

in full. Since that agreement was made, increases in the budgets of some other boards and the General Conference have so reduced the per cent of the budget received, as well as the income itself, that it no longer seems possible to carry on the full work of the board as in the past.

The Denver Church has extended Mr. Sutton a call to serve as its pastor, continuing part of his work with the board, the church and board paying the salary jointly.

The matter was considered in detail by the Sabbath School Board and it seemed wise under the circumstances to make such an arrangement. Mr. Sutton will therefore go to Denver about the middle of February where he will serve our church as pastor, continuing the editorial and office work of the board, but spending only two months of the year on the field instead of nearly one-half his time as in the past.

While joint work of such a nature has not proved satisfactory among our people in the past, this is probably the best that can be done under the circumstances. But it is to be hoped that the Denominational Budget may soon be so adjusted as to again permit the employment of a full time director of religious education and editor of the *Helping Hand*.

OBITUARY

BURDICK.—Deacon Marcellus Oscar, son of Edon P. and Huldah Crandall Burdick, born in Little Genesee, N. Y., January 29, 1847, died June 28, 1936.

In early manhood he united with the Little Genesee Seventh Day Baptist Church where he remained a faithful member until thirty-two years ago, when he moved with his family to Richburg, transferring his membership to the Richburg Church. In the early years of his membership here, he was ordained as deacon, to which office he remained loyal throughout the remaining years of his life, being the only deacon the church had for many years.

On July 4, 1874, he married Elizabeth A. Davis, who died on April 17, 1884. Their one daughter, Gertrude Ophelia, died August 21, 1911.

On September 21, 1887, he married Fannie Eliza Davis, who survives him, with their two sons, Ellis Everett and Elbert Marcellus. Three granddaughters, two great-grandchildren and two brothers, Walter and Thomas, also survive.

Funeral services were conducted in the home in Richburg, by his pastor, Rev. E. H. Bottoms, assisted by Rev. Harley Sutton, on June 30. Interment was made in the Little Genesee cemetery.

E. H. B.

GREENE.—Duella Frank Greene, son of Stillman R. and Amy Ann Crandall Green, was born at Dakota, Wis., October 11, 1858, and passed away at his home near Hancock, Wis., January 1, 1937.

He was married to Louisa Cummings of Grand Marsh, Wis., April 5, 1883. To this union were born two children: Gladys (Mrs. Harry A. Chilsen) and Frank L., both of Hancock. He was baptized in early life, but did not join any church.

Mr. Greene is survived by his wife and two children; a grandson, John Dell Chilsen; a sister, Mrs. Ella Hill; and a brother, George Greene. A half-brother, Earnest Hill, preceded him in death.

Funeral services were held in the home on January 4, 1937, conducted by Rev. Carroll L. Hill of Milton. Interment was in a nearby cemetery.

C. L. H.

HURLEY.—Clair Eugene, son of Frank and Cora Van Horn Hurley, was born at Garwin, Iowa, January 2, 1914, and died at Mercy Hospital, Janesville, Wis., December 30, 1936, as a result of injuries received in helping combat a fire on a farm near Milton.

While Clair was in his early teens, he came with his folks to Milton. He was graduated from Union High School in 1931 and attended Milton College, giving up his college work to become a mechanic. Before leaving Garwin he was baptized and became a member of the Carlton Seventh Day Baptist Church of that place, where his membership was at the time of his death.

He is survived by his father and mother; two brothers and one sister: Dale, Eileen, and Wilton, all of Milton; by grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hurley of Riverside, Calif., and Mrs. L. A. Van Horn of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; and by many uncles, aunts, and cousins.

Funeral services were held at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church, Sabbath afternoon, January 2, conducted by Pastor Carroll L. Hill and Rev. Edwin Shaw. Burial was in Milton cemetery.

C. L. H.

McGIBBENY.—Genevieve, daughter of Charles D. and Lois F. McKee, was born at East Hebron, Pa., July 6, 1883, and died October 2, 1936, at the home of her son in Bolivar, N. Y.

She joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Nile September 19, 1896. On December 24, 1905, she was married to Claude McGibbeny. To this union were born four sons and two daughters. She is survived by three sons, Willis, Charles, and Leland; and two daughters, Mrs. Vina Bennet and Mrs. Verna Gleason; four grandchildren; four sisters, Mrs. De Etta Hills, Mrs. Charles Gilford, Mrs. Arthur Babcock, and Mrs. Mark Hammond; and one brother, H. B. McKee.

Funeral services were conducted in the home in Bolivar by her pastor, Rev. E. H. Bottoms, on October 5, 1936. Interment in the Mount Hope Cemetery in Friendship.

E. H. B.

The Sabbath Recorder

VOL. 122

FEBRUARY 1, 1937

No. 5

HIS WILL

By Marie Hunter Dawson

I do not know
How much the plans
Of God may change
In answer to my prayer,
Pleading my own desire.

But I do know
His plans for me are best,
So I aspire to pray
That my desire should be
His will for me.

A prayer that he
So many years ago
Gave unto searching hearts
That day he said to say:
"Thy will be done!"

—*Christian Advocate*.

Contents

Editorial.—"The Minister and Politics."—Milton Quarterly Meeting.—Items of Interest	82-84
How to Decide What to Do	84
Missions.—Good Work.—Investment Committee Report.—A Letter—Work and Workers in Liuho and Shanghai.—Letter From British Guiana	86-89
The Open Door	89
Young People's Work.—The Young Citizen and Education	90-93
Church Appeal for Flood Relief	93
Children's Page.—Our Horses	94
An Interesting Address of Other Days	95
Our Pulpit.—Cathedrals or Tabernacles?	96-98
Denominational "Hook-up"	98
Marriages	100
Obituary	100

The Sabbath Recorder

(Established in 1844)

A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY

Published by the

American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 122, No. 5

WHOLE NO. 4,705

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

HERBERT C. VAN HORN, D. D., Editor

L. H. NORTH, Business Manager

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

William L. Burdick, D. D.,
Mrs. Okey W. Davis
Luther W. Crichtlow
Mrs. Walter L. Greene
Rev. Erlo E. SuttonEntered as second-class matter at Plainfield,
N. J.

Terms of Subscription

Per Year \$2.50
Six Months 1.25Papers to foreign countries including Canada,
will be charged 50 cents additional, on account
of postage.All communications, whether on business or
for publication, should be addressed to the Sab-
bath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of
expiration when so requested.All subscriptions will be discontinued one
year after date to which payment is made un-
less expressly renewed.

"The Minister And Politics" Information Service gives some stimulating thought from a recent address before the students of Chicago Theological Seminary. After stating some good reasons, categorically, why ministers are in politics, appreciating "their deep desire to help shape future conditions of human life and shape them so that men and women and children may live more abundantly," Doctor Eastman undertakes the "thankless and unpopular task" of enumerating some of the dangers involved. There are perils not only to the minister but to the cause he feels he is prophetically serving.

First, he points out that through ignorance of political theories and economic facts, possibly through his "naïve trustfulness and gullibility" and through "emotionalism," the minister is "likely to prove a false prophet rather than a true one." The false prophets of the past, we are reminded, did not think they were false. "That was the judgment the centuries put upon them. The young min-

ister of today . . . may see himself as a young Amos, but his congregation may see him as a pale ghost of Huey Long." Too often the minister is inspired by propaganda and partisan information.

The second peril is that the minister may drive from his congregation "not only those of all other political faiths but those who want something deeper than politics. Political issues are important, but there are troubles in human life that politics—even the best—can never touch. Parents have wayward children, friendships go on the rocks, death comes to a beloved brother, cares of a thousand varieties afflict your people. They lose the sense of God. They seek forgetfulness in pagan pleasures, but find them only husks and not food for the soul. So they try the church in the hope of getting something more nourishing. Do not send them away without it."

It may be urged that folks need "security." With security "their cares will vanish." Will they? "Are the economically secure people of the world without care and sorrow and tribulation?" Ultimate security rests in courage. "The troubles of your people may root in fear, and the antidote of fear is not security but *faith*. Politics is a great and important human activity, but you have — or should have — in your keeping something far greater: a cure for sick souls. If people find no courage, no faith, no healing in your churches they will go elsewhere."

Prophetic function demands clear vision in great questions of right and wrong, motives, great spiritual values. People must be guided and helped to relate themselves "to the eternal world as well as to the contemporary one."

Milton Quarterly Meeting When the editor alighted from the train at Milton Junction a cold rain was falling which, widespread in scope, covered the whole of Wisconsin with a heavy coat of ice, which made all road traffic hazardous. But open weather later prevailed, and though the road conditions were not much improved a beautiful Sabbath morning dawned in the southern part of the state. This made it promising for the services.

A goodly group met Friday night and received with appreciation the introduction to many of our Chinese friends made by Miss Anna West and her mother. It was the first opportunity some had had to hear these dear missionary friends, recently returned from

Shanghai. These contacts with the work in foreign fields deepen our interest in affairs over there, and lend inspiration the more to heed Christ's commission, "Go ye into all the world."

Pastor Carroll L. Hill furnished the information that around three hundred fifty attended the morning services. Certainly it was an inspiring audience, under inspiring conditions of worship, that greeted the editor as he brought the message of the morning. Milton has a large, trained choir, now recently "gowned," which added much to the impressiveness of the worship by processional, anthems, and songs. Close attention was given to the speaker, who urged stewardship, fellowship, and partnership as steps we must take in moving forward with Christ. Under the step of stewardship opportunity was offered to lay upon the hearts of our folks in southern Wisconsin some of the problems and opportunities of Seventh Day Baptists. In closing, the attitude of sympathy was urged as vital: sympathy for the tasks and workers, and a sympathetic attitude toward those we come in touch with day by day.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRAM

In the afternoon a splendid program was carried out by the young people under the leadership of Edward Rood of the local church. Here is another fine young man to be coveted for the gospel ministry. If some of the splendid material seen in this meeting can be directed toward gospel work and be impressed with the need of recruits for the ministry, there doubtless will emerge within the next few years a fine new leadership among us. God grant it may be so.

In this group, were representatives from New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Illinois, Nebraska, Michigan, and Wisconsin; perhaps from other places. Several churches were represented on the program, either with song or account of what young folks are doing at home. It was an inspiring occasion. Seventh Day Baptists may well be proud of the fine group of young people from our homes to be found in our colleges.

Following the young people's meeting the editor presented the interests of the SABBATH RECORDER and held a conference in which questions were asked and answered, and helpful suggestions made. We are encouraged to believe that the churches represented will put

on strong RECORDER drives to help achieve the goal of six hundred new subscribers before May 1. It was voted to appropriate \$25 from the treasury for RECORDERS, each church to name two from its group to be beneficiaries. The churches, according to membership, are quite well represented now on the list, but a cursory survey reveals many who should be having it.

Besides the RECORDER interest conference, opportunity was taken by the writer to present some of the crowding perplexities and responsibilities of Conference, especially with reference to the Seventh Day Baptist Building taxation. The burden of immediate plans for raising one-half the 1937 taxes, laid by the Commission in its recent meeting upon the Tract Society, was explained, and appeal made for the churches to carry this upon their hearts and to support the Tract Board in whatever steps it might find necessary to take. One good friend at the close of the morning service was impressed to give five dollars to be used in this manner, and at the close of the other service to give another five. We wish the tribe of this friend might be greatly increased.

The quarterly meeting closed with a brief business session, the night after the Sabbath, and a scholarly sermon or address by Rev. Erlo E. Sutton on matters of religious education.

Items of Interest From a letter to the corresponding secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society, a letter accompanied by a postal money order for some books and literature, comes a good word of appreciation of the *Helping Hand*. The letter writer is a Sabbath keeper seeking encouragement and fellowship. He says of the *Helping Hand* (First Quarter, 1937): "I have studied the first lesson in the *Helping Hand*, read the Introduction and all the S. D. B. Side Lights in the quarterly. I think this quarterly is a helping hand indeed. It surely makes the lesson plain."

We always rejoice in the high achievement of friends and all in whom we are interested. Word is at hand concerning the success of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America in closing its year with accounts balanced and all obligations met. For the first time in eighteen years, Secretary Swartz

writes in a personal letter, the treasurer's books were closed with "a balance on hand, the restoration of all funds, all notes paid, and the complete wiping out of the deficit." This is fine, and is an indication of the up trend of the times from old days of depression, and should encourage Seventh Day Baptists in the hopes of similar experiences in their own affairs. We can easily understand how the Council's officers are rejoiced and relieved. The small part we have played in helping the Council is greatly appreciated by Federal Council officers. Doctor Swartz writes us, "For your co-operation, for your continual interpretation of the Council's work in church gatherings and through personal conversation, and for your share in helping us all to achieve this new liberty and power for the work of the coming months I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart."

REPEAL AND FACTS

No one should be misled by a claim that repeal reduced the death rate from alcoholism in New York City in 1935.

Fewer deaths from that cause may have been recorded. But doctors are quick to point out that pre-repeal liquor dealt death more quickly than that drunk now. And what they really fear is a general breakdown of the nation's health from sustained drinking, which means slower death but more devastating in numbers.

Repeal has not made for temperance. Drinking and drunkenness are on the increase.

Dr. S. S. Goldwater, commissioner of hospitals in New York City, is alarmed. He points out that alcoholic cases in Bellevue Hospital alone rose thirty-five per cent during the first six months of the year.

His apprehension is shared by Dr. Carl M. Bowman, director of psychiatry at the same hospital, who says that fifty per cent of those admitted to his department are alcoholics.

Arrests for drunkenness have increased 48.2 per cent in Washington since repeal, despite police orders to arrest only drinkers who create a disturbance. Arrests of drunken women there have risen 53.6 per cent.

The liquor traffic is still a problem to be solved. Repeal has not given the answer.

—Editorial in Plainfield Courier-News,
December 21, 1936.

HOW TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO

BY EDNA B. SAUNDERS

(Paper read at a meeting of the Evangelical Society of Alfred, N. Y., and requested for publication.)

From the beginning of every man's day until he closes his eyes in death, he is faced with opposing forces, millions of forces, small, irritating forces, beautiful, fascinating forces, ugly, repulsive forces, and overwhelmingly irresistible forces. They stand like an endless forest into which we must wander, choosing every step of the day, sometimes strolling along with ease, sometimes striding with much confidence, again peering cautiously and uncertainly ahead, still again climbing through and over and above, every step an effort, taken only with the greatest difficulty.

From the moment we open our eyes to the consciousness of a new day until we decide to again retire we are making choices, forever deciding what to do.

There are amongst us always those who use very little effort in making decisions. They are carried along by the nearest current, following always the line of least resistance. They stay in bed in the morning until the natural functions of their human bodies make them so hungry they are forced to arise. In like manner, throughout the day they use scarcely more choice than the simplest formed animal whose life from start to finish is guided only by the nearest and strongest outside force. If there is food present, the animal eats it; if not, he starves. If a current of wind or of water moves him, he changes his position; if not, he remains as was. If there chances an animal of the opposite sex, he chooses the one nearest by; if not, he dies having failed in the fulfillment of the one and only purpose this world offers a simple-celled animal, that of producing more of his own kind.

Fortunately most people who answer to this extreme description are possessed only of a very feeble brain capacity, but very unfortunately there are a discouraging number of people with a very normal brain capacity who have formed the bad habit of *never* deciding for themselves.

There are those who think that it doesn't make much difference how we decide, that God carries us in his hands and our lives are predestined, that whatever comes of us was planned long ago and will happen, no matter what we do; so why be troubled by having to

make decisions? They have not yet discovered the very beautiful truth that the power of guiding our own destinies is God's gift of himself to us, and that by that very force we may claim likeness to our heavenly Father.

There are also those who take into consideration only the most immediate results. It seems impossible for them to look into the future. The immediate result is so much more vividly important, always. It is hard to wait and even harder to watch the events of time that are nearest our hearts go seemingly wrong, in order that the events of the future may proceed as they should.

When I watch my little county charge struggling with his socks and shoes these cold mornings, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, my first impulse is to help him; but he hates to do things for himself. He hates to, probably because his mother hated to, and as a result her life has been a failure. So I set my jaw and walk away from him, because always after he leaves me he will be on his own. He will never have a fine home and parents really his own to tenderly guide him. If I can teach him now to take pride in accomplishing things for himself, the present struggles and tears will have been quite worth while, and his chances for a successful future will be much greater.

There is still another class of people who make their decisions according to what other people will think. Such people are possessed of an eternal fear. They would thoroughly resent being flatly told that they are afraid, and they would also stoutly oppose any such accusation. The fact still remains that they are afraid, afraid of what someone else will say, afraid of being different, afraid that their friends or their enemies, their club or their church or the community or the political party which they represent will not accept them if they decide to do what they would otherwise know to be sensible. Imagine, will you, what civilization would be like if all people's decisions had been guided in this manner.

Think of Noah while he built his ark, of Paul and Stephen of the early days of the church, of Columbus and our dear Puritan fathers, of our early American patriarchs, of Abraham Lincoln who was afraid of nothing. Think too of the fearless men of science and the endless number of physicians who have gone to their graves, jeered and ridiculed because they dared to proceed according to their

own superior convictions, which have since meant comfort and luxury and prolonged life to millions of people. Above all, think longest always of our magnificent Christ who found himself born into a generation so inferior to him that very rarely could he find a real friend, and never a real soul mate, who could see things as he saw. Always he was having to be different. His decisions were forever contrary to the approval of the class who really controlled that ancient day and called themselves the leaders of the times.

Today every nation knows about Christ. After these thousands of years he still stands superior to our generation. It is also a sad reality that in our generation a comparatively few, even yet, can see as he saw, and comprehend his ideals; and all this because so many have been afraid to decide for the highest and best. What is there to be said now of those who were afraid? Long have they been dead and just as long have they been forgotten!

Having considered a variety of methods for making decisions, let us formulate a definite workable process for making valuable worth while decisions.

At first let us profit by the success and failures of those who have lived before. Already we have mentioned some of the men of history who have made profitable and lasting decisions. They were without exception unafraid. They looked into the future and they were dauntless in carrying out their decisions. Their decisions too, you have noticed, put thought for others ahead of thought for themselves.

Never in making decisions can we ignore those with whom we are now living. After all they are the stimuli that forever force us to decide. Our family, our friends, our church, our community with its clubs, its fraternities, its campus, its grade and high schools, our county with its many human problems, and our state and nation, yes, even the foreign nations claim our thought and attention these days. There are only twenty-four hours in each day. It is a real problem to know where one's greatest attention should center. My much loved and very wise mother used to say, "Do the things which will count most a hundred years from now." Of course if one has a growing family, that comes first. A decision which will harm or hinder in any way the development of a lovely family is unforgivable.

MISSIONS

GOOD WORK

President Ezekiel G. Robinson once said to a class of ministers, "Gentlemen, it is good work that tells; it is good work, only, which can bring you the only fame you can ever find. Put your hand to good work, and though you have a parish on the nether side of Kamchatka the world will hear of it and you will be wanted. The world is hungry for good work."

Good work is always hard work. There are no short cuts. Some people with an extra amount of inborn ability and a large supply of brass and self esteem may make a show without hard work; but they could do vastly more by strenuous endeavor. Furthermore, the sham is always detected by the keen observer. There is a temptation to be easy going in preparation for the ministry, in one's parish work, and on the mission field. This should be resisted as coming from the evil one himself.

Good work means systematic work. It is said, "Lazy people are always busy." They are following the road of least resistance without a definite daily plan and frittering away their time with dates, committee meetings, programs, and pink teas.

Good work means unselfish work. When people do things with an eye single to their own advantage and glory, it is pure selfishness, and the results are not good, whether it be in private life, in a pastorate, or on a mission field.

Good work is sincere work. One may assume to be unselfish and parade as such for effect. This may deceive some, but not many. People consciously or unconsciously are always asking, "Is he sincere in what he is saying and doing?"

Good work is work done under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It is possible for one to do a lot of things that are good in and of themselves, and at the same time for the Father to wish something else done. Christ told the disciples to tarry in Jerusalem till endued with power. To have gone to their homes in Galilee and elsewhere under ordinary circumstances would not have been a criminal thing, but they were to seek their Master's will and obtain the direction of the Holy Spirit. With the followers of Christ the problem is more than whether a given

When there is no family, the church, the clubs, and the fraternities put in equal demands. Again the long look is necessary. If it will matter more a hundred years from now whether we win the prize at the bridge club, that is the question. Or is it more important that our youth be taught, through the church and the schools, principles of love and forgiveness, of high morals and a sturdy purpose in life, the values of a well poised body and a clear-thinking mind, the joys of well earned victory and the sound and sane attitude toward an honorable defeat? If all these things matter less than play, then play on and play well. But if you are convinced that our youth come first, get busy in the church and the community and where there is a chance for you to do something that will really count in the years to come.

Having in mind those who have gone before and those who now live and make our work-a-day lives, there is yet to be considered in deciding what to do, those who will be making decisions when we are through.

This is a changing world, many methods and orders of the day pass by, only the most workable ones remain, and often it is with pain that we see our most cherished ideals thrown to the winds by the oncoming generation. If we would be strong, if we would be to them in years to come a pleasant memory, a memory of gentle strength from which they were able always to imbibe courage, inspiration, and a cheerful outlook on life, we must decide here and now to keep ourselves open to the newest of everything. We must be sympathetic in our attitudes towards youth, and we must also decide to make an effort to let them know our attitude. It is their right to have the support which we alone can give to prevent the "precious spirit of their lives from being scattered, wasted, and lost forever." After all, the decisions we make which cast our influence upon the young lives about us are the most lasting.

"The days are divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, but they say nothing. If we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away." Use God's gift of decision. It is his greatest gift.

The rule of tyranny always precedes the making of tyrants, instead of the making of tyrants preceding tyranny.—*Liberty.*

course is sinful in itself. It is the question of what the Father wants they should do.

Yes, "The world is hungry for good work," but good work is hard, systematic, unselfish, and sincere work directed by the Holy Spirit.

INVESTMENT COMMITTEE REPORT

ADOPTED BY BOARD OF MANAGERS,
JANUARY 17, 1937

During the quarter ended December 31, 1936, there have been added to the Permanent Funds of the society the sum of \$4.83, representing an additional liquidating dividend from the Pawcatuck Bank and Trust Co., on the participation account established some years ago but not recorded on the books of the society and, also, a bequest from the estate of Clara E. C. Stanton amounting to \$6,064.76, to be known as the Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Stanton Fund.

Changes in investments since the last quarterly report comprise the following:

Sales

- \$5,000.00 International Tel. & Tel. Co., 5's, '55.
- 50 shares American Smelting & Refining Co., common.
- 10 shares Associated Dry Goods Corp., 1st pref.
- 50 shares First Boston Corporation.

Purchases

- \$1,000.00 Boston & Maine Railroad Co., 5's, '55.
- 50 shares Commercial Investment Trust Corp., common.
- 50 shares Flintkote Co., common.
- 100 shares Kellogg Co., common.
- 50 shares Phillips Petroleum, common.
- 25 shares Texas Corporation, common.
- 50 shares U. S. Smelting, Refining & Mining, common.
- 40 shares American Smelting & Refining, common.

The sales listed above produced a net profit of \$486.82 for the society, which has been added to the Permanent Fund principal account, offsetting in part some of the losses sustained in liquidating worthless or nearly worthless investments of other days. In explanation, the International Telephone and Telegraph Co. bonds were sold because of the Spanish revolution, in which country it has substantial investments. The American Smelting and Refining stock was sold in order to shift this investment into the U. S. Smelting, Refining and Mining Co., which has apparently better future prospects in the same type of industry. The first preferred stock of Associated Dry Goods Corp., was

sold inasmuch as all dividend arrearages had been paid off, thus reducing future income to a lower rate. The First Boston Corp. stock was disposed of in the belief that the financing of industry, which is its business, will not be as profitable in the immediate future as in the recent past.

The purchases give diversification to the society's investments by the inclusion of outstanding companies in the building, auto financing, cereal, and oil industries.

As of January 16, 1937, the society's investments in stocks and bonds have a market value \$4,241.37 in excess of their cost or book value. After adding all profits and deducting all losses incurred previously as far back as October 18, 1931, when new accounting and management methods were established, surplus profits of \$2,300 still remain.

Interest six months or more in arrears amounts to \$495. Of this total, \$375 is due from R. J. and E. C. Smith, who have assigned all rents to be received to this society. All taxes, insurance, water rent, etc., have now been paid. Therefore, during the coming quarter, rents received can be used to start reducing the delinquent interest.

A summary of Permanent Funds classified by types of investments follows:

Stocks	\$39,900.62	38.97%
Mortgage notes	43,296.09	42.28%
Bonds	15,183.59	14.83%
Real estate	3,251.44	3.17%
Cash and savings account	160.19	.16%
Cash impounded in Ohio bank according to Moratorium Law	600.00	.59%
	<hr/>	
	\$102,391.93	100.0 %

Respectfully submitted,
KARL G. STILLMAN,
GEORGE B. UTTER,
JOHN H. AUSTIN.

A LETTER - WORK AND WORKERS IN LIUHO AND SHANGHAI

DEAR SECRETARY AND MRS. BURDICK:

My Christmas greetings are too late and perhaps even my New Year wishes for you.

We are busier than we have ever been at this time of year. We have more patients and have increased our service and the quality of our nursing.

The country work is doing well. Because a girl who had never walked for three years

has been so benefited by Doctor Crandall's treatment and walked through the village, more people are believing. The Sunday night meetings there are always crowded. One man told us he walks three Chinese miles to attend each week. The new baby organ helps a great deal.

Last Friday, Doctor O'Hara of the Episcopal hospital in Shanghai, St. Luke's, asked to come out with Mr. Davis. He wanted to arrange with us to take his post operative tubercular cases. He will also be glad to take our surgical cases and even come out here to do surgery.

We need a fluoroscope very badly for chest work. When the American Oriental bank paid another five per cent this week, we talked of starting a fund toward buying one. If the political situation warrants, we may make a drive for money to build a new unit so that we can make our income meet our overhead. The government demands and the patients' increased demands make it necessary that we keep up.

We have a fine class of five nurses in this year's new group. They seem much interested in the gospel as well as in their nursing.

Our mission family had Thanksgiving dinner at Eling Wang Sung's home—our first Chinese Thanksgiving. David Sung is now teaching in a Chinese university and is no longer in business. Eling is teaching in our Grace School.

Mrs. Davis is spending a week with us, as we have recommended our country air for her cough. Mr. Davis is very busy as is also Mabel West. Since she gives her time to the Grace Schools so freely she has to make her living late in the afternoon teaching a Chinese boy of a rich family. Ruth Phillips is also giving many hours a week to the schools. The schools are fortunate to have those who are willing to donate so much time, for otherwise they couldn't afford to hire competent English teachers and music directors.

The Theodore Changs have a new daughter.

Doctor Pan was thrown off a horse when riding to a case in the country, two weeks ago. His wrist was injured somewhat but we hope no permanent harm is done.

Miss Burdick and Miss Chapin have invited us all to Christmas dinner. We don't,

any of us, pretend to keep up with Miss Burdick these days — committees, meetings, teas, and calls fill every day.

Our pharmacy nurse, the daughter of the former Bible woman, has had to be put to bed with tuberculosis. We miss her faithful service. Fortunately, we have a student who can do her work under our direction.

We plan to celebrate Christmas with five days of evangelistic services. Of course, we will have to have a party, too, for the hospital children of whom we have eight.

Most sincerely,

Liuho, Ku, China, MIRIAM SHAW.
December 9, 1936.

LETTER FROM BRITISH GUIANA

FROM THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH ON
THE POMEROON RIVER, SOUTH AMERICA

DEAR SECRETARY BURDICK:

It is now a long time since I have written to you. I am now writing to let you know what we have done for the last quarter.

We had three persons baptized and one received upon testimony. I remember writing you some time ago about a series of meetings on the upper part of the river. One family has decided to obey the truth. Out of that group three of the families are united in marriage by me. And I am now publishing banns for another marriage. The father of that family has been baptized and is now in fellowship. We are thankful to God for the progress that is being made.

During the quarter, we had also made an advance in regard to the completion of the church building. We have spent \$27.84. The end of the quarter we had an attendance of forty-two, and the first Sabbath in the year the attendance was almost the same. We are thankful to God for the increase he has given us through the gospel of his Son. We are now having our Week of Prayer, which has brought us much joy and encouragement. Each meeting was fairly well attended.

Dear Brother Burdick, the church joins in sending greetings to the brethren and asks their prayers on our behalf, that the work may prosper more for this year.

I will be glad to know when you have seen Elder Thorngate. I have written to

him, but have had no reply. I hope he and his family are well.

I close to be your brother in the Master's service.

FREDERICK T. WELCOME,
Pastor of Bonaventura Church.
Bonaventura, Pomeroon,
British Guiana, S. A.,
January 8, 1937.

THE OPEN DOOR

BY ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

CHAPTER V

For nearly an hour Ruth Harrison had been sitting on a big rock in the middle of the east meadow. The rock was well shaded by a gnarled old apple tree, but if it had not been, Ruth wouldn't have found the warm June sunshine unwelcome. A gentle breeze moved the branches of the apple tree to and fro, and somewhere, high up in the tree, a robin was pouring out its heart in song. A few feet away from the rock, grazed Prudence, the small Jersey cow that was furnishing rich milk and cream for the Harrison family.

"It's a lovely Sabbath morning," said Ruth to herself, as she looked across the meadow. "One ought to be very happy and very thankful if only—"

Suddenly Ruth reached down to pick up the two sheets of paper that had fallen from her lap. The larger sheet contained only a brief message, but it was one that made it necessary for her to make a very important decision—a decision affecting not only her own life, but the lives of her entire family as well. There had been many decisions to make in recent months.

"Dear Miss Harrison," the letter began. "I am pleased to inform you that at last I can offer you a position in one of our schools—a very desirable position, I call it." And the letter went on to give details, but Ruth knew these by heart, so she passed them by and a moment later folded the sheet of paper and slipped it into the pocket of her blue-flowered apron. The message on the smaller sheet of paper was part of a letter written by William Thurston, and it had been read many times. The lines on which her eyes rested now informed her that the old home in Edgewood was still unrented. William had just seen the owner, and he believed he could even buy

back the piano and a few other things if she wanted them.

"Bill's the most thoughtful person I ever knew," said Ruth to herself. "I'm afraid I don't deserve to have him care for me as he does. Oh, it would be a joy to be near him again, but the old home wouldn't be the same with father gone. If I only knew what is best—we do need money so dreadfully. I suppose I could accept the position and leave the family here, but that wouldn't be fair. I might not be able to send them enough money to pay their expenses. But this is our Sabbath, and even if we can't attend church or help in Sabbath school or Christian Endeavor, we mustn't waste the day worrying about business problems. Oh, here come Dick and Marilyn and the dog. Why, I'd almost forgotten that we were going to walk over to the Davis farm and find out everything we can about the little white church. How could I forget?"

"Are you ready to start, Ruth?" asked Marilyn as soon as she reached the rock. "Aunt Abbie Jo said we oughtn't to disturb you when this is about the only quiet time you've had all to yourself in weeks, but it's hard to wait any longer."

"Of course it is," answered Ruth, jumping up from the rock. "I had no idea I'd been out here so long. Just let me tuck my apron away somewhere in this tree, then we'll go. Down, Rex, that's a good fellow. Yes, I know you're anxious to start. Well, we're doing that immediately. I wish Aunt Abbie Jo and Paul were going with us."

"They're going to walk over to the church after a while and sit on the steps till we come," said Dick. "Say, isn't it funny to think of us owning a church?"

"Do we really own it, Ruth?" Marilyn inquired. "I know it's on the land Uncle Jimmy gave us, but families don't usually own churches, do they?"

"Sometimes they think they do," Dick replied.

"I'm hoping that Mr. Davis can tell us just how the church came to be on Uncle Jimmy's land," was Ruth's answer.

"On our land, you mean," Dick corrected her.

"Ye-es, on our land if we stay here, Dick."

"But aren't we going to stay, Ruth?" asked Marilyn anxiously. "I thought we were, always."

At that moment Rex spied a squirrel, and in trying to keep him from running after it, Dick and Marilyn became so excited that Marilyn's question went unanswered, for which Ruth was thankful.

Mr. Henry Davis, enjoying the comfort of a big, old-fashioned chair on the porch of his home, welcomed the callers with genuine cordiality. As soon as introductions were over he summoned his son and daughter-in-law and their three children to meet Jimmy Harrison's nieces and nephew. There was a spirit of friendliness about them all, and this warmed Ruth's heart and made Marilyn and Dick feel as if they were not among strangers after all.

"I suspect that you want me to tell you about the little white church," Mr. Davis said after a few moments. "Cap'n Williams told me you'd be asking all the particulars about it just as you'd asked him, but he'd rather I did the answering, seeing I was church clerk nigh onto forty years. I don't suppose you know that the captain wants the church sold or rented. He's had a customer for it for some time, but he said he hadn't broached the subject to you yet. Of course the building is on your land, and I reckon you've got a right to do what you think best with it, but I've been a-hoping and praying you'd keep it. But, oh well, here's the story.

"It was sixty years ago that a little company of Sabbath keepers in this neighborhood began holding meetings in private homes. There weren't so many outside interests in those days and services were well attended. You can read all about them in the records I've got here if you want to. Three years later a church was organized, but meetings continued to be held in private houses and in a small schoolhouse. Then the stone mill in Riverdale was built by three brothers whose business was making woolen goods. Some of the people they employed lived in houses they built for them. Those houses, or what is left of them, you can see just beyond the bend of the river.

"Interest in the church increased until there was a membership of sixty-eight. Folks began talking about building a small church, and the talk finally grew into plans. At last the building was erected. Your uncle gave the land and quite a sum of money, but it was under the condition that should the church be unused for religious services more than seven years, it was to become the property of himself and his heirs. Nine years have passed

since a service has been held in it. You see the mill business went bad, two of the brothers died, and you might say Riverdale died with them. Your uncle and I were the last living members, and now he is gone. But you'll find the church clean inside and in fair repair. Your uncle wanted me to keep the key, he was away so much, and I'm turning it over to you today. What you do with it is your business, but I believe the church could be a great blessing to us all now. Men and women have forgotten God and the Sabbath, but they've got to come back. Young folks and boys and girls all around us don't know what it means to go to church. They have no respect for God or religion and hardly any for their own fathers and mothers. Small boys are smoking whenever they please and their sisters use language that makes us ashamed for them. If the church is sold or rented, as Cap'n Williams wants it to be, it will be a curse instead of a blessing. God help us then. But here is the key. It has been kept shining all through the years. God bless you all in its use."

Ruth took the key and thanked Mr. Davis for his story. Her heart was too full for many words. A few minutes later she and Dick and Marilyn hurried away to join Aunt Abbie Jo and Paul, waiting on the steps of the little white church. (To be continued)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

Your writer did not have the privilege of attending the Conference at Boulder last fall. He, as was the case with many other young people who could not attend, wishes that he might have been there. But if he could not attend, he at least can read of what took place.

Below is a paper delivered at that Conference by Wayne Rood, who is a student at Salem College. He comes to Alfred next year, it is understood, to begin preparation for the ministry. His paper, "The Young Citizen and Education," shows possibilities, and is certainly timely. Read it and enjoy it.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN AND EDUCATION

BY WAYNE ROOD

(Conference address)

Education, as a West Virginian might say, is a "right smart" subject, particularly in its problem-relations to our youth. I have been told that there are definitions of education that

would take more than ten minutes to read! So, with your permission, I am going to limit the subject, and, perforce, leave a lot of things unsaid about "The Young Citizen and Education."

In Proverbs 4: 7, the wisest of men recorded this advice, "And with all thy getting, get understanding." As we direct our attention to this proverb, let us outline our thinking with three words: *information, recreation, transformation.*

Information

Throughout the development of our school system, information has been the first aim of education. It was for this purpose that the first grammar school in America was established in Boston, three hundred years ago, in 1635. After 1647, when Massachusetts passed an ordinance which compelled townships of fifty householders to "appoint one to teach their children reading and writing," Latin Grammar Schools sprang up all over the country. But the dispersion of population by the westward movements and the fighting of the Revolution materially retarded the growth of educational institutions. In the early nineteenth century, the progressive examples of Massachusetts and Connecticut under Horace Mann and Henry Barnard stimulated a renewed interest in the teaching of information.

Colleges began to come into existence early in the American history of education, with the founding of Harvard in 1636. By 1800, there were twenty-four colleges in the United States. These colleges were seeking solely for information, and endeavored to give only mental training. Partly as a protest against the narrow classical curriculum of these colleges, the academies began to appear.

In all this development, school administration, both public and private, had been seeking information. The curriculum was limited to the necessary arts and to the classical studies. With the coming of the scientific age and the laboratory method, the fields of study were widened, but even more the search was for facts, for scientific data, and for training of the mind.

But late in the nineteenth century, educators began to see that a great mind, filled with facts, well disciplined in the arts of logic and the mysteries of the scientific method, was not sufficient. Soon came the slogan, "A sound mind in a sound body." *Recreation* of the body was necessary.

In order to recreate the bodies of the students, physical education was begun, coaches were hired, gymnasias were built, and athletic teams were organized. This important part of education was developed until today scores of young men attend college solely to play football. The athlete has become the hero of the university campus. And to a certain extent, this movement has justified itself, for stronger minds have been developed in the stronger bodies that have come through the efforts of the exponents of recreation.

The educational system of America today is one of the greatest in the world. What would our forefathers think could they but see our great universities and multitude of colleges with their buildings, laboratories, and stadia? What would they think of our public school system with 26,400,000 students in 1934-35? America spends \$2,175,000,000 yearly to teach young America facts, and develop a sound mind in a sound body.

What wonderful opportunities open to the young citizen for *information* of the mind and *recreation* of the body!

But, said Solomon, hundreds of years ago, "With all thy getting, get understanding." We have spent millions training our young citizens for social efficiency; have we neglected their *soul* efficiency to their hurt?

Solomon spoke of the education of the body and the mind. He said that it promoted health, prolonged life, added riches, cultivated the power of thought, cautioned against foolish plans, gave success in business, and invited honor as a crown of glory from fellow men. He recommended knowledge of the ground, the sea, and the heavens. History and literature, as well as the study of plants, beasts of the field, and birds of the sky, were not neglected in his counsel.

But in contrast with all such learning, and as immeasurably superior to it, Solomon speaks of wisdom and the understanding of the moral and spiritual realities as the things which really count in the successful life.

Modern education seems to lack the knowledge of the unseen forces, which are stronger than those which are seen. Young citizens, we have been taught mathematics to discipline our minds; we have studied the physical sciences to learn of those things which create nervous responses in our sense organs; we have delved into history to see the things that man has done before us and how we may do

them better; and we have begun to investigate ethics and philosophy to understand our human nature and our relation to the conditions of life. But how many of us, in our elementary, secondary, and our higher education, have learned of our relationship with God, our Creator and Sustainer? Not many of us have undergone that *transformation* of Christian life under the influence of our informational and recreational schooling?

H. G. Wells says that education is getting minds out of blind alleys. We might add that religion is giving eyes to the blind. Our educational systems and our school institutions have done a wonderful work, unmatched in history, of training our minds and bodies; but, young citizens, we must seek for our soul-training elsewhere; we must find it for ourselves. We are given *information and recreation*; we must look to our homes and to our Bible schools for *transformation*. It is said that the result of a true education is a transformed personality. Are you being truly educated? Am I?

There is a great challenge here for the older citizens; a challenge to see that we have an opportunity to get this spiritual training. The schools have developed a great system for physical and mental training; could not the next step, under your guidance and institution, be religious and Christian education?

But our primary concern this afternoon is of the young citizen and education.

Young citizens, the greatest college that the world ever knew is open for our matriculation. The only entrance requirement is an open heart and a contrite spirit.

We don't even have to leave home to go to school in this great college, for it is all about us; it is God's own world: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." There he teaches us in his own way, with his own text book.

The trees are God's great alphabet;
With them he writes in shining green
Across the world his thoughts serene.

He scribbles poems against the sky
With a gay, leafy lettering,
For us, and for our bettering.

The wind pulls softly at his page,
And every star and bird
Repeats in dutiful delight his word,
And every blade of grass
Flutters to class.

Like a slow child that does not heed,
I stand at summer's knees,
And from the primer of the wood
I spell that life and love are good;
I learn to read.

In every school that turns out successful students, there must be a teacher who has an influence over his students.

In writing the lives of a number of great men of the middle-west, a biographer was startled to find that one United States' President, three governors, and a number of legislators, all had spent the early part of their lives in a certain part of Ohio. It was still more interesting to find that they all lived in the same district, and had gone to the same little, log school. Tracing still further, it was found that all these great men had been taught in that little, country school by one man who had been a teacher there for three or four decades. The President, the governors, and the legislators had been started on life's career by the influence of this one teacher.

In the College of Transformation, we have a masterful Teacher. Although he taught his lessons two thousand years ago, he is still recognized as the greatest modern educator. We do not have to pay extra fees to get into his classes. From him we learn that:

To live, is not to live
For one's self alone.

The Master Teacher "walks with me, and he talks with me." He teaches us his way, the way of perfection, the way of life eternal.

As his students we say:

"Teach me thy way, O Lord."
Mine own way oft I've trod,
Yet find thereby my striving vain.
To reach life's truest goal, I fain
Would seek thy way, O Lord.

"Teach me thy way, O Lord."
Bewildered do I see
On every hand a tangled maze
Of dim, unproven, man-made ways.
Point out thy way for me.

"Teach me thy way, O Lord."
Oh, make it plain, indeed,
That e'en my stumbling feet may know
The path where thou would'st have me go,
Where thou, thyself, wilt lead.

President Garfield said that to him "the ideal college was Johns Hopkins on one end of the log, and the student on the other."

The College of Transformation is just such a college. Jesus Christ, the Master Teacher, sits on one end of the log. On the other end is a vacant place, for you, young citizen, and for me. All we need to do is to take our place. The Great Teacher knows his subject, and he knows his students. He is waiting for a conference with you.

Doctor Strayer said that "Education is worth just the difference it makes in the activities of the individual who has been educated."

Once a great cathedral was being built. All during the construction, an old man was about, picking up pieces of glass, here and there; but he never got in anybody's way, so the workers let him alone. Finally the church was completed, and as the custom is, the board of trustees of the new church was making an inspection tour the day before the dedication. They went from room to room, and finally came to the great auditorium. All seemed to be in perfection, till one of the members spied a little window far up in the dome. It was so small and so unnoticeable that the workers had neglected to put a glass in it. "We've got to have a window for that place," insisted the board member. "Never mind," urged the others, "It's so small it will never be seen." But there was a little, old man standing near by, and he tugged the sleeve of the man who had discovered the window. "Please, Sir," he said, "I'll put a window in there if you don't mind." This he was given permission to do. The next morning the church was opened for the dedicatory services, and as people came into the auditorium a hush fell upon them. There seemed to be an atmosphere of beauty, of worship. Finally someone noticed a shaft of light that seemed to lend beauty to the whole room, and he traced the shaft to a little window, far up in the dome. The empty space of the day before now had a beautiful stained glass window, made up of the bits of glass that the old man had gathered so faithfully. The hole in the wall had been transformed by the sacrifice and care of one little old man, and the entire church was beautified.

So, young citizens, we may be transformed. The framework of our lives has been built by our *information and recreation*, but if we have not had *transformation*, we are but another life, as the church was just another building without the window. So, then, let

us have the beauty of Jesus shining through us, transforming us from emptiness to beauty, and transforming the world about us from the commonplace to a sense of the Christ presence.

Young citizens, and older citizens, too, the College of Transformation is open for registration, but we must come to him; we must desire to complete our education.

We have a wonderful training, a well-developed background. The Great Teacher is here and calls us; he calls us to lend that background to him for him to transform; he calls us to serve, to learn, to struggle, to win. Young citizens, Christ can transform any personality, if we will but crown him King of kings and Lord of lords.

CHURCH APPEAL FOR FLOOD RELIEF

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, through its president, Rev. Edgar DeWitt Jones, of Detroit, has issued an appeal to the Protestant churches of the country for "immediate and most generous co-operation of pastors and church people" with the American Red Cross in its efforts to raise funds for the relief of the sufferers in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

The full statement, as sent out from the headquarters of the Federal Council of Churches, is as follows:

The devastating floods in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, involving widespread suffering, menace to health, and damage to property, constitute a disaster of such magnitude that, as president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, I appeal to its constituency for help.

The President of the United States has requested the American Red Cross to provide food, clothing, shelter, and medical care for the refugees from the flood. This responsibility will rest upon the Red Cross until homes are restored and victims of the flood can return to normal living conditions. In order to meet this crisis the American Red Cross must raise \$5,000,000.

In the face of the overwhelming disaster, I urge the immediate and most generous co-operation of pastors and church people throughout the country with local chapters of the American Red Cross in their efforts to raise funds and supplies for the flood sufferers."

Rev. Dr. Worth M. Tippy, of the Federal Council staff, is in Washington and is co-operating with the officials of the Red Cross at the national headquarters.

—From Federal Council.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

DEAR NORMA JEANNE:

I wish a good many of my RECORDER children had just such bothering consciences as yours, so that they would sit down as you did and make me and all the rest of the RECORDER lovers a Christmas gift of one of their good characteristic letters.

And then how about some stories? I am sure many of you could write interesting stories if you but tried—stories you write for your English lessons in school; stories about your pets; Bible stories told in your own words; accounts of vacation experiences; oh, I know you could think up many good stories that we of the Children's Page would enjoy reading. Who will be the first story writer? My first story when I was a little girl was about a pet woodchuck my brother and I had for several years. What will be the subject of your first story?

I do not wonder that you are happy that Pastor Sutton is your new pastor. I am sure you will love both him and Mrs. Sutton as we do. I am very proud to call them my good friends. It was at Pastor Sutton's request that I first began to edit the Children's Page.

In a few days you will enter junior high school. I hope you will enjoy your new school and have the best of success in your studies.

Your true friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

Andover, N. Y.,

January 24, 1937.

OUR HORSES

BY LOIS R. FAY

VII. DICK

Did any of you children ever have a horse and saddle and bridle given you?

That was what happened to my brother, and he was much pleased with the gift, as almost any boy would be, even though neighbors kindly warned my mother that Dick wasn't very safe; for he had been known to jump clear over a boy about my brother's age who was grooming his forelegs.

Others said that perhaps Dick was fed too many oats by the owner; besides, that other boy had rough ways of treating horses. What horse wouldn't jump, if feeling lively when knocked on the legs by a careless boy?

We had all seen Dick before he came to live with us, for a prosperous coffee merchant, who had a summer home a mile from our farm, brought this horse into the country to drive, both with saddle and with carriage. Dick liked to be a saddle horse best, but the coffee merchant's family liked to drive around in their carriage to enjoy the country scenery, and we used to see them driving up the hill past our house, Dick stopping to rest and looking around at the carriage full of people as if trying to tell them to get out and walk.

We children never thought then that some day that snow white horse would be ours, but ours he was, and saddle and bridle. My brother rode him many times on errands around our farm home, and there were seven of us younger ones too inexperienced to try the saddle, but eager to fill the buggy when we saw Dick being harnessed. Often Dick would do by us as he used to do by the coffee merchant's family going up a hill. Especially if headed away from home, he would stop on a hill and look around at us, hinting that we walk. Sometimes he acted so weak we were afraid he wasn't able to go.

A man who was used to horses told us Dick's collar was too tight, which cut off his wind when he tried to pull. We heard of one horse which had a too-tight collar, causing the horse to fall to the ground for lack of air; but Dick did not fall, and he learned to pull better after his collar was fixed.

Dick was always gentle with us children, but he had much to learn, for there was farm work to do which he was not used to. My father had died a few years before, and the rest of us did not know how to feed a horse the best way. I suppose Dick did not always get enough to eat, for when he acted too lively we gave him fewer oats.

One day in the spring of 1899, I was given permission to drive Dick to Sterling to visit the school where my cousin was a student. I invited a girl friend to go with me. I was sixteen and had driven Dick around our home town; so I was allowed this trip as a special treat. But I had a hard time to make Dick go. He walked so slowly down the first steep hill and up the next; then down a long hill and up a short hill. I realized time was flying while Dick was only creeping, and tried every way I knew to make him trot along faster, except whipping, which I hardly dared try.

Finally we came to a stretch of smooth, level road and I made up my mind we would be on the road till night if Dick could not trot along faster. So I took the whip and gave Dick two sharp cuts, calling out, "Now Dick, you go along."

Dick did manage to make a trot, but my surprise came when a man working behind a wall close by the road, said, "That's right! Give it to him!"

I was greatly ashamed that a man had seen me whip Dick, so ashamed I didn't whip him any more to make him go, and it took us over two hours to go the eight miles, so that the school session was almost over when my friend and I arrived there. We were both disappointed, and after a short visit, when school closed, we started home. As usual, Dick went faster when headed towards home and we reached home before dark.

How my folks did laugh at me, saying Dick tricked me because he knew he could, and my brother admitted he cut down on Dick's oats a little, so he wouldn't run away with us. I have always called it Dick's great joke on me. On the whole, we preferred this sort of trip rather than that he had been lively and run away with us, for Dick could run.

(Concluded next week)

AN INTERESTING ADDRESS OF OTHER DAYS

BY THE LATE REV. LEWIS F. RANDOLPH

Given (possibly) at a Sabbath morning service after a decade of usefulness 1883-1893 at the Second Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, Hopkinton, R. I.

Scarcely had the wild shriek of the Indian ceased to reverberate among the hills and valleys of West Virginia, when my father took up wilderness land to settle, probably for life. Father was of New Jersey origin, and my mother (I know but little about) was the youngest sister of Rev. Lewis A. Davis.

I was born December 21, 1841, in a rude log house on Greenbrier Run, W. Va. There were seven sons and five daughters in father's family, and I was next to the youngest in the family and was the seventh son, which with my being named for Uncle Lewis, who was a doctor as well as a minister, gave rise to a very common expression by many, old and young alike, of calling me "Doc" or "Doctor." This is one of the most vivid of my recollections.

My life on the farm was much freer from hard work than some of my older brothers. Theirs was to clear out the forest, make rails, and fence in the land, and work of such character. Mine to hoe, ride the horses, drive the oxen, and do housework. About making rails I knew nothing by experience, till after I began to farm for myself, and my experience in learning was rather rough and perhaps to others a little amusing. Having fallen a huge oak and cut off one length, I succeeded in getting it opened and was pounding away trying to split my first rail when a neighbor came along and reminded me, or rather I reminded him by my hard work, of the man who when asked how many rails he had split replied, "When I get this one and two more I'll have three." But I did better after a while. I was never very rugged, but at the old-fashioned log rollings when twenty men, more or less, were together for hard work, I was sometimes the second or third choice. Yes, after I was a man grown I knew what it was to work hard.

The first year of my married life was financially, I suppose, the most successful of any and I rejoice that I had learned to work. My first deep sorrow came in my thirteenth year, when fever and death came into our home and Mother and an older brother died. Childhood knows some bitter sorrow. But the providences of God are often in mercy sent.

The sorrows of that year and my own sickness brought to me serious thoughts about my condition. I knew I was a great sinner and a lost boy, and in my childish way tried to seek the Savior, and had I died then, no doubt would have been in the Heavenly City instead of Hopkinton.

Yet, like so many others, I went along without publicly professing Christ and of course fell into a back-slidden state, and remained careless for more than three years. But Providence followed me in the "far off land." My brother next older went to Alfred to school, took fever, and in five weeks from the time of leaving home, died. Following this blow, very soon Elder David Clawson of New Jersey came to our place and held a protracted meeting, attended with great success, and the back-slidden boy was ready to move forward and was the first to the "mourner's bench," soon to be followed by neighbors, neighbors' children, playmates, classmates, and strangers, till scores came flocking like

doves to the window, crying earnestly and with loud voice, "What shall we do to be saved?" With a large number of others I soon professed Christ and was baptized by Elder Clawson. No waiting for warm weather, but through thick ice in the cold stream we put on Christ before the world. This was the winter of 1857 and 1858, one of the years of such general revival throughout the land. I joined the Salem Church, and in some measure enjoyed its prosperity and was made sad by its adversity.

In 1861, the first year of the Civil War, my father died, leaving my step-mother, my youngest sister, and myself on a large farm, over stocked and at the beginning of winter, with the war fiercely raging. It was a gloomy outlook, but we kept up family prayer, and lived but amid changes until 1864, when my step-mother died. I think I felt this stroke the most heavily of any yet given. I had been contemplating going to school and might have gone ere this, but for my father's dying request, which was, "Lewis, I want you to take good care of Mother." This I firmly resolved to do as best I could and so stayed at home; it was my youthful ambition to do the whole duty of a child, and she was worthy of better service than I gave.

(To be continued)

OUR PULPIT CATHEDRALS OR TABERNACLES?

BY T. R. SUTTON

Pastor at New Market, N. J.

(Submitted to Recorder upon request)

Scripture—Acts 4: 1-12.

Text—Acts 4: 11, 12. "He is the stone which was set at nought of you the builders, which was made the head of the corner. And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved."

The cathedrals of Europe are among the most interesting points for the tourists who travel in those lands. They are interesting, not always because of historical settings, but partly because of their great architectural beauty and of their ability to withstand the ages. However, one needs not go to Europe, for we can see such structures in the United States, although they may not always bear the name cathedral. In this message today I use

the term "cathedral," not in the sense in which the Catholics would use it, but rather to represent any church building that is well built so as to stand against the ages. In contrast I also have selected the term "tabernacle." But here again I am not thinking alone of those buildings which may be called such, as some of them are well built. Rather I refer to those temporary buildings often used just for a short time, then torn away before they tumble because of weakness. While there are many ways in which we may use these two types of structures for illustrations, such as types of worship or organizations represented by them, we shall think at this time in terms of the building structure itself. We shall think of the tabernacle as representing the type of life that is poorly built, and while much good may be done it will eventually tumble. We shall think of the cathedral as representing the type of life that is well built in Christian faith, where the "head of the corner" is Jesus Christ. Let us think of these comparisons both from the standpoint of personal living and of the welfare of society.

Conflicting ideas and conflicting ideals make up the nature of present religious thought. On the one hand we have religious leaders who insist that the Christian religion is purely a social religion in which Jesus was a great reformer whose principles, if followed, would bring salvation to the world. On the other hand there are other leaders who insist that the Christian religion is purely a mystical religion in which one can, through Jesus, escape the realities of life by entering into a great spiritual realm. Then again there are still other religious leaders who insist that the Christian religion is a fulfillment of prophecy in a material way, in which Jesus is the Son of God who will come to save the elect who will but select this system of belief.

Thus we can well ask: What, then, is truth? Wherein do we have authority? In the Roman Catholic Church and other similar groups we find the belief that those who are at the head of the church are the authorities as to truth. This cannot be said of Protestants, among whom authority must be found beyond that of an organization. Therefore we of evangelical Protestantism place the Bible as our only final source of authority, because it has been proved through the experience of the ages to be the word of God expressed in human language by Godly men inspired to convey

messages of truth to the world. From it we learn that the true Christian religion is not a social gospel alone, but a religion that would take us into the great spiritual realms with Jesus Christ, that which he called the kingdom of God, the fruit of which is the accomplishment of social ideals of Jesus.

The great fault of the programs of social reform today in social circles, and in some cases within the Christian Church, is attempting to have the fruit without the vine—that is, trying to achieve those principles which Jesus presented without first accepting his divine power. If we Christians are going to permit this to continue much longer, the efforts of reform will have been in vain. Not that we fail in making reforms, but rather that in accomplishing reforms in ways contrary to Christ, we create other worse conditions. Russia has attempted to make social reforms through a socialistic system depending upon the power of man. Yet we know that today even with certain ideals accomplished the people of Russia are by far worse off than before. They may have been relieved from social stress and oppression; but in so doing they have lost the greatest necessity of life—the power of Christ. That spark of life may have been feeble in old days, but now it is gone and can no longer be found in the children and youth of that vast country. The strife and bloodshed there are due to Christ's being left out, causing their program to weaken, if not fail, and causing the people to be destined to eternal condemnation because of their failure to find Christ in their souls.

Do we want that to happen to us? Yet right here in America today we face that danger. We have been inspired to see the need of many who have been oppressed and unfortunate. Thank God for that. Yet there are too many, even among Christians, who go out to bring about social reforms without taking Christ with them, depending upon human strength through socialism and other systems to reach a goal based only on the fruits of the Christian life rather than the vine of Christ himself.

So as we think today about cathedrals and tabernacles, let us begin with the foundations. We Christians believe in building a new world. But how are we building the foundations? Are they built upon human strength of reason and power of mind? If so, we are laying foundations which can hold only a

tabernacle structure, which will not last and will easily tumble in times of severe storm. Or, are they built upon spiritual strength through Christ—the kingdom within us? If so, we are laying foundations which will support a cathedral that will withstand the storms of doubt and opposition. For with Christ within us nothing can stop the Church and Christian peoples from being the ruling power in the world.

The materials used in the construction of a tabernacle are usually of cheap grades of lumber, and are crudely constructed. Now such structures as these well serve their purpose, inasmuch they are intended to be used only for a short duration of time, but will not last throughout the ages. On the other hand, the materials of a cathedral are usually of stone and metal, and are carefully built not only to be beautiful but to be useful for generation after generation.

In building a new world through social reform it would be well for us to rethink our methods. We are in need of a large number of changes in the affairs of the world today, so much so that in many parts of the world revolutions have broken out and bitterness spread abroad. Yet, as we change those conditions that cause such conflicts we run into dangers of even greater conflicts by bringing about reform by force. Even law creates hate and tends to intensify class separations. Of course law is necessary, but it acts only as a check and never as a cure. Law may be the means of a man refraining from stealing, but does not reform him; but rather embitters him against the ones who restrain him. Thus if we continue to reform by law alone in an un-Christian spirit of force, there will eventually come a rebellion which will break down the law.

The way with which Christ would have us make reform is through love. It is a love that comes only from the regeneration experiences with him who taught us the way of love as our personal Savior. This would be building cathedrals. When people permit themselves to be governed by these experiences they will strive to do the will of God willingly, regardless of what other men would do or think of them. One who would steal would through such experiences be reformed so as to need no restraint. That is the Christian way—in fact the only way to reform; for there must first be a conviction of sin on the part

of all peoples of all classes before a new world can be built. "For neither is there any other name under heaven . . . wherein we must be saved."

Having noted that we cannot build a Christian world without placing at the center, in all ways, Christ who can heal all ills, which is as building a cathedral while others are building tabernacles, let us turn this illustration upon ourselves as churches and individuals. The way in which character is developed within a person comes out in his relationship to society. Here, too, we may well ask: "Are we building tabernacles or cathedrals?"

In our churches we develop many programs through the various groups within the group. We may have for our use excellent buildings wherein we have all the advantages for first class teaching work and social functions, and may have the finest of architectural setting for worship, yet we may not have a spiritual cathedral. Perhaps we have tabernacles because our attention may be centered around these material facilities rather than around winning people to Christ. After all, that is the sole purpose of the Church. The Church is not an agency for the propagation of social, economic, or political views. Wherein these views may have direct bearing upon the gospel, the Church may give its sanction or disapproval as the case may be, but always using such opportunities as means of conveying the message of Christ. The Church is not in itself a center of recreation and entertainment; but it may use such as means of reaching the unreached and in stimulating interest through wholesome recreation. The task of the Church is evangelism, and whatever else is done by the Church is a means of approach, whether in equipment or methods.

The place of the individual in this Christian program is of great importance. Christianity depends upon individualism for its advance. Not the type of individualism that causes selfishness and a disregard for others. No, it is an individualism wherein Christ works separately with each person as a potter molding the clay. He takes each one and builds the cathedral, stone upon stone, until the structure is completed and he becomes the head of the corner. Thus it is with the work of the Church, we deal individually and not with the masses alone. While a pastor needs to meet his congregation as a group, he needs also to meet and work individually. While

a teacher must deal with his class as a group, he must also make contacts separately. In other words, the work assigned to each Christian is personal evangelism above all else we do as groups, as important as group work may be.

So, in closing, let me say that the one great task of the Christian religion is the presentation of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, whose love can rule the world; and to strive to win people to him so they may surrender themselves fully to his way of life—the fruits of which will be for the building of a better world; to build, not the temporary tabernacle-like structures, but the everlasting cathedrals of spiritual uplift.

We should constantly remember the words of Isaiah who says, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." Then we should say to ourselves with Timothy when he says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." When we are able to sincerely say those words, then are we able to seek social reform. For then we will not blame any class of people, or any economic or governmental systems for the ills that fall upon mankind. Instead we will admit our own guilt and strive to help others see theirs, and together go to Christ for forgiveness and a renewed life.

Thus as we build our cathedrals of life, whether they be those that belong to our individual lives or those that are social, let us build carefully with the good, well tested materials, building only around the crucified Christ. For "He is the stone which was set at nought of you the builders." God grant that we may no longer reject him, but let him be the stone "which was made the head of the corner." In him only is there salvation as the words of our text plainly state: "And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved."

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

ALBION, WIS.

Mrs. Jessie Davis of Milton showed moving pictures of her Conference trip for a few friends at the home of Pastor and Mrs. Thorngate, last Sunday night (the 17th). The Conference president was present and interested in the pictures as related to a project in his mind for the Shiloh Conference.

Friends from Milton and neighbors enjoyed the films.

The annual church dinner and business meeting were held in the church basement Sunday, December 13. Including the children, about eighty were present for the dinner. The Religious Society met at 2 p. m. and elected trustees and officers, following which the regular church meeting was held. Among the officers elected were Willard M. Babcock, moderator; Charles Williams, clerk; and L. J. Greene, treasurer; Mrs. Hazel Lawton, chorister; and Mrs. Willis Stillman and Mrs. Charles Thorngate, pianist and organist. Mrs. Charles S. Sayre was elected chorister of the promising young choir.

In spite of icy road conditions many of the Albion people attended the quarterly meeting at Milton, January 16, and evinced no little interest in the presentation of some of our Conference problems and of the SABBATH RECORDER drive for a greatly enlarged circulation. —Contributed.

MILTON, WIS.

Monday morning the students of Milton College welcomed back their president who had been away for the past three weeks in the East. While absent from Milton, President Crofoot visited with many alumni of the college, not only in Washington, but also in New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island.

He went to Washington, D. C., to attend a meeting of the Association of American Colleges, which was held January 14 and 15. Over five hundred attended this session which represented five hundred colleges in the United States.

Many outstanding personages were present at these meetings. By far the highlight of the conference was the evening on which President Conant of Harvard and Doctor Mansbridge of England spoke. Doctor Mansbridge addressed the delegation, talking about Oxford and Cambridge, England's two great representatives of institutions of higher learning.

President Crofoot met many old acquaintances while at the meetings. Two old friends of long standing who had been in China were again seen. These were President Anderson of Lynfield College, Ore.; and President Wallace of Victoria University in Toronto, Canada. Besides these two, the president had a good chat again with A. E. Whitford, former

president of Milton College, now attached to Alfred University. He talked with President Norwood also of Alfred University, and Dean Bond of Salem College.

Those assembled were the guests of the Department of Justice in their building, where the representatives of J. Edgar Hoover's division described the finger print system used by the government and also displayed some scientific apparatus used in the detection of criminals.

Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn, Plainfield, N. J., editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, denominational publication, was one of the speakers at the quarterly meeting of southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches which was held in the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church last week-end.

He was a guest of his brother-in-law, Louis A. Babcock, Milton, while here, and visited in Albion. —Milton News.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

The pastor was unable to attend the annual meeting January 3, being in attendance at the mid-year meeting of the Commission of the General Conference, at Plainfield, N. J. His written report showed that Sabbath morning services have been maintained regularly with an average attendance of sixty, the highest being eighty on four occasions. The Friday night vesper and devotional services have been less regular on account of severe weather. The average attendance has been thirteen. Many have helped in vesper music and devotional leadership.

Some of the activities of the year are suggested by the pastor's record of attendance at: C. E. sleigh ride, C. E. Hallowe'en social, C. E. wiener roast, box social, ice cream social, Sabbath school picnic, Vacation School picnic, five church nights, meetings and suppers of the Ladies' Aid society.

Outside our own activities the pastor has record of attendance at district and county C. E. gatherings at Janesville Christian church, Milton Seventh Day Baptist church, Rock Prairie United Presbyterian, Clinton Baptist, Janesville United Brethren. He also attended two County W. C. T. U. conventions, one Father and Son banquet, one meeting at Madison to hear Kagawa, one community survey group, two county Red Cross meetings, the dedication of the A. H. Lewis

memorial at Berlin, Wis., two Rock County ministers' meetings, one High-Y gathering, and one young people's conference with Dean Bond at Milton.

Speakers on Sabbath morning in our church have been young people in charge of Christian Endeavor Day, Trevah R. Sutton, Rev. T. C. Nagler, Rev. M. G. Stillman, Rev. Warren G. Jones of the Anti-Saloon League. Our church has entertained one W. C. T. U. convention and one Christian Endeavor congress.

Your pastor has otherwise spoken or officiated as follows: One radio address from station WCLO, led devotions at a W. C. T. U. meeting at Milton and at the graduation of rural schools at Janesville, preached in the Methodist Episcopal churches of Milton and Milton Junction and the Seventh Day Baptist church of Denver, Colo., conducted the Sabbath School Board hour on Conference program at Boulder, Colo., also the worship service on Sunday night at Conference, conducted a conference group in discussion of the work of the worship committee at C. E. convention at Clinton. He has officiated at the funerals of Mrs. Nellie Jacobson, Dr. Allen Brown West, Mrs. Lewis A. Hurley at Welton, Iowa, and that of Deacon E. O. Crandall of this church. He assisted in the funeral of Mrs. Olivia Reuterskoild. He solemnized the marriage of James Crow, Jr., and Elmina McWilliam on July 19, and baptized four candidates for church membership on October 1.

A Junior C. E. society has been organized under the leadership of Mrs. Randolph. The Vacation School, again supervised by the pastor, assisted by nine teachers, showed an advanced attendance over preceding years. A Union Preaching Mission with the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church was well supported, preaching done largely by Dean A. J. C. Bond of Alfred, N. Y. The organ debt was completely paid off this year. The church and parsonage have been newly planted, and other repairs attended to.

Quarterly "News Letters" have been sent to absent members throughout the year. Special contributions for this purpose have made it possible. We would like to have about fifty responses to these letters as to their worthwhileness.

—Church News Letter for January.

ASHAWAY, R. I.

On Sabbath morning, January 16, the service was given over to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the building of our house of worship, and a marker was dedicated. This marker has been set in a boulder which has been placed on the church lawn. Rev. William L. Burdick prepared and read a most interesting historical paper upon the past hundred years of this church. At the close of this paper the pastor, Rev. Everett T. Harris, read the inscription on the marker and offered the following dedicatory prayer:

Thou Eternal God—God of our fathers and mothers—God of our children's children—all ages are united in thee.

Our hearts have been stirred as we remembered again those who have found thee within the walls of this house . . . as we remember again the hosts who have labored here and have made their contribution to the kingdom tasks before they were gathered home.

We long to have thy work carried on just as effectively as it has been. Guide us and strengthen us, that we who are living in this day may be a strong link in the chain of the generations.

Thou Eternal God — Maker of heaven and earth—thou didst make in thy creative power the boulder which is to hold this marker. Through the dim ages since creation it has been lost from the sight of men, yet it has ever been waiting until this day. As we set it apart for its use, we pray that thou wilt bless both the message of the inscription and the message of the boulder itself, weathered and beaten by storms yet waiting only to be used in fulfilling the plan of the ages.

Even so let thy great Holy Spirit call out from obscurity young men and women who shall thrill to the work of the past and answer the challenge of the future with the words of Isaiah—"Here am I, Lord, send me."

In Jesus' name and for his sake—Amen.

CORRESPONDENT.

MARRIAGES

CARPENTER-PRENTICE.—In the Gothic Chapel, Alfred, N. Y., September 6, 1936, Carlyle Carpenter Prentice and Marian Imogene Carpenter of Alfred were united in marriage by Dean Ahva J. C. Bond. The new home is at 1 Stonelea Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

OBITUARY

Root.—A burial service was held Sabbath afternoon, January 2, 1937, at Albion Evergreen Cemetery, for Paul Sheldon, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Root of Edgerton, Wis., conducted by their pastor, Chas. W. Thorngate.

The Sabbath Recorder

VOL. 122

FEBRUARY 8, 1937

No. 6

THE MASTER

(In memory of Lincoln)

We need him now—his rugged faith that held
Fast to the rock of Truth through all the days
Of toil and strife, the sleepless nights; upheld
By very God was he—that God who stays
All hero-souls who will but trust in him.
And trusting, labor as if God were not.
His eyes beheld the stars, clouds could not dim
Their glory; but his task was not forgot:
To keep his people one; to hold them true
To that fair dream their fathers willed to them—
Freedom for all; to spur them; to renew
Their hopes in bitter days; strife to condemn.
Such was his task, and well his work was done—
Who willed us greater tasks, when set his sun.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

Contents

Editorial.—Daily Meditations.—The Editor at Battle Creek.—Battle Creek Interested.—A Testimonial	102-105
The Cultivation of the Holy Spirit	105
The Sabbath Recorder a Valuable Part of Your Library	106
Missions.—What Is Going to Be Done?—The Fellowship of Prayer.—Work in Jamaica.—Excerpts From Letters. — Treasurer's Monthly Statement.—Comparative Statement	107-109
Meeting of Tract Board	109
Woman's Work.—Letter to Women of Western Association.—One Woman's Valuable Contribution to Humanity.—Keeping out of War	111-113
The Open Door	113
Young People's Work.—More Worship Thoughts.—The Technique of Worship in Protestant Churches.—Lines Written at Alfred	115-117
Children's Page.—Our Letter Exchange.—Our Horses	117
Our Pulpit.—Concerning Lincoln, Christ, and You	119
Marriages	120
Obituary	120