing have obliterated some of that record, much of it still remains and is quite legible for the student who cares to read it. This is the only exhaustive record we have; it is set down in detail; it is concrete; indeed, it is so tangible that at times you have before your very eyes positive marks of the creative process.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that the human family occupied this earth for ages and ages before they ever knew such a record had been written. And so, when they began to dig in the earth high up on the hills away from the streams, and noticed the strata in the sand and clay, and observed that it was just like deposits made by currents of water, they began to think. And as they labored in the quarries and noticed the fossils imbedded in that solid, age-old substance they thought still more; and when at time the skeletons of strange and unknown animals were unearthed, here was food for still more thought. And always this question arose bold and insistent, "How come?" And everywhere was the baffling and persistent evidence of almost impossible age—time, countless time.

Naturally men became interested, they began to study, they began to write, they began to record their findings. Some devoted their time to travel and research, leaving their records for on-coming generations to use in connection with their findings, and finally we had a science called geology pretty well worked out, the writing in the rocks transferred to books, and we are beginning to read God's first, his exhaustive record, of creation. But mark you, the most of this has been accomplished in our own day, and no doubt there will be changes, but surely great things have been accomplished and to us it has fallen to have this record fixed so we can read it.

But far back in the history of the human race, long, long before any history was written, probably from the very beginning as men began to realize what a wonderful place this world is, and what marvels are everywhere present, they wanted to know who was back of it, whose hand was directing these goings on all about. You can hardly imagine a human being coming to maturity without having at times wondered who was back of all these marvels of nature. And so God directed that man Moses to set forth a brief record which afterward became a part of the Bible, to let the world know it was God who did it. *That,*

mind you, is the burden of this Bible account. The need was to let the world know it was God who did the job. And the first four words in this record are, "In the beginning God."

Let us now direct our attention to several outstanding things in this Bible account, every one of which has broadened and deepened the writer's confidence in the good old Book, and possibly it may do the same for you.

First

Notice how nicely this Bible account of creation was adapted to the simple minded people of the long ago, ages before they were able to read the record in the rocks:

If they believed that God simply spoke the world into existence, well and good; they believed he did it, and that is what the record was written for. If they believed he simply spoke light into existence without any sun, moon, or stars, they met the requirement, they understood that God did it. If they believed he formed with infinitely delicate hands the blade of grass, the shrub, the tree, well and good; they believed that God did it. And so on with every event of creation tabulated in the Bible. And thus we are led to see in this little synopsis of creation that God was leading the people of the world to see and know *who* did the job, not *how* it was done. And we are impressed that this Bible account has little concern about the *how* of creation compared with the *who*, and helps us understand better the force of those first four words, "In the beginning God."

Second

Notice how this Bible account of creation is adapted to this age, and will be adapted to all the ages to come:

We can read from the rocks all about creation down to some of the minutest detail, but nowhere in the rocks do we read *who* did it. It is plenty plain on every hand that some mighty Genius has had his hand on the controls, but it is the Bible, and the Bible only, that claims the authority to tell us "In the beginning God."

Third

Another outstanding thing about this Bible account is the fact that God had to use a man to write it.

This man Moses knew nothing about the record of creation written in the rocks. And

this brings to light an astounding revelation; for just see this man jotting down immediately after his stunning four word introduction, "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Look at those words, you men who have studied geological science, and ask yourself how this man Moses, knowing nothing about the nebular hypothesis, or the solar fragment as the origin of this earth's substance, could have stated, in this brief record, the beginning, more in keeping with what you find from your reading in the rocks? This is astonishing; for the inspiration of ordinary writers does not hold them within the bounds of truth on subjects they know nothing about. But here is a writer whose first statement touching the process of creation fits in every way. If you believe God spoke the world into existence out of nothing, it fits. If you believe it had its start in a nebula or a solar fragment, it fits—"The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Regardless of the origin of this earth's substance, our reading in the rocks shows us that at some prehistoric time this earth was a boiling, seething, chaotic mass of material substance, with terrific explosions and eruptions, accompanied with vast upheaval and subsidence, with the whole mass shrouded in a dense cloud of smoke and steam. Surely this fits the condition Moses describes in his first utterance in his Bible account.

It is perfectly plain to the student of geological science that after ages and ages of cooling there would be condensation and precipitation, and that the smoke would settle so that the clouds would thin, and dim light could break through to the surface of the earth and sea. And strange enough, Moses in his little synopsis of creation said, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light"—exactly as the scientist would expect—dim light sifting through the fog and steam that still surrounded the earth.

And that the earth was revolving upon its axis is perfectly plain from what Moses said when he mentioned that the light time was called day, and the dark time was called night. And please notice right here, there is nothing in Moses' statement to preclude the notion that there had been thousands and thousands of those rotations since the first day of creation.

The student of science, studying the processes of creation after the vast body had cooled sufficiently to permit dim light to sift through, would reckon that it would require long, long ages of cooling to get such a large mass cooled sufficiently to permit the clouds to rise from immediate contact and float above the earth in the heavens, a little as we now see them. And strangely enough that is exactly what Moses puts down next, "And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." The air, if you please, was full of water; there was water above and water below, and when the clouds rose, it was actually dividing the waters from the waters. Notice those words, you student of science, and ask yourself if you could state your own conception of that period as well or in as few words. This was the second event, which Moses calls the second day.

Moses' description of this event in creation, brief and circumscribed as it is, suits the notion of the scientist to a dot. And how strange that this man without any knowledge of geology, or zoology, or botany, in mentioning events in the process of creation should have placed this one, or any of them, in what seems to us exactly the right place.

Fourth

The scientist reasons naturally that when the earth had cooled to such a degree that the clouds could rise from immediate contact and float in the heavens, the crust of the earth in places would become quite stable and remain above the water for long periods of time, permitting the lower forms of vegetable life to start. Now see what Moses has to say about this period in his little survey, "And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear." Do you see? Moses is putting these events in the order that the reader of the rocks finds them, and without any means of knowing that order except by divine inspiration. The burden, remember, upon this man Moses was not so much to get the events in the exact order—God took care of that—but to let the world know that it was God's doings.

The constant wonder is that Moses, having nothing tangible to guide him, did not get some event out of its order.

The student of geological science knows

from the writing of God in the rocks that vegetation is the first form of life on the earth. And right here Moses rings true again; for after the dry land had appeared he said, "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind." Not only does he put vegetable life first, but in a simple, easy way makes the order, grass, herbs, trees.

(To be continued next week.)

A RECENT GIFT

Announcement of a gift of \$100 which has recently come into the hands of the treasurer of the American Sabbath Tract Society will be of interest to you all. The gift comes from Dr. E. E. Whitford, New York City, in memory of his mother and is to be known as the "Mrs. Emeline B. Whitford Gift" for the Denominational Building Endowment Fund.

This fund was established many years ago, years before our dream building became a reality—established through the wisdom and forethought of some of our loyal friends who not only looked ahead to the day when the building would be in use but planned ahead for its maintenance. This fund is now \$2,751.93, the income from which, with the exception of one item of interest which goes to the donor during his lifetime, is forwarded semi-annually to the treasurer of the General Conference for the current expenses of the building.

It is interesting to see the fund slowly but surely growing, and we truly hope that it may continue to grow until such time as the principal amount through gifts, annuities, memorials, and bequests, will yield sufficient income to provide, automatically and eternally, for the entire maintenance of the building.

E. T. S.

OBITUARY

Obituary Notices of 30 lines will be published in this column without charge. Additional lines will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line. (Average 8 words to the line.)

McGEACHY.—At the early age of five years and three months, Alan, the son of Pastor and Mrs. McGeachy [of the Mill Yard Church], fell asleep in Jesus after an illness of three weeks.

Although not attending school, Alan was able to read, and loved his Bible story book. When

ill, the little lad asked his mother to read from it about the storm on Galilee. She also read about Jesus Knocking at the Door, and the New Earth. A few weeks before his illness he asked, "Will Jesus come this summer?"

On Wednesday, August 3, a number of church members and friends gathered at the home of Brother and Sister McGeachy to share with them their sorrow. Both here and at the graveside, where other friends were present to express their sympathy, Rev. W. Winston Haines conducted the services. —From the Sabbath Observer.

[Many friends in America will sympathize with Pastor and Mrs. McGeachy.]

WORD OF APPRECIATION

Sister Radford of the Mill Yard Church desires to thank all who so kindly sent messages of sympathy with her on the occasion of her son's death.—Sabbath Observer (Copied by request).

Sabbath School Lesson X.—December 3, 1932

LIVING WITH PEOPLE OF OTHER RACES—Lesson Scripture: 1 Kings 8: 41-43; Luke 10: 25-37; John 4: 4-10; Acts 10: 9-19, 28-35; 17: 22-28.

Golden Text: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." Acts 10: 34.

DAILY READINGS

November 27—Jesus and the Samaritan Woman. John 4: 5-10.

November 28—Peter and Cornelius. Acts 10: 30-35.

November 29—The Foreigner Included. 1 Kings 8: 37-43.

November 30—The Unity of the Nations. Acts 17: 22-28.

December 1—An Impartial Father. Matthew 5: 43-48.

December 2—All Belong to God. Psalm 24: 1-10.

December 3—Who Is My Brother? Luke 10: 30-37.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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.

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.

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.

The Sabbath Recorder

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No. 22

The canvass for pledges for the Denominational Budget has not been completed in all churches. But we as individuals know now about what we will be able to pay for the support of the work; and if we will pay each month our pro rata share the workers on the mission field will get their salary checks on the first of December, January, etc., and all our interests will be cared for. Won't you be one of those who contribute monthly?

O God, thou great Ruler of all the world, strengthen the sense of duty in our political life. Grant that the servants of the State may feel more deeply that any diversion of their public powers for private ends is a betrayal of their country. Purge our cities and our nation of the deep causes of corruption which have so often made sin profitable and uprightness hard. Bring to an end the stale days of party cunning. Breathe a new spirit into all our nation. Lift us from the dust and mire of the past that we may gird ourselves for a new day's work. Give our leaders a new vision of the possible future of our country and set their hearts on fire with large resolves. Raise up a new generation of public men, who will have the faith and daring of the kingdom of God in their hearts, and who will enlist for life in a holy warfare for the freedom and rights of the people. Amen.

—Walter Rauschenbusch.

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