

by one hundred fifteen associates, friends, and admirers at the Elm Tree Inn last night at a home town recognition dinner which honored Doctor Barber for his achievements in the field of invention.

Reference was made by speakers to the most recent honor accorded Doctor Barber, that of being named among twenty-nine modern pioneers and receiving wide recognition in Washington, D. C., and in Boston.

Colonel Bourdon A. Babcock, president of the Pawcatuck Board of Trade of which Doctor Barber is chairman of the board of directors, was toastmaster. Also at the head table were Charles P. Cottrell, president of the Cottrell firm, Arthur M. Cottrell, Jr., and Philip Cottrell.

Mr. Barber's career was traced in an interesting talk by Karl G. Stillman, associate of the guest of honor at the C. B. Cottrell Company.

—Westerly Sun (Oct. 29, 1940).

Ashaway, R. I.

At a meeting of the Ashaway Ladies' Aid society of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, Mrs. Everett T. Harris, who has been secretary and an active worker in the society, was presented with an "occasional" chair by the society. Mrs. Howard Kenyon, president, made the presentation and the following lines written by Mrs. Walter D. Kenyon were read by Mrs. Hazel Oates:

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,
And turn a few pages in memory tonight;
Bring to our vision the scenes of the past,
For these are the ones that in memory last.
Long years have gone by, we recall with a shock,
Since we called Pastor Harris to shepherd our flock.

There is only slight change from the gay, girlish bride

To the matronly helpmeet who walks by his side.
The parsonage echoes with bustle and noise
And the scampering feet of three lively boys.
The years have been pleasant, no ugly scenes mar
The working of people and pastor thus far.
So—forward—go forward, but **don't**, as you leave,
Heed all of Paul's warnings; 'twould cause us to grieve.

We pray you remember **some** things left behind—
The **places** and **folks** where your past is entwined.
Reluctant, we bid you God speed toward the west;
May our good years together give your future new zest.

This gift is intended to bring you repose,
And preacher folk **need** that, as everyone knows.

You may rest sure our friendship and all our good will
Will follow your path and abide with you still.
Evangeline C. Kenyon.

ARTISTS

By Irene Hulett

They are impractical, 'tis said,
Those people of creative mind
Who, in their fellowship with Art
A keen enjoyment find.

'Tis true, they may not way-wise be
In many of the things of earth,
Yet who shall say these dreams of theirs
Are not of equal worth?

The birds, the flowers, the summer breeze,
The sunshine after rain,
Are God's consoling messengers
To ease our human pain.

Likewise, the brush, the pen, the song,
The skill of instrument
May joyous missionaries be
To lessen discontent.

And he to whom this urge is given,
In greater or in less degree,
Should not repress this hidden thing,
But loose—and set it free.

God made them so; he wills that they
Should not these talents waste or dim,
And what can be more practical
Than pleasing him?

MARRIAGES

Anderson - Mudget. — At their new home in White Cloud, on October 12, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Lola Mudget, a young widow, was united in marriage with Carl Anderson, a local merchant. About fifty guests were present. A recording was made of the music and ceremony. L. M. Maltby, the bride's pastor, solemnized the marriage.

OBITUARY

Beyea. — Ernway Langford Beyea, son of Lewis and Harriet Whitford Beyea, was born near Alfred, N. Y., January 2, 1881, and died in New York City, October 25, 1940.

In 1902, he was married to Edith Swinney, and to this union were born three children, Richard, Betty, and Lewis.

He was baptized when a lad and joined the First Alfred Church. In later years he supported the church in the community where he lived. For some years his home had been in Brooklyn. He is survived by his wife, their three children, and his mother who lives in Alfred.

Services were conducted by Dean A. J. C. Bond, who was assisted by Rev. George B. Shaw. Interment was in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

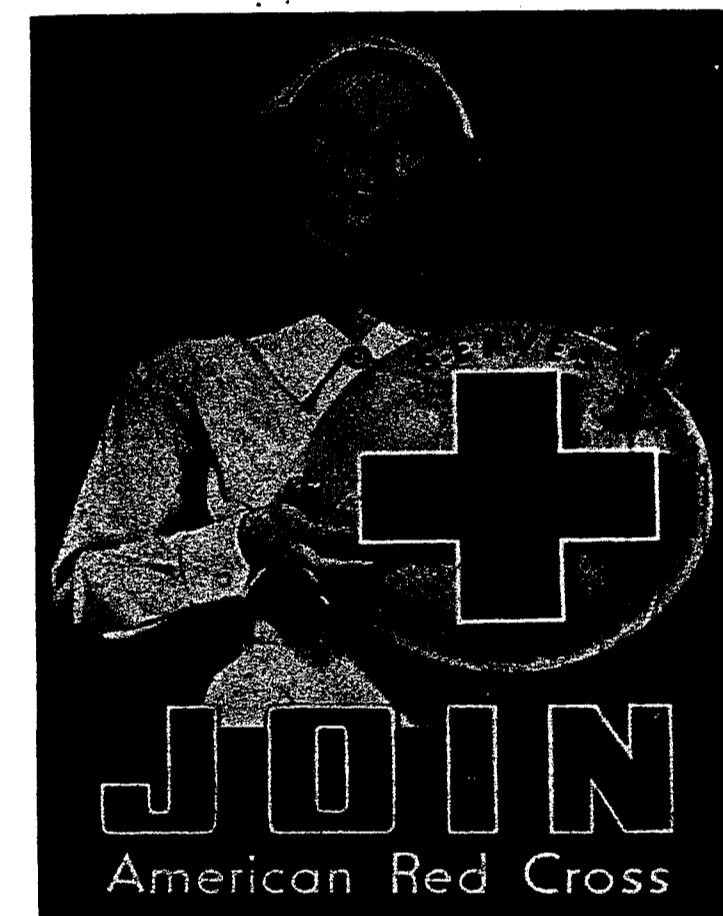
A. J. C. B.

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 129

PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 18, 1940

No. 21



See article following editorials

Contents

Editorials.—A Thanksgiving "Blackout"? No.—"Gave Thanks."—That Letter	346
Red Cross Volunteers Work Many Hours	347
Missions.—The Cost of Climbing Sycamore Trees	348-351
Denominational Budget	351
Woman's Work.—Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.—Letter From the Board	352
Daily Meditations	353
Young People's Work.—Meditation From Pre-Conference Camp.—The Challenge of the Community	355
Conscientious Objector's Certificate	356
Children's Page.—Our Letter Exchange	357
Pacific Coast Association	358
Our Pulpit.—Thankfulness for Hunger	358-360
Denominational "Hook-up"	360
Marriages.—Obituaries	360

The Sabbath Recorder

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EDITORIALS

A THANKSGIVING "BLACKOUT"? NO.

How can we find courage to give thanks to God in a time like this? Look at the misery about us in our homeland—poverty, cold, hunger—suffering within stone's throw of many who read this. Abroad, such darkness, such despair—with the horrors of war like a funeral pall over three continents. Sudden death showered down upon innocent children and tender mothers. "Blackouts" of so much we hold dear. And in our own land, registration and conscription of the flower of our manhood, to say nothing of back-breaking debt and taxation. What have we to be thankful for? Like Israel of old, millions are led to exclaim, "How can we sing the Lord's song?"

In answering this cry, we must say—it is not easy. But, perhaps, in the very depths of the dark situation we may find the answer in the encouragement of faith. We believe the foundations are not shaken. Early in the depression gripping us for the past ten years, John Haynes Holmes preached a clarifying, gripping, and prophetic sermon on, "The Good in Bad Times." He urged that in such times we find a demonstration that our lives are lived in a moral universe. What could we think of God if his laws did not work; if one did not reap of the kind which he sowed? Yes, we can be thankful for a moral universe, and for unshaken foundations.

We can be thankful for our religious and spiritual heritage, for the Church, and the love and fellowship of friends. We can

be thankful for life amidst pleasant surroundings and opportunities for service.

We can be thankful for America—and those who have given it to us with its freedoms and blessings; for its apartness, giving greater security and opportunity to work out in a fuller measure the purpose and will of God.

Truly, there is much to thank God for. But we must beware lest we become self-righteous and self-centered—like the Pharisee—and pray, "God, I thank thee I am not like other men." Our very blessings and privileges should make us humble and make us sensitive to grave responsibility for the welfare of others; eager to help others. In our thanksgiving, shall we not pray—"and make me a blessing to others"?

"GAVE THANKS"

For us who sometimes wonder what we have to be thankful for, may well come the scene and the person of which and of whom these words are recorded.

It was the upper room, with none of the bright and glittering settings that mark modern banquets or dinner parties—the low table dimly lighted—but what a company!

Jesus said he had greatly desired this occasion with his disciples, and gave no sign of the impending doom over their heads.

So, we read, "He gave thanks." Do we ever wonder—"for what?" Yet Luke distinctly says he gave thanks. We would like to have heard his gracious words. Reverently some of the things for which he gave thanks are suggested:

There was the bread. Jesus never failed to use and recognize the smallest things. He who refused to meet his own need by turning pebbles into bread did not disdain bread—nor neglect to be thankful for it. Before he would distribute the "wee bit" of the lad's lunch, on the mountain side, he must give thanks. Yes, for the smallest bit of bread or comfort or service he "gave thanks." Doubtless, too, he gave thanks for the twelve who were about him at the table—none perfect, one even a betrayer, all weak, and men who would leave him in a dark hour and flee for personal safety—for them he gave thanks. They were his friends. He loved them, and they loved him. Upon them must he depend in days to come to carry on his work. On them would come the Holy Spirit and they would staunchly and courageously prove worthy of their calling.

Then there was God's will. Would he not give thanks for that—even though that will soon would lead him through the Garden and to Calvary? But he knew God's plan. All along God had guided his steps, and his plan and purpose had increasingly become plainer. Though apparent defeat lay ahead of him; though suffering such as humanity had never known was to be his—the suffering of the race upon his own heart; though the darkest shadow ever cast spread its pall upon him—he could "give thanks" for the will of God. A little later would be wrung from him in the bitter hour, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done."

Finally, we suggest, he gave thanks for the cross. That upon which men looked with terror, he saw as symbolic of the great purpose for which he had come into the world. A writer at a later time exhorted the Christian to look unto Jesus, "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

In the light of such thanksgiving, cannot we all take courage when everything at this thanksgiving season seems so dark? We can be thankful for the multitude of little things that are ours and which bring us untold blessings. We have friends and loved ones. We have the will of God—and we can be thankful for opportunities for great sacri-

ifice. Above all we have Christ and his sacrifice for us that has "brought life and immortality to light," our Savior and Friend. Shall we not give thanks?

THAT LETTER

A letter is just at hand from a friend made in early pastoral days of more than forty years ago. It brings a glow of gladness and thankfulness that one has such a friend. He recalls the fellowship of other days and of his continued interest in the one who was his pastor then. He speaks of a pride he has had in his friend's Christian growth and of his deep appreciation of the work the writer is now doing. He does not hesitate to tell of his love, affection, well wishes, and prayers. Who can properly evaluate such a letter? It does something to one, causing him, oh, so deeply, to want to be something like the person his friend thinks he is—to be worthy such confidence.

Doubtless every reader has had similar letters, and like emotion. We are better for such epistles. When they come from the heart they do far more good than their authors know or appreciate.

Have you written yours? Not to the editor—but to that other friend who needs the stimulus and encouragement that such a message would give. You know who the friend may be. He is bearing heavy burdens; has met with reverses and losses; is discouraged, perhaps, or plodding doggedly along doing the best he can. That letter may be the one thing needed to put new heart in him, new spirit, new life and determination. To know that some one knows and cares, has interest and confidence, will lighten the load and set the chin with renewed courage and hope.

That letter. Has it been written? Or has the will to write not been quite strong enough to crystallize the emotion? We are beset by duties and weighed down by responsibilities. But surely we can find time—now and then—to write that letter. And it costs but three cents to send it.

RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS WORK MANY HOURS

Because of the European War Red Cross volunteers have been especially busy this past year. A total of 540,000 women gave almost 12,000,000 hours to Red Cross work.

In production services, these volunteers made 1,201,571 garments for use at home and in Europe, 9,958,201 surgical dressings for hospitals in this country and the war zones, some 25,000 layettes, and more than 18,000 Christmas bags for soldiers, sailors, and marines stationed outside continental United States.

Volunteer Braille workers produced 1,145,963 pages in raised type for the blind, while canteen workers served more than 80,000 meals. Other volunteer services that were active during the year included the Motor Corps, the Gray Ladies, who are active in government hospitals, the Nurse's Aides, and Home Service workers.

Volunteer services of the Red Cross were organized largely during the World War. Today they are the medium through which hundreds of thousands of men and women devote a portion of their free time to serving their fellow men.

Needless to say, clubwomen throughout the country have been active in this work. They are to be found in all branches of Red Cross service and in many communities clubwomen take a leading part in the Red Cross chapter's activities.

Though the Red Cross is today faced with heavy tasks abroad, there can be no letup in its activities at home. In addition to the volunteer services, these include first aid and water safety instruction, public health nursing, and assistance to service men and veterans or their families must be continued. The 3,721 chapters and the national organization must maintain a state of preparedness to cope with disasters of all kinds and magnitudes. The Medical and Nutrition services, which not only conduct their own programs but also serve in an advisory capacity to public and private health and welfare agencies the country over, must keep up their good work. In fact, all these services, and many others, too, must be ready and able to meet new demands as they arise.

There is but one way in which this can be done. The strength of the Red Cross, its membership, must be increased. The low annual dues received from members and such voluntary contributions and gifts as are received from time to time, are the sole source of Red Cross funds used for normal activities.

The annual Roll Call, when everyone from coast to coast is invited to affiliate with a local Red Cross chapter takes place from November 11 to November 30. Last year in that period more than 7,000,000 men and women joined the Red Cross ranks, while an equal number of boys and girls were affiliated with the Junior Red Cross. This year, to enable the organization to meet its tasks those figures should be raised to eight, nine, or ten million. Join your local Red Cross chapter!

MISSIONS

THE COST OF CLIMBING SYCAMORE TREES

(Sermon delivered by Rev. A. L. Davis during Missionary session at Conference, Battle Creek, Mich., 1940)

Text: And he (Zacchaeus) ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him (Jesus), for he was to pass that way. Luke 19: 4.

If Zacchaeus ever counted the cost of climbing that sycamore tree, it must have been after the day Jesus came to town. And if he ever considered whether or not it was worth what it cost, he confronted one of the most delicate and vital questions of life.

Zacchaeus had counted the cost in lesser adventures. There was a day when the offer came to him to become a tax collector for the Roman government. He weighed it in the balances. On the one side he must have put the scorn of his people, which was the lot of every publican. On the other side he put the possibility for himself and family to live on Fifth Avenue instead of the East Side. Thus he counted the cost and made his choice.

However, the worst feature of his choice was not that he became a tax collector, but that he chose the advantage it offered to make money at the expense of his fellows. The vital decision in such cases is not that a man chooses to be a merchant or lawyer, a doctor or a minister, a Pharisee or a publican; but whether or not he chooses first of all to maintain the integrity and honor of his own manhood.

It may seem strange that Jesus paid any attention to Zacchaeus. However, friendship is born of mutual attraction and mutual interest. Zacchaeus must have seen in Jesus

more than the average spectator in that motley crowd. Undoubtedly Jesus saw more in Zacchaeus than even Zacchaeus dreamed was there. For Jesus saw in Zacchaeus not the man he was, but the man he might be.

That is the way Jesus always looks at men. When he beheld the rich young ruler "he loved him"; not for what he was then, although he was an admirable young man, but for what he might be. When Simon Peter came to Jesus, the Master said, "Thou art Simon, but thou shalt be called Cephas, a rock." What a thought for us to carry in our hearts, against some day of defeat. If Zacchaeus only could have realized the full meaning of climbing up where he could get a good view of Jesus Christ, he would have known that it were a costly adventure. It always is.

But there are others who have paid the price of climbing sycamore trees:

There was a man named Nicodemus, a Pharisee, who one night climbed a pair of stairs that he might get a good look at this same Jesus. Life was never the same for him after that night. It was a costly adventure. It impelled him to face the entire Jewish Sanhedrin and bear testimony to a new evaluation of life. But it was also a priceless adventure. All the rest of his life took its tone from that evening.

Shortly after Nicodemus' experience, there was another young Pharisee—Saul of Tarsus—who climbed up where he caught a glimpse of Jesus. Although he was only witnessing the death of a heretic, he saw on the face of the dying man something he could not forget. And never in all the after years could he be satisfied to go back and live as he had lived before he got a good look of Jesus, mirrored in the face and testimony of the dying Stephen.

But let us picture some modern men who have climbed their sycamore trees:

On April 10, 1829, a boy—William Booth—was born in Nottingham, England, who was destined to be remembered as one of the greatest religious heroes. His father was a rich man, but through speculation had lost his entire fortune—this just as William was finishing a happy boyhood. So William began his career in a pawnbroker's shop. The one bright spot in his drab existence was a little Wesleyan chapel. One day the local preacher passing along the street called

cheerily to a woman who was hanging out some clothes on the line, "I say, Missus, if your heart is not washed cleaner than these clothes, you'll never get to heaven." Those words from a rather illiterate preacher, led William Booth to climb his sycamore tree. As he stood among the dusty, musty goods of the pawnshop, those words were to him the voice from heaven. And he never stopped till he had that clean-washed heart.

Though led to see Jesus in the Wesleyan chapel and ordained there to the gospel ministry, the church authorities condemned his work among the outcasts. One day the church was shocked when they saw a rabble of youth, under Boothe's leadership, scuffle into the pews, ragged, odorous, filthy. The church censured him for his conduct but offered him the privilege to bring these boys to church, if he would bring them in at the back door.

In 1855, he married Catharine Mumford, and began his remarkable career of preaching on the streets, in halls and saloons. The church placed him under censure. After ten years of trying to get along with the church, came a time when he was given the alternative of giving up his evangelistic work or resigning from the church. He stood in the front row, tall and erect. Casting his eye to the gallery, he looked straight into the eyes of his wife. He didn't say a word. Rising in her place Catharine Booth shouted, "Never! Never!" Walking out of the meeting he met her in the hall, and together they began the great work for God that has girdled the earth. In the midst of his great work called "The Christian Mission," someone wrote to inquire what it was. He began his dictated reply, "The Christian Mission is a volunteer army." Then he took up the pen, scored out "volunteer" and wrote "Salvation." And so it has been.

About fifty years ago, D. L. Moody was preaching Christ to the people of London. One evening a young medical student wandered that way, and in Moody's face and testimony he caught a glimpse of that same dynamic Person—the Man of Galilee. Unwittingly he, too, had climbed a sycamore tree and had seen Jesus. Life was never the same for Wilfred Grenfell after that. It was a costly adventure, for he gave up all his prospects for a brilliant career as a London physician and surgeon. That same Person

who went home with Zacchaeus to dinner, beckoned young Doctor Grenfell to come to the bleak coast of Labrador to heal and hearten certain fisherfolk, not unlike those who plied their trade in Galilee. (Since this sermon was preached at the General Conference, Doctor Grenfell, at the age of seventy-five, after forty-three years of active service, has laid down his work and gone to his eternal home.)

A Japanese student said some years ago that the strange thing about Jesus is that you cannot get away from him. "You can pronounce him an inspired man, or a mad man, a genius, or a fool," writes Dr. E. F. Tuttle; "you can accept him or reject him, befriend him or betray him, die for him or crucify him—the one thing you cannot do is to ignore him."

Since climbing sycamore trees and getting a good look of Jesus is such a costly adventure, is it not strange that we go right on planting and cultivating these same trees?

One hundred twenty years ago a little band of men and women planted such a tree right here in Verona, where I am writing this sermon. With the mere changing of the date and place it might read Middle Island, or Boulder, or North Loup, or Ashaway, or your home church. We are the heirs of their labors and sacrifices. Sabbath after Sabbath you go to your church for what we call an hour of worship. Not always, but now and again, I trust, it turns out that you have climbed a sycamore tree and caught a glimpse of that same eternal Christ and what he would have you to be and to do. If so, life can never be quite the same in the days to follow. You can never be quite satisfied to go back and live by lesser standards.

Recently there passed to her reward one of the saints of God who, having seen the face of Jesus, found her whole life changed. When she entered medical college and asked to be excused from school work on the Sabbath, stating that she was a Seventh Day Baptist, she was excused from classroom work, but was told she could never make it. But she did, passing with high honors.

Her whole life was one of service. She didn't serve for money. She delivered hundreds of babies and cared for them, for which she never received a cent; attended more than a thousand mothers in confine-

ment, and never lost a mother. Now she is gone and the whole community mourns her going. Here is what the secular press had to say: "The life and activities of the greatest humanitarian we have ever known were stilled last Sunday morning when death claimed Dr. Xenia E. Bond. Not only do we feel personally that Salem has suffered the greatest loss in its history, but . . . (others) agree that she was Salem's most valued citizen."

I wish to pay tribute to another doctor, a personal friend, and one of the finest Christian men I ever knew, Dr. E. S. Maxson, of Syracuse, N. Y. He was instrumental in organizing the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, and through his devotion and self-sacrifice the church was held together for more than twenty-five years. He was educated, refined, and a Hebrew scholar. His work among the poor, the needy, the unfortunate, was an outstanding contribution, especially among the colored and Hebrew people.

The only instruction I ever received in personal work and visitation evangelism, of any vital worth, came through contact with this consecrated man, as I went with him making his professional calls in the evening. Here a colored family into which had come a new baby; there a Hebrew mother whose daughter was seriously ill; here a family suffering from lack of food and clothing; there a family being wrecked by a drunken husband and father—he gave medical care when needed, but prayed with and for each of these needy folks. How glad they were to see him! How they loved him!

On October 15, 1933, we laid his small, somewhat deformed body to rest. At the close of the funeral service a woman, evidently poor, and a stranger to me, took me by the hand and with tears streaming from her eyes said, "There lies the body of the best friend our family ever had." Yes, he died poor; but one of the richest men in Syracuse! Having climbed his sycamore tree and looked into the face of Jesus Christ, he could not live by a lesser standard than he did.

Now it may cost you dearly when a business deal offers you an opportunity to be a typical publican. It may cost you dearly, when once you have seen Jesus face to face, to stand out against the crowd whose

social standards and ideals are not those of the Christ, or your own parents. It may cost you dearly to be willing to give up that pleasure which you say, "I want to have," when having it means trampling upon the Sabbath and desecrating your own conscience. Yes, having climbed your sycamore tree and seen the face of Jesus, you can maintain the integrity of your own manhood only by living on the higher levels of life.

You parents bring your children to the house of God Sabbath after Sabbath. Don't you know that this is risky business? Don't you know that some rare teacher may help your boy to climb a sycamore tree; and that some day he may take those Christ-principles into the marts of tomorrow and practice them at any cost? And that your daughter may lose some social preferment in an artificial set because she, too, has climbed up where she could see Jesus?

Now that is what we have yet to consider in the case of Zacchaeus. How did Zacchaeus fare as a publican after that memorable day when Jesus came into his home and heart? Remember, he was not invited to follow Jesus with Peter and James and John, but was left to stay in his own home town, which is something **harder**. I believe that Zacchaeus made good. This story would not be worthy a place in the New Testament if Zacchaeus failed. The New Testament is not merely a newspaper, recording what happened in that day, irrespective of its value. It is sifted "good news."

I don't suppose Zacchaeus was, ever after, a saint; but I do believe he made a creditable record. Occasionally, no doubt, he was caught in the grip of vicious circumstances, and fell pitifully short of "the measure of the stature of Christ"—that measure which captivated his soul that day when Jesus came into his home and heart. I believe he refused to give up. That is true heroism.

If you say it is not possible for a man, woman, or youth to be a Christian in this modern world, then we condemn the religion of Christ to imprisonment—in the churches, in creeds and songs—and forbid it to go down into the market, the factory, and the home. That has been tried before, and has always been a failure. When such is tried, religion petrifies and civilization putrifies.

Before you and I try such a course, let us hear again the plea of Christ: "The kingdom of God" will come as if a woman took a cake of yeast and hid it in three measures of meal until the whole lump is leavened. "Ye are the light of the world." But men do not light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but on the stand that it may give light to all that are in the house. "Ye are the salt of the earth." But salt in order to preserve and season must give itself to and lose itself in that which is to be preserved.

If we are to be Christians on the Sabbath, but publicans and sinners from Sunday to Friday night, then both our religion and our civilization are doomed. And we become the assassins of our own and our children's happiness.

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET Statement of Treasurer, October, 1940

	Receipts	
	October 1940	Total for 4 months
Adams Center		\$ 38.60
Albion		44.72
Alfred, First	56.70	349.00
Alfred, Second	49.45	88.35
Associations and Conference		211.00
Battle Creek	81.55	136.80
Berlin		10.00
Boulder	23.15	46.35
Brookfield, First	14.25	39.75
Brookfield, Second	2.50	31.25
Daytona Beach	9.00	36.70
Denver	12.40	46.70
De Ruyter	22.00	80.50
Dinuba		11.30
Dodge Center		9.00
Edinburg	5.50	27.50
Farina		40.00
Fouke		1.75
Friendship		12.55
Gentry	1.50	4.50
Hebron		10.80
Hopkinton, Second		5.00
Independence	15.00	50.00
Individuals	8.00	451.97
Jackson Center	6.00	15.00
Little Genesee	19.24	94.96
Little Prairie	2.00	41.00
Los Angeles	2.50	10.00
Lost Creek	2.50	85.10
Marlboro	65.35	103.65
Middle Island	7.87	13.30
Milton	137.45	449.78
Milton Junction	86.43	184.49
New Auburn		7.00
New York City		113.00
North Loup	25.99	65.99
Nortonville	10.00	20.00
Pawcatuck	134.55	891.05

People's S. D. B. Church, Washington	5.00	5.00
Piscataway		21.73
Plainfield	122.85	411.89
Richburg	12.00	49.50
Ritchie	5.00	11.17
Riverside	35.00	157.10
Roanoke		5.00
Rockville	8.10	27.60
Salem	52.00	142.50
Shiloh	130.88	410.46
Verona	30.20	43.65
Waterford	16.00	39.40
White Cloud	30.89	69.45

Comparative Statement

	This year	Last year
Budget receipts—October	\$1,175.40	\$1,421.64
Special receipts—October	73.40	179.70
Budget receipts—4 mos.	4,851.81	5,547.41
Special receipts—4 mos.	421.05	2,353.48

Disbursements

	Budget	Specials
Missionary Society	\$ 522.24	\$ 54.25
Tract Society	124.08	
S. D. B. Building	78.36	
Woman's Board	10.44	
Ministerial Retirement	65.28	2.00
Historical Society	8.52	
General Conference	166.32	.50
Board of Christian Education ..	224.76	16.65

Morton R. Swinney,
Treasurer.

Niantic, Conn.

W O M A N ' S W O R K**MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING**

The Woman's Board met in regular session November 10, 1940, in the Mrs. G. H. Trainer Sabbath school room with the following members present: Mrs. E. F. Loofboro, Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. Hallie May, Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, Mrs. S. O. Bond, Mrs. Okey W. Davis, Mrs. G. H. Trainer, Miss Lotta Bond, and Miss Greta Randolph.

The members each gave a verse of Scripture and Mrs. Skaggs led in prayer.

Greta Randolph was appointed secretary pro tem.

Mrs. S. O. Bond gave her treasurer's report, showing a balance of \$662.64. The report was adopted as read.

A letter was read from Rev. Marion Van Horn accepting the call to be promoter of evangelism. The contract with the promoter of evangelism was presented and approved by the board.

Voted that the treasurer pay the neces-

sary moving expenses of Mr. Van Horn when the bill is presented.

Voted that Mrs. Okey Davis, Mrs. May, Mrs. Trainer, Mrs. Edward Davis, and Greta Randolph be a committee to plan an installation service for Mr. Van Horn; this service will be held at the next regular board meeting.

Voted to adjourn to meet at the regular time in December.

Mrs. E. F. Loofboro,
President,

Greta Randolph,
Secretary pro tem.

Salem, W. Va.

LETTER FROM THE BOARD

Dear Friends:

Perhaps you feel that you have had to wait a long time for your fall letter from the board. We thought the Conference articles and the accompanying letter from Mrs. James L. Skaggs were so full of material that they would bridge the space between. The delay is not from inactivity of the board. We have met every two weeks since Conference, making plans for our special project.

Two weeks ago Rev. Marion C. Van Horn met with us and discussed the aim of our evangelistic project and methods by which it could be carried on. Two weeks previous to that meeting Rev. A. L. Davis met with us in a similar discussion. During the meeting with Mr. Van Horn a statement from the board concerning the project, a copy of which appears in the Recorder of November 4, 1940, was adopted by the board.

We expect to have the plans completed very soon and a man on the field before Christmas.

The women at Conference felt that the goals were very helpful in unifying our work, and suggested that they be continued with some changes. The board adopted them as follows:

1. Give as much or more to the United Budget as last year, and otherwise encourage its support.
2. Promote interest in the Sabbath Recorder through increased subscriptions.
3. Stimulate tithing or some other plan of proportionate giving.
4. Encourage Seventh Day Baptist women to ally themselves with the temperance movement.

STEPHEN BABCOCK**A Biographical Sketch**

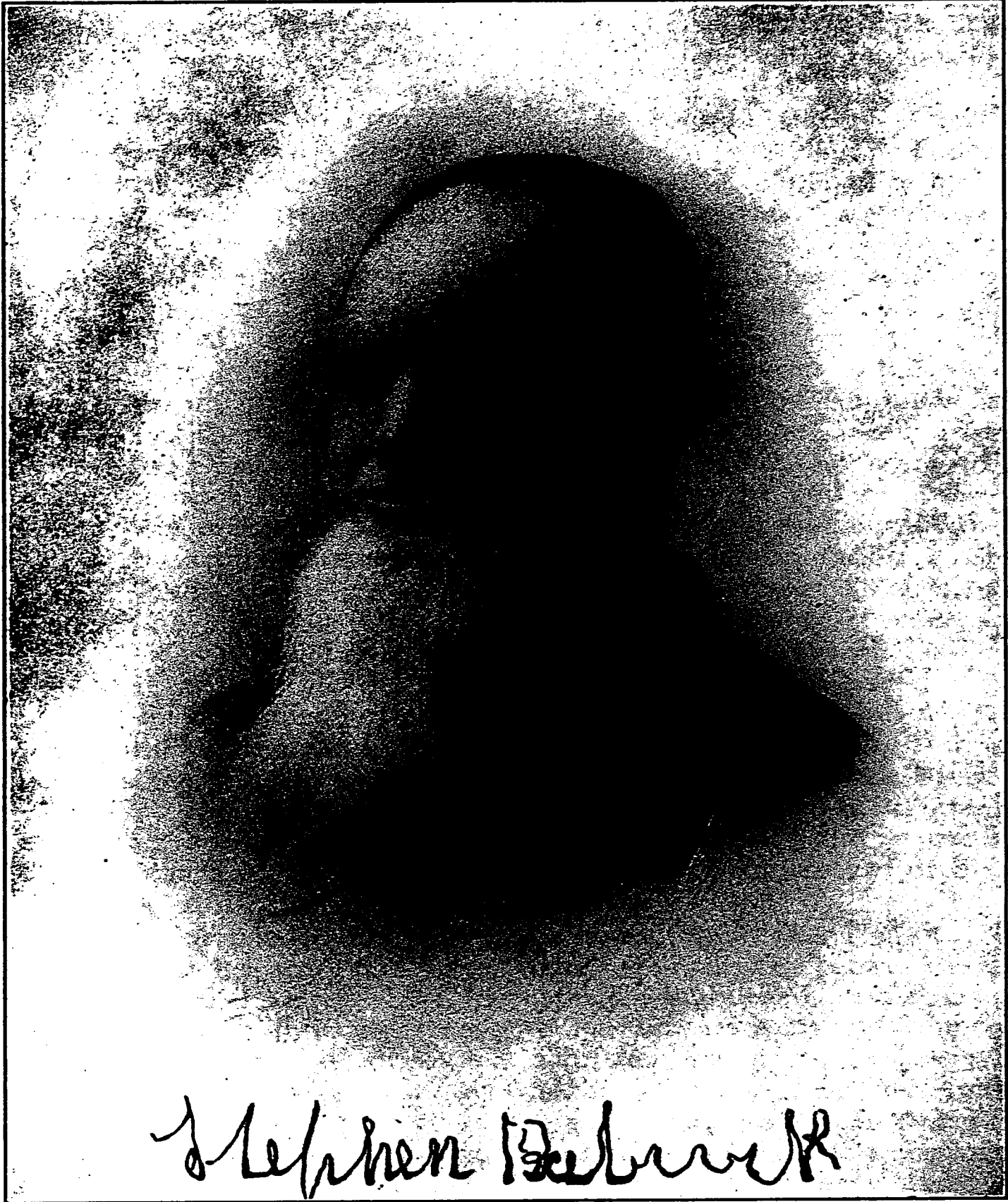
By

CORLISS FITZ RANDOLPH

Supplement to The Sabbath Recorder

Plainfield, New Jersey

November 18, 1940



Stephen Fairbank

STEPHEN BABCOCK 1832-1916

By Corliss F. Randolph

I make no apology for the long delay in completing and making public this biographical sketch of Mr. Stephen Babcock, which is likewise designed to be an appreciative tribute to his memory. While such a sketch and such a tribute come with a certain feeling of sentimental value and satisfaction soon after the decease of their subject, while the heart is still sore and sensitive from the newly-experienced loss, it is equally true that delay makes for accuracy and completeness such as could not be attained in any other way. Then, the more conspicuous and the more prominent the personality of the subject, the more difficult it is to gather together all the threads of biography that should be woven into the fabric of the finished tapestry that is to depict the life thus commemorated.

I knew Stephen Babcock for the twenty-seven years immediately preceding his death. In a certain sense, the acquaintance was an intimate one, but it was in a restricted sense, for he was a man who gave his full confidence to but very few. When I first came to New York City in the fall of 1889, he was the most conspicuous member of the New York Church, and so remained up to the time that he was stricken with his last illness, on Thanksgiving day, November 27, 1913. For by far the greater portion of this time, I was his confidant concerning church and denominational affairs, and of them I write largely from personal knowledge and from recorded history. For such history as I have of other phases of his life, I am indebted to numerous friends, including intimate members of his family.¹

Mr. Babcock came of a long line of sturdy New Englanders. He was of the eighth generation of his family in America, a family which enjoys the distinction of an ancient lineage in England. It is believed that it arose through a Saxon warrior, of the ranks of Hengist and Horsa. This soldier is supposed to have come to England with the Saxons to assist the English in their struggle against the Picts and Scots, and to have founded the family in 449 A.D. Whatever its origin, however, it appears to have been widespread in England, representatives of it having been found in Cornwall, Devonshire, Lincolnshire, Middlesex, and Essex,

but most numerous, apparently, in Essex. Earlier, the name was spelled *Badcock*²—supposed to have been pronounced as if it were spelled *Badco*—and it retained that form to the second generation in this country.³

The founder of the American branch of the family was James Badcock, who was born in 1612, supposedly in Essex, England, and came to this country and settled in the town of Portsmouth, R. I., as early as February 25, 1642, where he occupied a position of importance as official gunsmith in that town. In this capacity, he frequently inspected the firearms of the colonists, and kept them in condition for immediate use in the event of a sudden attack from the Indians. In March, 1662, he removed to Westerly, R. I., where he and his three sons were of the twenty-four freemen in that town at the time of its incorporation in May, 1669. At the age of fifty-eight years, he was baptized by Elder William Hiscox, and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Newport and Westerly.

John, the second son of James Badcock, married Mary Lawton, and settled on the banks of the Pawcatuck River, near what is now Avondale, R. I., where he was active in Indian warfare and in public life. There appears to be no record of his church membership.

James, the eldest son of John and Mary Lawton Badcock, better known as Captain James, established his home in Westerly, where he was born and where he died. The Christian name of his first wife was Elizabeth; it is not definitely known what her maiden name was. It is believed by some to have been Saunders, by others it is conjectured to have been Babbitt, or it may have been neither. In 1692, Captain James

1. Among those consulted in the preparation of this sketch, aside from those noted in the text, were the following: Mrs. Stephen Babcock; Mrs. Julia M. B. Ambler, Mr. Babcock's sister; William C. Hubbard, Recording Secretary of the Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund; Arthur L. Titsworth, Recording Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society; Mrs. George P. Fenner, Mr. Babcock's niece; William L. Clarke, President of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society; Dr. Boothe C. Davis, President of Alfred University; and Miss L. Adelle Rogers, long associated with Mr. Babcock as a teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind.

2. The Babcock Genealogy. Compiled by Stephen Babcock, New York, 1905, has been constantly consulted.

3. The name still retains this spelling in England. Cf. Babcock Genealogy, p. 1.

became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Newport and Westerly; and when the Westerly branch became an independent body—now known as the First Hopkinton Church—he became a constituent member, and at his death bequeathed the church one hundred pounds in money.

James, Jr., son of Captain James and Elizabeth Babcock, married Sarah Vose, the daughter of an Englishman. James, Jr., and Sarah settled upon a farm in that part of Stonington, Conn., which is now known as Pendleton Hill, in North Stonington. They were members of the Congregational Church at that place.

Oliver, son of James, Jr., and Sarah Vose Babcock, married Anna Avery, and settled upon that part of his father's farm which was bequeathed to Oliver. The latter and his wife were members of the North Stonington Congregational Church.

Hon. Daniel Babcock was the youngest of the nine children of Oliver and Anna Avery Babcock. At fourteen years of age he became an apprentice to Elder Henry Clarke, who was a blacksmith. Upon the expiration of his apprenticeship, he established himself as a blacksmith at Potter Hill, R. I., where he married Content Potter. He was active in public life, serving in both houses of the legislature of his state, and as county judge for a period of some ten years. He was a deacon in the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church for about fifty-eight years, and served it as chorister for nearly fifty years.

Oliver, son of Daniel and Content Potter Babcock, in company with his brother, engaged in the manufacture of edged tools at Potter Hill. He participated in public life; and, on the occasion of Dorr's Rebellion, enlisted for military service in behalf of the state. His wife was Phebe, daughter of Stephen and Phebe Burch Babcock. At the age of twelve years, he became a member of the First Hopkinton Church, and remained so till his death.

Stephen, the subject of this sketch, the youngest son and sixth of the eleven children of Oliver and Phebe Babcock Babcock, was born at Potter Hill, R. I., December 22, 1832; and died at his home at No. 48 Livingston Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., May 19, 1916. Besides his wife, who passed away soon

after his death, he was survived by two sisters, Dr. Lucy Almy Babcock, of Alfred, N. Y., since deceased, and Mrs. Julia M. B. Ambler, of Chatham, N. Y., also deceased.

From childhood, Stephen's eyes were weak, and by the time he had reached the age of twelve years they had become so much so that he was obliged to relinquish attending school, and abstain from any other employment that would tax his eye-sight. When he was sixteen years old, he met with an accident that further intensified this weakness of his eyes, so that they rapidly grew worse. Eye specialists in Boston, New York City, and elsewhere, were consulted, all to no purpose. In the hope that his general health might be improved, he frequently went back and forth on a sloop which sailed between Westerly and New York. For a time, he was a clerk in his uncle's store; he then engaged in manual pursuits to a greater or less extent upon his father's farm. One day when out in the field cradling grain, his sight failed to such an extent that he was obliged to stop.

As a last resort, he made a journey to Utica, N. Y., in company with his sister Amanda, afterward Mrs. Greene, to visit an oculist there, of whose success in treating such diseases, he had received encouraging reports. As he passed through New York City on his way to Utica, he was able to distinguish the masts on the shipping along the river front; but on his return, he could not even see them. By the time he was nineteen years of age, he was wholly blind. Total blindness was succeeded by long weary months of serious illness, to which was added mental despair consequent upon his loss of sight. His illness was such that he seldom left his bed. Finally, however, recovering his strength to some degree, he resolved to think the problem that faced him through to a conclusion. So, taking a day, he strolled through the fields with which he was familiar, and fought his fight with himself successfully to victory, and determined to make the most of his misfortune, and to fit himself in some way for such things as those in his condition could do, and to add as much as he possibly could to the sum of human happiness—of others as well as himself—and no one who ever knew him in the three score years and more that followed ever questioned that he realized his purpose.

In pursuit of his determination, he now came to New York City to do some kind of manual work suited to the sightless. Shortly afterward, in 1853, he entered the New York Institution for the Blind, with which he sustained an active connection for fifty years. Here he availed himself of the advantages offered by the Institution to such good purpose that, upon the completion of his course in training, he was made an instructor in 1855; and two years afterward, in 1857, became the principal teacher, a position he held until his retirement in 1904. Indeed, his native qualities for leadership were manifest earlier, for while yet a student in the Institution, observing that the matron felt it a burden to conduct the morning and evening prayers in the school chapel, he offered to relieve her of that duty. The offer was accepted, and he performed the service in a satisfactory manner. His fellow students, who, it was feared by the superintendent, might be disposed to mark this departure from the established practice by making a disturbance, recognized his qualifications for such an office, and accepted his ministrations with every evidence of confidence and respect.

As a teacher, he laid great emphasis upon the necessity of the blind performing, wholly mentally, all those things which pupils possessing normal eye-sight were able to do because of that. This was particularly true of the subject of mathematics. Here pencil and paper, as a matter of course, are of no use to the blind in performing long, intricate calculations; so the mind must assume the full burden otherwise borne by such helps. To that end he trained his pupils in rapid, accurate mental work. Among other things, for example, he taught them the multiplication table to *twelve times twenty-five*. His pupils readily performed long examples in multiplication and its applications, such as interest, etc., in a manner that astonished those who did not understand his methods. He was equally successful in teaching algebra and geometry.

While engaged in teaching geography, he directed the construction of the first raised, dissected maps for the use of the blind. These he afterward improved and perfected, furnishing a complete set for the use of his own school, besides other sets for Institutions

for the Blind in Europe and America. These maps remained the standard appliances of their kind to the time of his death.

At the time that Mr. Babcock resigned his position as teacher, the Institution for the Blind had grown to such an extent that twenty teachers were required to meet its demands.

It has been asserted repeatedly that in the earlier years of Mr. Babcock's services in the Institution for the Blind, former President Grover Cleveland was his private secretary. It is a matter of record that, when a young man, Grover Cleveland was employed in the Institution for a time. That he did secretarial work for Mr. Babcock, as other employees and teachers in the Institution were in the habit of doing, such as writing for him and reading to him, is doubtless true, as the present writer is assured upon competent authority; but that young Cleveland occupied a definite position as Mr. Babcock's private secretary, there seems to be no real reason to believe. That Mr. Babcock had a certain acquaintance with President Cleveland, an acquaintance recognized by both upon occasion, is wholly true.

Mr. Babcock's activities were by no means confined to his professional duties as an educator. He interested himself in social, business, and philanthropic work. When his brother Nathan organized the Babcock Printing Press Company, at New London, Conn., in 1882, Mr. Babcock became a stockholder, and so continued up to the time of his death. For a number of years, he was a director of the company.

As a citizen, he was patriotic, loyal, and faithful to his civic duties. He kept himself informed as to current news, and could easily carry on an intelligent conversation or argument concerning almost any topic with which any wide-awake citizen might be expected to be familiar.

In 1904, he became a trustee of Alfred University and retained that office until his death. Alfred University was the principal beneficiary of his will. That institution conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1902.

For the last thirty-five years of his life, he was a director of the American Sabbath Tract Society. From 1900 to 1905, he was vice-president of the Society; and from 1905

to 1914, its president, succeeding J. Franklin Hubbard in the latter office. He served on the committee of the directors of the Society having in charge the removal of the Publishing House of the Society from Alfred, N. Y., to Plainfield, N. J., in 1894. He was a member of the committee charged with the revision of the charter, constitution, and by-laws of the Society in 1903. He served as chairman of the Committee on Tract Society Work at the annual session of the General Conference in 1904. In 1903, at the time an effort was made to merge the corporate bodies concerned into the General Conference, he was a member of a small committee which represented the Tract Society on the "Joint Sub-Committee on Legal Status and Formulating Plan of Union" of the various corporate bodies affiliated with the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference. As president of the Tract Society, he was *ex officio* member of all the committees of the Society, and of the Board of Directors. The last meeting of the Directors which he attended was on November 9, 1913, less than three weeks before he was stricken with his last illness.

From October 12, 1902, to August 29, 1915, Mr. Babcock was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund. At the first meeting of the Board which he attended after his election, he expressed his high appreciation of what he considered the honor conferred upon him by such election, and pledged his best efforts to the interest of the Board. He was very regular in his attendance at its meetings, and by much skillful questioning, kept a clear idea of all its transactions. The last meeting at which he was present was that of October 12, 1913.

At its annual meeting at Shiloh, N. J., in August, 1905, the General Conference elected him president for a term of two years; the exacting character of the duties of the office proved too great a burden for him, however, and at the end of one year he resigned. He made the programme and presided with his characteristic dignity at the annual session of the General Conference at Leonardsville, N. Y., in August, 1906. His manner of performing public duties on this occasion called forth many words of commendation and praise. And well it might; for Stephen Babcock was a man of commanding presence.

To see such a man, who was sightless, read the Holy Scriptures with manifest ease and understanding to an assembled multitude, to see him read his address—an address worthy a man of intellectual power, such as he possessed—all in raised print such as the blind use for reading; and then to observe the calm deliberation, and cool presence of mind with which he presided throughout the sessions of the General Conference, was a historic scene. For, among all the worthy men who have held that office in the one hundred and thirty-eight years of its existence, the General Conference has had but one such president. He served the General Conference in ways other than as its president. Throughout the trying period of adjustment, already briefly referred to in connection with his activities in the Tract Society, he served in various capacities. He was a member of the General Conference's Committee on Entertainment in 1901; of the Committee on Readjustment in 1902; and of the General Advisory Board of the General Conference in 1906 and 1907, or until the Board suspended active operations. He represented the General Conference in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America from 1906 to 1910, inclusive; was a member of the Board of Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment from 1901 to 1913, inclusive; and of the Board of Systematic Benevolence from 1902 to 1912, inclusive. He was also a member of the Sabbath School Board of the General Conference from 1904 to 1912, being one of its incorporators in 1908.

He became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society in 1880; but, although greatly interested in all its activities, and especially so in those of the China mission, he never was a member of its Board of Managers, so far as available records show.

He was likewise a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society, but apparently never a member of its Board of Directors. That the interests which it fostered lay very near his heart is amply attested by his benefactions to Alfred University, Milton College, and Salem College.

Occupying a large place in his heart, and among his non-professional activities, was the rehabilitation of the Old First Hopkinton Cemetery, near Ashaway, R. I., and the gathering together of the remains of those

pastors of the First Hopkinton Church who served it from 1686 to 1852, and the erection of a suitable monument to their memory. The old cemetery had been sadly neglected for many, many years. Occasionally some effort was made to clean it up and put it in presentable form. But such efforts were more or less spasmodic, and never undertook to do what was really demanded by the then existing conditions. About the first of September, 1879, a movement was started to restore the cemetery and grounds, and to provide for their care in perpetuity. This project greatly interested Mr. Babcock from the beginning, and he soon became recognized as its leading spirit. An organization was effected, funds were subscribed, a charter from the state legislature was obtained for the new association, additional ground was purchased for enlarging the cemetery, the proper authorities were induced to change the location of the public highway, so that it would no longer run through the grounds, and a competent landscape architect was employed to plan and supervise the contemplated improvements. From the very beginning of these activities, there was reserved a spot for the last resting place of the former pastors of the church and for a suitable monument to their memory. There they were all gathered together except the remains of Elder Thomas Hiscox, whose last resting place seems to be unmarked and unknown to this day. Through the generosity of the Misses Maria L. and Harriet W. Potter, warm personal friends of Mr. Babcock, the long contemplated monument to the memory of all the pastors was erected. After all the improvements, including the monument, were paid for, a very handsome sum of money remained, which was invested as a permanent endowment fund, the income only of which should be used for the perpetual care of the cemetery. This work was all completed, and the Ministers' Monument dedicated, under the auspices of the Cemetery Association, on the afternoon of the last day of the annual session of the General Conference held with the First Hopkinton Church, at Ashaway, R. I., August, 1899. Mr. Babcock, as president of the Association, presided over these exercises, and made the introductory address. It was in this hallowed ground to which he had given so much loving care and valuable time

and not a little money that he was to find his own last resting place nearly seventeen years afterward. Although he had relinquished his office as president, he remained a trustee of the Cemetery Association until his death. The last meeting of the trustees which he attended was on September 15, 1913, a trifle more than two months before the beginning of his last illness.

Another object which commanded Mr. Babcock's interest was the New York City Sabbath Tract Society. Inasmuch as the records of this Society have been lost, it is difficult to speak of its activities with the degree of certainty that one could wish. It seems fairly certain, however, that it was organized, originally, largely, if not wholly, of those who were members of the New York Seventh Day Baptist Church. This church was believed to be favorably situated for the propagation of the Sabbath truth, through the circulation of literature, by lectures, and by other available means, perhaps. Its leading spirit appears to have been Thomas B. Stillman, who supplied the funds for the accumulation of a small, but valuable, library of books pertaining to the Sabbath and to Seventh Day Baptist history. Not many years after the death of Mr. Stillman in 1866, the Society appears to have lapsed into a state of somnolence, from which it was aroused by the fact that a legacy of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) has been left the New York City Sabbath Tract Society by a friend of Mr. Babcock's, though not a Sabbath-keeper. In the meantime, Mr. Babcock had been elected president of the Society, which, however, was not incorporated, and, therefore, not competent to hold property under will and testament. Nevertheless, upon the advice of counsel, Mr. Babcock had the Society incorporated and sought to establish a claim to the legacy. In this he was unsuccessful, and, with the *quasi* disposal of the property of the Society, all its activities ceased.

Still another project which occupied his attention for many years, one that was, in a way, related to certain of those already discussed, was the compilation and publication of the *Babcock Genealogy*,* in which he sought to trace the various lines of descent of his family from the time of the arrival

* This is the book already cited in this sketch.

of the founder of the American branch in this country, down to the time of going to press with the book, which was published in 1903. He was occupied in the compilation of the book for some thirty years or more; during the last four years of this time, he gave all of his otherwise leisure time to this task. His work is represented by some 650 pages, octavo size, of printed matter, which is presented in a very attractive form. The book is copiously illustrated with portraits and other subjects, including the Babcock coat-of-arms in colors. The work has been pronounced one of a high order of merit by librarians and genealogists. It would almost seem as if this book alone would be a lifetime achievement for a man deprived of his sight. With Mr. Babcock, however, it represents but one of the many activities in which he engaged to successful purpose in the course of his life.

For it must not be forgotten that his one outstanding interest, his one real mission in life, was that of a teacher of the blind. In all too literal a sense, their misfortune was his misfortune; and the joy and happiness that he found in a life of service, he sought to make their joy and happiness. To that end, he devoted all the energies of body and mind with which his Creator endowed him; and his success in that direction is attested by the thousands of blind people who came into a close contact with him, and from him learned that physical blindness is compensated by a more acute quickening of the remaining senses, and by a stimulated mental and spiritual growth, a growth that might not otherwise be attained.

After he had retired and established his home in Yonkers, N. Y., to pass the remainder of his years peacefully, he sought to encourage his neighbors in their efforts to cultivate local civic pride by becoming a member of the South Yonkers Improvement Association, and for several years previous to the beginning of his last illness, he was vice-president of this organization.

Mr. Babcock was a devout Christian. He used to say that so far as he knew he was always a Christian. Brought up in the bosom of a devout family, he breathed in the very atmosphere of the Christian's faith and devotion. Prayer with him was no empty form, no mere sound of words, but a very real communion with his Heavenly Father.

From the time that he first came to New York City in 1853, he was a regular attendant at church, and shared its activities as far as any one could who was not formally a member of it. It was not until 1872, however, when, under the pressure of certain adverse influences which threatened the very existence of the New York City Church, he took steps to become a formal member. As the initial step, he was baptized on August 3, of that year, and united with the First Hopkinton Church, of which his family for two preceding generations had been members, and, on the 4th of the following January, transferred his membership to the New York City Church. At an adjourned business meeting of the church, held in his office in the Institution for the Blind, on the First-day of the week, March 2, 1873, he was made a member of a committee which was appointed to sell or lease the church property—a building on leased ground on East Eleventh Street in New York City; and two weeks later, on March 16, at a business meeting held at the home of Thomas S. Rogers of Brooklyn, he was made a trustee. At this meeting, notice was given that his sisters, Mrs. Phebe J. B. Wait and Mrs. Julia M. B. Ambler, as well as Dr. William P. Langworthy, Miss L. Adelle Rogers, and Elder Lucius Crandall, desired to become "stated hearers" of the church. Mrs. Wait and Mrs. Ambler were received into full membership in the church on the 31st of May following, and Doctor Langworthy and Miss Rogers somewhat later. Thus quickly did his plan for rehabilitating the church take tangible form. It is literally true that this episode was a real crisis in Mr. Babcock's religious experience. He had never before felt the necessity of the formal public avowal of his faith, as expressed in church membership. It was also a crisis in the history of the church, which speedily showed the effect of the new blood in its veins, and again became a flourishing body. All of this was due, in no small measure, to the sane, intelligent, spirited leadership of Mr. Babcock in its hour of peril. In 1893, he was elected treasurer of the church to succeed Francis H. Stillman, who resigned the office at that time. Although not made treasurer until more than twenty years after he became a member of the church, he was intimately identified with its finances, as a trustee, from

the beginning of his membership. He was officially concerned in the settlement of the church with the estate of Thomas B. Stillman, who had made the church a beneficiary under the terms of his will. He was likewise prominent in the negotiations for the sale of the chapel belonging to the church, in East Eleventh Street, as previously indicated, and of the church property at No. 80 East Seventh Street, which was the former home of Thomas B. Stillman, purchased by the church as an investment after his death, and of the cemetery in Plainfield, N. J., that was the joint property of the Plainfield and the New York City Churches. In all these transactions, he scrupulously guarded the financial interests and the honor of the church, both alike. It must not be inferred, however, that he was any the less spiritual in his daily life, or in his relations with the church, because of his great interest in its temporal affairs. He lived close to his Maker, and to his fellow men. He kept himself in a close, warm sympathy with all the interests and activities of the church, and gave freely of his time, his counsel, and his money to its spiritual well-being and uplift; and, though his lips are silent, the memory of his example and of his wise counsels are full of throbbing life, and are an inspiration to those left behind; for he was a wise counsellor and an elder brother and father to all his church associates. His hospitable home was always open to all of his brethren and sisters, whether for purely social calls, or for advice or comfort in times of perplexity and trouble. For many years the business meetings were held in the parlor of his residence at 344 West 33rd Street in New York City; for a time the Sabbath morning services were conducted there; and for many years immediately preceding the time that he was forced to abandon it because of projected public improvements requiring the site of his home, the Sixth-day evening prayer-and-covenant-meetings immediately preceding the communion service on the following Sabbath were also held there. His was the home of Seventh Day Baptist ministers and other denominational friends temporarily in the city. Not the least of the pleasures of his church work was his relation with the pastor. In this connection it may be interesting to note excerpts from

remarks of two of his former pastors at the time of his death.

Rev. George B. Shaw, who was his pastor for five years, said,

"Stephen Babcock was church treasurer and trustee all the time that I was pastor in New York. I have traveled much with him, have read to him, and have written for him, and I never ceased to marvel at the man.

"Few men knew the city as well as this man who never saw it. When the Bronx Park was opened, he took me to see it. We went arm in arm, and I carried the guide-book. We paused at the entrance till he examined how the heavy woven-wire fencing was fastened to the iron posts. He measured the 'Rocking Stone' with outstretched arms, and told its weight. He asked the width and depth of the river at the falls, and quickly figured the number of barrels of water passing per minute. He listened to the reading of the guide-book and seemed never to forget. But Stephen Babcock's mental powers were not more remarkable than his spiritual life. The secret of his humble trust in God, and all his satisfying Christian experience was, if indeed it be a secret, that like the patriarch of old—'He endured as seeing him who is invisible.' He was positive but charitable, strong but gentle. In all our intercourse, I never heard Stephen Babcock say an unkind word to any one, or of any one."

Another pastor, Rev. Eli F. Loofboro, said,

"During a period of four years I knew him intimately in his relation to his home, his church, and the school in which he labored so long and efficiently. He was loyal to God, and a true friend to men. When I knew him best, he was well advanced in years but young in heart. He kept well informed upon general topics of the day, which doubtless did much to keep him sympathetic with real life, and, therefore, companionable to old and young, and an inspiration to both. He never mentioned his blindness to me but once. This was not counted by him as an affliction, but rather an occasion of many blessings which came to him during his life time, many of which came through a devoted wife and companion, of whose love and service he was apparently never unmindful or ungrateful."

His last pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, said,

"There were certain outstanding features of his life which were indelibly impressed on all who knew him, and which explain the abiding love they felt toward him.

"First. His life in the home was a life of sunshine. Early deprived of his eyesight, he resolved that he would not let his misfortune cast a shadow over the lives of his loved ones and friends; and from that moment he began to cultivate the spirit of cheerfulness, and all who knew him were aware that this quality was one of his richest possessions. He radiated good cheer and courage wherever he went.

"Second. His home-life was always one of unbounded hospitality. Even to those from whose course of life he differed so widely, he showed the utmost cordiality; and along with this hospitality, he was generous to a fault. No one ever appealed to him for aid, worthy or unworthy, who did not receive help in some measure.

"Third. He was a man of unshaken faith in God and loyalty to his convictions. He was a man of vision, and labored not for the present but for the future. For that vision, we who are left the heritage which he has left us in the fellowship of our church, rise up and call him blessed. In that period of the church's history when the future seemed so dark as to be almost hopeless, there were those who advised the abandonment of the organization and the distribution of its funds; but Mr. Babcock, with faith in God and his truth, and with a vision of the future and a sense of duty to the coming generations, insisted that there was a future in this city for the church, and maintained its organization very largely at his own expense. And the wisdom of his course, and the justification of his faith, are witnessed in the splendid organization of today and in the blessing that flows into so many lives from the fellowship of our church.

"Last, but not least, his walk was a walk by faith. On numberless occasions during these seven years, I have acted as his guide about the streets of Yonkers, and on his way to Plainfield, where he presided over the meetings of the directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society. And in all these walks, I have been conscious of the divine presence and of the hand that was leading him to the Heavenly Mansions above. Physically he was dependent upon the guidance of his earthly friends; but in his spiritual walk he was sustained by the hand of his Heavenly Father, in whom he trusted with implicit faith."

In behalf of the American Sabbath Tract Society, Rev. Edwin Shaw said,

"How often have I seen Mr. Babcock coming down the street and to the steps of the church where the meetings over which he presided with such dignity and justice were held! How strong he seemed, how erect and boldly he walked! And when I took his hand in greeting it was as gentle as a mother's, as warm and trusting as a child's, and I always felt that combination of strength and beauty.

"It was even so in his character, in his life, in his relations to the work of this Society. There was a stability about him, a firmness, a steady assurance, that gave to the rest of us hope and confidence and courage; such was the influence of the strength of his character, of his mind and heart.

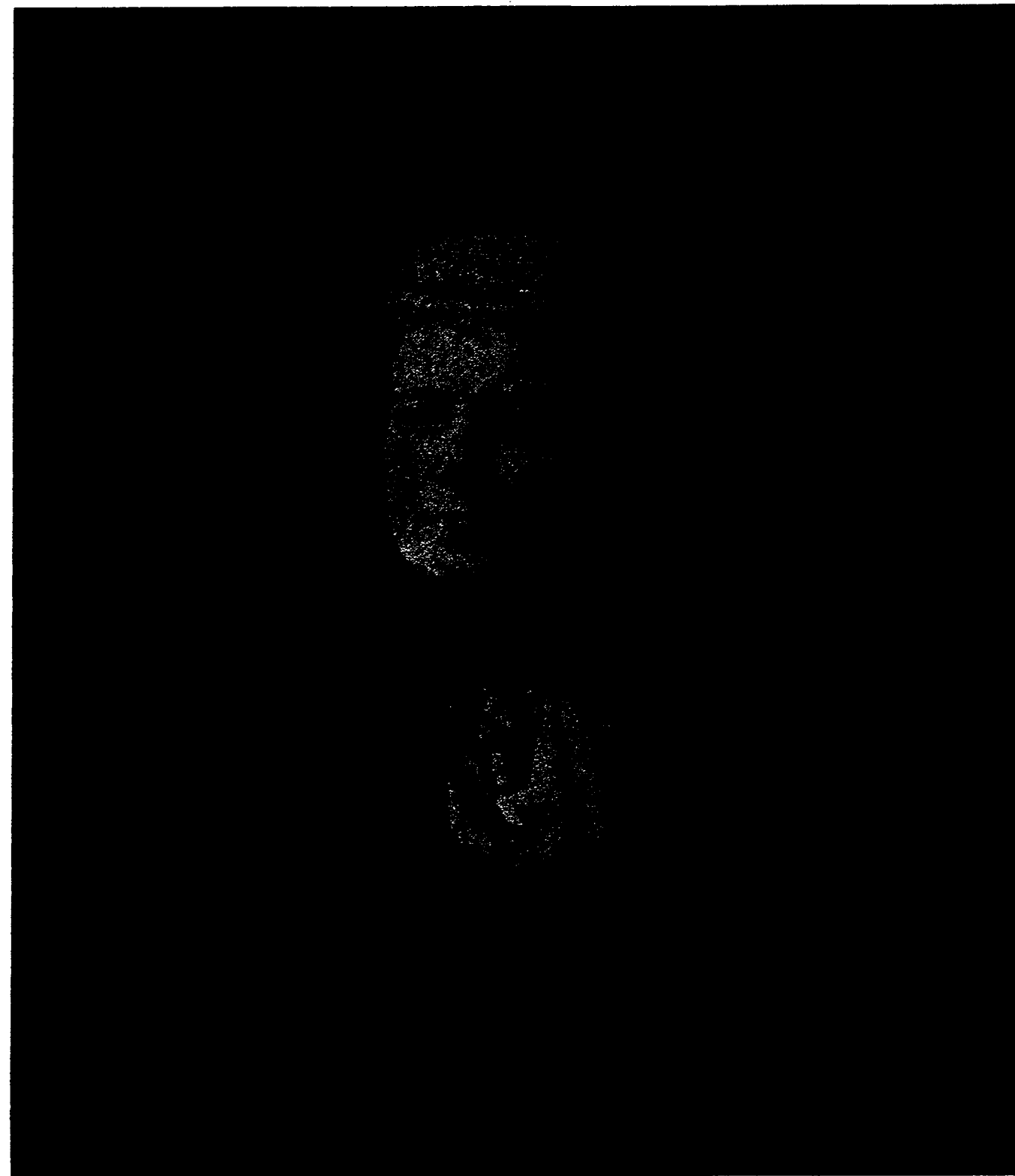
"And there was that sweetness and gentleness, and gracious courtesy, all so sincere and unaffected, that we were made, even in times of doubt and debate and disaster, we were made patient and forbearing and charitable, and were inspired to imitate his unselfish devotion to the work in hand, led on by the strength and beauty of his life."

After his recovery from the shock of

his blindness, Mr. Babcock enjoyed good health, with occasional lapses into slight indisposition, all his life up to the time of his retirement from teaching and for some years afterward, when there developed certain symptoms of a gradual slowing down of his physical and mental vigor, incident to advancing age. His health was good, however, and his mind perfectly clear. On Thanksgiving day, November 27, 1913, he was stricken down, the result of a blood-clot in the brain. After a time, he rallied somewhat, but never wholly regained either his physical or mental powers, except for occasional intervals, until on May 19, 1916, he was called to his Heavenly Home.

Funeral services were held at his late home on Sunday, May 21, 1916, at 48 Livingston Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., conducted by his pastor, the Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn. Besides that of the pastor, addresses were made by the Rev. Edwin Shaw, Corresponding Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society, and by the Rev. Loyal L. Bigelow, a life-long, intimate friend. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Boothe C. Davis, President of Alfred University; and two hymns, *How firm a foundation*, and *Abide with me*, were sung by Dr. Harry W. Prentice of the New York City Church. Besides a generous representation from the New York City Church, the following organizations and institutions were among those represented: New York Institution for the Blind, American Sabbath Tract Society, Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund, Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, Seventh Day Baptist Education Society, and Alfred University. The next day, May 22, accompanied by a number of friends, the body was taken to Rhode Island, where it was laid to rest in the family plot in the First Hopkinton Cemetery. The brief service at the grave was in charge of the pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn; the committal was made by the Rev. Loyal A. Bigelow, and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. Edward B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society.

On July 10, 1878, Mr. Babcock was married, in Washington, D. C., to Henrietta Van Patten, widow of John H. Taylor, of Amsterdam, N. Y. Mrs. Babcock, who was born at Glenville, N. Y., some thirty miles



HENRIETTA VAN PATTEN BABCOCK

(Mrs Stephen Babcock)

1840-1916

west of Albany, September 25, 1840, was the daughter of Adam C. and Maria Groot Van Patten. She attended the public schools of Glenville, and then went to the State Normal School at Albany, N. Y., for further training. After completing her work at Albany, through the influence of Mr. William B. Wait, then connected with the New York Institution for the Blind, she came to the Institution as a teacher, from October, 1865, to June, 1866. Mr. Wait, who had married Mr. Babcock's sister Phebe Jane, had attended the Albany Normal School, himself, and thus became acquainted with Miss Van Patten. At the close of her year's work in the Institution, Miss Van Patten joined her family in Washington, D. C., whither they had but recently removed. On the 16th of July of the following year, 1867, she was married to John H. Taylor, of Amsterdam, N. Y., where the newly married couple made their home until the death of Mr. Taylor, October 16, 1870, after which Mrs. Taylor returned to her father's home in Washington, where she remained until her marriage to Mr. Babcock. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor had one son, Ralph, who died in early manhood. For a year or more after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock lived at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, in New York City; then Mr. Babcock purchased the house at 344 West Thirty-third Street, where they made their home until forced to abandon it to make way for public improvements, as already related. For a time, then, they lived at No. 363 West Thirty-fourth Street, until Mr. Babcock retired from his duties at the Institution for the Blind. For a year or more, now, they traveled through the north-western and western parts of the United States, going as far west as the Pacific coast, for the double purpose of diverting Mr. Babcock's mind from the absence of school duties to which he had been so long accustomed and in the hope of improving Mrs. Babcock's health, which had been impaired for some time. When, on their return, they re-established their home, it was at No. 48 Livingston Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., where they both lived until their death.

Mrs. Babcock was noted for the beauty of her Christian character. Of a bright, cheerful, sunny disposition; possessed of a keen warm sympathy, of rare mental poise, of a

gracious personal presence, and of acute intelligence, she not only made a beautiful, happy home for Mr. Babcock, but was his loyal, devoted, helpful adviser, possessed of a rare tact that saved her sightless husband many an embarrassment. With a holy hatred of injustice, of wrong, of vice, of sin in any form, she was the zealous champion of the suffering and down-trodden. Her hands and her purse were ever open to ameliorate the conditions of the unfortunate and the needy, and to minister to the claims of righteousness and charity and philanthropy. For many years she was an active worker in the cause of temperance, and was an earnest advocate of woman's suffrage. Indeed, as Miss Frances E. Willard is often said to have done far more for the cause of temperance by the charm of her personality in social life than in any other way, so Mrs. Babcock may be said to have influenced people in behalf of any cause she espoused in a similar manner. Hers was a high type of gracious, feminine womanhood, devoid of any hint of masculinity or undue aggressiveness, but characterized by a firmness of faith in God and in conscious right that placed conviction of her sincerity and unselfishness beyond all cavil.

She was Mr. Babcock's daily assistant and confidential secretary. His dedication of his book, *Babcock Genealogy*, "To my dear wife, whose faithful assistance has never faltered during the long years which have been necessary to complete my task, I gratefully dedicate this volume," was no mere formal convention. Much of the laborious detail, such as a sightless man could not do, she had done for him. Nor was such service by any means confined to this book. It extended into every phase of his greatly diversified life, those of a non-professional character in particular; and when he laid down his vocational duties, her share in his avocations increased rather than lessened. Previous to the time of her marriage to Mr. Babcock, she was a consistent member of the Dutch Reformed Church. On January 2, 1886, nearly eight years after this marriage, she became a member of New York City Seventh Day Baptist Church, transferring her membership thither from the First Hopkinton Church, the door through which Mr. Babcock had preceded her into the New York City Church.

For a number of years Mrs. Babcock had suffered from a pulmonary trouble, which advanced insidiously but steadily. Everything suggested for her relief that seemed to promise well was tried, all without avail. The trip already spoken of to the Pacific coast did not afford the anticipated relief. After the beginning of Mr. Babcock's long, last illness, while others shared her burdens as far as humanly possible, the weight of added responsibility and anxiety and care occasioned by his condition, drained her physical resources sadly, and, at the time of his death, it was clear that the day of her own departure was rapidly drawing near; and, on August 6, 1916, the Angel of Death released her, too. She had realized her desire of many years that she might survive Mr. Babcock, so that she might see that he was comfortably cared for in his last days, and now she was ready to go. She was survived by one sister, Miss Margaret I. Van Patten, of Yonkers, N. Y., who had made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Babcock for a number of years. Brief memorial services were conducted at her late home by her pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, on August 8, and on the following day, accompanied by loving friends, the body was taken to Rhode Island and laid beside that of Mr. Babcock in the First Hopkinton Cemetery.

To Mr. and Mrs. Babcock was born one child, Phebe Maria, who was born at Potter Hill, R. I., August 11, 1879, and died in New York City, November 1, 1885. Her coming was a source of great joy to her parents, no less so to her father than to her mother. As an example of his devotion to his little daughter, an observant neighbor relates that when Phebe Maria was old enough to stand at the window and watch her father as he left home for his daily duties at the Institution for the Blind, at a certain point on the way he would stop, and with a beaming smile would turn toward the window where he knew the little one was watching him, lift his hat, and then walk on. As her coming was a great joy to them, so was her untimely death a great grief to her parents. After her death, as long as Mr. Babcock was able to go about, he wore upon his watch chain a little engraved band of gold that his little daughter had worn upon her finger.

To a keen observer of Mr. Babcock's life, two characteristics were notable: His abiding faith in his Heavenly Father, and his love for, and his loyalty to, his friends.

Mr. Babcock was not a man whose intimate acquaintance it was easy to make. Always courteous in his manner, he had the unconscious reserve of a man deprived of that sense which is the window of his mind, and who is obliged to reserve his opinion of new acquaintances until he has had opportunity to test them in such ways as other means permitted. But once accepted as friends, he was unflinching in his loyalty to them. On the other hand, if he felt that any one had consciously done him a wrong, he placed the most charitable construction possible upon the act, and then sought to dismiss it from his mind.

His religious faith was a simple faith, and as rugged and stalwart as it was simple. His early childhood training, and his struggles with himself and his Maker over his blindness had fixed his heart for all time; and though he lived in the midst of the storms of controversy over certain phases of theological doctrine that had raged for forty years, they made no impression upon his heart. His religious experience was too real and too personal for any dogma, or any question of the claims of "New Theology" or "Modernism" as opposed to "Orthodox Theology" or "Fundamentalism" to disturb his serenity of mind. His faith was anchored to the Rock of Ages, and he exulted in the security of his anchor. He rejoiced in song, in the stable, abiding hymns of the church; and at the Sabbath service, his full, rich, sonorous voice added a certain quality of religious conviction to the congregational singing that was refreshing and satisfying to his fellow-worshippers. Whatever he did, he sought to do in the spirit of his Master, and with such a spirit pervading his life, he unconsciously influenced the lives of others for the better. Only a few days before his final summons came, one of the nurses who had cared for him for a long time, said to him in one of his lucid moments, "Mr. Babcock, I'm very glad to have known you. Your influence has been very helpful to me." "Thank God for that," he replied; and it was with a benediction in his heart that he went to meet his Maker.

Monday, November 25

In the beginning was the Word. John 1: 1.

Today I am thankful for the Bible. I have recently learned that in the Bible are found wonders heretofore dreamed of. In the Psalms and Job are found specimens of poetry—such as none of us who long to write could even aspire to. Where is there more beauty than "He that dwelleth in the secret places," or "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof"? Where can there be found more deep interest, more tenderness, more pleading, than is given to us in the gospels—"Come unto me," and "love thy neighbor," and "suffer little children"? Where is there more lofty exhortation than can be found in Paul's writings? Oh, well can be sung, "Give me the Bible."

Prayer—Dear Jesus, make me more worthy of the Book of Life. Amen.

Tuesday, November 26

Which shall be to all people. Luke 2: 10.

Today I am thankful for people. It is fun to watch the ripples of water spread when a pebble is cast in a pond. The circles widen and widen until the entire body has been touched. One's family could be the first ripple, and for our loved ones we can be glad. Jesus loved his brothers and sisters, his mother, and his earthly father. Then the ripples widen to all the people—friends who mean a lot, friends who do not mean so much; or to those we know barely enough to speak to, to those we meet in business, to the ones we know only through work or play, and then to those of our own nation. From then on it is but a short step to other nationalities. Secretary of State Hull has said, "Now we will have to learn to speak Spanish." The world is not so large, but even if it were, Jesus came to save us all. How interesting would our lives be if we couldn't touch the people outside of our own loved ones?

Prayer—Dear Jesus, help us all to remember that we are part of thy great family. Amen.

Wednesday, November 27

God shall wipe away all tears. Revelations 7: 17.

Today I am thankful for tears. It may be a strange thing to be thankful for, yet tears

5. Make direct gifts to the Woman's Board for their special project.
6. Organize or co-operate in work with Lone Sabbath keepers.
7. Conduct a study course on World Missions.
8. Use the worship programs on the Woman's Page of the Recorder in society meetings.
9. Encourage personal giving through thank offerings or other methods.
10. Recognizing the Bible as our guide in the way of life, we urge that reading and study of the Bible be given a larger place in inspirational reading and also urge personal and family devotions.
11. Memorize the 67th Psalm and the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi (Woman's Page of the Recorder for October 21, 1940).
12. Furnish at least one article for the Woman's Page of the Sabbath Recorder.
13. Build for the future by enlisting teen-age girls in the work of women's societies.

You will be hearing from the board again shortly through the Ways and Means Committee, with full particulars about the evangelist for Seventh Day Baptists. We trust that you will co-operate in the carrying out of these plans and we will appreciate your constructive criticism.

Sincerely,
Lotta M. Bond.

Lost Creek, W. Va.,
October 26, 1940.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Myra Thorngate Barber, North Loup, Neb.)

Sunday, November 24

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, Psalm 96: 9.

Today I am thankful for beauty. Not long ago I saw beauty—sunrise over a small body of water. In the deep reflection stood the shaggy sandhill trees. Fair tints of pink, gold, and blue shone on the glass like ponds. About me was a holy calm, seldom observed in our windy state. God has given us much of beauty. No wonder David sang of stars and moon and clouds and thunder. Without price are these glorious gifts. Once I saw the thin crescent of the moon come out of a cloud in the east. Once I saw a wondrous Indian blanket. I am thankful for beauty and for the eyes to see it, for the soul to enjoy it.

Prayer—So much of beauty to me is given—What, dear Lord, shall I give in return? Amen.

are needful. A life free from pain would be as a long road, going into the distance, without a break. Life without tears would be as a diet of cake, as a year of sunny weather, as a constant carrying about on a pillow. A pain that is deep enough to bring tears, a dissatisfaction, a heartache that can be eased only with tears, are God's blessings. Helping to make better, stronger men and women in God's good time, tears are the means to the end. Out of broken dreams comes a new plan, out of a tortured soul comes a new being, out of a sad experience may come a new ideal! I am thankful for tears.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Prayer—Dear Jesus, help us to endure. Amen.

Thursday, November 28

For his mercy endureth forever Psalm 136.

Today I am thankful for all that God has given to me: for a home where the light shines out at night, for the smell of good food, for a clean sky without the fear of bombing planes, for my church where I can go every Sabbath day, for the children in my town who call me by my first name, for the friends who wave across the street at me, for my eyes, my hands, my feet, for the pencils and papers with which I can write down my thoughts, for the privilege of speaking, worshiping, reading as I desire, for the stars that shine at night, for the sun that shines by day, for the open Bible, for faith, for love that passeth understanding, for dreams that can come true, for a future that is mine, and for a risen Christ who can and will forgive sins.

Prayer—

Take my life and let it be
Fit and glowing, just for thee,
Amen.

Friday, November 29

A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. Matthew 13: 57.

Once, returning home from a trip in which I had been given a small honor, I was mildly surprised when I learned that my friends did not know I had been gone. It is strange to me that we are so selfish that we forget to give honor, when honor is due.

Yet, ever Jesus felt the sting of selfishness of his own people. Or it might be jealousy, "I could do better than that—if I tried." Sometimes I wonder about the talents given us, and the uphill fight of making people understand; and yet, I am sure that is part of God's plan. Only that which comes hard is worth the price. The misunderstanding and jibes of our own country are part of the price.

The gift that thou hast given me,
Tho small 'tis to behold;
Help me to give it back to thee,
Increased a hundred fold.

Prayer—Dear Jesus, give me more understanding. Amen.

Sabbath, November 30

Forgetting those things which are behind. Philippians 3: 13.

Another month has gone by—on wings, as it were. Tomorrow we will go into December. Yesterday and most days of November are gone forever. Today is ours. I sometimes think we fail to use the days as they come to us, that we live too much in the past, that we worry too much about the future. Today is the day to forget that which is past. Today is the day to press on to the mark. Paul knew well what had passed, yet he could forget. Today is the day to cut loose the weights of yesterday, and take up the wings of a new day. Let us use our new day wisely and well.

Here there comes dawning
Another blue day;
Think, shall we let it
Slip useless away?

Prayer—Dear Jesus, we thank thee for the Sabbath. Grant that this day may not be wasted. Amen.

MORE RECORDERS WANTED

Clean Recorders, postpaid, are wanted by Mr. Frank Jeffers of Racine, Wis., for personal distribution. Mr. Jeffers has distributed thousands of Recorders during the past ten or more years. He will still welcome and distribute any you will send. Address him at 1223 Franklin Street, Racine, Wis.

"Christianity is not so much what we think but how we live."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MEDITATION FROM PRE-CONFERENCE CAMP

By Purcell Coalwell

With glimpses of the eastern horizon visible through the foliage surrounding me, I sit at the foot of a beautiful tree, listening to the music of the birds, the chirping of the locusts, and the occasional chatter of a hungry squirrel as it scampers about me in search of food. The first beams of the morning sun are just beginning to filter through the trees. Another of God's glorious sunrises has just occurred. Now life has sprung into nature, and in my heart I cannot help but feel and sense the presence of Christ around me.

The excitement and turmoil of the cottages, although just across the crest of the hill, seem so distant to me now. The new awareness of God through nature and the fellowship with conscientious Christian young people have instilled in my soul a desire for a fuller consecrated life in the service of my God and my fellow men. I pray that the new sunrise in my soul may not be blotted out by the haze and clouds of indifference and unfruitful living. May I be better able to meet the challenge that—

Life itself cannot give me joy
Unless I really will it—
Life just gives me time space,
It's up to me to fill it.

Milton Junction, Wis.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE COMMUNITY

(Delivered by Edward Crandall,
Young People's Board program at Conference)

I suppose each generation in ages past had imagined itself confronted with the greatest problems ever to exist. We of this generation: run true to form. Surely with the threat of world war, everlasting depression, etc., we are facing the greatest challenge to humanity, of all and in any time.

In 2 Corinthians 4: 8 is the following, written about A.D. 60. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair." If that does not describe our plight today, nothing can. A careful study of history will show that we face trials and troubles not unlike those of ages past.

Out of the great world-wide problems common to people we must bring ourselves down to our own. In such a restless world Seventh Day Baptists find themselves today. Sometimes we would like to challenge the large ones and let pass the small ones of no importance.

One of the seemingly small problems that we would like to dismiss is that of Sabbath keeping. I would not place worship on the seventh day as most important in a Christian's life. It is, however, of ever increasing importance to our denomination's very existence.

In speaking of the challenge of the community, I am speaking largely of the challenge to Sabbath keeping.

There is a challenge to young people who live and work in seventh day communities, and to a second group who find employment and live outside these communities.

When I thought of the first group it seemed unimportant. Now it seems the more important of the two. It should not, however, present the problem it does. Our ministers face empty churches every Sabbath morning. The loyal few come, and now and then, when convenient, some not too loyal ones filter in. Rural churches are more and more becoming places where old folks come once a week for a meeting. Where are the young people? Perhaps they are too tired from a movie they saw Friday night. Perhaps the whole family planned an afternoon shopping trip and will have to leave too early to attend church. Whatever the excuse is, and there are too many of them, it does not help the church. If you think I am wrong, just visit some of our smaller churches on Sabbath morning, or ask the pastors of these churches.

Young people, the church needs you as never before. It needs you present to aid its program. Our denomination needs honest loyalty at home. When you live in a Sunday community and the Sabbath question arises, it is easier if there is real support back in the home church.

Now let us speak of the second group, those who live outside the old influences and surroundings. It is impossible to chart any rule that will apply to all cases. Many very loyal Sabbath keepers live and work in conditions making it almost impossible. Many times when the matter is carefully explained,

the employer is glad to make adjustments necessary.

The Young People's Board has published a series of articles in the "Beacon," selecting Sabbath keepers in different occupations. This was done with the thought of helping you young folks in selecting a vocation which would allow you to worship on the Sabbath day. When you select a life's work, think very carefully about this. If the Sabbath means as much to you as it should, choose a job that will not make keeping it impossible. If I had not struggled with this very problem perhaps it would not mean so much to me today.

About nine years ago I finished a course in watchmaking. There seemed to be no place large enough to support a jeweler in a Sabbath-keeping community. I finally located in a small Sunday town of about 2,500. It is a typical small town with four Protestant churches and one Catholic church. From the first I closed on the Sabbath, opening in the evening. The people soon learned my reasons, and now nearly every one understands. It has cost me considerable business, I know, and nearly a whole day's work, too. There are dividends, however. Once in a while I am told that they had confidence in me because I let my religion come ahead of financial interests. I feel that a happy life does not have to consist of money alone.

Please don't give me the credit. I happen to be blessed with the best parents a boy ever had. Many times they helped me in my despair with their prayers and counsel.

Time to achieve is very short. Many things that seem unimportant will pass away. Great truths, like great mountains, never do. The Sabbath truth is one that must never pass away. Young people, you should be proud that God has selected you to preserve such a great truth as the seventh day Sabbath. The challenge of the home community or that of another must not be great enough to weaken us.

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair."

Great victories have been won because of the knowledge of the right. Let us face the challenge with this knowledge. Let us be careful not to overemphasize the Sab-

bath, and to be thoughtful and tolerant with those who do not believe as we do.

With the grace of God within our hearts, and a true message on our lips, we will not fail.

Canisteo, N. Y.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR'S CERTIFICATE

As the time draws near for some of the conscientious objectors of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination to appear before their local draft boards, means of proving their sincerity is of utmost importance. With this in mind, Courtland V. Davis, corresponding secretary of the General Conference, has prepared a certificate as follows:

This is to certify that there is on file in my office and subject to inspection the following statement:

Believing in the right of individual conscience to refuse to bear arms or submit to military training, I hereby affirm in the presence of these witnesses that I object for conscience' sake to bearing arms or submitting to military training, and request that you so record my name.

Signed by
Under date of and witnessed by
.....
.....
..... Corresponding Secretary
.....194

He will send a copy of this certificate filled out, upon request to any objector whose name is on file in his office at 510 Watchung Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

It is not necessary for objectors to apply for this certificate until they are sure of being called to appear before their local draft boards.

It has been suggested and is highly desirable, that an objector request a representative citizen to accompany him when he shall appear before his local draft board.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR NEW WRITERS

The Wilmarth Publishing Company of 42 East 53rd Street, New York City, which was established in 1915, is now considering manuscripts for immediate publication. They are particularly interested in the works of new writers. They will consider novels, biographies, poetry, essays, historical works, collections of short stories, travel, and plays.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have been very busy, not only in school but in the beets.

I have enjoyed your story of Joseph so far and am sure I will the rest of it.

There was a little girl, who attended our school, killed as she was riding to school on one of the busses. A car drove out in the road and did not see the bus coming. The people in the car were going to see one of their sons who had been in a wreck the night before. The door of the bus flew open and the little girl fell on a large rock. She had a broken leg, a broken back, and head injuries. The little girl's name was Dorothy Shildt. She was five years old.

I will put another of my poems in the Recorder this time.

Yours truly,

Donna Lane.

Scottsbluff, Neb.

Little Magic Hands

The hands had been froward and naughty,
And meddled with things that they shouldn't;
I strove to be chidingly haughty,
They crept round my neck and I couldn't.

A dimple for each little knuckle,
A honey filled crease in each wrist;
I merely could tenderly chuckle
And note they were made to be kissed.

So now when I ought to be playing
The disciplinarian's part,
Those hands, in their mischievous straying,
Have taken command of my heart.

Dear Dorothy:

I am glad you like the story about Joseph. Since I have two such nice long letters this week, I'll have to wait until next week to continue his story.

I am sorry to hear about little Dorothy's tragic death. But we may be sure that Jesus, the friend of little children, has gathered her into the fold.

I like the little poem you sent very much.

Yours sincerely,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have noticed that you didn't have any letters on your page for three weeks, and I thought I would write to you. I have been

planning to write for quite a while but just haven't got around to it. I have plenty of time, though, now, as I am lying flat on my back in bed. I have been having trouble with my appendix.

I have seen that no one has reported on the Southeastern Association Summer Camp and I decided I would try to, even though it is pretty late for such a report. Pastor and Mrs. Marion C. Van Horn, of the Salemville, Pa., Church, had charge of it this year. The girls' and boys' camps were again held together, as they were last year. There were nine girls and eleven boys who attended. Seven of the group were from Berea, eight from Salem, two from Lost Creek, one from Middle Island, one from Salemville, and one from New York City. The one from New York City was my cousin who was visiting us at the time. Miss Lois Brissey and Miss Julia Meathrell, from Berea, were our cooks. Lois Brissey's aunt, a Mrs. Robinson, helped the cooks, while of course the campers took turns in helping. Mr. Grover Brissey, from Salem, helped in recreation, and we had lots of fun.

The most interesting thing to me was our evening service. Every evening we went down to the river and had a campfire. We sang songs until the campfire died down until we could use it no more as a light. It sounded real nice, so many young voices out in the open air, so clear.

I had the privilege of going to New York City with my aunt, a little while after camp was out. I visited my Aunt Ruth Hunting in Plainfield for a week and then was in New York City for two weeks. I visited the World's Fair while in New York. It surely is a wonderful sight. My aunt in New York City is an authoress and I met one of her authoress friends while I was there.

Well, I had better close as my letter is growing long.

Your friend,

Anne Estelle Beebe.

Berea, W. Va.

Dear Anne:

I have come to the end of my page so must wait until next week to answer your good letter.

Sincerely yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

It is easy to talk in superlatives, and to say that the last of any series of meetings was the best. But many in attendance had just that to say about the last meeting of the association held at Reedley, October 11-13. The location was the campground of the Church of God just at the shore of the Kings River, a lovely spot. The meetings were good. One mature woman said they marked the finest experience of her whole life.

One of the objectives of Seventh Day Baptists on the Pacific Coast is to work in Christian fellowship with all Sabbath keepers who wish to join with us in Christian brotherhood. There were Sabbath keepers of different names, and no name, at Reedley. And while our work seems very slow in producing the results we desire and pray for, there is a growing and widening interest shown by many people. From Healdsburg and from Riverside the delegates drove around 275 or 280 miles, with folks from other places in between. That is evidence of genuine interest. From one to ten people came from each of these places: Healdsburg, Sonoma, Lodi, Modesto, Chowchilla, Madera, Fresno, Caruthers, Orange Cove, Dinuba, Shafter, Linden, Delano, and Los Angeles. Twenty-six attended from Riverside. Two visitors came from the State of Washington. Besides approximately a hundred Sabbath keepers, there were many visitors from Sunday churches.

The theme was "Spiritual Preparedness" and was constantly stressed. In these troublous and uncertain times, as always, we need to know that we are prepared, and **how to be prepared**, and **what to do** when prepared. Conversion, prayer, Bible study, Christian living, service, and evangelism were stressed as essential preparation for fellowship with God, either here or hereafter. Those on the regular program included Brethren Hargis, Ballenger, Easterly, Friesen, Montgomery, Henry, Willard Wells, and Hurley; Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Emma Wagenleitner; besides several visitors who gave brief messages.

Willard Wells had charge of the young people's program, besides leading the music. Mrs. Ethlyn Copeland seemed indispensable at the piano. Some outside talent including

a male quartet and a ladies' trio was much enjoyed. Solos, duets, and quartets came at favorable places in the program. Choruses added spice and spirit. Early morning prayer brought us very near to God.

An unusual meeting came Sunday afternoon when Mrs. Robinson told us of the Layne Foundation Mission on Towne Avenue, Los Angeles (the Bowery of L. A.), which she has directed for about nine and a half years. During that time they have fed over one and a half million; and 73,022 have professed conversion. Those converts have cost an average of eighty-five cents a piece! One of the recent converts was present to tell of the power and love that saved him from liquor and dope and about all other kinds of vice and crime. There are no hopeless cases with God.

Pray for us out here on the coast, that we may have a vital experience of the Savior—one that we may freely share with others as we live and teach the truth of the Sabbath.

Loyal F. Hurley,
Corresponding Secretary.

OUR PULPIT THANKFULNESS FOR HUNGER

(Submitted by Rev. T. R. Sutton, New Market, N. J.,
upon request of editor)

Text—Matthew 5: 6—Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Perhaps the title of this sermon may surprise you. "How queer," you may be saying. At Thanksgiving time we give thanks for the material blessings of life—and we should do so more than just once a year. We are thankful for food and water, but how often do we give thanks for being hungry or thirsty so that we may enjoy these things? We give thanks for a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner, but are we thankful that we are able to enjoy that dinner?

Jesus taught us that there is other food and water than that which satisfies the body. He spoke of hunger for spiritual food or thirst for the water of life. Here, too, we may have given thanks for having been filled. Do we ever thank God that he has created in us a craving after spiritual needs—after righteousness in accord with his

will? Let us consider a few of the ways in which we may be thankful for this hunger.

First, let us be thankful for a hunger for the gospel of Christ. I believe every human being has in him, unless it has been crushed by selfishness and rebellion against God, a longing for something better than he is. That is why natives of many lands have their idols—a desire to find spiritual food, but have failed to find it. Isaiah speaks of man's spiritual hunger (Isaiah 65: 13, 14). Jesus offers satisfaction for this desire (John 4: 13, 14). In him is found that spiritual food for which man seeks.

A blind girl was having God explained to her. In response she said, "God. Is that what you call him? I have known him for a long time." In some way she had found the spiritual food, and this new knowledge was giving further satisfaction. Do we hunger and thirst after righteousness today? Or do we cut the Bible as though with a penknife? Do we omit those portions we cannot understand, or do not want to believe? Do we take a passage here and one there and patch them together to prove some personal theory? Do we say God's Word is not practical? In other words, do we read the Bible in the light of self, or see self in the light of the Bible? Do we hunger enough to believe?

In the second place, do we hunger for Christian fellowship? The Church is our only way of fellowship of one Christian with another on the same level. If true fellowship is to be found in our various avenues of life we need the fellowship of a group of those whose religious experiences are much the same. We need to worship and work together in the common task of Christian evangelism if we are to deal properly with each other in the world. There is something wrong with a person's spiritual life when he cannot associate with his fellow Christians.

Fellowship is essential for Christian growth. We need to help each other by sharing our experiences and problems. We need to do this before we can do much in helping someone else find his Savior. Do we resent the presence of other Christians, or do we hunger after fellowship? Are we Christian enough to forgive and love?

A third aspect of spiritual hunger is that of Christian co-operation. The Church has

a program to carry out as it strives to lead hungry peoples to the source of food. This takes co-operation. It may be an important task in the program and yet it may be a meager service. Whatever it may be, the Christian should seek to do his part that the boys and girls, men and women in one's community or throughout the world may know of the Christ and be led to a saving experience in him.

Co-operation also reaches out into the realm of applied Christianity. Salvation comes through belief in the Lord Jesus, rather than by works. Yet, when one's experience has been genuine, surely he will desire to apply the new life to the problems of living. This begins with his many daily contacts—branching out into one's profession or job, his politics, his influence toward solutions of world problems, his pleasures—indeed all avenues of life in which he passes. How can we expect wars, conflicts, suffering, and selfishness to end unless we, who find this better way of Jesus, are willing to apply his teachings? The need for co-operation in building a Christian society challenges us today! Do we hunger for this service, or are we so starved ourselves that we feel no pain?

Finally, let us consider the hunger for sacred time. The week has seven days. Are we anxious to keep the Sabbath as a holy day? God created the Sabbath for man that it may be a time for spiritual uplift—that man might have a definite time out of each week to feast on the bread of life—to worship, study, and help others gain God's food. If we hunger for the Sabbath we can clearly see how it may be kept—that we have a willingness to sacrifice, even to better incomes and promotions if necessary, that we may obey God. The sacredness of the Sabbath should govern the way in which we use the day.

Of course we should take time each day as sacred time—a regular period set aside for devotions, study, and prayer. The more pressed for time we find ourselves the more important it is that we be faithful to the "Secret Place" of each day. In like manner all time should be looked upon as sacred. In other words, we ought to live Christ at all times—so live that we would be at ease if Christ were standing by our side. Do we hunger for sacred time—for the Sabbath,

daily communion, and sacred living? Or are we "too busy" to be Christian?

At this Thanksgiving time let us give thanks to God as we are accustomed to do. But let us also include thankfulness for spiritual hunger and thirst, otherwise there is no hope for the world of mankind. The world is dark at present because of the sins of man, but God has given man a soul which can hunger after righteousness. An elderly man was visiting a memorial of a religious pioneer whose life spoke of the living Christ. So impressed was this man as he heard the story of the pioneer's life that he cried out, "O God, do it again! Do it again!" May this be the cry from our souls as we hunger after God—and be thankful for it! "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Salemville, Pa.

Pastor Marion C. Van Horn and wife with several others attended General Conference at Battle Creek. During the pastor's absence Sabbath day, August 24, worship service was in charge of Deacon Albert C. Blough.

Sunday, September 8, the two Seventh Day Baptist churches held their annual picnic near Lafayetteville. The day was unfavorable to start with as it was rainy, but at noon the sun and blue sky came peeping through the dark clouds and made the rest of the day more enjoyable. Everyone wholeheartedly enjoyed the games and contests.

Prayer meeting has been discontinued, much to our regret. Some plans were talked of for meeting with the members of the Brick Church for prayer meetings once a month, but nothing definite has yet been done about it.

Our pastor and wife spent two and one half weeks in West Virginia. They met Sunday, October 13, with the Woman's Board at Salem, and spent about ten days at Middle Island, where Pastor Van Horn conducted a Preaching Mission. During our pastor's absence Rev. Edward E. Noll, pastor of the Reformed Church at Loysburg, filled our pulpit one Sabbath. The other Sabbath we met with the members of the Brick Church.

It was with deep regret that we released our pastor and wife from their duties to the church, so they might take up work in another field December first. We hate to see these dear folks leave us in so few weeks. We send with them God's richest blessing and wish them success in their new work.

Correspondent.

MARRIAGES

Randolph - Clifford. — Kenneth Randolph of Rye, N. H., and Nellie Clifford of South Bristol, Me., were married at the bride's home in South Bristol, October 19, 1940.

OBITUARY

Vandenburg. — Hannah Davis Petty, born at West Hallock, Ill., October 11, 1852, died at Nortonville, Kan., October 11, 1940.

She came to Kansas with her parents, Samuel and Eunice W. Petty, in 1857. In her early teens she was baptized and joined the Nortonville Church. On October 7, 1873, she was married to George Vandenburg, who died in 1883, leaving her with four small children, two of whom are still living—George in Portland, Ore., and Homer in Chicago.

"Little Aunt Hannah" will long be remembered by the many friends who knew, respected, and loved her. She had a good many hard experiences in life, but through it all she trusted in a never-failing Friend, who comforted, strengthened, and upheld her.

Funeral services at the Seventh Day Baptist church were conducted by Rev. Mr. Dennison, a friend and neighbor for years.

—Contributed.

"In the hills of life are two trails. One lies along the higher sunlit fields where those who journey see afar, and the light lingers, even when the sun is down; and one leads to the lower ground where those who travel, as they go look over their shoulders with eyes of dread, and gloomy shadows gather long before the sun is down."

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—*Proverbs*.

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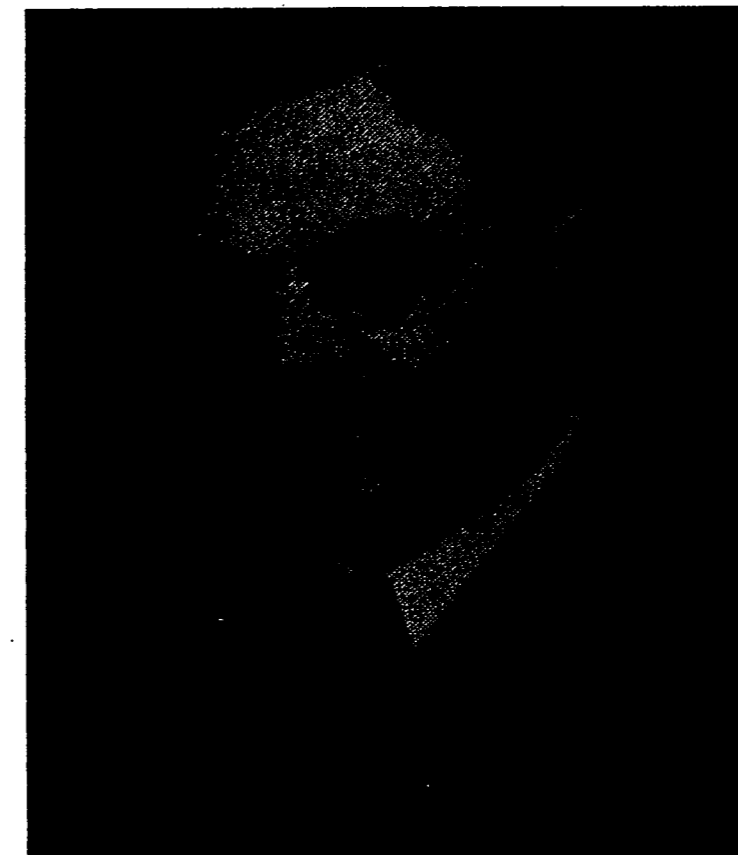
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No. 22



Rev. Jay William Crofoot
Pastor at Brookfield, N. Y.

(See Who's Who in this Recorder)

Contents

Editorials.—Leaners or Pillars.—"Known at the Gates."—Challenge of Difficulties	362
Among the Churches of West Virginia	363
Missions.—God Is Not Limited.—Universal Week of Prayer for the Churches.—Somebody? Yes.—Missions Are Not Optional	365
Daily Meditations	366
Woman's Work.—What Is It All About	368
Who's Who	369
Young People's Work.—Pre-Conference Camp Meditation.—How Christianity Has Influenced the Law	369-371
Children's Page.—Our Letter Exchange	371
Our Pulpit.—Water for the Neighbors	372-375
From Committee on Religious Life	375
Denominational "Hook-up"	375
Marriages.—Obituary	376