

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION The Sabbath Recorder

(Established in 1844)

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July 1, 1931, she was united in marriage to Paul Button of Nile. To them were born three children, Paula Jean, Daniel Dow, and Ralph Lee, who survive her with their father and other relatives.

Farewell services were conducted by her former pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, assisted by Pastor Elmo Randolph. The body was laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery. E. D. V. H.

Gardner. — Rosa Lamb Gardner, wife of Deacon Charles E. Gardner, died April 19, 1939, at her late home in Waterford, Conn., after a brief illness.

She was a devoted member of the First Baptist Church of Waterford, especially interested in the mission program of that denomination; but she also gave loyal support to her husband in the Seventh Day Baptist Church. Theirs was a home where two "Sabbaths" were observed each week.

The funeral was conducted by the pastors of both churches, Rev. Harry P. Brothwell and Rev. Albert N. Rogers. She is survived by her husband and their daughter, Miss Jane Gardner. A. N. R.

"These are not my figures I am quoting," remarked the mathematics professor. "They are the figures of a man who knows what he is talking about."—M. P. Recorder.

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.

TOURIST ROOMS—One mile north of junction of Routes 62 and 31 (off 122A via Worcester). Fay Farm, Princeton, Worcester Co., Mass. 5-15-t6-26

RELIABLE TENANT may share country house furnished, garage, phone. Lottie Ashcraft, Swedesboro, N. J. It

MEETING OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

The special meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held at the home of Jay W. Crofoot on Thursday evening, April 13, 1939, at 7.30 p.m. The following trustees were present: President J. F. Randolph, Robert E. Greene, George H. Crandall, Edwin Shaw, J. W. Crofoot, W. D. Burdick, L. O. Greene, C. L. Hill, and D. N. Inglis. One visitor, Mrs. J. W. Crofoot, was present.

Prayer was made by Pastor C. L. Hill. It was voted that C. L. Hill be appointed secretary *pro tem*. It was voted that the program of the Sabbath School Board at the General Conference be left in the hands of the president and secretary.

The proposed Constitution and By-laws of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society were taken up for discussion.

Voted that it is the sense of this group that the following should be added to Article V of the Constitution after the words "similar Associations."

"And an Executive Secretary whose duties shall be to supervise the carrying out of the objectives and activities mentioned in the Constitution and By-laws of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society in harmony with the wishes of the executive board."

Voted that we approve of the suggestion received from the Young People's Board with the exception of the words, "The term shall be for seven years." This would make the suggestion read: "There shall be provisions for rotation of directors. Seven of the original members shall be elected from the college-age group; thereafter at least three members shall always be of college age."

Adjourned at 9.55.

C. L. Hill,

Secretary *pro tem*.

OBITUARY

Button. — Kathryn Virginia Lewis Button, oldest daughter of John and Ivanna Ormsby Lewis, was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y., July 28, 1910, and died in the Jones Memorial Hospital, Wellsville, May 20, 1939.

In 1922, she was baptized and united with the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church, remaining a faithful and active member throughout her life. She was efficient in the field of religious education, a teacher of marked ability and served faithfully in that capacity.

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The world has work for men—
Men of purpose, strength, and zeal;
Men with courage, staunch and real;
Men with passion for the right!
Men of honor stainless, bright.

The nation calls for men—
Men to trample down the wrong;
Men to guide a stumbling throng;
Men to govern, counsel, lead;
Sure in wisdom, brave in deed.

The Church seeks earnest men—
Men of vision, spirit led;
Men whose selfishness is dead;
Men to send the Master's word
Till the farthest soul has heard.

The Christ is calling men—
Men to consecrate their all,
Heeding but the Savior's call;
Men with faith in strength above,
Filled with patient, fearless love.

God shares his work with men—
Work dispelling darkness drear;
Work to bring his kingdom near.
Work for men, firm, valiant, true;
Noble work for men to do.

—Selected by Mrs. L. A. Wing.

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EDITORIALS

PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," says the poet. "His ways are beyond finding out," writes the Psalmist. "Does it do any good to pray?" we are asked, and many think the only good is the action on our own lives.

But there are many events in history and experience unexplainable in natural or ordinary ways. People, conditions, things, events are changed by prayer. Without entering into discussion of the question we submit a historical fact as illustration of a remarkable answer to prayer.

One hundred years ago, 1839, the Sultan of Turkey decreed that not a representative of the Christian religion should remain in his empire. Dr. William Goodell, American missionary to Turkey, exhausted every means to get a stay of sentence. The American consul and the English ambassador were unable to bring about a change in the decree, and urged the missionary to give up and leave the work. But Doctor Goodell and his colleague, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, first president of Roberts College in Constantinople, spent a night together in prayer in behalf of Christian missions in Turkey. And "The Sultan of the Universe" in answer did "change the decree of the Sultan of Turkey." For the next day the Sultan of Turkey died, and his decree never went into effect. Prayer does change things.

JUSTUS TIMBERLINE

Many who knew him only by his pen name—Justus Timberline—regretted the death, a few weeks ago, of Dan Brummitt of the Methodist Church. A great Christian, a great preacher, a great leader and journalist has finished his long and useful earthly career, but his deeds and writings will long live after him. In our files we find an article from his pen upon which to comment at some time. It is characteristic of Justus Timberline, and well worthy a full reproduction. Here it is, entitled "Makes Me Yearn for Hostetter's."

Do you remember way back when there was a patent medicine almanac hanging beside the stove in every well-regulated kitchen?

We weren't much on being our own doctors, in the Timberline family. We had been better trained. But still there were times when one or the other of us would wonder if this pill or that syrup or the other compound extract mightn't be good for what ailed us at the moment.

And the almanac was so helpful. It described diseases so clearly that the least imaginative of us could more than suspect we had 'em.

One almanac I remember especially; it glorified Mother Siegel's Syrup, which remedy, though that dear old lady had discovered it quite by accident, was good for so many troubles that a hospital would need scarcely any other medicine.

That's all changed, now, as I learn from the radio and the newspapers. There's a completely new set of troubles; and, of course, a new set of cures.

If I have "vacation-headache," I know what I need. If I should get "office fatigue," there's a remedy just for that.

Believe it or not, I'm told that a certain brand of cigarette will cure my tobacco breath; and there's a powder to end my frequent embarrassment over my "conspicuous nose." I wonder how it works?

The old almanac was plenty wise, but it had never heard of "adolescent pimples," "bone-hunger," "dermerosion," "high-tension skin," "night starvation," "morning acidity," "toupee hair," or any of the scores of other troubles now being revealed to those who thus far have suffered from them without being aware.

Somebody who has counted them says that there are eighty new advertised diseases and a sure-fire cure for every one.

And the worst—as I think it was the first—of them all is something that would have made our old Hostetter's Almanac blush, even though it did display a picture of a man with most of his abdominal cavity exposed to the weather. Of course he was scientific; he had something to do with the sign of the Zodiac, I think.

I refer to the new remedies—soaps, mouth-washes, powders, lotions, and such like—not perfumes, mind, which are guaranteed to keep you smelling right or save you from smelling wrong. Some of our magazine ad pages are just one bad smell after another.

It would be funny if it were not so serious, and if most of it were not so plain a trick to magnify small troubles into alarming symptoms, especially when most of the remedies make no difference, good or bad, anywhere except in your pocketbook.

Well, I reckon we needn't be surprised. The same sort of fakery is found in some religious

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Potomac Conference of Seventh Day Adventists recently passed a resolution protesting all measures which "aim to grant financial support to parochial and other religious institutions, propose to restrict freedom of the press, and limit freedom to teach and advocate doctrines."

According to figures given at the Foreign Missions Conference of North America at Swarthmore, Pa., June 12, in 1925, there were 3,565,443 Protestant communicants in mission lands. There were over eight million who were baptized and under instruction. In 1938, the number of communicants had jumped to six million and there were thirteen million baptized Protestants. The business of Protestant missions in 1938 was a sixty-eight-million-dollar concern. Of this fund, \$28,738,790 was raised abroad and the remainder was provided from boards and societies in this country and Canada.

There is one Christian for every 184 people in Asia, one for every twenty-eight in Africa, and one for every four people in Oceania, the high proportion in Oceania being due to the Roman Catholic population of the Philippines.

R. N. S.

SURRENDERED POSSESSIONS

One cannot worship God and Mammon for the reason that God slips out and is gone as soon as we try to seat some unworthy affection beside him. The other idol stays and God vanishes, not because God is a "jealous God," but because sincerity and insincerity are contradictions and cannot both exist in the same place at the same time.—Laubach.

RELIGION IN LIFE

Love

By Edgar DeWitt Jones

No word in our language is used oftener, or with such varied meanings, as the word "love." Oftenest it is employed to signify romantic passion, sometimes a passing fancy or ephemeral emotion; again it connotes a sacrificial spirit of loyalty, the bringing of the best we have to the highest we know. Yet

circles. There's a town I used to know in the old days where you were offered mighty near fifty-seven varieties of fancy religions, with as many kinds of rules for attaining their promised blessings; from deep breathing to going barefoot in the morning dew; and from repeating a vague formula seven times at noon while facing east to reading a six-volume work on the Higher Pantheism or something.

The fact is that we all have to watch ourselves all the time to keep from being fooled by ideas that at the bottom of our hearts we know to be unadulterated bunk.

These ideas may be medical, political, social, economic, as well as religious. But they are all alike in this: they are pushed by somebody for his profit, not ours; and they try hard to scare us.

And, though they dress "modern," they're not new, except in their form and the color of the package. Remember what Paul said to Timothy?

"For the time will come when they will not endure the sound doctrine; but having itching ears, will hearken to themselves teachers after their own lusts; and will turn away their ears from the truth, and turn aside unto fables."

THE PRINTED PAGE—FOR CHRIST

The SABBATH RECORDER is printed for Christ, because of a people's love for him and a desire to promote his work and the truths of his kingdom. Because of this it should have the hearty recognition and support of all our churches and people as an active agent and department of Seventh Day Baptist work.

We were attracted by what a Southern Baptist Church did some weeks ago, as reported by the *Western Recorder*. At the morning service the interests of the paper were presented by its business manager, whose message was heartily endorsed by the pastor. Following the message, envelopes were distributed and a large number of new subscribers were secured, about doubling its subscription list—this in a church that already had more subscribers to the *Western Recorder* than nineteen out of twenty sister churches.

Were our churches—pastors and deacons—to interest themselves in the SABBATH RECORDER in a similar manner and like success—giving us 2,500 paid subscribers—its influence and power would not only be doubled, but it would be possible to make the paper its former full size, with all that would mean.

But remember, the RECORDER gets only such backing as churches and church officials give it before their people. Thank God for faithful pastors and people who do push for their church paper. We wish all would try what the Southern Baptist Church did. Try the plan in your church.

despite the cheap way in which this great word is frequently used it holds its primacy. Love is the queen of words.

There is a story that a small boy once quizzed his father as to the difference between love and charity. "Charity," replied the parent, "is giving something away that you don't want to somebody who doesn't need it. Love? Love is sharing something you would like to keep with somebody who needs it more than you do. But have a care, son, love is expensive."

So it is—love is the costliest thing in the world. If a man loves a woman, or a child, a mighty cause, or anything, he must pay for this love with the finest of his mind, body, soul. One writer says that man always kills the thing he loves. Is it not truer that man always dies for the thing he loves? Not always suddenly, to be sure, but daily, by degrees, and he thus dies in the grandest of causes.

In the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, St. Paul avers nothing much matters but love. He holds that love is greater than eloquence, mightier than knowledge, loftier than charity. And the loveliest thing he says about love is this: "Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." And furthermore, he holds that love is greater than faith, greater than hope, and that it abides.

Too few of us live in the atmosphere of the thirteenth of Corinthians. One breathes mountain air there. One companies there with those who walk in white. And was it not the poet Markham who wrote, "In love is all the law ye need"? And George Matheson sings of a divine "love that wilt not let me go." Then there was Saint Augustine who said, "Love God and do as you please." R. N. S.

PRESENT DAY OPPORTUNITY FOR SABBATH PROMOTION

(Part of an address given at Eastern Association by Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn)

The past gives meaning to the present and impetus to the future. History teaches and encourages. Our own history is one to inspire, and today's need is one to challenge. What will be the reaction of Seventh Day Baptists? Distances already covered are not enough; resting on our oars means drift and loss. Bending the back to the task is im-

perative while opportunity continues to knock.

Every generation has had its open doors. Success mingled with disappointment has marked our pathway as opportunity has been used to spread the gospel in which Sabbath truth has had an important place and bearing.

Today's generation has a task unfinished, open doors on every hand, and blessings untold in store as rewards to faith and loyalty.

For nearly a hundred years the American Sabbath Tract Society has been true to its mission and purpose. Millions of pages have been published and distributed. For ninety-five years the SABBATH RECORDER has carried its messages of gospel cheer and hope to multitudes, the world around. But that is water passed under the bridge. Today calls and challenges.

The Tract Society still carries on. True, the incoming funds from the people are insufficient to do as much in printing, distribution, and field work as in some former years; but efficient work is still being accomplished. Tracts are reprinted as editions are exhausted, and new ones are being published. The attractive little bookmark, "What Do You Find?" is one. An important work by Doctor Conradi is about, finally, to come from the press. Well written manuscripts by our people of gospel and Sabbath nature, brief and pointed, would be welcomed and published by the board. Really, here is an open door for some of our pastors and gifted laymen. Who will enter this door?

A wide work by correspondence is being carried on by the Tract Board among lone Sabbath keepers, and every assistance possible was rendered the project of a special denominational issue of the SABBATH RECORDER, May 29, and effort made, we believe successfully, to place that RECORDER in the hands of every Seventh Day Baptist, as well as of others. Over four thousand copies were mailed.

Another year we hope a wide field work may be done among lone Sabbath keepers, communities where there are interested Sabbath keepers, and among inquirers who are searching for a truth-loving people and a spiritual anchorage.

The fields are white—if you will lift up your eyes—and beckon us to the harvest. The SABBATH RECORDER with other Sabbath literature goes into forty-four states and practically to every major country in the world.

New fields are opening in Canada, England, Wales, Germany, India, Africa, Australia, and the islands of the sea. Hands beckon and voices call "Come over and help us." Never was opportunity greater or need more poignant. Religion is needed. The gospel is needed. The Sabbath is needed. The world may not realize or admit these fundamental needs, but they are needs just the same. The world thinks only of the material as its great need. But we know it is not. The world is apt to call any *spiritual emphasis visionary*. Dr. Halford E. Luccock, in "The Pulpit" for June, gives his answer to a young man in a college discussion group, who courteously declared "Religion is all moonshine." Thanking him for the word "moonshine," the doctor asked if he had ever been in Panama. Surprised, the student admitted he had not but wanted to know what that had to do with the matter. The doctor replied, "There is a lot of moonshine in Panama," causing a twenty-foot tide. "There is an unbelievable lift of billions of tons of water, and what is doing it? Moonshine! The pull of another world, unseen but resistless in its force." And Doctor Luccock is right in saying religion is like moonshine—unseen but powerful in the measureless lift it gives to life. Such a lift the world, unhearing and unseeing as it is, needs. And a part of that lifting force and power, unappreciated and ignored by the world and religionists, is the Sabbath of God, the Sabbath of Christ, the apostles, and early church—the Bible Sabbath.

The need of today is the opportunity of Seventh Day Baptists to show the Sabbath to be vital and necessary to religion and to the best good of the world. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

In the third century, men began to despair of the world; nothing could be done about it; so high-minded individuals went out and set up housekeeping in suitable caves. More and more followed, until there were anchorite communities which devoted themselves entirely to piety. The world, meantime, went from bad to worse—with the best people withdrawn, the worst had it their own way. The escape into monasticism paved the way for the Dark Ages.

Monasticism seems very antique to most of us, yet it still flourishes. I am surrounded by people—scholars, engineers, professional

men, preachers, writers, a large part of the intelligentsia—who are convinced that the world is in an awful mess and that the less we have to do with it the better. This prevailing political creed is simply a new monasticism. And if the best among us withdraw from public life, governments will again grow more and more rotten. "Ye are the salt of the earth," yes—but monasticism forgets that the place for salt is on the meat, not on the shelf.—Edgar J. Goodspeed in *Harper's*.

WOMAN'S WORK

WORSHIP PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1939

By Mrs. T. J. Van Horn

... and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters were assuaged.—Genesis 8: 1.

Prayer

Scripture, Psalm 135: 1-13

Hymn, This Is My Father's World

The Winds of God

We were sitting on the church steps, my young girl friend and I, with our Bibles in hand. A gentle breeze was tossing the curls about her eager face, as we reviewed some of the great poetry before us. "Don't you love the wind in the palm trees?" she exclaimed, and that led our thoughts to the many passages about the wind.

Sometimes the winds of God bring blessing. The very first mention of the wind is where the flood of Noah's day was made to subside, because

God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters were assuaged.

Again they bring destruction. It was an "east wind that brought the locusts" to Egypt.

Moses sang, "Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered" the pursuers. Later, to satisfy the complaints of the people in the wilderness

There went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea.

As we read on, we loved the Psalmist's picture of the majesty of God, who walketh upon the wings of the wind.

Then we remembered the answer of Jesus about the new birth:

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Did Nicodemus recall that profound answer when he heard what happened on the great day of Pentecost?

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting . . . and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

There was no further time, just then, to continue our study, and we parted with the feeling that a "blessed wind of God" had been blowing our way, during that quiet half-hour with his Word.

God keep a clean wind blowing through my heart
night and day;
Cleanse it with sunlight—let the silver rain wash
away
Cobwebs—and the smothering dust that years
leave, I pray.
God keep a clean wind blowing through my heart;
wind from far
Green pastures—and from shaded pools where
still waters are;
Winds from far spaces out beyond the first twi-
light star.
Bitterness can have no place in me, nor grief stay—
When the winds of God rush through and sweep
them away.
God keep a clean wind blowing through my heart
night and day.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

THE LATE P. L. CLARKE HONORED

Tree With Colorful History Dedicated

(Mr. Clarke was well known to many "Recorder" readers and respected and loved by them. A mutual friend sends the following from the Denver "Post" of May 22, 1939.—Editor.)

A bur oak tree was dedicated late Saturday by the Colorado Forestry Association to the memory of P. L. Clarke, former principal of Berkeley School and an outstanding conservationist for many years prior to his death in 1935.

The oak grew out of an acorn taken from a tree along the Platte River by Mr. Clarke and was among several acorns distributed by him.

John H. Gabriel, Denver attorney, made the dedicatory speech at the presentation of the young oak which was planted in the Garden Center Park at West Alameda Avenue and South Kalamath St. A bronze plaque will be attached to the tree. Mr. Gabriel said:

This is truly a fitting time and place to pay a tribute of respect to a devoted worshiper at nature's shrine.

Early in life Mr. Clarke became interested in the wonders and beauties of living and growing things, and in his mature years he enjoyed the fruits developed therefrom.

His mind was ever active and alert, eager in the search for new forms of flowers and trees and faithful in recording the results of his investigations. Mr. Clarke, born in Kansas, grew to manhood in the state of Wisconsin. After his graduation from Milton College, he came to Colorado, where he continued his studies, receiving advanced degrees at the hands of his alma mater and also of the University of Colorado.

From 1897 he was employed in the public schools of Glenwood Springs, Idaho Springs, and Denver; the last twelve years of which he was the principal of Berkeley School, from which school and the public school service he retired in 1930.

After his retirement he put to practical use the knowledge he had gained in horticulture and forestry—subjects he had been deeply interested in since his early life. At his home he gave much time and thought to the propagation of new plant and flower life. Among his many products he received real satisfaction in the culture of his "Clarke's Mammoth Blue Morning Glory," now most extensively grown and enjoyed.

Mr. Clarke's interest in trees was accentuated in his later years. His acquaintance and intimate association with Rev. W. G. M. Stone, for many years the earnest and devoted president of the Colorado Forestry Association, gave him constant inspiration.

In 1921, Mr. Clarke was elected secretary-treasurer of the association and for fourteen years and until his untimely death, his diligence and earnest enthusiasm added strength and support not only to this organization but also to many allied efforts.

His interest in horticulture and forestry led him to study conservation in all its phases. In this work he spent much time encouraging students, old and young, to develop and conserve the beauties of nature. His interesting and illuminative addresses to the many garden clubs and to other groups aided his hearers to appreciate more fully the value of growing and preserving all kinds of shrubs and trees and of preventing the waste of fertile soil.

He was vigorous in defending with his trenchant pen the beautiful trees of Denver. Who can look upon his own elms, maples, and other shade trees without turning to Mr. Clarke's "Treatise on the European Elm Scale," for information as to the methods of caring for them? Who could read his pamphlet, called "Notes on Historical Trees in and Around Denver," and not love the native cottonwoods which have meant so much to the life of the city? Who can peruse his description of "The Hackberry Tree" without regretting that that aged monarch of the plains must give way to so-called advancement?

Mr. Clarke it was who gathered together and preserved historic facts about the "Sam Brown" oak trees, which it has always seemed to me should have been called the "Sarah Brown" bur oak

trees. Sam Brown as a "fifty-niner" had homesteaded the property where the trees now stand; but in 1870, his devoted companion, Sarah, on a visit to relatives in Missouri, brought home some acorns and planted them upon the homestead where now they stand proud and vigorous.

Ever mindful of the need of perpetuating our forests, Mr. Clarke visited these trees and returned to attend a meeting of the directors of the Forestry Association with a number of large acorns which he distributed among the group, urging that they be planted.

One of the acorns fell into the hands of our good friend, Fred R. Johnson. He planted that acorn and by his tender care made it spring forth with vigor. His deep interest in tree production and preservation, like that of Mr. Clarke, led him to induce the proper city authorities to transplant this bur oak tree to Garden City Park, where the many who shall pass this way may enjoy its beauty.

That this tree may be known to all those who look upon it as an embodiment of the vigorous life of our friend, Mr. Clarke, and as a token of our appreciation of his labors in the field of forestry and conservation, the directors of the Colorado Forestry Association dedicate it as a memorial to the life and character of P. L. Clarke. And that those who shall enjoy its beauty may learn to know of his love for his fellow man as well as his interest in all animate things created for his use and his enjoyment, we place this durable plaque at the base of this tree, where we trust it may remain to guide the footsteps of all those who seek a higher and better life as did our friend and brother whom we are honoring today.

The Garden Center Park is a tract of land given by the city of Denver to the garden clubs of the state. Already much has been done to beautify this spot. Thousands of annuals and perennials of trees and shrubs have been put in place. An attractive building has been erected with a large room suitable for illustrated lectures and educational nature talks.

This tree is the first memorial tree to be planted, and because of Mr. Clarke's activity in such lines the planting is considered most appropriate.

DID THE APOSTLES KEEP SUNDAY?

The above question has been asked me several times, and in reading the New Testament I conclude they did not. I find that the Scriptures were read every Sabbath day (Acts 13: 27).

There is only one meeting recorded as being held on Sunday (Acts 20: 7), and that was a night meeting (Acts 20: 8), after the Sabbath was past, on what we call Saturday night, and Paul continued his journey the next day

on foot to Assos (Acts 20: 13). This he would not have done had he observed it as the Sabbath, for it was more than a Sabbath day's journey, being nineteen miles.

To offset this one meeting on Sunday I find the following meetings on the Sabbath recorded:

Acts 13: 14-16	1 Sabbath day meeting
Acts 13: 44	1 Sabbath day meeting
Acts 16: 13	1 Sabbath day meeting
Acts 17: 2	3 Sabbath day meetings
Acts 18: 4-11	78 Sabbath day meetings

Total84 Sabbath day meetings

Now if the apostles kept Sunday, why did the Gentiles ask that these words be preached to them the next Sabbath (Acts 13: 42-44) instead of the next day, which was Sunday? If meeting once on Sunday to break bread (Acts 20: 7) proves it to be the Sabbath, then all days are proven to be sabbaths, for "they continued daily breaking bread from house to house" (Acts 2: 46).

Every one claims the Ten Commandments as the law of the Jews. Paul said he had not offended against the law of the Jews (Acts 25: 8), so he must have kept the fourth commandment. He also said, "I have committed nothing against the people or the customs of our fathers" (Acts 28: 17). But it was their custom to keep the seventh day. Did Paul keep Sunday?—C. L. Clarke, in *Sabbath Recorder*, October 25, 1897.

"BIG BROTHERS"

By Nancy D. Underhill

When men have been transacting business together, after some time they desire a settlement. Each desires to be straight and not owe anything. Sometimes it is found that one owes the other more than he can pay. There there is enmity between them, one charging the other with dishonesty. The dishonest one must suffer a bad reputation and future trouble, possibly prison. He squandered the other man's share; now he cannot make it right. How he wishes that he could. But only regret remains to him. If he is a young man, sometimes a kind old father comes to his rescue, pays his debts, and saves him from the consequences of his folly.

In some of our larger cities there is a society called "Big Brothers." When a boy or young man gets into trouble, having violated some

law, is apprehended, tried, found guilty, and is about to receive sentence, he cannot save himself; he is powerless to undo the wrong. But if he seems to be sorry for his wrong doing, it is possible that if he had a friend to help him out of his scrape he would henceforth go straight and become an honorable citizen. So, one of these Big Brothers offers to pay the debt and become responsible for the offender. He then has another chance, usually makes good, and thus a character is formed—a *man* is saved. Had he been defiant and refused the Big Brother's help, he would have had to suffer the penalty of his wrong doing, been lost to society, and become a prisoner, a social outcast.

As people begin to travel the down-hill road toward the end of life, many of us can look back over our past experiences and see some mistakes which we regret. We wish we had not been so hasty, had not spoken that unkind word, or in some way hurt or grieved a precious soul. How we long to repair the damage, but we cannot. It is too late. Sometimes the injured one has passed the portals of death. We can never undo the wrong. Oh, what shall we do?

Soul, look up. There is a Father who loves his erring child and longs to help him. There is a Big Brother who is willing to assume responsibility and give us another chance. Yes, our heavenly Father has made provision whereby we may have an advocate—a real Friend to pay all our past debts, absolve us from all guilt, and give us another chance. God's own Son is our Big Brother who is willing to represent us at the Bar of Judgment, pay our debts, and wipe our sinful record off the Book of Remembrance.

We never can make things right, ourselves. We are utterly powerless to undo the mistakes of the past. Except for this Big Brother we are lost and must suffer the penalty of our sins, and the penalty is death. Surely we would not be so foolish as to reject his kind offers of help, which we so much need.

Dear unsaved soul, do not reject Jesus. He is your only help and is able to pay *all* your debts—all our penalties. In accepting him, we have nothing to lose, but everything to gain. Don't dally around, hesitating whether to accept our Friend's kind offer. Don't put it off until some other time. *Now* is the time of acceptance. Embrace your opportunity

while you have it. Accept Christ *today*, and say so. He wants to be your Friend. Will you be his? Say yes, *now*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

The sermonette below was prepared by Wayne Rood, student in the School of Theology, and was given at the Friday evening worship service in the Gothic Chapel. It was the concluding one of a number of talks given on the themes of the Beatitudes. I think it is especially appropriate for us as Seventh Day Baptist young people because it brings to mind memory of some of those who were particularly blessed in observance of the Seventh Day Baptist principles in our past history.

A SERMONETTE

By Wayne Rood

Scripture—Matthew 5: 11, 12.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely." Persecution has always been one of the accompaniments of goodness and Christianity. Christ, himself, was persecuted and ridiculed to the point of death. The apostles after him were the subjects of the wrath of non-Christians. It has been said that not one of the original twelve came to a natural death. Peter, John, Andrew, Stephen, Paul—all gave their lives for their beliefs. Trajan, Diocletian, Decius, Nero—each had his hand in the persecutions of the early centuries. But still Christianity persisted. In fact, it appears that the stronger the opposition the Christians endured, the stronger the Christian cause became! The papal church of the middle ages was intolerant. Worshipers insisting on freedom of thought and action in England at the Reformation, were submitted to a multitude of indignities.

On the twenty-eighth of April, 1660, Vavasor Powell was seized in his own house by a party of soldiers and thrown in jail, primarily because he held sentiments of a Sabbatarian Baptist. He served with the English Navy (perforce), was shut up in South Sea Castle near Portsmouth, and in 1667 was released. But, venturing to preach again in his own country, he was imprisoned in Cardig, and in 1669 was brought to London and committed once more, where he remained till he

died, a year later. Eleven years he had spent in prison for preaching and living a pure gospel. He was buried in Bunhill Fields, in the presence of an innumerable crowd of Dissenters. The inscription on his tomb calls him "a successful teacher of the past, a sincere witness of the present, and a useful example to the future age; who, in the defection of many, found mercy to be faithful, for which, being called to many prisons, he was there tried, and would not accept deliverance, expecting a better resurrection."

On Sabbath day, October 19, 1661, while he was preaching to his people in their meeting place in London, Rev. John James was twice rudely interrupted by officers of the law, and commanded to come down from his pulpit. Fearlessly continuing to preach, he was at last dragged out of the church. He was charged with attempting to levy war against the king, with seeking a change in government, but there was no show of evidence to support the claims. It is a matter of record that the jury was packed, when Mr. James was tried at Newgate. When he was brought into court the chief justice exclaimed, "Oh, oh, are you come?" and this was a specimen of the way in which the trial was conducted. He was condemned and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, near Hyde Park, and was to be drawn and quartered while still alive. The next day Mrs. James presented a petition to Charles II proving her husband's innocence and pleading for mercy, but the only reply of his majesty was, "Oh! Mr. James. He is a sweet gentleman!" and the door was shut against her. When Mr. James heard his sentence he immediately said, "Blessed be God; whom man hath condemned, God hath justified." He was bound to a sled and drawn through the slush of the streets to Tyburn, where he spoke with such power and prayed with such fervor that the hangman would not execute the full sentence, but permitted life to be fully extinct before he was drawn and quartered. His gentle and loving words at his execution, his brave soul and full hope found a deep place in the hearts of his fellow Dissenters.

Joseph Davis was one of the contemporaries of John James, and continued to defend his views of Bible truth in the Mill Yard Church in London with a vigor that brought severe persecutions upon him. All these he bore with meekness and fortitude. He was im-

prisoned several times, and once was released to care for his dying wife. After her death he returned to prison to serve the rest of his sentence! In 1672, he was released with John Bunyan and 489 others by Charles II. He returned to London and became successful as a linen draper. He purchased the Mill Yard property in London, and built the chapel as well as contributing to the support of seven other Seventh Day Baptist churches.

Wherever there is honest belief in ideals, there will be affliction for maintaining them. In our more civilized twentieth century persecution is more subtle, but none the less real. Social persecution may be so gently and firmly persuading that it seems perfectly natural and right, and there lies its danger. How many times have you felt that your company was being avoided by some individuals of a certain social set? How many times have we suffered little indignities of disrespect by people who do not think as we do about some things? How many times have we been questioned with somewhat less than honest curiosity about what we do on Friday evenings? How many times has pressure been brought to bear upon us to persuade us to indulge in activities against which we have traditional moral scruples? These may be real persecutions to some of us; to others of us they may not matter. But it is true that godliness is always attended with persecution. We will gain strength if we meet it calmly and sweetly and profit by the experience.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

"For my sake." What supreme and commanding claims are implied! What would we not do for the sake of Jesus Christ! It is a concept which staggers our understanding; but it is more than ideal! All intelligent creatures act from some consideration or other—for the "sake" of something. At the root of the life we are living there is a strong and dominating reason; or if not one, several that sway us in turn. The psychologists call these reasons "motives" or "drives"—basic tendencies to activity. Motives are biological and mental, for food, activity, learning, knowledge, for money, pleasure, power, regard for others, love. But there is a higher, a more glorious motive than these simple drives—"for my sake." Here is a person to whom we instinctively give allegiance and obedience; a

unique person who taught truths nineteen hundred years ago that are recognized principles today, who showed truth, who healed the sick, who raised the dead; a unique person who claims to be the Lord of our lives. Jesus claims work for his sake. He claims suffering and endurance for his sake. In his name we pray. He claims cheerful and generous gifts for his sake. He claims attachment to life, with readiness to die; he claims devotion of our lives, happiness, joy, love, and consecration—for his sake.

"Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Jesus promised his disciples three things: They would be entirely fearless; they would be absurdly happy; and they would get into trouble. They did get into trouble, and they were not afraid. They got into trouble, and laughed over their own misfortunes and cried over other people's. They rejoiced and were exceedingly glad, for they knew that their reward was great.

The thing that has impressed me as most striking throughout the discussion of all the beatitudes is that they have all been worded in the present tense! It may not have been so expressed, but the rewards that have been promised have not been spoken of as if for some dim and ethereal futurity. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," not in millennial ideality, but they shall be comforted *when they mourn*. Blessed *are* the meek, and the merciful, and the pure in heart, and the peacemakers. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," not in a state of exalted angelhood, but here, as they live. That's vital. They are happy in spiritual benefits and blessings, not in external gifts which are hoarded up for men like earthly treasures. That is a living confidence in a living God of goodness, kindness, and love. We have been talking about a faith we can *live* by, as young people here and now—this year. It is the quiet confidence that comes with hunger for the good things of life, that will fill us. It is the certainty that though our friends cut and enemies mock us, we will emerge stronger and purer. It is the belief that though things seem to be going wrong

"... as we try hard and fail
While those who never seem to try
Sail on as in a gale . . ."

He who set the stars in their courses has a reason for testing us. It is the faith that keeps men and women smiling and happy and efficient. It is the hope that shows us the way to higher things and nobler goals. It is the inspiration that leads us up out of the trials of humdrum life, up into the clear blue of understanding faith, up, up to the stars, to

Catch life's vision, high and true,
Through the vistas of life's maze:
See the white star on the blue
Beckoning, guiding through the haze.

Wounded soul by careless tongues,
Watch the star that makes the goal;
Welcome stings, rebuffs and taunts—
With steel these arm the soul.

Though our feet with earthdust burn,
And our brows with heat are dewed,
Through the eye the soul discerns
White clouds drifting on the blue.

LETTER FROM MICHIGAN

Dear Editor:

I am a shut-in and rarely see any of our folks except Pastor and Sister Holston. While I was about to write this letter I asked my heavenly Father how to begin, and my great and beloved Counselor gave me these words—"And he brought them to Jesus." He it is who invites me to come to him and learn of him who is meek and lowly of heart, "and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Long ago I heard the call, "Commit thy ways unto the Lord and thy thoughts shall be established." I try to bring all my ways and thoughts to him, and I pray that God will search and know my heart and lead me in the way everlasting. It is good for us to keep our hearts in tune with our heavenly Father; then as the disciples of old we may be able to say, "Did our hearts not burn within us as he walked and talked with us?" What a blessing we have in the assurance that if we desire him we shall find him when "ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jeremiah 29: 13). And my prayer is in the words of the Psalmist, "Oh, let me not wander from the commandments."

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Annie L. Murphy,
(Seventh Day Baptist).

EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS

A Biographical Sketch

By

CORLISS FITZ RANDOLPH

Supplement to The Sabbath Recorder

Plainfield, New Jersey

June 26, 1939

“THE MASTER-TEACHER, HEAD AND DEAN,
LEWIS, THE MAN.”

“A scholar and a dreamer and a seer,
He pushed aside horizons for us,
Held the sky a little closer,
Left his mark upon us,
Sent us forth with new perspective and new faith
To follow where the gleam might lead.

Ethel Percy Andrus.”



The original, by Herbert T. Lewis, Edwin's son, hangs in Lewis Institute.

EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS

1866 - 1938

EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS

BY CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

It is with a deep sense of abiding affectionate friendship and loyalty to a friend of more than half a century, that I have yielded to an urgent request to write this brief appreciative outline memoir of Edwin Herbert Lewis.* With a single exception, possibly there is no one else now living who knew him so well in his college days at Alfred University as I knew him. He was younger than I by three years, not that that fact made any difference in our mutual relations, save that it may have contributed to make our rather intimate friendship just what it was. Since those days our paths have not crossed so often; but when we have met it was always upon the same old familiar footing of the earlier days, perfectly free and without any conscious feeling of restraint. Through other agencies, as well as occasional correspondence, I have followed him closely as to the course of his career. I have rejoiced in his success and have applauded when his honors have been bestowed upon him. Without exception, first names (Corliss and Ed or Edwin) have been the unbroken rule in conversation and correspondence from college days down to the very end of his life, and that rule shall not be broken here. Moreover, I am writing in the first person.

He was the only son of Rev. Abram Herbert and Augusta (Johnson) Lewis, both of New England ancestry. He was born, November 28, 1866, in Westerly, Rhode Island, where his father was pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church. When he was about two years old the family removed to Alfred, New York, where his father was stationed while employed in field work by the American Sabbath Tract Society. Some three years afterward, the family went to Berlin, Wisconsin, for its head to spend a year in regaining his health at his father's old home-

* Care has been taken to make this memoir, all too brief for adequate treatment of its subject, accurate in its statement of biographical facts. Records have been consulted, including those of the Plainfield Church, the Plainfield High School, and Alfred University, besides those found in various publications, periodical and otherwise. Correspondence of a half century has been carefully re-read.

I desire to express my acknowledgment to numerous friends who have assisted me. My especial thanks are due, Asa F. Randolph, Esq., of Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. James L. Skaggs, of Salem, W. Va.; Miss Flora A. Randolph, of Oakland, Calif.; and very particularly, Edwin's sister, Mrs. B. F. Langworthy, of Winnetka, Ill.

C. F. R.

stead. This was followed by a three years' residence in Shiloh, New Jersey, where Edwin's father was pastor of the Shiloh Church, after which he removed the family to Alfred again, and now became a professor in the Theological Department of the University.

Edwin, now ten years old, was exceptionally alert, and fully capable of making the most of his opportunities for becoming acquainted with, and observing, the men and women who constituted the faculty of the University at that time, no less than the students and townspeople, generally, besides having a good time with the boys of the village; so that when, in 1880, at fourteen years of age, he accompanied the family in another change of home, to Plainfield, New Jersey, where his father became pastor of the Plainfield Church, he was well qualified to resume that type of observation and acquaintance in a wider and more varied field of an urban community. Here he graduated from the public high school in 1882.

The year following his graduation from high school (1882-83), he taught a district school at Mt. Pleasant, now known as Potter's Crossing, three miles south-east of Plainfield. This school was a typical district school of its time, like that of the well known "Little Red School House." There were some fifty pupils crowded into a small building, the youngest sitting three on a seat intended for but two, with all grades from the lowest (first year primary) up through the eighth grade (in modern terminology). A favorite school song was "Work for the night is coming." His home was in that of Reuben Potter through the week, a young daughter of whom named Kate, an intimate friend of one of Edwin's sisters, was a pupil in the school. Friday evening he returned to his father's home in Plainfield, until the first of the following week. Of the fifty pupils of the school, but two seem to be found now in the confines of the old school district. They are Adelaide Rowley (now Mrs. Banks) and her sister Elizabeth, both of gray hair and gracious manner, and still living in the old home from which as six-and-seven-year-olds they went to school to Edwin. Their recollections of him are vivid and most pleasant. Later, when he had graduated from college and was a teacher in

the Plainfield High School in which they were then pupils, he visited them over week end in the old homestead. To them he was affectionately known as "Ed Lewis."

In September of 1883, he matriculated in Alfred University, and remained for one year, following which, for financial reasons, he was employed for a year in the office of the Potter Printing Press Company of Plainfield. At some point in his career, he was an editorial writer in the office of what is now the Plainfield *Courier-News*. This may have been, and probably was, in vacation time when he was home from college.

In September, 1885, he returned to Alfred and remained until June, 1887, when he graduated in the classical course (Latin and Greek) with the degree of A.B. and the advanced degree of A.M.

Upon graduation, he accepted a position in the Plainfield Public High School, with the rank of senior teacher and vice principal. But the long continued strain of intense application to study was making itself felt, and at the end of his first year of teaching he was obliged to take a year's furlough for rest. This was spent abroad in Italy; and on his return home he resumed his duties in the Plainfield High School.

On June 30, 1890, he was married to Miss Elisabeth Loxley Taylor, of Plainfield, a niece of Rev. Robert Lowry; and in the following September, he took the chair of Latin at Alfred, to which he had been called some months previously. Here, in addition to his classroom duties, he gave himself up to advanced study under direction of the department of Latin in Syracuse University, and was awarded the degree of Ph.D. for this work in June, 1892.

About this time several things conspired to persuade him to abandon the field of the classics and devote himself to English. He had been attracted to the method of teaching that subject as introduced into Harvard by Professor Barrett Wendell, a method then known as the New Rhetoric. His brief experience in newspaper work in Plainfield had proved interesting. Besides, Chicago University was opening under the spirited leadership of William Rainey Harper, and was offering alluring promises to advanced students to enter its graduate schools. Accordingly, with a fellowship in English, Edwin entered the new university at its opening in

1892, and was awarded the Ph.D. degree in English two years afterward, or in 1894. Meanwhile, he had already served as assistant in rhetoric in the University for a year; and after receiving his doctorate, was promoted from time to time until he became associate professor of English for a period of three years, ending with 1899. He then resigned to become professor of English in the newly established Lewis Institute in Chicago, and of the faculty of which he had been a member, as that of Chicago University, since 1896. He continued as professor of English in Lewis Institute until his retirement in 1935, when he was made professor *emeritus*. Here he was dean of college students from 1906 to 1913, then dean of the faculty from 1913 until his retirement, when he was made dean *emeritus*.

His years at Chicago University and Lewis Institute were productive years. The subject of his doctorate dissertation was *The English Paragraph*, which was instantly recognized as a contribution to the history of English literature. He wrote and edited several textbooks to meet needs such as he found in his department, which were widely adopted for use in other schools. The first of these was *A First Book in Writing English*, published in 1897. His last textbook, *Business English*, was published in 1910. Still another was projected and promised the publisher in the fall of 1932, but failing health prevented its completion. Other books of which he was the author include the following: *Almost Fairy Children*, 1908; *Those About Trench*, 1916; *White Lightning*, 1923; *Sallie's Newspaper*, 1924; *University of Chicago Poems*, 1924; *Allen of Alfred*, 1932; and *What a Linguistic Contextualist Thinks of Philosophers*, 1935. In 1917 was published *The Work of Tagore*, a paper read before the Chicago Literary Club, on January 15, 1917; and, in 1920, *Art as a Victory*, the Holbrook Poucher Lecture for 1920.

The textbooks were written, for the most part, for the double purpose of use in his own classes, and for the financial returns by way of royalties. The former purpose was fully realized, and the latter to a moderate degree. *Business English*, of which he held no high opinion, was sold outright to the publishers for enough to cover all his outstanding obligations except the mortgage on his home.

Almost Fairy Children, published under the pseudonym of Caleb Lewis, was written

for his only daughter, to whom he had told the stories of the book before committing them to print. Her criticisms and approval are the secret of its success. For a child's stories, the only competent critic is the child. The all but unparalleled success of *Alice in Wonderland* is due fully as much to Alice Liddell, for whom the story was written, as to the genius of its author, Professor Dodgson, a prosaic teacher of mathematics.

The story entitled, *Sallie's Newspaper*, written during an illness of five days in bed, was inspired by a most shocking murder of a youth by two young men from reputable families in Chicago, both of whom were students in Chicago University. Its purpose was to arouse public opinion to revolt against social conditions that contributed to such a crime.

The volume of *University of Chicago Poems* consists of poems written for the University on special occasions. The most important is that of the words of the "Alma Mater" song, sung at every convocation. The trustees of the University invited him to write and recite verses in 1906, 1912, and 1923. Possibly the most important of these three is that of an ode "Mater Humanissima," addressed to his Alma Mater, and presented at the convocation, June 12, 1906, at a memorial service held in honor of its recently deceased first president, William Rainey Harper.

As a delightful bit of literature, his *Allen of Alfred* is one of the finest, if not the very finest, of the products of his pen. Of course it is an appreciative character sketch of Jonathan Allen, former president of Alfred University, written as no one but Edwin could have written it. It is a delight to every Alfred student of Allen's days because of its reminiscent strain, and equally so to many another reader for its literary charm. More than one reader, once he has begun it, has been unable to lay it down until read to the very end. It will be remembered that Edwin's father and family had made their home in Alfred for two periods of some years each, the second of which the father was a member of the faculty of the department of Theology; and the family home was in the then newly erected house now standing on the campus between the old Chapel Hall and Social Hall, thus the Lewis family were President Allen's nearest neighbors. And so Edwin, as a healthy lad, and the rather formidable Presi-

dent had the fullest opportunity to become neighborly acquaintances, sometimes to the boy's delight, and sometimes to his dismay. Into *Allen of Alfred* the author has interwoven bits of personal biography; as, for example:

"Just before sunrise one day in 1878, being then twelve years of age, I was climbing the campus hill with a bagful, a whole night's catch of fish, hoping to get home unseen. It was quite useless to expect any such good luck. A turn in the path, and there among the trees stood Jove [Allen] himself, smiling down. I expected a rebuke for being out all night, but it did not come. Jove invited me to pour out my treasures on the grass. This done, he knelt beside me and pointed out more facts in comparative anatomy than I shall ever hear again."

There are other episodes, perhaps not so delightful, but none the less illuminating as to the life of both Jove and the lad. The last of these occurred when the fisherboy of other days was graduating, and asked Jove for a bit of a recommendation:

"The president slowly drew a sheet of paper toward him, slowly dipped a quill pen in ink, and slowly wrote: 'To whom it may concern: This man can do anything he says he can do.—J. Allen.' The man so recommended never used the recommendation. He kept it as a precious and awful warning."

He assumed the very difficult and onerous task of editing his father's incomplete manuscript of *Spiritual Sabbatism*, after the author's death. This book is based to no small degree on the large unabridged edition of twelve volumes of *The Golden Bough*, the result of more than thirty years research into the history of religion and related subjects, by Sir James George Frazer. To the task of acquainting himself with this, as well as other voluminous works of reference consulted by his father, and to make the finished book all that his father would have desired, Edwin addressed himself in a true spirit of filial devotion. Some chapters were so incomplete as to have to be wholly rewritten, and all had to be carefully edited. His father had looked upon this book as his *magnum opus*, the crowning work of his life long career. He had spent many years in its preparation amid the perplexing cares of a very busy life; and, about a year before he was to lay down his pen forever, he had been released from other duties to complete this task. The manuscript was well under way when he was stricken with his last illness.

When Edwin had finally completed the manuscript of the book, he copied it all throughout with his pen in a clear legible hand, ready for the printer, rather than entrust it to another copyist. When finally published, this book was the finest example of the book-maker's art that had then been produced by the publishing house of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

After the manuscript had been sent to the printer, Edwin wrote to a very close friend of both himself and his father, "God knows how hard I tried to rise to the occasion, and how far I fell short of it. But it is a great comfort to have you feel that on the whole he would approve the fuller working out of certain points, certain things which he had merely sketched in." Of the influence of the book on himself, on another occasion he wrote, "If Father had not written it, I should have been out of the church within a month after my mother's death. . . . It is this book which is keeping me in the fold."

At this time he had written another book, entitled *The Idealism of The Bible*, which was "addressed to young men who have lost their faith and their God." He was urged to publish it by such people as James, Matthews, Kent, Foster, E. F. Harper, and others; but he hesitated to do so, fearing that it might weaken the influence of *Spiritual Sabbathism*. Accordingly, it was laid away and never saw the light of public day. He was "more than willing to let the work of years go into the waste-basket."

As a boy Edwin was a lover of boys' sports, but there was a certain aloofness in his manner that made his fellows rather hesitant in their sports and other associations with him, whether as a boy, a youth, or as a young man. But he was not unsociable. He met his need of social life in rather unusual ways. In college he didn't play baseball with the men. Neither did I. He visited, for example, "Uncle and Aunt" West, two very poor and humble, though very fine old people in the village, or some one else deserving of a kind word or a helping hand, while I hoed the pastor's garden, curried his horse, or milked his cow to help cover my expenses in college. But, when the members of the Alleghenian Lyceum, unable week after week to hear their own proceedings because of the excessively loud oratory of their brother Orophilians on the other side of the dividing wall between the

two lyceums, rebelled and retaliated in kind, Edwin's throat was as sore the next day as that of any other Alleghenian. Was a fellow student sick? Edwin was ready to watch with him through the night, and to coach him in lost lessons before returning to his classes. Students living at a distance from Alfred a half century ago were often stranded there for the short vacation of two weeks. While Edwin was professor of Latin, he invited all these students, taking care that none was missed, to his home for a party, including a dinner, with the *menu* all in Latin, followed by games and other social features that made up a jolly good time for everybody—host and hostess, and guests, all alike.

The generous spirit of helpfulness followed him throughout life, as was more than one poor college boy, stranded for want of funds, to learn in his need. More than one friend was the recipient of a package of expensive books which he needed for certain phases of his work, but who could not afford to purchase them. Times without number, he stole away to the bedside of a sick friend to spend an hour he could ill afford in reading or otherwise comforting the invalid. In advancing years he treasured, more and more, all his friendships, from the earlier down to the last days.

For many years a trustee of Alfred University, he was able to attend its meetings but seldom, but Alfred's president was always given a cordial reception and a willing and helpful ear when he visited Edwin in Chicago for consultation concerning the affairs of the University. At the dinner given by Alfred's trustees in New York City on October 28, 1929, by way of celebrating a gift of \$150,000 for a new dormitory, Edwin's address on, "What has Alfred given us," was the last of his public service for Alfred. The address may be found in the SABBATH RECORDER for November 11, 1929. In 1910, Alfred conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Of his service to Milton College another hand, in another place, has written from an intimate knowledge which I do not possess. Milton is but a short distance from Chicago and he was ever ready to respond to emergency calls for assistance. In the event of the illness of President Daland, Edwin was ready to go to Milton and take his classes so often and so long as he might be needed. His clear head and authoritative voice were ever

ready for advice and encouragement when sought. When, on the death of President Daland, he was invited to become his successor, he regarded the invitation as a high compliment. But he felt unable to accept the call. In this he was wise; for, while his advice in certain directions was needed, the administration of the college required a certain training which was not Edwin's, versatile as he was. Moreover, the years of his active service were drawing toward a close; and Milton needed a man in the prime of life. In 1906, Milton conferred upon him the honorary degree of Litt.D.

He was not spared the intellectual and spiritual struggles that beset the men of his generation. The revolution set in motion by Lyell, Darwin, Huxley, *et al.*, by the apologists of the New Theology, and by the new-born sociologists, was rapidly reaching a flood tide in his early manhood, and could but make its impress upon him. The conflict in his own soul, and its outcome, methinks, is but thinly veiled in his *Allen of Alfred*. A few years ago, Professor Shailer Mathews, then dean of the school of theology of Chicago University, asked Edwin to write a book setting forth his religious philosophy. Apparently this was not done, more's the pity; but the thoughtful reader of *Allen of Alfred* will catch, at least, the essence of that philosophy. Here it is found both in the memoir which Edwin wrote and in the selections which he chose from Allen's sermons to follow the memoir, and which make up some two thirds of the entire volume. Among these selections may be found titles like the following: "Righteousness," "Not Dogmatic Formula," "Creative Faith," "The Greatest Teacher," "The Continuity of Science," "Intellectual Freedom," "Persons Surpass Creeds," "Assurance of God." These selections follow closely the trend of thought expressed by Edwin himself in the memoir. Of all of Allen's baccalaureate sermons, the one of June, 1887, the occasion of Edwin's graduation, made its deepest impress upon him. The text was "I am," from Exodus 3: 14, and the subject was "Personality." The sermon may be found, printed in full, in the SABBATH RECORDER of June 30, 1887, as well as in Mrs. Allen's *Life and Sermons* of her husband. Edwin said, "I owe a good deal to that baccalaureate It steadied me in 1904, when William James raised the question 'Does consciousness ex-

ist?' It has steadied me ever since." This sermon gave Edwin the inspiration and the topic, "Personality," for his commencement address for the class of 1930, at Lewis Institute, June 19, 1930. Just one week before, on June 12, he had delivered an address on the same subject at Milton College. The address at Lewis Institute, with copious notes, was printed (54 pp., 6 in. by 9 1/4 in., in all), and twenty copies presented to each of the one hundred and twenty-nine graduates. Limited space forbids an extended review of the address here; but throughout it he never loses sight of Allen of Alfred's baccalaureate sermon of June 26, 1887. Moreover, the address, including glowing tributes to Allen of Alfred and numerous others of his heroes, is an epitome of his philosophy of teaching, of education, and of life. On a certain public occasion when he was making an earnest plea for utilitarian education, he abruptly turned aside for two or three minutes and glowingly paid one of the finest tributes to Jesus of Nazareth, the Great Teacher of Men, to which I have ever listened, and then as abruptly as before resumed his chosen topic of utilitarian education.

Earlier in life he preached some. The first occasion, I think, was while yet a student at Alfred, when he preached in the little red school house, over beyond Pine Hill. I was not present, but he told me of it afterward. I don't remember what he said his text was; but I do remember that he said he told his audience everything he knew about his subject, including a digest of Calderwood's *Handbook of Moral Philosophy*, and that it took him two hours to do so. Definite hope was entertained by friends that he would enter the ministry. By action taken on May 26, 1889, he "was engaged to supply the Plainfield Church while the pastor [his father] was in Europe as the guest of G. H. Babcock." On the 22nd of February, following, pursuant to a resolution presented by David E. Titsworth, and "unanimously adopted by a rising vote, after many expressions of approval by the brethren and sisters present," the Plainfield Church licensed him to preach, an action still in force at the time of his death. He became a member of the Plainfield Church when the family removed there for a home in 1880, and so remained so long as he lived. His last appearance in the pulpit of the Plainfield Church was on Sabbath, May 3, 1930. His

text was taken from 1 Corinthians XIII, 12, "face to face." The sermon may be found in the SABBATH RECORDER for May 12, following. For fourteen years (1889-1903), he was a member of the Tract Board, where his counsel was highly valued.

At its annual session in 1911, he was elected president of the General Conference for the ensuing year; but he felt that the burdens that he was already carrying were too heavy to permit his taking on that responsibility, and the mantle fell upon the first vice-president, Dr. Boothe C. Davis, president of Alfred University.

He was urged to present a series of addresses upon some New Testament theme to the General Conference at its annual session at Adams Centre, N. Y., in 1932; but the work already undertaken for the summer forbade his complying with this request.

He was a constant reader of the SABBATH RECORDER; in one of the last letters which he wrote Doctor Gardiner, he said, "I have read every editorial of yours for twenty years." By way of encouragement, on one occasion he wrote the editor, "They [the body of readers] want to know of the progress of the gospel in the hearts of men, and of the great struggling world's work." Again, he wrote, "Surely the RECORDER has small reason for existence if it doesn't publish constantly on the Sabbath question." Then again, "If the Sabbath is not kept for its spiritual value and the sake of the Great Sabbathkeeper, then it will soon cease to be kept."

Of his greatness of heart and depth and warmth of sympathy in sickness, sorrow, or need, to which I have already made brief reference, others have written, and will write, in other places, much more fully and intimately than the limitations of this brief memoir will permit. But there was no sick friend within reasonable reach whom he failed to visit, no one in sorrow whom he did not comfort, and no one in need worthy of help appealed to him in vain. He was a good Samaritan.

His study was literally his workshop—books on crowded shelves, books on the floor, books everywhere (visitors were often puzzled how to enter through the labyrinth of books), books on literature, books on nature and science, books on religion and philosophy, books on almost any conceivable subject. Even books for the use of his department in Lewis In-

stitute passed through his study and were paid for from his own purse. For a period of ten years in the latter part of his service there, his requisitions upon the library of the Institute did not average more than ten dollars a year. Visitors, did I say? Yes, visitors, for the visitor's chair in his study, through all the passing years, was occupied by friends, notables, and the less well known, alike, from all parts of this country, and from many countries beyond the seas. Each left with him a certain residuum of his personality—personality as defined by Allen—possibly a bit of philosophy, or a scientific fact, or an unpublished episode of history, or a suppressed incident of biography, or what not; or best of all, merely a happy memory of a pleasant visit, a memory to cheer him in the midst of the days to come. On the other hand, the visitors, too, carried away treasures of knowledge from his storehouse of wisdom, and the memory of the charm of his presence. Nor were they unmindful of the debt thus incurred, but sent him tokens of those mutual relations; as, for example, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the celebrated Hindu poet and artist, dedicated his book entitled, *Creative Unity*, to "DR. EDWIN H. LEWIS."

He was an indefatigable worker, nothing short of an abject slave to details of work that might well have been committed to the hands of another. For example, instead of letting a trained assistant correct the themes (compositions) of his students, he toiled over them untold weary hours until he had reviewed and corrected more than a full million (1,000,000) of them. His personal correspondence, much of it, was written in trolley cars, on elevated trains, or in other public conveyances, all in order to save time. In addition to his teaching, *per se*, he was responsible for the organization and work of his department. To this were added his duties and responsibilities as dean, first of college students, and then of the faculty. And in the midst of all this, he found time to write the creative literature of which mention has already been made. His *Allen of Alfred*, published in 1932, was done while on a furlough made necessary by health conditions. A vacation, with ample time for reflection, is the time to write that kind of book, as this book attests.

Upon his retirement in 1935, he made his home in Palo Alto, California, under the eaves

of Leland Stanford University, where he had many congenial friends. Here he sought to entertain himself in different ways, exploring his own very early biography, looking up college classmates, and doing other things that become a retired gentleman and scholar of leisure. But the habits of long, long years clung to him like the "Old Man of the Sea," and he reverted to his studies in philology. In December of the first year of his supposed leisure, at the annual meeting of the Pacific Division of the American Philosophical Association, he read a paper entitled "What a Linguistic Contextualist Thinks of Philosophers." After it was submitted, severally, to a group of distinguished philosophers and philologists, it was published privately, somewhat enlarged, in the following year. This treatise is a curious, but most interesting, admixture of philology, philosophy, logic, and—quite incidentally—informal *obiter dicta*, interspersed with bits of dry humor and folklore. For example, it contains nine pages, ordinary book size, of terms used in the textile industry and the textile trade, all arranged alphabetically; then he gives his estimate of the weight of air that he had breathed during his life time (calculated for him by Dr. Paul C. Saunders, of Alfred University). Now he pokes good natured fun at his hearers for their priggishness, now he describes a mosquito net, and now tosses electrons, photons, and protons about with the same ease and familiarity with which he discourses on football, the elements of English grammar, and the intricacy of diagramming sentences. He recites incidents of his own life from infancy onward. Indiscriminately, he touches upon Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Old English, Homer, Aristotle, Plato, and scores, if not hundreds (I haven't taken time to count them) of names of men and women—some great and some not so great—and many scores of other things, all of which are wheat for the hopper of his mill. It was a brilliant and dazzling performance, all cleverly and good-naturedly done, and must have made the bigwigs among his learned hearers dizzy, even as the speaker intended. But they enjoyed it; and Edwin was enjoying himself, too. He had retired, and naturally and legitimately had to have some fun. He loved to be a bit histrionic, and this was too rare an occasion to be missed; and he played up to it to the full limit of all that such an occasion

afforded. Moreover, it was good, sound philology, science, and philosophy which he presented, as was afterward attested by authorities of acknowledged ability, only it had never been served up to his hearers in that manner before.

He was intensely interested in science, but he wrote little about it, and that very cautiously. He feared that the next day after publication of anything he might write, he might find that some scientist had made a discovery that wholly discredited him.

On occasion, his style was somewhat Johnsonian, or even very much so; as, for example, when but a few months before his death, he enclosed a bit of original verse to a college classmate which required much poring over *Webster's Unabridged* to make its meaning clear. Again, he might adopt an oriental style, which quite bewildered those orientally unsophisticated. Such indulgences were a part of his scheme of relaxation. Such are men of genius, and Edwin Herbert Lewis was a man of genius—of a rare genius. As a genius, he enjoyed the poetic license apt to be accredited to a man of that class. Never forgetting that he was a gentleman of culture and refinement, as he approached more mature life he regarded conventions as but another language of their own, to be interpreted in terms of the moment, and often by the whim of the moment. Accomplished as he was in the use of formal language, he didn't hesitate to use slang in almost any connection, as the impulse of the occasion might move him. Occasionally such terms recoiled upon him quite unexpectedly; as for example, at a dinner table surrounded by a group of friends, when the conversation was naturally quite informal, apropos a certain church service, he remarked that he had heard a "bully" sermon. Whereupon a charming lady of gray hair and old enough to have been his mother, quietly remarked, "That's a theological term with which I am not acquainted." Whereupon Edwin colored slightly, everybody smiled — some audibly — and the general conversation was resumed, with a little more care as to the generally accepted forms of speech. However, this lack of regard for generally accepted literary canons was apt to mark his public addresses, when it was sometimes misinterpreted by those not well acquainted with him. Like many another genius, he was often not understood, even by friends, but that is

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am so sorry that I haven't written for so long a time, but I am going to write a long letter this time.

We have been on a trip and got back Monday night, the fifth. We were up in northern Pennsylvania and Allegany County, N. Y., where most of our relatives live, and I haven't had time to write since we came back, because we have work to do all the time. We are all busy now getting ready for the association, which is to be held here at Berea this year, and also our Vacation Bible School and our camps.

I am sending you a poem I found and like very much.

God's Love

By Ellen Janson

No ship can ever sail so far
God cannot guide it with a star.
No wandering bird can go astray—
The winds of God will show the way.
Bright where the little children lie
His lovely angels hover by.
He heals and comforts everything—
The wounded heart, the fallen wing,
The eyelids where the tears are wet—
God knows, and he will not forget.

I hope everyone who reads this poem will like it as I do.

Your friend,

Berea, W. Va.

Anne Beebe.

P. S.—I have more I would like to write, but since I sent a poem, I think I had better write it some other time.

A. E. B.

Dear Anne:

I was pleased to get your good letter, and I, too, like your poem very much. I am glad you had such a nice trip; I'm only sorry you did not come to Andover to call on us while you were in Allegany County.

We have just returned from association at Alfred, which closed this afternoon. Before we came home we listened to the playing of the carillon.

Affectionately yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am eight years old. I was in the third grade. I got promoted to the fourth grade. We have a baby. It is six months old and

will soon be seven. Daddy has been sick for almost a year, so my aunt is keeping the baby. It is named Cleo Elizabeth. It is a girl.

My little sister, next to the baby, my little brother, and I are at Grandma's.

Elsie Mae Randolph.

Bristol, W. Va.

Dear Elsie:

It is nice to be promoted each year into a higher grade, isn't it? For each year the work becomes more interesting. My boy was happy each time he was promoted, especially when it was from first to second grade. Then he came home shouting at the top of his lungs, "We first graders are second graders now. What do you think of that?"

I am very sorry your daddy is having such a long sick time, and hope and pray he will soon be better. It is nice that you have a dear aunt and grandma to stay with so that mother can give more time to daddy.

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am six years old. I was in first grade and got promoted to second grade.

We have one kitten and one puppy. We like to watch the kitten play.

I will tell you what books we read. First we read "Peter and Peggy Spot." We read two Peter and Peggy books, round the year, work book, and laugh books which I named last.

Ruth Randolph.

Bristol, W. Va.

Dear Ruth:

I am glad you, too, were promoted into a higher grade.

Kittens and puppies are surely nice to play with, even though they get into all kinds of mischief. Our kitty, Skeezics, was twelve years old the first of the month, but he is still quite mischievous. When we got home from Alfred today we found that he had been left upstairs, with the door shut tight. As soon as he heard us he began to thump the door with his tail and cry, "Mew! Mew! Mew!" loud and long. It's a good thing I fed him well before he went up there. He likes to go upstairs and hide when he thinks we want to put him outdoors.

I hope you and Elsie will write often.

Mizpah S. Greene.

only another testimony to the quality and worth of genius.

On the occasion of the Lewis Institute Reunion in 1936, the California alumni presented the Institute with a superb bronze bust of Edwin. The bust was the work of Frederick Ohnsted, and it was cast in the studio of the Nelli Art Bronze Works. At its unveiling, a eulogistic poem by Ethel Percy Andrus was read.

His death came as a distinct shock to all his friends. At the age of seventy-two, he was far too young a man to have to die. But the time comes when nature calls for payment of heavy drafts made upon her out of season. He was no exception, and he had to honor the demand. Besides his wife had preceded him by but a little more than a year, and the loneliness entailed by her passing, added its toll. He quietly passed away at his home in Palo Alto on June 6, 1938.

But he lives in the memories and lives of all that multitude of friends who survive him, students and other friends alike. Besides these, he leaves a son, Herbert Taylor Lewis, of Oak Park, Ill., and a daughter, Mrs. Arthur Yvor Winters, of Los Altos, Calif. Four sisters also survive him; namely, Grace (Mrs. J. H. Parsons), of South Pasadena, Calif.; Mary (Mrs. B. F. Langworthy), of Winnetka, Ill.; Louise (Mrs. J. E. Kimball), of Los Angeles, Calif.; and Evelyn (Mrs. B. W. Spencer), of Ontario, Calif.

As I am closing this memoir, my attention is drawn to two memorial addresses by Edwin, one at the funeral service of his grandmother Lewis, and the other at a like service for Professor Owen, an associate in Lewis Institute. Both contain a well known, unforgettable quotation from Whittier's *Snowbound*, as follows:

"Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
(Since he who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees.
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."

From Allen's notable baccalaureate sermon, "I am," Edwin made this selection for *Allen of Alfred*:

"In every child of God there is a personality too sacred to be approached, save as Moses approached the burning bush, with unsandaled feet. Personality is a holy of holies, to be entered only by the divine Spirit."

If he was conscious to the end, as was Allen of Alfred, we can but think that, like Allen of Alfred, he said: "I am happy."

MATER HUMANISSIMA

II

3

Unveil thy cunning, wisest of the wise,
Renew thy magic for thy doubting ones,
For thou art watcher of the skies,
And measurest the motion of the suns.
Say what more subtle instrument can write
A single micron of immortal worth
When it records the waves of human hopes?
What isis bar of light
Can measure values as it measures earth,
Or show the goal to which our spirits grope?

4

Thou answerest not in words, but silently
Thou lookest down with sweet and serious gaze,
And in thy human look we seem to see
The patient answer to the cry we raise.
"Ye prate of patterns and the web of doom.
"Is God then strangled in the warp and woof?
"Is not the Weaver in the Weaver's place?
"Go seat you at the loom!
"Create the goodness that is heaven's proof,
"And work with God, if ye would see his face!"

Edwin Herbert Lewis.

SERVING IN NEWNESS OF SPIRIT

By A. F. Ballenger

An incident occurred in slavery days that beautifully illustrates salvation as the gift of God, and the saved man's works as the fruit of love.

The scene is a southern slave market. The auctioneer is selling a chain-gang lot of colored humanity as if they were so many head of cattle, or horses, or mules. Husband is being sold and separated from the wife, wife from the husband, children from their mothers, mothers from their children.

Presently there is placed upon the auction-block a giant; his finely-formed features, his refined and intelligent face attract the attention of the crowd. The auctioneer eyes him up and down, then turns to the buyers and says:

"Here is a fine specimen of the race. This man stands six feet four in his bare feet; he weighs two hundred and twenty pounds—all bone, muscle, and sinew. He is only twenty-four years old. What am I bid for the man?"

Mr. Brown—"I bid nine hundred dollars."

Auctioneer—"Nine hundred dollars I am bid! Nine hundred dollars! Going at nine hundred! Gentlemen, he is worth twice the money."

Mr. Grace—"One thousand."

A.—"One thousand I am bid! One thousand dollars! Make it eleven, Mr. Brown."

Mr. B.—"Eleven hundred."

Mr. G.—"Twelve hundred."

A.—"That is right, keep it going. Here is a fine prize for the man who has the nerve to pay the price. Twelve hundred dollars! Going at twelve hundred! Make it thirteen, Mr. B."

Mr. B.—"Thirteen hundred."

Mr. G.—"Fourteen hundred."

A.—"Mr. Grace bids fourteen hundred! Only fourteen hundred dollars for this handsome prize!"

Colored man — "Gentleman, don't waste your money on me. I am not worth fourteen cents to any man. I have worked my last hour as a slave. You may flog or starve or hang—I covet death! I want to die! But work as a slave I never will—no, not for an hour!"

The calm but defiant decision pictured in his face, the firmness in his tone, the fire that

flashed from his eyes, stunned the auctioneer for a moment. Recovering, he said:

"Gentlemen, pay no attention to his talk: you can take all this out of him in fifteen minutes with a good blacksnake. Go on with your bidding, gentlemen. Mr. Grace bids fourteen hundred dollars! Make it fifteen, Mr. Brown! No? What, afraid of the man? Going at fourteen hundred dollars, twice—third and last call—sold to Mr. Grace for fourteen hundred dollars."

The man stepped down from the block and with Mr. Grace walked away from the crowd. Drawing his check-book from his pocket, Mr. Grace begins writing a check for the price of this man.

Colored man—"Mr. Grace, don't you pay fourteen hundred dollars for me. You have bought a dead man. I will die willingly, yes, gladly, but I will never work an hour as your slave. I give you this final warning, don't pay fourteen hundred dollars for a dead man."

Mr. Grace continues to write the check, and when finished, he hands it to a messenger, who carries it to the former owner. Then addressing the colored man, he said:

"Sam, you are a free man. I bought you to set you free. You are not my slave, you are your own free man. I'll take those handcuffs off."

The colored man was staggered, stunned, by this sudden announcement. He stood speechless, startled, trembling. Recovering his speech, he said:

"Mr. Grace, do you mean that you have paid fourteen hundred dollars of your good money to set this poor man free?"

Mr. G.—"That is what I said, and that is what I mean. All the time you, as my enemy, were hurling your defiance, I, as your friend, was purchasing your freedom."

Colored man—"O Mr. Grace, I love you! I'll work for you as long as I live. Let me go home with you. I want to show you that beneath this black breast there beats a heart that feels and responds to love like yours. Let me go home with you. I want to work for you forever, because I love you."

Mr. Grace—"All right, Sam, come along, but remember, you are not my slave, nor do I want you to work to pay for your freedom; that is the free gift of my grace to you."

Colored man—"Oh, I understand. I won't try to pay for it, but I want to show how

LETTER FROM SOUTH AMERICA

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

Dear Sir:

I am respectfully asking you to publish this letter of appeal, which also tells of our work in British Guiana.

Brethren of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination in the world will be pleased to know that we are still trying to do our Master's work here. We have to thank the Mill Yard Church of England, of which Elder James McGeachy is pastor, for their noble and valuable help in our work. We were left to ourselves for some time and fought gamely under God's protection to further his work. We have been able to erect a new church building on the same site of the old one at Wakenaam, which is at present the headquarters of our work in British Guiana.

The old building was 22 by 14 feet all over. But today, thank God, we were able to dedicate on April 10, 1939, a building 40 by 20 feet, with porch 9 by 7 feet, and vestry 13 by 10 feet. This building is not quite finished, but we are trying amidst hard circumstances. This building up to now costs about \$1,500; of this amount the Mill Yard Church has assisted us with over \$250. With the determined efforts of members and kind friends of different denominations we were able to reach the place we are. We have not painted it yet, therefore we are still in dire need of help. Our completion cost is likely to be \$300. Thanks to Elder McGeachy and his co-workers; although few in number they are trying. This will bring to the eyes of our brethren in America our efforts, and we earnestly appeal for further help from any individual or group.

I had made special appeal to the Tract Society for an instrument for our church, but was informed that there were no funds available by them for such appeal. I therefore appeal to our brethren to help us in our needs.

I would like to thank Sister Mary Margaret Hummel of Boulder, Colo., for the gift of a teacher's Bible, and other reading matter which is being sent to me regularly. I also desire to thank Sister June Babcock of Nortonville, Kan., for her regular assistance in sending cast-off clothing. Much good comes from this clothing, for children of very poor

much I appreciate your gift by my labor of love."

Reader, do you see it? Do you see the true motive for commandment keeping? Do you see the only place for works in the plan of salvation?

This is what the Apostle Paul saw, and this is what so mightily moved his heart to go to the ends of the earth crying, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God foreordained that we should walk in them." Ephesians 2: 8-10.

This is the only place for commandment-keeping in the plan of redemption, the only place in the preaching of redemption or in the redeemed man's life.

"We love him because he first loved us." "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "This is the love of God that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous." 1 John 4: 19; John 14: 15; 1 John 5: 2.

"He that saith I know him and keepeth not his commandments is a liar and the truth is not in him." 1 John 2: 4.

(The above is chapter 27 of the book by A. F. Ballenger, entitled, "The Proclamation of Liberty and the Unpardonable Sin." The book contains 18 illustrations, 45 chapters, and 267 pages. Price \$1.00.)

4138 Mulberry St.,
Riverside, Calif.

LOYALTY STILL NEEDED

Do we need to ask, "Shall we continue the denomination"? Only those who have not stood loyally by will answer in the negative. If we are truly God's children, doing his will, with his approval, it *will continue*, and no one can stop it. Why have we continued this far if we lacked faith in the things for which we stand? Have all our sacrificing and devoted fathers labored in vain? God's truth will never die. He can lead to triumphant victory an army of far-visioned, consecrated soldiers of the truth. We can do far more than we have in the past if we sincerely believe he is able, in spite of our declining numbers. No more would we see our denomination disintegrate than to think of our own homes being dissolved and their members separated.

L. O. Greene.

circumstances are able to attend Sabbath school through the sending of it. I am appealing to any individual or group to assist us in this way.

I desire to thank the Silver Moon Class of Milton and to add further praise to Sister June Babcock for having sent me \$5, as a Christmas present, in appreciation of the little work I am doing here for the Master. Miss Babcock is the medium between the Silver Moon Class and myself.

I am thanking God daily for his blessings to me and to the work of British Guiana. It is very painful for me to tell my brethren of our condition; also it will fill up the pages of the RECORDER; but I am always ready to tell my brethren of our difficulties by personal correspondence. I am appealing to our brethren not to leave us to ourselves. In whatever form the help may be, we shall welcome it.

I do most earnestly appeal for the children. I am trying in my little way to promote their spiritual education, under hard circumstances. I and my wife are not paid servants for this school work, but our lives are bound up in the children's interest. Therefore I am sending out this S.O.S. for our work here.

The different offices which I fill in the church will show my activities without any stipend. I am a deacon, the Sabbath school leader or teacher of the adult class. (My wife is the junior class teacher.) I am president of the Christian Endeavor movement, leader in the Bible class study, and last but not least, church clerk and choir tutor.

George A. Berry.

*Maria Johanna Village,
Wakenaam, British Guiana,
South America.*

BOTANY AND THE BIBLE

By Rev. Lester G. Osborn

In the account of creation, the vegetables come before the animals. Why? It is because vegetables are a necessity to animal life. Animals cannot manufacture their own protoplasm. Vegetables take minerals out of the soil and transform them into this life substance which is necessary to the formation of the cell. And in the vegetable world we find much evidence of design and God's provision.

The plants have their own ranges. Staples

are everywhere; medicinal plants occur where they are needed, for example, quinine in the South where fevers abound. Some are "hitch-hikers," having hooks to catch a ride; others have a glue which dries after a time; still others travel in parachutes.

One of the wonders of design is the coconut. It is blown into the sea, but its tough, varnished husk resists the sea water, and it floats safely until it is cast up on the sands of an island, where it germinates. It must have moisture, and of course sea water won't do, so inside each one is a half pint of fluid to keep the budding tree alive until root is deep enough to reach water. In this way it is there on that island of the sea, awaiting your arrival via shipwreck, to give you food and shelter and drink, as it did to Robinson Crusoe. "God created!"

The business of the plant is reproduction. Four thousand sunflowers can be planted from one blossom. In three years—so they tell me—the descendants of one kernel of corn would plant the whole United States. That is, if it weren't plowed under. Did you ever watch the blossoms turn to face the sun, and study the arrangement of stamen and pistil in flowers so that, whether upright or hanging down, the length is right so the pollen will drop on the pistil? An absolute evidence of design.

Then there is the way the sprouts get through the ground. The grasses, corn, and others are designed to pierce, for the seed remains in the ground. With the beans, however, the stalk doubles and pulls the leaf after it so as not to injure it.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all is the cocklebur. In every pod are two seeds. Only one comes up the first year, the other waits till the second year. But, if for any reason the first plant is cut or burned, the second springs right up to take its place. Who tells it to? Who wakes it up? Who sends out the S O S call? Again we answer, *Who but God.*

Nortonville, Kan.

"A fellow has to be a contortionist to get on these days," says a philosopher. "First he has to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. Then he must put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head, and have both feet on the ground."—*Exchange.*

OUR PULPIT

THE DIVIDED CHRIST

By Rev. Neal D. Mills

(A sermon preached at Marlboro, Eastern Association, June, 1939.)

"Is Christ divided?" 1 Corinthians 1:13.

A picture of a typical early Christian church is revealed in Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians, written from Ephesus A.D. 56. Corinth, in Greece, on the isthmus between two seas, was the fourth greatest city in the world, and as Chrysostom said, "the most licentious city that is or has been." But wicked as it was, Paul had succeeded in founding a church there. These newly made Christians were constantly exposed to idolatry and some of their previous vices and tempers had survived their conversion.

Paul heard at Ephesus of the troubles and relapses in the church at Corinth. They had failed to see the relation between religion and morality. The Lord's Supper was grossly misunderstood. Some, regarding the physical body as an evil thing, became extreme ascetics. Others contended that the soul could not be harmed by any bodily defilement and went to the other extreme of indulgence. The church was divided into cliques and factions, each jealous of the others. Some claimed Paul as their leader and authority, others followed Apollos, others, Peter, and some claimed that they were the only true followers of Christ. None seemed to have more than a partial understanding of the gospel.

Perhaps the condition of the church at Corinth was just what we might expect in view of its environment and the fact that Paul had taught them for only a year and a half. In his letter Paul strikes first at these jealous cliques and begs them to drop their party differences. Their favoritism for certain preachers indicates that they had missed the essence of the gospel, which depends not upon human eloquence but upon the power of God. Paul's exclamation, "Is Christ divided?" may also be translated, "Christ is divided!"

That was just the trouble! They had pulled the gospel of Christ to pieces and each one held up a bit and said, "This is the Christ." The same trouble has handicapped the Church through the centuries and still does today. Each group and each individual holds up a certain bit of truth as though it were the

whole gospel. We select the teachings we like—those that hit someone else, and preachers dilute the gospel for popular consumption by tender minds.

There's food for some deep thinking in the observation of the ancient philosopher who said, "If horses have gods, their gods are doubtless horses." We tend to worship gods like ourselves, the god we want rather than the God we need. There's truth in the charge of our enemies that God is made in the image of man. We like the God who justifies us better than the God who rebukes us.

Jesus confronted all kinds of people. There were the over-generous, and the over-thrifty, the lazy and the strenuous, the patient and the anxious, the practical man and the dreamer. Each received the advice he needed. To the rich young man he said, "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." But when Zacchaeus of his own accord promised half his goods to the poor, Jesus approved without suggesting that he should give the other half also. When Mary chose to listen to the Master instead of helping her sister Martha in the kitchen, Jesus refused to reprove her; but when Peter wanted to stay on the mountain and bask in divine fellowship, Jesus called him down into the valley where there was work to do.

We tend to remember and quote the teachings that please us rather than those which condemn us. It's a very old habit. Constantine diluted the gospel to suit his political needs. St. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and Martin Luther each emphasized certain things and overlooked others.

The Bible was quoted to justify "the divine right of kings" as well as the democratic urge. It defended slavery in the South and condemned it in the North; it inspired the Kaiser in Germany and damned him in America; it praises the modern industrialist and arms labor in its battle against exploitation. If Scripture is good "for instruction, reproof, and correction," then we ought to study it as a whole and dwell on the parts that reprove and correct us.

The gospel is torn apart, not so much from a desire to distort as because of our inability to understand and appreciate it in full. We slip into temptation because our minds are too tender to face the full truth or our lips too fearful to speak it out. It is easier to make idols of certain ideas than it is to dedicate ourselves to a great ideal beyond ourselves.

The Christian ideal is not easy to attain. We are like Mr. Pliable who set out most enthusiastically with Christian toward the Celestial City. But when his feet became stuck in the mud of the Slough of Despond, he looked back toward the City of Destruction, and it appeared so like a city of comfort and refuge that he returned. When Peter urged Jesus not to go to Jerusalem where his life was in danger, the joy of companionship with Christ was so real that Peter could not see the rewards of a completely self-giving life. When the good becomes an idol, it obscures the ideal.

Another cause of the divided Christ is that our desire for respectability overshadows our sense of responsibility. We want to be honored and liked and we hate to be a source of irritation. None of us would want the reputation of a certain preacher who was called by one of his parishioners a "flea preacher." When asked to explain, the parishioner replied, "A flea preacher is one who jumps from place to place and all he leaves behind is an irritation."

But true Christianity is an irritant as well as a balm. A Christian must not be satisfied with things as they are. The question is, how can we be loyal to our Christian responsibilities and still maintain respectability with those who care nothing for our Christian ideals? It cannot always be done without compromise.

Jesus faced that problem. We have the record of a visit to Jesus not long before his death by some Greeks who came (so Doctor Stalker thinks) to offer Jesus a professorship in one of the Greek schools. The Greeks were always looking for new religious ideas and teachers. What a chance! He could teach more people, live in safety, and be respected as a university professor. That would be better than dying as a criminal. But Jesus sent them away. He would not be a half-Christ but the perfect Son of the living God. Jesus knew that we can be respectable in the long run only as we are responsible to the highest revelation that comes from God, not from man.

Furthermore our desire for respectability tends to produce unction at the expense of action. We develop a self-satisfied piety that selects from the gospel those soothing, sedative elements that make us comfortable. We have an effervescent love for all men, but it goes off in vapor instead of building up the head of steam necessary for action. The whole

gospel of Jesus Christ is not a sedative, a dose of aspirin! It is a tonic, a stimulus to action. To love the Negro in Africa and exploit him in America; to sympathize with the Jews in Germany and despise those in our own town, is silly hypocrisy. Unction without action presents a colorless, anemic Christ, a divided half-Christ for which the world has no use.

If ever an active, aggressive church with the gospel of the whole Christ was needed, it is now. Responsible people are saying that the beginning of the end of American civilization is here in the cities. If it is here in the cities, it is not far behind in the country. For generations the cities have drained the country of its leadership. Now the country is becoming bankrupt—socially, spiritually, and economically. We now have "rural slums" and a growing agricultural serfdom. There are over 700,000 Negro tenants and share croppers and a million whites in similar condition. Four and a half million children, three fourths of them below the Mason and Dixon line, have no provision for education.

The older churches seem to have swung toward a formal, intellectual, institutional religion that goes over the heads of the poor, underprivileged classes. Human needs have been neglected. To our shame the newer sects of the "holy roller" type are ministering to those unfavored classes and are growing in membership in areas from which the older churches have withdrawn.

Shame upon us! Is Christ divided? Did Christ die for the well-to-do respectable people only? Has he no concern for the price of milk, or of cotton, or of wheat, or of labor? Let us search for the neglected portions of the gospel that are needed by the vast numbers of unreached, hungry souls, and those portions that we need to stir us to action. A watered gospel of pious unction and respectability will never build the kingdom of God. Nothing less than the complete gospel of understanding love, concerned for human needs and expressed in courageous, sacrificial service will save either the Church or mankind. Such a Christianity is a costly adventure, but it is deeply satisfying. We are challenged today to enlist in that adventure.

I am persuaded that the vehicle of Christian unity is a discovery of the mission and message of the Bible.—Roy Keagy.

THE AQUARIUM

(New York City)

FROM DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION

When P. T. Barnum started that famous promoters' slogan to the effect that a sucker is born every minute, he didn't mean the several varieties that occupy glass tanks in the Aquarium today. He meant the variety that paid him up to \$225 for the privilege of sitting in that same space for Jenny Lind's first concert, back in 1850. Files of the WPA Federal Writers' Project in New York City show that there wasn't even a roof on the building in those days, and besides, it was three hundred feet from land, right out in New York's bay. (No, it hasn't been moved in; the land has been built around it.) Jenny got \$10,000 for the engagement and gave it all to charity.

The squat grey building that now looks like a half-buried railroad roundhouse has a gay old past. Originally built (1807-1811) as a fortress, it was successively known as Southwest Battery, Fort Clinton, and Castle Clinton, but no shot was ever fired from its battery of twenty-eight guns. By 1823, the federal government felt it was all pretty useless and ceded the building to New York City. In 1824, it was leased to private enterprise and converted into America's largest and most sumptuous amusement palace and concert hall, known as Castle Garden. A bridge connected it with Battery Walk; just across the park lived the town's "best people," and Greenwich Village was a distant suburb.

So that is how it happened that the belles and beaux of another period carried on their flirtations where now the sting ray waves her voluminous skirts, the slender dog fish flirts a wary tail, and the little cow fish, looking like a dowager in yellow silk, barges about her tank.

The city fathers found Castle Garden the ideal spot in which to receive visiting dignitaries, and its list of gorgeous public receptions and balls makes our more recent Broadway and ticker-tape receptions seem a bit dull. Lafayette was received there in 1824. At the ball given in his honor, six thousand were present and it was described in Foster's *Tour of Lafayette* as "a scene of enchantment which the mind could not bring itself to believe was a reality. . . ." Six thousand people

bowed and curtsied in cotillions! Compare that, you modern fans, with six thousand jitter-bugs.

Among other famous Castle Garden receptions were those for President Jackson in 1832; President Tyler in 1843; Jenny Lind in 1850; Kossuth of Hungary in 1851; the Prince of Wales in 1860.

Castle Garden was the first real home of the opera in America. Its roofless condition was convenient for the rabble, who took to the sea in boats and surrounded the garden on the water side.

As the city grew and fashionable folk moved farther uptown, Castle Garden was abandoned by society and for some thirty years served as an immigrant receiving station. In 1896, it became "The Aquarium," and as such remains today. The original walls and enormous spike-studded doors of the old fortress still stand.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Practically all the progress that man has made is due to the fact that he is mortal. If man knew that his days on earth were to be endless, all incentive to bestir himself—except to seek food and clothing—would be lost. There would be no desire to make his mark in the world; no stimulating ambition to leave the world a little better than he found it; no hungry aspiration to be remembered after he is dead. If there were no death, life would become a thing stagnant, monotonous, and unspeakably burdensome.

—Robert W. Mackenna, M. D.

This quotation from a trade paper expresses a truth that is well to contemplate in these days. We must always have an incentive to stir us to action, whether it is to live happily in the great hereafter, or to live comfortably here on earth. We know we must follow the rules laid down in the Bible if we are to enjoy life after death. We know, too, we must practice the rules of proper every day living and the recognized business precepts or we will not have economic and social security here on earth.

Entirely too much emphasis is being placed on this economic security. We need to concern ourselves with doing our very best in the sphere in which we are placed. Of course if misfortune overtakes us, we rightly may expect assurance that we will not suffer want. But the urge to make our own way in the world and to earn our own security must not be taken away from us. It is easy to destroy

the morale of a whole people by making it too easy to secure the necessities of life or to be assured of everything we need, and luxuries besides, without putting forth effort ourselves to earn them. So often we hear this country is so rich in natural resources that everyone can easily be fed, clothed, and indulged in luxuries. That is doubtless true. But unless we *work* to dig coal out of the ground, to raise corn and potatoes from the soil, to manufacture things necessary for man's comfort, how can we expect to share in these great natural resources? There is no short cut to security, whether it be spiritual or economic.

Many of the "crack-pot" schemes for quick economic security to everybody, whether earned or not, and short cuts in spiritual security, have originated in southern California. Why is it? Is it the climate? Or is it because people are seeking a Utopia and have been drawn to that delightful country in hope of securing all things a man may wish for, and failing to find them, their minds speculate on the easy way to find all these human requirements without effort? Perhaps because we are human we are always dissatisfied and will still be so if you obtain all the security promised by these visionaries of this present age.

H. N. Wheeler.

GRATITUDE

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; because his mercy endureth forever."
Psalms 118: 1.

I do not know of any motive that ought to operate more prevailingly in our hearts and minds to persuade us to contribute liberally in response to the call which is now being made in behalf of our churches, than gratitude. What did these churches mean to our fathers and to us in our youthful days, to our children and to the stranger within our gates? Drawing upon our own memories, what do these delightful sanctuaries mean to us now and what ought they to mean?

Each one of them has been a Bethel where it has been our privilege, with a clear conscience, to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Many times has it appeared to us as the very gate of heaven, and we have felt that God was hearing our prayers. "My heart is toward the governors of Israel," it is said in that ancient song of Deborah and

Barak, recorded in Judges 5, "Who offered themselves willingly among the people" (verse 9).

So, with us, the call has come; the cause is most worthy; none could be more sacred. Let us offer ourselves and our possessions most willingly.

God has done so much for us. He has been good to us beyond all comprehension. Let us offer to him of our possessions, praying to him that he will use them to the saving of precious souls. God alone can save, but he uses our possessions for the perfection of beauty in the spiritual temple which he is building upon the earth.

S. S. Powell.

Thank and praise the Lord whose mercy is very great and whose love is exceedingly deep! If I sit down and think over the evidences of God's mercy, I cannot by any means tell of it all in these few words. I must speak only of a small part of it.

During the past five years, the Master has not only changed my heart but he has delivered me from my sins. He has led me through much difficulty and suffering, and most wonderful of all he has brought me up out of my severe condition from tuberculosis. My disease had already reached the third stage and, looking at it from the point of view of man's strength, it seemed that there was no hope, but thank God for his care and his very great love, he not only forgave my sins, but also healed my body. *Psalms 103: 3.* His promises are truly not empty. He has allowed me to suffer several years of illness, but now I can be up again. This shows his great power.

During the time of my sickness if the Master had not supported me, how could I have endured it? I thank God that he has not only moved the hearts of the doctors who have freely cared for me, but also has led many who love him, both Chinese and foreigners, to supply all of my needs. Thus I have been able during my illness to rest both in mind and body. Now I have surrendered everything into God's hands, trusting that he will make my weak body strong so that I may bring glory to his name. During the remainder of my life, I wish in everything to do God's will.

Dzau We-ding.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Milton, Wis.

Years ago in Europe the head of a college was often called rector, that is, ruler, guider; sometimes he was called chancellor; then again he was termed president, that is to say, the one who sits in charge over the school.

Those who work constantly in colleges realize that the position of college president is one of the most difficult that a man can attempt to fill.

Trustees must be satisfied, money must be raised, the alumni must be kept eager to help, the public must have their attention fixed on the school, the students must be interested, persuaded, and inspired.

The combined talents of a Disraeli, a Carnot, and a Thomas Jefferson might do!

After eight years of service, Dr. Jay W. Crofoot is relinquishing the guidance of our institution. His rectitude, his principles, his effort to see both sides of every question with fairness have commanded respect. He upheld the standard of written and spoken English; according to President Crofoot our language should be spoken purely, correctly, and accurately, with no unnecessary embellishment.

His keen eye for values and his clear sense of perspective made him hate all shams and falsification in whatever form.

Doctor Crofoot cared supremely for the Christian religion and he sought to inculcate its truths. His motto might well be "Magna est veritas!"—Dean J. N. Daland, in *Milton College Review*.

Shiloh, N. J.

Sabbath Rally Day, which was intended to be on May 20, was observed in the Shiloh church on May 27. The Sabbath eve prayer meeting, Sabbath morning service, and Christian Endeavor meeting were all devoted to the Sabbath and how we should keep it. The seniors and intermediates had a joint meeting Sabbath afternoon with Gertrude Dickinson as leader. An outstanding part of it was a discussion, "Why Am I a Seventh Day Baptist?" It was agreed that home training had a great deal to do with it, but that they all were Seventh Day Baptists of their own convictions.

Shiloh ranks were reinforced on June 1, by those coming home from Salem: Jeanett and Harmon Dickinson, and Betty Parvin.

Joe Bowen arrived earlier in the week. Alton Wheeler is working here in Shiloh this summer. Ethel Main is here for all too short a stay. She is going on to Rhode Island.—*The Beacon*.

Alfred, N. Y.

Resigning after twenty-eight years of continuous service as treasurer of Alfred University, Curtis F. Randolph was honored by the university when President J. Nelson Norwood conferred upon him the degree of Master of Business Administration. He will be succeeded by Professor Burton B. Crandall who has been assistant treasurer during the past year.

A card from Dr. B. R. Crandall states that they are leaving their home at Wasco, Calif., June 29, and go to the California World's Fair, the National Education Association, etc., and then on to Alfred, hoping to reach here about the middle of July.

Dean Bond, Pastor Ehret, and Doctor Van Horn were at Letchworth Park, Wednesday, attending the annual meeting of the Allegany County Ministers' Association. Dean A. J. C. Bond was elected president.

Dr. J. Nelson Norwood spoke over radio station WSVS, Buffalo, Wednesday morning from nine until nine-thirty o'clock, using as his topic the various offerings of Alfred University in the fields of general and vocational training.

—Alfred Sun.

Salem, W. Va.

Dr. S. O. Bond, president of Salem College, is conducting the Quiet Hour services at two o'clock this (Thursday) afternoon at the state Christian Endeavor convention being held on the campus at Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.

For many years Doctor Bond has been active in the work of the state organization, and his Quiet Hour has become a tradition among West Virginia Endeavorers.

Wednesday (June 14) he delivered the address at the convocation exercises at Shepherd College, in Shepherdstown, at ten o'clock in the morning.—*Salem Herald*, June 15.

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

The Sabbath truth is becoming increasingly essential and significant. The past has preserved it for us. The present needs it. The future will require it. How shall the Sabbath be most effectively promoted? In some measure by the continued training of preachers and teachers in the School of Theology.

The School of Theology is a means to an end just as our denomination is a means. The Sabbath itself is a means. Christian personality is the end that we seek. Wherefore shall it be achieved unless these and other proper vehicles are empowered and employed? Let us thank God for the School of Theology. May she increase in power and employ.

Hurley S. Warren.

THRILLS

We were awakened this morning by the feathered choir of many voices from the trees. We were thrilled, and thanked the heavenly Father for the birds. Then we thought of the garden club and the thrills we got yesterday afternoon, by study of flowers and visiting Mrs. Lockard's beautiful garden. We praised our Maker again.

Then we thought of our thrills last night, while we listened to the Salem College Symphony Singers of forty voices. Oh! the thrill that came with the blush of young blood, in the beautiful faces of that group—more beautiful than the Crocus of early spring, or that great smiling family of Narcissus, or the fragrance of Daphne, Mimosa, or the Miracle Magic Lily.

Then I thought of the things and people that had influenced my life from childhood up—the Bible readings, prayers, and songs of my faithful father and mother at the family altar. Then there were the prayers, exhortations, and sermons of that sainted evangelist, Rev. Samuel D. Davis, and of Rev. Walter B. Gillett, Charles A. Burdick, Charles M. Lewis, John L. Huffman, evangelists; and of Rev. Hiram Burdick, Theodore L. Gardiner, E. A. Witter, George W. Hills, Ahva J. C. Bond, George B. Shaw, and James L. Skaggs, pastors, who have helped to build my life and inspire me to faithful Christian living.

Again, I said, "O Father, we thank thee, we praise thee, we adore thy holy Name."

Mrs. Geo. Trainer.

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O B I T U A R Y

Clark. — Norman Carew, son of Edmund S. and Arabella Champlain Clark, was born in Westerly, R. I., December 7, 1878, and died at his home in Farina, Ill., June 16, 1939.

He moved with his parents, when quite young, to Farina, where he lived until his death. On March 12, 1892, he joined the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church and was a faithful member. On September 17, 1914, he married Antoinette Olsen. Of their two children one survives, Norman Olsen Clark of Farina.

Funeral services were conducted in the Farina church by his pastor, and interment was in the Farina cemetery. A. T. B.

Keen. — Julia Ann Hoffman, daughter of Joseph and Mary Hoffman, was born October 28, 1864, in Clay County, Ill., and died at her home in Farina, Ill., June 14, 1939.

On October 10, 1883, she was married to Andrew Keen. Their five children survive: Mrs. Anna Perry, Mrs. Calla Burge, Mrs. Jennie Bee, all of Farina; John Keen of Benton, Ill.; and Roy Keen of Silverton, Ore.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor A. T. Bottoms, and burial was in the Keen Cemetery, near Farina. A. T. B.

This age that does not want the blood of Calvary is an age of murderers above all other ages.—*Dr. Will H. Houghton.*

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.

TOURIST ROOMS—One mile north of junction of Routes 62 and 31 (off 122A via Worcester). Fay Farm, Princeton, Worcester Co., Mass.

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