

The Sabbath Recorder



REV. LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH

The Sabbath Recorder

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RANDOLPH MEMORIAL NUMBER

**Loving Tribute to the
Rev. Lester C. Randolph, D. D.,
And His Sons, Kenneth and Paul**

We have just received the copy prepared by loving hands, for a memorial number of the SABBATH RECORDER devoted to the memory of Dr. Lester Charles Randolph, late pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Milton, Wis., and of his two sons Kenneth and Paul who died in the service of their country.

In the RECORDER of November 25, 1918, will be found a brief editorial note announcing the sudden death of Dr. Randolph on the twenty-first of that month.

Paul was lost at sea, October 4, 1918, when the United States Steamship *Herman Frasch* went down on its way to France, and five days later Kenneth, of the Student Army Corps at Cornell, fell a victim to the influenza. The telegrams bringing the sad news of both deaths reached Brother Randolph and wife within a few hours of each other. Then under the strain of hard work and deep sorrow, after arranging memorial services for his two boys, Dr. Randolph himself was smitten with the influenza and died on November 21, 1918.

All three memorial services were held together in the Milton church beginning with Sabbath eve-prayer meeting and ending Sabbath Day. Further memorial services were held at Whitewater, Wis., where Dr. Randolph preached his last sermon.

The patriotic and thanksgiving services were carried out just as Dr. Randolph had planned them when he expected the tributes to be brought in honor of his dear sons, little thinking that he too would be among the dead when the services were held.

Never in the history of our people, so far as I know, has such a calamity befallen the family of one of our ministers, and it seemed fitting that there should be a memorial number of the RECORDER—especially so since Dr. Randolph had served as con-

tributing editor so many years in its columns. The story of his service in this paper together with the editor's tribute will be found in the RECORDER of December 2, 1918.

It is hard to realize that "Lester" is gone and that those who loved him as a true friend and yokefellow must go on with the work without his cheering, helpful presence.

Since it seems better to have all that belongs to these memorial services appear, as far as possible, in one issue, we have decided to request every thing else to stand aside for once, and give these tributes the right of way. It may be impossible to get them all in, and if this can not be done, whatever remains will appear in another number.

Associations and Conference are close at hand and after this week much space will be needed in which to prepare for them. As our faithful and dependable workers drop out, those who are left must buckle on the harness all the tighter and strive to do a little more for the Master while they can.

MEMORIAL PRAYER MEETING

NOVEMBER 22, 1918

The people came very quietly into the familiar white-walled room, with its picture of the kneeling Christ of Gethsemane, on that first Sabbath evening. Each heart was seeing clearly an absent face, hearing clearly a silent voice. There in that room of prayer, as never before, the things of the spirit seemed more real than the things of sense; and in the presence of a King immortal and invisible, the brother who had put on immortality seemed very near. As Mr. Jeffrey came forward slowly to the leader's chair, he said, "I am thinking of those words, 'Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for this is holy ground.'"

Marjorie Burdick, with Tacy Coon at the piano, led in the three opening hymns: Number 54, "Sweeter as the years go by"; Number 20, "Jesus is all the world to me"; and Number 288, "Love divine, all love excelling," Mrs. J. H. Babcock and Professor Thomas following with short prayers expressing trust and dependence upon a loving Father.

Mr. Jeffrey then read from the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of John's Gospel:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

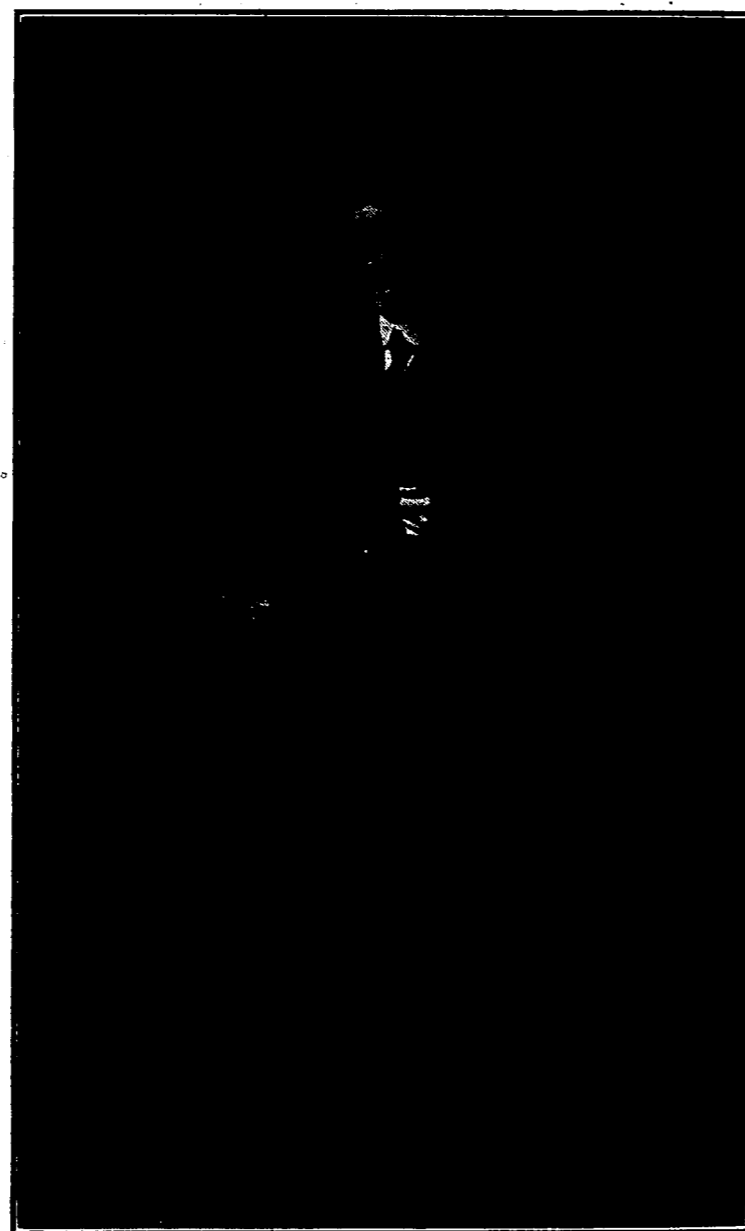
Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet thou hast not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all



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things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it came to pass, that when it is come to pass, ye might believe. Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me. But that the world may know that I love the Father; and

as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

After reading these words, Mr. Jeffrey offered prayer, a prayer of trust, asking that the Savior who wore the crown of thorns might comfort all that mourn. The people then sang hymn Number 311, "What a friend we have in Jesus." Mr. Jeffrey then said, "I could find for tonight no better theme than love—undying and abounding love—the only thing that can sustain us. Let us all trust this Jesus who so loves us and the world that he will bring all to be comforted."

Song, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

Professor Barbour spoke of realizing as never before what the "love of Christ" might mean in a human life. He would pray that Paul's prayer might be answered for us, that we might know the length and the breadth of the love of Christ which passeth understanding.

Mr. Nelson followed with a prayer for help in sorrow and for strength to serve in the coming days.

Mr. Sherrill Clarke said, "It is good for us to be here. The love of Christ can make the house of mourning better than the house of feasting."

Mr. Sayre said that he found it very hard to speak, but that now more than ever before he wished to fill his place in the ranks of Jesus.

Hymn Number 29 followed, "Every Day I Need Thee More."

Mrs. Stroud said she had been finding comfort in the thought that we were allowed to serve. "How beautiful it is that we are given *something to do*."

Mrs. Babcock said she had been feeling that Pastor Randolph would want each one to come and fill his place as usual; that each one of his people must do more than ever before to show their love for their Pastor and for God.

Mr. Jeffrey spoke of a visit that he and his wife had made to Niagara Falls; the noise and dashing of the water was almost terrifying where they stood, but suddenly they looked up and saw "a rainbow all around." So God's love and his promises for comfort could shine through our grief and doubt.

Miss Barbour said she had been thinking of the time when her older sister who had come out as a bride to a parsonage in Madison, had been brought back to her mourning family a year later, and of the peace that had come at that solemn time. As a girl of fifteen she had written a few verses the morning that her sister's body had been brought home, and she had been thinking of them now—changing the word "sister" to "pastor"—for she said, "Although I could not hear him as often as I wished, yet I felt that Pastor Randolph was my pastor—he was a pastor to all the world." She then repeated the lines:

PEACE, LOVE, JOY

In Peace our Pastor lies,
Nor sighs
Nor words of them that weep
Can mar his sleep.
For the brave spirit blest
Is gone where cryings cease,
He lies at rest
In Jesus' breast
And knows His perfect Peace.

In Love he draws us here
So near!
The solemn hours reveal
The love we feel.
And the dear spirit blest
Has drawn our hearts above,—
We lean at rest
In Jesus' breast
And know his boundless Love.

In Joy our Pastor stands,
His hands
Outstretched to lead us home;
And ah, we come!
To find those mansions blest
Which nothing can destroy,
To dwell at rest
In Jesus' breast,
And know his endless Joy.

Mrs. Rasmussen said that the last time she had heard Pastor Randolph speak in that prayer-meeting room he had prayed for a revival. And she prayed that his prayer might be heard, and that each member of the church and every family might have a blessing and quickening of spirit.

Professor Thomas then said: "It was very hard for the disciples to understand that Jesus was to leave them. They felt keenly the loss of leadership and as they thought the hope of Israel. As we read in Luke, the men on the road to Emmaus said, 'We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel.' But Jesus said to his disciples when they said 'Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom?' 'But ye shall receive power.' The work was left in their hands; their leader was gone, but he had been preparing them for the place. We may seek the power of God in our lives now as we mourn the loss of our leader and friend. We can not do his work, but we can do more than we have ever done before."

Mrs. Wells said: "I had been looking forward to this Sabbath, but now it is a Sabbath of sorrow; we shall never forget this day. We can not help but mourn. But we must remember that our great loss is his gain, and be faithful."

The people all sang, "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt" at this time, each word coming from the heart.

Mrs. Cartwright began her testimony: "We did not realize till now how much we loved him. His works will live after him. No heart here but is too full to tell. . . ." Here her own full heart would not let her finish. But Mr. Jeffrey said, "God is pleased at the uplifting of our hearts to him, and perhaps while we are silent, love is being poured out in our souls."

Mrs. Whitford said, "It seemed to me that I could not come here tonight. But I came because I thought Pastor Randolph would wish me to."

The people then rose and sang, "Abide

With Me," after which Mr. Jeffrey asked Professor Barbour to pronounce the benediction:

Our great heavenly Father: There is nothing awful or overwhelming except sin and shame. Thou art the Rock under the generations. We do not expect that this world is a place in which we are meant to receive all the human good reserved for us. But we bless thee for an opportunity to show here something of the inspiration of Pastor Randolph's life. Help us to go in his direction.

And now the God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight. Through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory forever and ever, Amen.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

SABBATH MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1918

The quiet morning light rested upon things sacred and eternal, in the hushed church. There were symbols of mourning in the drappings of the pastor's vacant chair; symbols of consecration in the star-spangled banner and the great service flag; symbols of final victory in the golden eagle and the colors of the United States and the Allies; symbols of unspeakable love in the white chrysanthemum blooms. Often, as friends from far off joined the silent congregation, a gentle look and smile of greeting showed the faith and hope and love within the hearts of the people. While Mrs. Rogers began the organ prelude, President Daland with Dean Lewis and Doctor William L. Burdick came upon the platform. Then all the people sang,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The invocation was given by President Daland:

Ever-merciful God, whose almighty power is our only source of strength, whose unerring wisdom and counsel are our sole reliance, and whose tender and compassionate love is our only comfort, grant us the aid of thy blessed spirit, that our worship may be acceptable in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

After the singing of the Gloria, President Daland led the people in responsive reading from the twenty-fourth and the ninety-eighth Psalms:

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together.

Before the Lord: for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Then all the people sang together the well-loved hymn, "All Saints":

The Son of God goes forth to war,

A kingly crown to gain;

His blood-red banner streams afar:

Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,

Triumphant over pain,

Who patient bears his cross below,

He follows in His train.

A noble band, the chosen few

On whom the Spirit came,

Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew

And mocked the torch of flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,

The lion's gory mane,

They bowed their necks the stroke to feel:

Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,

The matron and the maid,

Around the throne of God rejoice,

In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven

Through peril, toil and pain;

O God, to us may grace be given

To follow in their train.

The Scripture lesson, from the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, was read by Doctor Burdick, of Alfred.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations. And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers. But ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord: men shall call you the Ministers of our God: ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

For your shame ye shall have double; and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion: therefore in their land they shall possess the double: everlasting joy shall be unto them. For I, the Lord, love judgment, I hate robbery for burnt offering; and I will direct their work in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them. And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed. I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels. For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

President Daland then lifted the hearts of the people in prayer:

O Lord, our Father, it is thy will that those who love must sorrow, that those who are loyal must suffer. In humble trust we would turn to thee with thanksgiving, and bless thee even in our grief. We bless thee for the life

of him who has been our commander and our friend under thy divine guidance, and who is now removed from us. We bless thee for his faith and courage. We thank thee that thou hast given it to him to see the dawn of Peace after the dark night of war and conflict. Help us to make his spirit ours, that we may not be utterly bowed down in our sorrow, not unduly crushed under our weight of grief at the loss of our leader. But may we rather rise as a strong man when smitten in battle, and as a mighty son of God, press on, closer to thee because he has left us, truer to thee because of our loss.

Make this to be not a day of inexpressible gloom, but a day of triumph, a day of joy and holy victory. Grant unto us the victory over ourselves and our spiritual foes. Make us to be strong and reverent and patient and loving. Give unto us those gracious qualities which were revealed in thy servant. Help us to follow in his footsteps and in the footsteps of that true lowly Son of man, our all-sufficient Savior. Remember the sorrowing and afflicted. Remember the President of the United States to strengthen and guide him and his aids. Give to us peace in our time throughout our land. Bestow peace upon the hearts that mourn the one who is no longer here. Heal the wound that thou hast suffered to be inflicted, and to all our hearts speak thy word of Peace. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

The chorus choir of the church then sang "Thy Kingdom Come, O Lord."

After announcing the notices for the week, President Daland continued:

By the wish of our bereaved sister, Mrs. Randolph, the services which our Pastor had planned for today will be carried out with as little change as possible. A week ago he had made definite plans for the conduct of the two special services in this church on this day. The usual morning service he wished to be in the nature of patriotic inspiration and thanksgiving; and for the afternoon he had arranged the memorial service for his two sons, Kenneth and Paul. The exercises of this morning, therefore, in every detail are as he had planned them. And the exercises of the afternoon, except that they will include the funeral service for our beloved Pastor, will be as he had planned them. The selections from the Scripture, the music, all are of his choice. I ask your sympathy and prayers as I feebly try to fill his place at this time. As we are gathered here, may we enter into the spirit of our beloved brother. He *seems away*: he *is here*. We still have his leadership today. His spirit abides with us. His nature, his love, his hope, are here. His body will lie in state here this afternoon for one hour before the service, so that all those who knew him in this community may have the opportunity at this time to look upon his face once more.

Our sister town is bowed in grief today; the church at Whitewater to which he has so lately administered is sharing in our own

sense of loss; and the young men of the Students' Army Training Corps in that town, to whom he had given of himself in the past months. A memorial service is to be held there tomorrow morning, in the Congregational church.

Dean Lewis, of Chicago, who had been asked by Pastor Randolph to deliver the address of the morning service, spoke as follows:

On the fifteenth of this month I received the following letter:

"Dear Edwin:

"We have delayed holding any memorial service for the boys until the epidemic was safely passed. We plan now for Sabbath afternoon, November 23.

"I know you are a very busy man, and perhaps you ought not to take any additional burden. If so, do not hesitate to say so. But what we have in mind is for you to give an inspirational patriotic Thanksgiving sermon or address on Sabbath morning at the usual hour of service, and speak about ten minutes with others in the afternoon, at the patriotic memorial service. We want the services to be an inspiration and a call to the great work that lies before us—that these may not have died in vain.

"We count you our close friend and we have confidence that you will know how to say the right things in the right way.

"Do not come, though, if you ought not to. Perhaps you can get word to me by Sabbath morning,—not necessary, though.

"We thank you for your good letters.

"(Signed) Lester C. Randolph."

My dear old man, my dear old Sunshine man, I am here. In response to the call of your spiritual leadership, I answer, Present, sir. But as for saying the right thing in the right way, I can not. I feel as if I had received a blow on the head. What little coherence there might have been in this address is gone.

Over there in the parsonage is lying a bit of earth. It is very dear to us. It is sacred, a sacred bit of earth. And elsewhere, in the bosom of earth, are other bits returned to her—bits we used to know as Paul Kelly, Carroll West, Clinton Lewis, and Kenneth Randolph. And somewhere, tossing with tangle and with shells, is the bit of earth that we knew as Paul.

But the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. If I were a preacher I would preach from that text. For this is the Sabbath Day, and the Sabbath is a memorial of creation. It is a memorial, not of death, but of life—life in all its mystery. God saw that it was good. He set his approval upon life—every child, every flower, every grain of wheat, every fine ideal of the human heart. We can not see that it is all good, but the Sabbath expresses our faith in God's judgment of it.

I had it in mind to trace in outline the history of God's earth. Long ago—though nothing is necessarily long to God—some unknown star passed very near our sun, and by its at-

traction drew off a few wreaths of gas, which began to wheel about our sun. In due time this slight ring of gas knotted into planets. More than six hundred are known, but we usually think of only eight, and ours is the third from the center. It is now a solid ball of rock, not a fiery core with a crust.

For a long time our earth was lifeless. It revolved about the sun, but there was no eye to behold the light of day. Then came a new thing under the sun. At a moment when the balance of light, heat, moisture, and carbon dioxide was just right, life began. The rock had given off gases that condensed, leaving an upper layer that we call our atmosphere. Beneath this certain heavier gases produced tiny pools, which spread and became the hydrosphere. The waters washed the rock down and made soil. The red and blue rays of the sun were able to select certain elements from this detritus and the water, and raise this compound up from the earth in the form that we call a plant. There appeared a green leaf, the basis of all life. And its constitution has always remained the same. Chlorophyll contains 73.34 per cent of carbon; 9.72 per cent of hydrogen; 5.68 per cent of nitrogen; 9.54 per cent of oxygen; 1.38 per cent of phosphorus; and 34-100 per cent of magnesium. Such was life in its chief form at the beginning, though there were also bacteria, and these were able, perhaps, to take up elements directly from the rock. Bacteria have been friends of certain forms of life, but they remain the greatest living enemy of higher forms.

So came upon the round rock called the earth a cellular bloom, a thin film of life. The rock is eight thousand miles thick. On its outer surface is this thin, evanishing, marvelous film, which God touches with his spirit, so that it entertains thoughts and ideals. We have spoken of its chemical basis, but we have no conception of the nexus between body and mind.

For a long time—it is impossible to translate all this into theological terms—Mother Earth went on producing only the lower forms of life—more fish and more trilobites in the sea, more reptiles on the land. But these things had no consciousness of self. Some of them reached enormous size. One reptile was a hundred feet long and stood up thirty feet high. There were eighteen orders of reptiles. One of them, the Tyrannosaur, was the perfect embodiment of the might that makes right. It was just a gigantic machine for extracting energy out of the earth. Its teeth tore like sabres. Its blood was cold. Its eyes were lidless.

Our deluded enemy, the Germans, have long been teaching their youth the doctrine that the strongest must survive. Strange biology! Strange German biology! Any paleontologist should know better. For of those eighteen orders of reptiles, thirteen are gone. Only five orders remain, and most of them are harmless.

Cold blooded life ruled the earth for a very long time. Just how long we do not know. I asked our greatest authority on reptiles,

Professor Williston, if a hundred million years would cover the history of life on earth. He smiled and said no; he said that a billion would be nearer the truth. And yet warm blooded life is only three or four million years old.

Think of it! It was only yesterday that Mother Earth—let me use this harmless poetry—decided on warm blood. After every possible experiment with cold blood, she decided on life that could suffer. She decided on pain. She decided on eyes that could shed tears. She decided on little helpless young that have to be cared for. Before the last reptile was gone she brought forth the human race—the human baby—the Christ child. Was this a triumph of force? Was this the survival of the strongest? No, it was the triumph of mercy. For three million years the idea of force as the chief object of life has steadily been discredited.

Now consider how this is shown by the course of human history. The continents took many shapes before they settled into their present difficult shapes. How absurd the shapes seem. Think of the vast wheat-fields of Russia having to depend on the little straits known as the Dardanelles, a mere creek for an outlet. So human life has had a hard struggle to adapt itself to the surface of the earth. Men grow to love the spots that they do understand. The Eskimo loves the snow and the icy seas. The negro loves the tropics.

But tribes that occupied mountains or steppes or peninsulas were always tempted to wander into fertile plains and pillage the peaceful farmers. Egypt, being sheltered by the desert, was not invaded for a long time, and so Egypt is our oldest civilization. But Mesopotamia, that hot and fertile valley, was overrun by Assyrians, Akkadians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Arabians. Each conqueror raised an empire upon the enslaved labor of the conquered. But luxury always ruins, and each of those empires fell. God was continuing his eternal lesson, that force does not pay, but emperors were blind.

Little Palestine was situated between Egypt and Mesopotamia, and was the path between them. Therefore this land could never conquer. Galilee was Galilee of the nations because the nations walked through it. It was trampled under foot. It was the way, and it became the way of life. Here our Lord became the prince of peace. Here he taught that the meek are blessed. Here he pointed out that we are all brothers, all members one of another, and that God is our Father. There is the true ideal for all life on earth. There is the true secret of the adaptation of man to the planet.

The earth is sacred, for it is the Lord's. The Hebrews came to see this. There was no monopoly of land among them. Every fifty years they let the land revert to its former owners. They had entertained the wild dream of conquering the whole earth, but they gave it up. When they said that the earth is the Lord's, they meant it. They were not socialists or communists, but they knew

that every private owner is God's trustee. The great economic lesson of Biblical history is just that.

Yet how far we have been from believing it. Charles of Hapsburg—Charles the Fifth—owned the whole Western hemisphere. The pope gave it to him—to convert and to pillage. Others have dreamed similar dreams of ownership. But the time is past when any one man can monopolize a great section of earth, to drain it for his private advantage. Woe to the man who fails to perceive this. Woe to him who does not see the direction in which civilization is going.

We blame William of Hohenzollern for entertaining such a dream. But where were we, we of the democracies? Why had our public opinion so little weight with him? We were asleep at the switch, dear friends. We were so busy making money that we didn't see that it was possible for one man to set the world on fire. By a mere turn of his hand, like an executioner turning on the deadly current, he was able to destroy fifteen million men. We had forgotten that the earth is the Lord's.

We hope that there will not be another such world disaster. These boys have made it possible to avoid such a disaster. But they could not assure peace on earth—they could not assure it. And they are dead.

It is for us to assure it. Especially it is for you young men to be constructive. We must have a spiritual aim and intelligent co-operation. Mutual faultfinding must cease. We must have a change of heart. We must believe, really believe, that if we common people will study the earth, and think together, we can bring enduring peace on earth.

I feel very deeply about this. Our boys and girls should know more of geography, more of recent history, more of economics. They must know where the coal and the oil and the iron are, where the wheat is, and the inevitable relations of trade to politics. But their knowledge should be guided by the ideal of the text. Earth is the Lord's. It is the holy earth. It is not the chief end of a nation to become the business rival of another nation, enforcing its economic policy by arms. It is the business of nations to cooperate in all these matters, so that God's earth may support the largest number of healthy and happy human beings.

Does all this seem materialistic? Perhaps, but we need truer conceptions of matter. Look into the sweet face of a child and see how beautiful matter may be. Gaze upon the face of the dead and see how holy it may become. See it as the physicist sees it—all grossness changing into mysterious molecules, atoms, electrons, and finally pure mathematical relations. The earth is transparent to subtler rays than light. The earth is one of God's thoughts. The earth is the Lord's.

And in the earth it must be safe for innocent life to live. Weak peoples must not be crushed. We must have a league of nations. Don't tell us that the scheme is visionary. We must have it.

Boys and girls, the future of the earth de-

pends on you. These ideals seem dim and far away. But there comes a day, as it came to our dead soldiers, when the ideal must be incarnated in action.

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy
truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth."

That was the very essence of Pastor Randolph's life. The service that he rendered was not lip service. Therefore this must be a day of thanksgiving. We must try to smile through our tears, seeing how much greater are the cause and the glory than any individual life.

It is for you young men to meet the test. Men of the S. A. T. C., you are in uniform to fight for liberty. But liberty is not irresponsibility,—it is pure responsibility. Up to this time the weight of responsibility has been very great. Good men have staggered under it, like our beloved leader who yonder lies dead. Such wills have been unduly overloaded, because so few were sharing the burden. And if the day is ever to come when there is true freedom, true self-government, true prosperity and absence of poverty, it will be because such men as you put your shoulders under that burden. It depends on your intelligence, your co-operation. You will do your part to carry the burden of freedom. And in this may God bless you!

At the close of Dean Lewis' address, President Daland asked all present to rise and sing, as at the bidding of the Pastor himself, the first stanza of "America," then the new verse for the enlisted men, then the closing stanza.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

God bless our noble men,
Bring them safe home again,
God bless our men;
Make them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
God bless our men.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

The service closed with the benediction, pronounced by President Daland:

The peace of God that passeth understanding keep your hearts and minds in the knowl-

edge and love of Jesus Christ our Lord; and may the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be with you always, Amen.

With the playing of the organ arrangement of "Come Ye Disconsolate," by Aschmall, the people passed from the church.

MEMORIAL AND FUNERAL SERVICE

SABBATH AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 23, 1918

At one o'clock that November afternoon, a guard of honor from the Students' Army Training Corps of Milton College escorted the body of Pastor Randolph to the church he had served. Here below the pulpit, massed with a loving wealth of flowers, it lay in state with young soldiers, Chester Newman and Merle Bond, at the head and foot; and above, on a simply draped desk, were the pictured faces of Kenneth and Paul. Outside at the door, two other young soldiers, Clifford Thomas and Morton Johnson, stood motionless while the silent throngs passed by. Inside, where the quiet afternoon light came through the windows, crimson and blue and amber and violet and green, the steady lines of people had thronged the pews and the anterooms long before the hour of the service; but still they came, men and women and children, in a hushed procession, finding seats placed in the aisles; and still new wreaths and flowers were brought. The church was too small to hold the hundreds of his neighbors who loved him, and the friends who could come from far off. The members of his family were given places in the front pews, with the speakers and the Boy Scouts on the left and the deacons of the church on the right. President Daland took his place upon the platform alone; but when Mrs. Rogers began the prelude, the singers of the male octet took their places in the choir seats,—Leslie Bennett and Allison Burdick, Jesse Lippincott and E. M. Holston, George Johnson and Mr. Lewis Babcock, and Professors Inglis and Whitford. During the moments while Mrs. Rogers at the organ played the funeral music from Chopin, and "Asa's Death," two memories were formed which must always be associated with these: one, of "Uncle Paul" Green going slowly up alone to look on the quiet face of his friend,—the other of a young mother in the church, crying silently

but as if her heart would break. After the singing of the hymn "Nearer to Thee" by the eight men, as planned by the Pastor, President Daland rose and said:

Here where we have met so often to listen to the friendly words of counsel and cheer spoken by our beloved brother, in this spot made holier because of his wonted presence, we look about for him in vain today. We are all here because we would look toward him. But our ears can not catch his words of comfort. Our eyes seek in vain for that smiling and genial countenance. Our hands can not reach to clasp that hand which has so often helped us. As we go about the streets we do not see that figure swift on its errands of mercy. We do not hear that ringing laugh in the corridors of the college. He seems not to be here. And yet, dear friends, this body that lies here, covered with our offerings of love, is not our departed brother. More real than this that we shall lay in the ground is his courage, his faith, his love. These are here, and they abide with us. Truly we may say, he is not gone; he still liveth.

A friend of many years, with you I mourn his loss. I am bowed with inexpressible grief. I can not tell you anything of him which you do not already know. Yet I will lay before you, in the very briefest way, a few of the important facts of this wonderful, full, beautifully rounded life. Our brother this morning called him "Lester." To some he was "Doctor Randolph, the brilliant lecturer." To most of us he will always be "Pastor Randolph," the genuine shepherd of a loyal flock. I must voice the sentiments of that flock as they are gathered about him today. It is the first time that we have been without our shepherd; for whether he was here in Milton, or absent for weeks in his wider work for the college and the world, while he lived we never felt that we were without a pastor. Wherever he was, he was always the shepherd, thinking of his flock, planning and laboring for them.

The Reverend Lester Charles Randolph, the son of Howell W. and Hannah Bowen Randolph, was born at Walworth, Wis., on August 16, 1864. He died in Milton, Wis., on November 21, 1918, in the fifty-fifth year of his age,—snatched away at the climax of his powers, in the midst of his most active labors.

Many of those here today know more of his childhood and youth than I. These years were spent in Walworth or nearby. Very early, when he was about eleven, he gave his heart and life and will to the service of his Lord and Master. He was baptized and received into the fellowship of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Walworth, and was always loyal to the faith he confessed. He attended the Walworth district school, and what was known as the "Big Foot Academy." In 1884 he entered Milton College, from which he was graduated in 1888.

The year following his graduation he spent in advanced studies in Cornell University, in the department of philosophy under President (then Professor) Schurman. Then he en-

tered the Baptist Union Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Ill. In this seminary were other young men with whom he was closely associated. They engaged in evangelistic work as quartets, and their labors together laid the foundation of Doctor Randolph's later successful work as an evangelist and worker in the field of temperance and other reforms.

During his seminary course he was made pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Chicago, and this relationship continued till 1899. He then served the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society as evangelist for one year. In 1900, he became pastor of the church at Alfred, N. Y. During this pastorate he engaged in active work in temperance and his



House where Victor, Howell, Kenneth and Paul were born, in Chicago, 6124-6126 Ingleside Ave.

labors were attended with distinct success. In 1904, by the kindness of the people of his congregation, he went on the "World's Sunday School Cruise" to Palestine, being chairman, on shipboard, of the delegation from the State of New York. After taking that trip he engaged to a considerable extent in lecture work in which he continued more or less throughout his life.

In 1910, he resigned his charge at Alfred and became pastor of this church, where he has lived in active work as a minister until his untimely death. In Milton he associated himself closely with the college from which he was graduated. He was always a close friend and adviser of the students and all young people. Of the first half of his pastorate in Milton I can not speak from personal knowledge. But in the last eight years it almost seems to me that he has borne one-half of the weight and responsibility of the college. If we as a church, if the community, if the State, feel bereft, I feel as though my right hand were severed from my body. I know not whither I shall look for a pastor for this college town, who shall be in such complete sympathy with our educational work as he was. I do not know whither we shall turn. It seems as though the light were extinguished. For many years Doctor Randolph served as a trustee of the college, and lately as vice-president of the board of trustees. In the last years of his life he has been working particularly for an increase in the endowment

funds of the college, and his labors are now suddenly brought to an end.

During the last few years he has won added distinction as a popular lecturer and as a speaker in temperance work. His most popular lectures have been: "That Delightful Fellow, The American Boy," "The Bright Side of Life on Four Continents," and "The Reign of the School Ma'am." He has lectured recently in extension courses for the University of Wisconsin.

In addition to the degree of Bachelor of Arts he received the degree of Master of Arts from Milton College, that of Bachelor of Divinity from the University of Chicago, and the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Alfred University. He was always influential in the councils of Seventh Day Baptist churches, and in 1915 was president of the General Conference, held that year in Milton.

On December 25, 1890, he was married, in Chicago, to Susan Caroline Strong, of Hebron, Conn., later of Owego, N. Y. To Doctor and Mrs. Randolph were born six children, three of whom are now living. Hannah B., the oldest child, died at four years of age; Victor S., the second, well known in the college and in Milton, is now in the S. A. T. C. at the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.; Kenneth B., the third, died on October 9, 1918, of the influenza, at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; Paul P., the fourth, was lost at sea on the ill-fated "Herman Frasch," October 4, 1918; Howell S., the fifth, is in the S. A. T. C. at Milton College; and Doris, the youngest, is a high school student at Milton. The three children who remain are knit together by the closest ties of affection. One, far, far away, longingly bridges the distance from the Pacific Coast to his mother and brother and sister; one strong young man is the support of his mother, and the Gift of God, Doris, is her comfort.

The family relations of any man of public character are almost too sacred for mention. But it was the ambition of our brother to be a good husband and father as well as a good citizen and Christian. And wondrously he fulfilled that ambition. He dearly loved his home and regretted the necessity of his frequent and long absences. His children were a source of joy to him; he often said, "They are good children." And they held him in high regard. After his two sons were gone, it comforted him to know this. Kenneth had said, "My father has done more good than any other man I know." And Paul, "No man could be a better father to me than he has been." While he rejoiced in the love of his children, he regretted that he had not better fulfilled his ideals of fatherhood. It was a joy to him to know that his four sons were in the service of his country.

It was his sorrow at the sudden loss of his two sons, Kenneth and Paul, and overwork in carrying on his many activities here and in other communities, which so wore on his physical frame that he was unable to resist the onset of the disease that ended his life.

During the absence of the pastor of the Congregational Church in Whitewater, he had ministered week by week to this people. This added labor was doubtless more than he could bear. One week ago he manifested the first evidence that he was not perfectly well. Nevertheless he preached on Sunday morning and again in the evening. On his return from Whitewater he was taken ill in the night, and after a few days of semi-consciousness passed away last Thursday morning. In the midst of pain, as far as he could he expressed to his wife his regret that she should be deprived of rest. His last words were loving ones of her. As he dropped into delirium now and again, his words ran rapidly on the work of the church, the S. A. T. C., the Christian Endeavor societies, and the Boy Scouts. These were on his heart.

What more can I say? He was a noble and generous-hearted man, a devoted husband and father, a patriotic citizen, a faithful pastor, and an eloquent preacher. His happy, genial disposition made him a welcome guest in every home which he entered. Multitudes join his afflicted family in mourning his sudden death.

His plan had been to have this service not only as a memorial to his two sons, but more as an inspiration to all of us to be true and faithful to our country. Except for the tributes to himself, by those who have come to speak of their love to him, the service will be carried out as if he were here in life. I can not guide your meditations in his place. But there are those of like faith here today, his pupils and his friends, who will speak as their loving hearts bid them.

Reverend Edgar D. Van Horn, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Milton Junction, was first introduced by President Daland:

What I have to say today I wish to say as the representative of the young people of the denomination. I know they would be glad to have me say these things if they were here. To a host of them Lester was a personal friend. Being a personal evangelist of peculiar power, possessing a keen insight into human nature, and having an intensely sympathetic nature, he became a real spiritual force in many a young life. How many young people has Lester blessed because he came into their lives at some crisis and helped them to make the choice for the higher life.

What was my own experience I have no doubt was the experience of a great many others. It was twenty-six years ago when the Morgan Park Singers went out on their first campaign into Iowa. On their trip they came to Marion, where my people were then living. We were on a farm and I was a boy of eighteen, discouraged and in a way buried underneath the circumstances of life. In a rather dull sodden spirit with the spark of hope almost gone out from my life, I sat one night milking the cows in the yard. Lester who was being entertained in my father's home that night came out to the barn-yard,

picked up an old stool and came over to where I was and sat down beside me and talked to me in his inimitable way. Seeing the possibilities in my life, he talked to me of my future—not my sins. With his enthusiasm and his buoyant hope he fanned the little spark of religion left in me into a blaze and again made my future bright with hope. That was the crisis in my life—and Lester came in at the right moment and led me out into a life of service and happiness. I've no doubt that hundreds of others could tell similar experiences.

Yes, Lester was a personal evangelist with a deep insight into boy-nature and was pre-eminently the boy's friend. He knew how to get the boy to throw open the very door of his heart and let him in, and once in that sacred chamber he was at home. He used this power to lead hundreds into the larger realm of Christian love and sacrifice. What was said of Doctor H. Clay Trumbull was singularly true of Lester—that he could love into being in others the ideal which existed only in his own mind. Looking past all the imperfections and evils in a boy's life, he could see possibilities for good and by the power of his own love he could bring these into being and make them a real part of the boy's life.

We shall always thank God for having known him. And we shall carry through life the memory of his genial smile, his sparkling wit and humor, his unspoiled goodness, and happy nature. We shall always thank God for his boundless faith in us and our possibilities for higher things, and for his life so overflowing with love and goodness. And we will be better men and women for having known and loved him.

The Reverend Charles S. Sayre, of Albion, spoke next, as follows:

My friends, I feel that my place is rather among the mourners than among those who speak here this afternoon. Only about two years ago we were assembled in this house with the body of my friend E. B. Saunders before us. In his death I felt a great loss; for Saunders understood me. Lester understood me, and now he is gone. In some ways the prospects on the horizon of life for me look gloomy.

At one time when dark clouds were hanging over my life, he said to me, "Charlie, put your hand in the grip of Jesus and all will come right." I need that admonition now. And Lester, by the help of God, I will.

When he was a pastor in Chicago, I lived in his home for nearly a year, and there had an opportunity to know him well. I found what you have found, that he was a marvelous character, a man of mighty personality, and in his death I feel a personal loss which no words of mine can express. To express my appreciation of the greatness of this man, his largeness of heart, the depth of his sympathy, is beyond me.

My two boys of nine and twelve years respectively, at the supper table last night, said of him: "He was the greatest preacher I ever

heard." And the younger one said, "He always had a smile when he preached, and it was so easy to listen to him." This was their comment on this great man.

When I saw these Boy Scouts come in today in a body, I remembered how he loved them, and how anxious he was for them to live up to their Scout principles, and I believe they will do it.

I sympathize with the members of this church in this your great loss and bereavement. May God help us all to bear this trial, and press on in the great work which he has given us to do.

President Daland next introduced Pastor C. B. Loofbourrow, of Walworth, who said:

It has seemed to me since I was invited to speak here today that I was least of all worthy to do so. I am by birth an alien to the faith so dear to our brother. Neither have I the advantage of having had his influence over me when young, as I did not know him until he became pastor of the Milton Church at a time when I was doorkeeper. After leaving Milton, while teaching two years in Richland County, I kept in touch with Pastor Randolph, for such he seemed to me. In the two years that I was in the school in Richland County, an entertainment or lecture course was given in the village each year, and Doctor Randolph came to open the course with "That Delightful Fellow, The American Boy." It pleased so well that for their commencement speaker the graduating class unanimously chose him. Three times in that little village he came to lecture, and on one occasion he delivered two lectures before leaving.

As pastor in Walworth for three years I have had intimate association with him. In all these relations I found him always the same great, big-hearted, lovable, brotherly fellow, ever ready to speak a word of helpfulness, always ready to reach out his hand to another. I too will cherish his memory all my life and will try to emulate those peculiar conditions in his make-up which made him the all-round man and Christian that he was.

The Reverend W. L. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., then brought his tribute:

Death to those who remain is loneliness and sorrow, but to the dying Christian it is gain. Christ said on the eve of his death, "The hour is come that the Son of man shall be glorified." What death was to Christ it was to our brother, coronation and glorification, and we are to think of it thus today.

I have come nearly a thousand miles to mingle my sorrow with yours at the falling of our fellow-worker and comrade, but more I come as a representative of the church of which Dr. Randolph was pastor for ten and one-half years, of the church into which he has baptized many scores of happy candidates. We had heard the sad news of Paul's and Kenneth's deaths and were deeply moved.

It was our grief as well as yours, because they belonged to Alfred and had spent a large portion of their lives there. When the news came that Pastor Randolph had passed away, the leading men of the church said, "Some one must go to Milton to attend the farewell services"; and then they said, "The pastor is the one to go," and therefore I come from the church, my expenses borne by it, to bring their love and respect.

Not only do I bring the love and sympathy of the church but also of the university, of which he was a trustee for ten years and from which he received his Doctorate. President Davis made special request that I should bring his tribute of appreciation and sorrow. Pastor Randolph worked faithfully and valiantly for the university. He wrote some of its well-loved songs. Just a few minutes before the news of his death came, the *Fiat Lux*, Alfred's college paper, was brought to my desk and on the first page I noticed Alfred's Alma Mater Song, "Hail to Thee, Alfred," which he had written. While pastor he gave to the university his best. Not only do I bring love and respect from the church and university, but also from all that section of the State where he was so well known and had become one of the most popular pulpit and platform speakers. Even now so long afterward there are many who inquire about him.

I have known much of Pastor Randolph through a personal acquaintance of twenty-five years but I have come to know him better since I became pastor of the church which he left. Here I have come to know him from his work. A few things stand out prominent in his life and among them I have time to mention only two or three.

First was his great good cheer. This was characteristic of his life and his work. It was Christian good cheer, not a manufactured article. There are those who try to make themselves happy by thinking they are happy. That kind is a sham, but his good cheer was that of a joyous spirit coming from faith in his Savior and submission to and fellowship with God, his Father.

A second marked characteristic was that he stood for the right on all occasions. There was no soft-pedaling or pussy footing with him. He was a friend of all men, but men who would perpetrate vice and other sins were not spared. He worked most valiantly for social and political reforms in Alleghany County and all the western part of the State. He stood four square to the world, both feet on the earth and his face Godward.

And third, he impressed us as a man with unusual ability. He possessed rare gifts as a public speaker. Few could meet men as easily as he could and make themselves one with them, and it was his to win men.

His life and its work are his own monument, greater and more enduring than any tabulars which we can erect. He needs not our poor praise. We speak of him as having fallen, but he has not fallen, he has risen to the resurrection life and received his coronation. He has gone on to greater activity and

to the achievement of vastly greater things as well as to greater joys. Christ said, "Thou hast been faithful over few things, I will make thee ruler over many." His achievements have been great during his ministry of twenty-five years, but they will be far greater in the time to come. He was united in life with Paul and Kenneth as are few fathers with their sons. Now they are not alone united in death but in the glorious reunion of the resurrection life. He would not have us weep for him, but take up with greater zeal the world's great tasks to which he gave his life, and go forward to make this a brighter world.

ADDRESS OF HOSEA W. ROOD

Mr. Hosea W. Rood, of Madison, was then introduced. Here follows the written address which he had originally prepared for the memorial service before the death of Pastor Randolph at his request, without change:

There is a legend of ancient Rome that one day a yawning gulf opened up in the midst of the Forum. This greatly disturbed the people, and they consulted the oracle to find out how the chasm might be closed. The oracle told them the gods were angry at them, and the only way to appease their wrath was to cast into the yawning chasm the greatest treasure Rome possessed. If they would do this the gods would be angry no more. But no one could be sure just what was the greatest treasure in Rome. They cast into the abyss gold and silver and precious stones, yet the chasm remained. While they were lamenting and wondering what to do next, Marcus Curtius, a young and valiant soldier, said, "Surely Rome has no greater treasure than the lives and courage of her young men who are willing to die for their country!" Having said this he arrayed himself in full armor, mounted his war-horse, galloped to the edge of the yawning chasm and leaped into it. The story has it that the great opening at once closed.

This is only a legend, not true perhaps in fact, yet containing a fundamental truth. It has been always, is now, a fact that that which is worth most costs most; and the most valuable possession of any country, State or community is its unspoiled, courageous young manhood, along with its modest, virtuous, strong young womanhood.

When in 1861 a yawning chasm opened up in our fair young republic, and men and women everywhere wondered what could be done to preserve our national integrity, there came young men from farm and shop and school in the spirit of Curtius, the gallant young Roman. They girded themselves in armor and plunged into the conflict, counting their own lives as nothing so that the life of our republic, with the principles of justice and freedom upon which it was founded, be saved. It was a fearful sacrifice of life—nearly half a million of the very flower of our young manhood. Those brave young men died, but our

nation lived, the threatened division was defeated, the curse of slavery removed, and our present prosperous, free and united republic thus made possible. Had not that chasm been closed it would have been out of the question for America to do what she has done in the struggle for humanity just now so happily closed.

In the years since our great national conflict for freedom and union, the evolution of Christian civilization has caused the cleavage between the rule of the absolute monarch and what our own Abraham Lincoln so aptly called "government of the people, by the people, for the people," to become wider and deeper—so wide and so deep that if it could not in some way be closed the progress of the world toward higher and better things must necessarily be reversed. There came a day when leading men of the freer nations of earth saw clearly that this cleavage must at any cost be closed, and that in order to do so that which was most highly treasured must be cast into the chasm. Neither gold nor silver nor precious stones alone would answer the purpose, though they could help. Above all else of value was what Curtius himself gave, away back in the early days of Rome, when he said, "Surely Rome has no greater treasure than the lives and courage of her young men who are willing to die for their country!" And so, sad as it seemed, the flower of the manhood of England and France and Italy was girded for the sacrifice.

We all know the story of the conflict over there, and how the heroism of those nations was manifested until it drew forth the admiration of the world. Their heroic and patriotic spirit all through three long years of struggle against fearful odds seemed to call to America, "Come over and help us!" To obey this call of humanity was not at all easy. We knew well what it must mean to us to enter the great conflict. It would call not only for millions of money but for the very choicest of our American young manhood. Yet, knowing all this, we heeded the call and gave both the vast sums of money and the men. Rather, perhaps we should say, the young men gave themselves, just as Curtius did. If it be said that a large proportion of those men of ours who went to fight the battles of humanity were drafted and must go, let us stop and consider the fact that, though called by the selective process, almost every one of them said that their country's call was the call of duty, and they quietly and promptly stepped into the ranks ready for any sacrifice. It was the same response as that at Calvary, "Not my will but thine be done."

If the story about Curtius be only a tradition or fable, the story of the sacrifice of our young men, our boys in khaki, is a fact. It is history in the making, right before us. No story in the history of the world, in the evolution of Christian civilization, will ever have in it more of human interest, will ever have a more ennobling influence, will ever have a deeper meaning to those who read history in the decades and centuries to come, than that which tells the truth about the heroic devo-

tion and exalted courage of the splendid young men who have in the great world crisis through which we have just passed so promptly responded to the call of humanity. Now that we have come happily to the close of the terrible struggle, we can not but be surprised at the wealth in both money and manhood of our patriotic resources. They are greater than the most optimistic of us suspected at the beginning of the war. And we can not but be grateful that our great army, so promptly mobilized, should become at once so efficient; and that it has been called the cleanest army ever in the service. Also we may well rejoice in the fact that those who could not go to the front—especially our great army of women, even children—have all done their part toward winning the war for humanity and higher ideals in government. Though war at its very best is terrible even to think upon, our war just closed has had its compensations in many ways. Christian people have been drawn together and unified for a common purpose as never before. The Red Cross, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations—all of them Good Samaritans—have united in patriotic and Christian service even though their workers have been members of different churches. No soldiers have ever been more heroic on the battle line than ours, and no army has ever been so loyally and unselfishly supported by a great body of men and women just back of the works vying with one another in their care for the sick and wounded. And be it said to the glory of America that the soldiers and Good Samaritans over there have been loyally and earnestly supported by a great army of men, women and children over here.

I have lately seen hundreds of young men in khaki drilling every day. I have seen them from the time when they first went into the ranks without uniform, and have marked their progress in drill and manly bearing until they were dressed like soldiers and had straightened up, become subject to discipline, and seemed truly transformed. As student soldiers they have got away above hazing and green-cap nonsense. Instead of undisciplined boys, they are soldierly in their bearing, courteous and respectful; and with too high a regard for their uniform to do anything to discredit it. It is uplifting to young men to have placed before them an ideal manhood. The soldier boys I have been watching seem to have adopted a standard that is truly transforming them. They manifest the spirit of Marcus Curtius in that they are offering to the cause to which they have pledged their loyalty their last full measure of devotion.

War is certain to take, in one way or another, its toll of precious lives—at once on the battle-fields, after long suffering from wounds or disease in the hospital, or through the cruel deprivations of prison life. The soldier knows all this, yet is ready to meet bravely whatever may come to him in the line of duty. I suspect that death, even through suffering, is not so hard for the soldier as for the father and mother who must give him

up. Death is only a transition. To the Christian soldier it is promotion into a higher and better life, a happy life, happy in the consciousness of duty well done, and with the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." To those who remain there is a daily, monthly, yearly sense of loss of which the vacant chair in the home circle and pictures of the boyish face are all the time silent reminders. It is truly harder for those who stay than it is for him who is gone. How sadly will the noble young soldiers in whose memory this loving service is held today be missed—in the home circle, in the school, in social life and in the church. It must seem as if they could not be spared. They were so well fitted for usefulness in the great field of activity just opening up before them. Sad, indeed, is the loss to those who loved them and had large hopes for them. Yet though we are sad they are not. I do not know how it is; I am not at all certain that I wish to know; yet I wonder if it may not be that today their free spirits are hovering over us on noiseless wings, wishing us not really to mourn for them.

And now, though they are out of our sight, though we do feel keenly their loss, let us truly rejoice in their memory—in the memory of all that was good and true and loyal in them. They have left us much that is beautiful to think about. I am sure that our good Pastor and Mrs. Randolph would a great deal rather have had two boys so noble, loved them, and then lost them in so good a cause, than never to have had them at all. I am sure too that they would a thousand times rather have them where they are than that they should be living unworthily. Also I am sure that they will love our country and the cause it has helped to sustain all the better for having given for it of that which is so dear to them. Though we do mourn, let us also rejoice today and be glad.

In closing, let me suggest to every young man and woman that to live lives devoted to principle, to what we believe to be right and true, and to die for it if need be, is better in the end than houses and lands and a bagful of gold.

In his tribute at this service, Mr. Rood made some changes from the prepared address written before he learned of Pastor Randolph's death, and instead of the ending as above written, he closed as follows:

I was myself a soldier boy for four years, and my heart goes out to our boys of the S. A. T. C. You are all sharing in the spirit of Marcus Curtius, as did these two young men who are gone. They were the flower of our manhood, not only physically but in many other ways. How splendidly equipped they were—in home training, and in college training, and in their spirit—to go on to greater and greater usefulness and achievement in service, as their father was doing.

And now, while I waited to say these words at the memorial service today, another soldier has died and lies before us here. For

he was a soldier. What man ever offered himself for his country and the world more splendidly than he! How fully he gave himself. He was not, as we know now, physically able to bear the strain of it all, but you couldn't keep Lester Randolph from it. And that was what we honored him for.

We may not be able to do what these have done, but one thing we can do: We can try, God helping us, to do our work just as well as they did their work. And young people, you must know and never forget that better than houses and lands and a bagful of gold is to be true to principle—till you fall in the harness, as Lester has done.

TRIBUTE TO KENNETH RANDOLPH

Professor Whitford then came forward from his seat with the octet and said:



KENNETH BOWEN RANDOLPH, RUTH AND JEAN MARIE

It becomes my pleasure to speak to you briefly of the life of Kenneth Randolph. We who knew him and loved him knew of his rare spirit and noble character.

Kenneth Bowen Randolph was born on May 16, 1895, in Chicago, and died at Ithaca, N. Y., on October 9, 1918, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He received his earlier education in the public schools of Alfred, taking the last two years of his high school course at Milton, where he was graduated with the class of 1912. He then entered Milton Col-

lege and completed his four-year course in 1916. His class numbered seventeen members; nine of these were men, every one of whom I believe has been in the service of our country, and two of whom—Kenneth and Carroll West—have gone from us.

During his college vacations Kenneth studied physical culture at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. It was here that he met Ruth H. Sackett, of Fredonia, N. Y., whom he married on the first day of September, 1916. There was born to them a daughter, Jean Marie, January 2, 1918.

The first year after his graduation from college, Kenneth taught in the Todd Seminary, at Woodstock, Ill., where he was especially successful in his work with young boys.

The year following Kenneth entered business in Fredonia, but in the latter part of the year he again took up teaching. Later he was offered a large salary to teach in the Fredonia Normal School, but instead he felt that it was his duty to undertake work for the Government as a machinist. He joined the Home Guard, and also served as assistant scout master to the Boy Scouts. He made many friends and was greatly beloved in Fredonia, where he now lies at the foot of an oak tree in their beautiful cemetery.

Many of you have heard Pastor Randolph tell from this platform of how anxious his boys had been from the first to enter the service, and of how he had counselled them to wait awhile to make sure that this was their right course. Kenneth at the time of his baby's birth felt that it was his duty to remain awhile at home. But when his little daughter was eight months old, Kenneth made a great sacrifice. He bravely and simply left his home and went to enlist in the Student Army Training Corps at Cornell University, his mother's Alma Mater. I received a letter from Kenneth written a day or two after his arrival in Ithaca, asking me to send his credits gained at Milton College. But my reply never reached him, for only a few days later he was stricken. He entered the infirmary on Sunday, October 6, but was not seriously ill until Tuesday; he died on Wednesday, the 9th of October.

It was my pleasure to be close to Kenneth in many ways. While he was president of the Baraca Bible class of which I was the teacher, I came to know something of his inner life. And in college classes also and in the work of the Glee Club we were brought closely together.

Kenneth was a thoughtful, serious-minded, conscientious, lovable fellow. I think the keynote of his character was his desire to live a full, well-rounded life of service. He wanted to do good. It was his dream to live a life like his father's. As one has said here today, he thought that his father had done more good in the world than any one he knew. And one of his ideals was to do work among young boys, leading them into better, nobler, more ideal life.

Kenneth lived a clean life—absolutely clean, in body and in mind. He had nothing but

abhorrence for the evil thoughts and practices in which many young men indulge.

In his college years he seriously and systematically and conscientiously developed his body, entering all forms of athletics and doing his level best in each.

At his father's suggestion he took piano lessons and made great progress. I remember how before the rehearsals of the Glee Club, Kenneth often used to come early and sit down at the piano and play, usually practicing the pieces that he had been given to work on,—never playing light or cheap music.

And he had a voice. He was a singer, and conscientiously developed this gift. And two years ago, when an octet was selected from the Milton College Glee Club to sing in the Chautauqua circuit of the University of Wisconsin, Kenneth was chosen as the best one to take the first bass part with Professor Stringer. On this three weeks' trip we were very intimately associated and I came to know him even better.

Kenneth had dramatic ability. I do not need to refer to the splendid work he did in the presentations of the Shakespearean plays. No one who was present can forget him as Romeo in his Junior year, and again in 1916 in the most difficult role of Hamlet. Many have said that his interpretation of Hamlet was surpassed by no amateur performance they had ever seen.

In his inner life he was deeply religious. In his disposition he was always sweet-tempered, kind and thoughtful of others. He thought out his religious problems for himself. As one of his class-mates has written of him: "He did not scorn the beaten path, but neither did he follow it unquestioningly. He wanted to test it for himself, and so he did many times when the rest of us were too lazy or too indifferent to try."

I know how thoughtfully he attacked the problems of life. He felt that he must think them through and be honest. He was pre-eminently honest, honest with himself and honest with others.

Is it any wonder then that we all loved him and respected him, Is it any wonder that his wife's mother should write after his death, "I loved him for himself, and because he was always so good to Ruth."

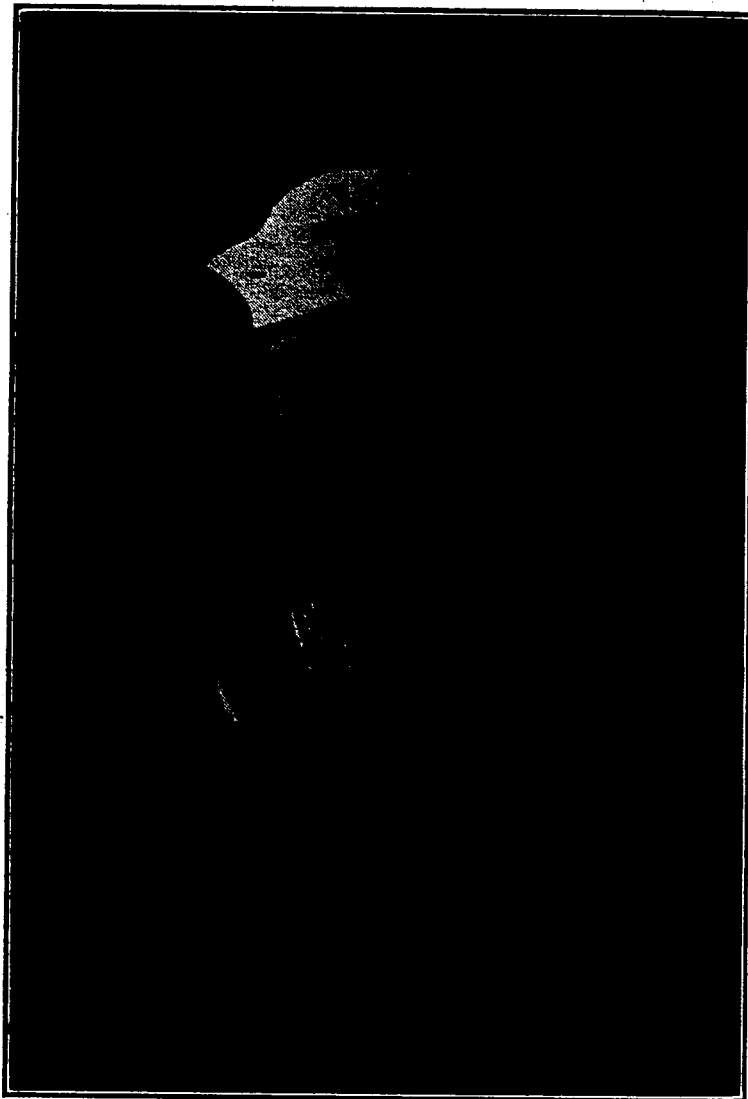
He was a young man of clean life and great gifts, a noble and loyal son, a kind and loving husband, a useful citizen and a true friend.

It was his father's desire that his life should not have been sacrificed in vain. And I believe that when one has lived as Kenneth has lived, even though he is taken away at the early age of twenty-four years, he has not lived in vain, but his influence abides.

TRIBUTE TO PAUL RANDOLPH

When Professor Whitford had retired to his seat with the singers, Allison Burdick came forward and gave his affectionate tribute to Paul; in uniform, representing the boys in the United States service, he spoke in part as follows:

As a boy, Paul was "One of Those Delightful Fellows, the American Boy." And he was a real boy, too, in work or play, one who could enjoy a good time. One of his teachers writes of him: "He always exhibited a good sense of justice and fairness, whether it was a matter pertaining to school discipline, difference of opinion among his fellow-students or in athletic contests with rival teams." And it was always so with him. He was always just, and believed in absolute fairness in everything. I remember him on the baseball field, how he always played square. When he said a man was out, there was no argument about it.



PAUL PHELPS RANDOLPH

After finishing high school here, Paul attended Milton College for one year, the year that Victor was a Senior and Kenneth a Junior. He was a member of the Philomathean Society, active on committees and prominent in all school activities. He was well liked by every one.

After Victor went back to California, his magazine business increased greatly and in December, 1915, Paul went to California and worked with Victor. He was never again in Milton. His father saw him through the gate while he was in quarantine at San Pedro Naval Training Station. Paul attended the University of California for some time, working his way through school while there.

In August, 1917, Paul enlisted in the Naval Reserve at the age of twenty years and two months. The following February he was suddenly called across the continent with four

hundred others from San Pedro, Cal., to the Pelham Bay Naval Training Station. After he entered training he made many friends in both East and West while on short furloughs or shore leaves. Many letters have since come from friends he made at such times. One wrote, "We all just loved Paul."

His first ocean trip was on a large collier, U. S. "Orion," to South America, and the second to Panama. All the while his ambition was to get to France—to get into the midst of the fighting. In letters home Paul often said he was working hard for promotion. It was on his first trip in the "Herman Frasch" that he lost his life on the way to France. On October 4th the collision occurred with another vessel which had been driven out of her course by a submarine after suffering seventeen casualties. It was in the middle of the night and nearly every one was in bed. Twenty-three lives were lost, among them Paul's. One of the survivors wrote to Paul's home telling how Paul had been considered by his companions. "I know that your son was lost when the ship sank. He was yeoman for the paymaster and I can say that every man on board thought a whole lot of him. He was a very nice lad."

These were the words of one of the men who saw Paul last.

After Mr. Burdick had taken his seat among the octet, Leslie Bennett came forward and sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which Paul's father had chosen to be sung at this time.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep,
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine
Though stormy winds rush o'er the brine
And through the tempest's fiery breath
Wake me from sleep to wreck and death:

In ocean's wave still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

President Daland next introduced Professor Barbour, who spoke on the relationship between Pastor Randolph and Milton College:

Pastor Randolph was a part of the life of Milton College. He could not be confined in official relations. When he came on the platform in chapel it was not as when others came, as visitors. He seemed to be one of us. It was not that he attended many of the formal exercises of the college. But he dwelt where the minds of the students dwelt. How

many times we have seen him umpiring and playing in the park! It was just the other day that I saw him pacing off the yard-lines for a game of foot-ball. He was one with the students in all their activities,—full of little suggestions for their work in the Forward Movement, the literary societies and the "College Review."

One reason that he was thus identified so closely with the college was that he liked the students. He liked to be with them. He understood them. When Pastor Randolph met a new student of Milton that student felt he had met some one who was interested in him. I once heard him say that in early life he determined that he would be "a good listener." And he was a good listener. You know some people one talks with seem to be interested mainly to tell you what they think. But Pastor Randolph was interested in what you thought. He would lead you out and get you to express yourself. Many a time after talking with him you would realize that you had enjoyed stating your opinion, and perhaps had forgotten to ask about his. He did not have to make himself interested. He was really interested. So he liked us. And we liked him. Pastor Randolph never lost the boy's heart. He had himself in marked degree the characteristic temper of a college student. Many who have never had the advantages of a college course, like many who have left their college days behind, lack that resiliency, that spontaneous enthusiasm and exuberant enjoyment of life which is characteristic of the college student. Pastor Randolph had this; and he had the moral qualities that college men admire. He always seemed to us very much a man. He stood up to every situation he was in. And he was always sweet. I have seen him under many circumstances when some would be resentful, envious or jealous; and there was not a shadow of such a feeling in him. He was sweet,—sweet clear through.

But he was not only a part of the life of Milton College. He was a pastor in the college. He believed in his work. Once when he was talking with me of the value of education, he said he didn't care anything for learning for its own sake; he valued it only in so far as it contributed to the fine Christian character which he saw developing in the students. How jealously he would watch anything creeping into the college that endangered its wholesome influence—things which might be viewed more lightly by those who cared less for the true welfare of the boys and girls. Many are those who know what his help was in the deeper things. It is for this reason that he seems to us to be like those in the Scriptures who are said to "shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father, they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

And it is for the same reason that he was the champion of the college that he was—the powerful champion in the wider world. It was because he saw that Milton College would help boys and girls realize the best in themselves that he toiled long days and nights to increase the Endowment Fund. Standing

just below this desk one year ago last Commencement week, he said, if I remember rightly, that he could not undertake this task did it not mean the accomplishment of the very same thing into which he was putting his life here as a pastor. And so when he talked to a man, he did not try merely to get all the money he could from him. He had the right method. He interested him in Milton. He showed him what we stood for; and Pastor Randolph knew how to talk about that. He took the real Milton, the Milton of the ideals, and carried her out into other communities. That is a great sum of money—the Endowment of Milton College—when one reflects that it is more than a mere amount of money—that it stands for interest in the kind of thing Milton is doing. Through what Pastor Randolph did we have a wide circle of friends in many towns and in many States. And no one can ever estimate what that means—for Milton, and for the great project of Christian education for which Milton stands.

We have lost a great helper in the administration of the college. He was a great organizer—and he knew how to forward its enterprises in many *little ways*. But perhaps his greatest service to the college was his undiscourageable optimism. He brought to any of its undertakings spirit—heart. He seemed to have funds of it. I have seen him in business meetings, when everything was just heavy; and I have seen him lift them—just by the force of his own enthusiasm. He was a leader among us. He had vision, and the forward look.

We have met with a great loss. But I think Pastor Randolph would have us take heart and be glad of those who are still with us. Strangely enough, the last issue of the "Review" bears his last message to us. Let us let his voice linger with us:

"The big task is yet ahead—the spiritual reconstruction of the world. For such a time as this has Milton College come. The world needs her high ideals, her Christian program, her democratic fellowship, her faithfulness and thoroughness, her heroic consecration. Let us say—all together—softly, tenderly and earnestly,—By the grace of God I'll do my part.

"ARE YOU WITH US?"

President Daland then introduced Professor George C. Shutts of the State Normal School at Whitewater, who had come in behalf of the Whitewater Congregational Church, and who said as follows:

You who have known Doctor Randolph so well know that he could not live in a community for any length of time without their learning to love him.

Only a few months ago, in the full vigor of manhood, Doctor Randolph came to us. Only a few in the community knew him or had even heard of him; yet, so fully had he impressed himself upon us that when the news of his death reached us a cloud of grief like a pall was cast over the city. That night we had

planned a supper in the church parlors. He himself had set the date so that he could be there; and he put it on Thursday, the time of the regular weekly prayer meeting, for he said to me, "We can't praise God in a more acceptable way than in social service." When, about noon on Thursday we learned of his death, the first thought was that the meeting must be abandoned, but upon more mature consideration, it became apparent that it was considered a gathering in his honor, and that he, least of all, would have wished a change to be made. After supper, Brother Andrews, of the Methodist Church, for half an hour gave an appreciation of the man and his service among us. As I look back upon that meeting it seems as if his presence pervaded the assembly, and the memory of it in many minds will be associated with memory of him.

In the short time he was with us we all learned to *admire, respect and love* him. He represented all that is noble in manhood. To meet him, to get his warm handclasp, and bask in his genial smile was a *benediction*. He was a power for good in our community. His energy seemed to know no bounds. I believe he knew more people by name among us than many who have lived here for years.

When he came, he at once gathered up the reins let fall by his predecessor and was soon driving on the work as if he had been here for years. He would no sooner be in town from week to week than we would hear of him here and there, carrying out plans of his predecessor and developing ideas of his own for the betterment of church and community.

I have spoken of his geniality. To me he represented the ideal of the Christian gentleman. His smile was not a manufactured article. It rose spontaneously from the heart and drew all, old and young alike, to him *without reserve*, and thus, with the shell of conventionality removed, and through the simplicity of the man, he was able to make us see and admire the beauty of the Christian character.

Service was the keynote of his life, service to his fellow-men, inspired by love to God. Hence in this world struggle he was intensely patriotic. He said less than many another, but oh, the sacrifices he made! He laid upon the altar of his country four of his sons, two of whom made the supreme sacrifice, and he himself is as truly a victim of the barbarous Hun as if he had died fighting in the ranks. He could not go "over there," but he took upon himself the added burden of the Whitewater charge, in order that another might be released for service in France. By the rules, he can not be honored with the golden star upon the service flag, but in our hearts he will thus be brevetted.

We in Whitewater, now that we know how he must have suffered that last Sunday, feel guilty that we allowed him to proceed as he had planned before he was sick. I am convinced that the strenuous work of the day, a preaching service in the morning, followed by Sunday school and pastoral visiting during the day, and a strenuous "Liberty service" in the evening, (and many will long remember the

earnest heart-felt plea for patriotic service he uttered), so sapped his remaining strength that he was unable to rally.

He truly died for his country—and for us—and my prayer is that he *died not in vain*.

Dean Lewis then paid the final tribute of the day:

At the end we try to sum up. But on this occasion words are not adequate to sum up. Nothing that I can say can sum up what these men have said. Can a few words sum up these men themselves? No. Then how much less can any words of mine sum up the personality of whom they have spoken! Words can not describe a personality. There is a nameless grace, an ineffable force in personality. Sometimes there is a hint of this in the voice. Can't you hear Lester's voice even now? God leaves us the memory of that voice as a precious gift.

But all these men have said, "We loved him." And all have said, "He loved us." It makes me think of something in the Bible: "We love him because he first loved us." Perhaps no man is greatly loved unless he first loves greatly. That is the price we pay for the love of our fellows.

Descriptions are inadequate, but commands may be brief. You know that in the army. And this man and his sons seem to leave us certain commands. These three men were all soldiers. There was no hatred and no vindictiveness in them, but they sternly did what they could to prevent brute force from ruling the earth. They briefly command us to continue the work in which they died.

Lester was a soldier, but he was no militarist. He was not hardened into indifference. When his boys died, it almost broke his heart. But he said nothing, he kept right on. He might have exclaimed, like the desolate father of Romeo,

"O thou untaught! what manners is in this, To press before thy father to a grave."

And that son—I speak *now* of Kenneth—was himself no militarist. Soldier though he was, he was first an artist. He loved his Shakespeare, and you all know with what thoughtful grace he played the part of Hamlet on your stage. I seem to hear Kenneth repeating the speech of Portia:

The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

That was the spirit of Kenneth and Paul. It was the spirit of fair play, with mercy for the man who is handicapped. It means justice, seasoned with mercy, for every oppressed race, every ignorant farmer, every struggling workman on earth. It is for these people

—though not for the frenzied doctrinaires who try to be their spokesmen—that the great war was fought.

These boys are dead. It is not enough for them to have died. What Lincoln said of one nation is now true of the whole earth. We can dedicate no monument for these heroes.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the *people*, by the *people*, for the *people*, shall not perish from the earth."

Lester Randolph was a great lover of his kind. He was always such. The first time I ever met him, more than thirty years ago, he spoke of the necessity of tolerance. It was at a Conference, and he and I slept in the same bed. Early in the morning he woke me up and began to talk of denominational problems. He intended, he said, to preach. But he had not got to the point where he could feel sectarian. Some Seventh Day Baptists, he thought, had no love for persons of other denominations. He thought that Seventh Day Baptists ought to love all Christians heartily. Though he believed in the Sabbath, he wasn't sure but that he had better leave the denomination, because the spirit of it was so narrow.

Well, he became a denominational leader. He did much to broaden denominational spirit. Like Phillips Brooks, he loved his own creed so deeply that he was willing to let other men love theirs. His mind grew ever keener, his spirit grew ever more devoted to the cause of his Master and Leader, Jesus the Christ.

There is no use, however, in trying to find due words of appreciation. Let me rather close with certain words of Lowell:

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toll
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
There higher instinct knew,
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her,
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

President Daland then announced the final musical selection made by the Pastor to be sung by the male octet, as one peculiarly characteristic of Pastor Randolph's Chris-

tian faith and practical loyalty and service, bidding each one take this as his final charge to us who are left to carry on God's work here.

After the eight men had sung this selection, "Keep Rank, Keep Rank, Make Jesus King," President Daland uttered the words of dismissal and benediction praying that God might sanctify to our hearts our friendship for his servant and use us to further the great causes for which he had given his life.

The lights had long since been lighted in the church, and it was in the early winter dusk that the funeral procession passed to the churchyard, with the Boy Scouts and the Students' Army Training Corps and hundreds of friends joining in the last tributes of love. Rev. William L. Burdick offered prayer at the grave side, and the committal service was said by President Daland, as the dust was returned to the dust, and the mourning hearts in the darkness heard again the divine words, "*I am the resurrection and the life.*"

VERSES that comforted Lester Randolph at the time of his first little daughter's death. Possibly they were written by him.

A hurried step, a startled cry,
A sudden fear while hopes depart,
A sudden wrenching of the heart,
A sudden darkening of the sky.

It all was but a troubled dream.
Her winsome form will greet my sight,
I'm sure that at the turn tonight,
Touched by the sunset's parting gleam,

Once more she'll lead the merry chase
To be the first one I shall meet,
Once more will fall the kisses sweet
Upon a lonely father's face.

The gingham dress is put aside,
The cloak and bonnet are laid by,
The scrap-book and the dollies lie
Just as she left them when she died.

'Twas love that gave what now is flown,
Sweet songs of faith the memory fill,
The little singer singeth still,
And love can never lose her own.

The Savior loved the fair young flowers
That bloomed by far blue Galilee,
He took the children on his knee
And blessed for them the happy hours.

And still the tender accents say,
"Forbid them not, but let them come."

The sheltering arms are open thrown,
The Savior is the same today.

O wondrous plan that God has wrought!
All things, all things shall work for good.
The Savior in my place hath stood.
He leadeth me, O blessed thought.

There, there amid the blood-washed throng
Is mother, risen to her place;
And through the same abounding grace
Have other voices joined the song.

No death, no pain, no gathering tears,
No smiling while the tear drops fall.
For Christ shall be our all in all,
The harps of gold their message call,
And whosoever will may come.

"LESTER"—

An Appreciation

[This "Appreciation" was received some months ago, and we took the liberty to withhold it until the material for the Randolph Memorial Number was all in hand.—Ed.]

You will pardon me for the familiar designation. He once requested me when introducing him to leave off his honorary title. He was my special friend. I claim no distinction, however, on that account. Very many people, both old and young, more modest than I am, would like the privilege of saying the same thing as publicly as I am permitted to say it here. For Lester had the rare faculty of making you, before you knew him long, want to claim him as your special friend. But perhaps the privilege may, appropriately, be mine by virtue of long and intimate acquaintance, to express my appreciation of that friendship.

It began in the old verdant days at Milton College. I was suffering the handicap of a late start in college life. But his words of encouragement were buoyant, and added to my determination to make the most of my chance. Early in my first term there, he was on to lead the college prayer meeting. I can see him now, as if it were but last night, standing there before us in the old Davis room, with radiant face and tones vibrant with earnestness as he talked to us about "redeeming the time," having read a part of Ephesians, 5th chapter. If there was a tendency to be despondent, his attitude toward you inspired courage and self-respect. Your smallness was rebuked by his generosity. Your blues found an antidote in his rollicking, fun-loving disposition.

We finished college together, but he pre-

ceded me by a year in his seminary course. But during that course it was my good fortune to be with him and the other "boys" in the evangelistic campaign of 1892. Since that memorable year he has been my delightful yokefellow, for a longer or shorter period, in almost every place where I have worked as pastor or missionary. Pulaski, Ill., Louisville and Shepherdsville, Ky., West Hallock, Ill., Albion, Wis., and Dodge Center, Minn., would heartily corroborate anything I might say about his magnetic winsomeness, his persuasive eloquence and his power in presenting the great ethical ideals of the religion of Jesus Christ.

I am writing this in the confusion of once more breaking up the home. Some letters were left out in the sorting process and among them were some from him written three or four years ago. One of these held my attention as I looked it through with quickened heart throbs. It was in answer to one I had written when in the loneliness and isolation of work in the Southwest I was longing for some tokens of the old friendship. How it stirred the memories of the old days at Milton College and at Morgan Park. If you knew him you would be disappointed not to find some reference in such a letter, however serious in tone, flashes of humor recalling laughable experiences in student life. Was there danger that time, or distance, or possible misunderstanding would break the magic charm of the old friendship? There could be no conflicting doubts, and it mattered little what followed after in the letter beginning in the old familiar way, "My dear old Van." Then here is a letter which no one shall see for it would bare a bit of sensitive folly in my own life. It will be treasured in the sacred archives of memory, and if you could see it you would get suggestions of how wise and tactful and sympathetic such a friend could be when you are treading a path of danger and perplexity. Another one confides to me his own soul struggle in an experience of great peril when, quoting the words of the Psalmist he said, "my feet had well nigh slipped," and praised God for deliverance. These are a few out of the many memories that have crowded my mind since the sad news came that our friend had gone from us.

Since the day that we were so stunned by the tidings of his death, we have been

trying to adjust our minds to the fact of his passing from the familiar places where we had such pleasure in seeing him. It is hard even yet to realize that he will not again appear among us here. Many letters from friends who knew him have been received in our home and there is the common note of sorrow that he has left us not to return.

"I don't know what we will do" is the pathetic cry in one letter. One from the stricken parish writes, "we are without our Leader. How we miss his cheerful uplift in our midst! He was a grand man, and grew bigger in heart and purpose continually." I know that only a few, comparatively, out of the multitude of such words of loving appreciation have drifted my way, and I am glad to add my poor tribute in memory of the friend we loved.

It is expressive, and yet inadequate, to reflect that he passed through on the "Sunshine Route." And I am grateful, as every other one who has had the privilege, that I was a fellow traveler, for at least a part of the way. T. J. VAN HORN.

A TRIBUTE TO CLAUDE COON

[The following letter is one of the last written by Brother Randolph, to friends who had also come under the shadow of sorrow's cross. It is so characteristic of the man that we give it in full to our readers.—Ed.]

November 7, 1918.

To Mr. and Mrs. Durward Coon,
New Auburn, Wis.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: When the news came to me as I was at a convention in White-water, of the death of Kenneth, a brother minister came into the room where I was and took me in his arms, without saying a word for a time.

I trust and believe that with you "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Our hearts go out to you in the deepest sympathy. Claude was such a magnificent young fellow. It seems sad that the great Cause of the freedom of mankind and human brotherhood must take the sacrifice of the best and dearest we have, but from the beginning, on that night when both telegrams about Kenneth and Paul had come, the great thought that came into my heart to steady me was that God gave his best when he gave his only begotten Son. We are only following in his steps, and the servant is not greater than his Lord.

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad with exceeding joy" (1 Peter 4: 12, 13).

"If ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven; whereof I Paul am made a minister; who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church" (Col. 1: 23, 24).

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted" (2 Cor. 1: 3, 4).

Our boys have given their lives in behalf of others. In some humble sense they have in this been following in the footsteps of the Redeemer. If they have followed him in the sacrifice, they will follow him in the victory, and we can take great comfort in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation: "And the armies which are in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. . . . And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, *King of kings and Lord of lords.*"

Let us make Claude's memory a happy and inspiring one. Let the example which he has set be cherished. His work on earth has not ceased. His work in heaven has just begun.

In loving and tender sympathy,
Sincerely yours,

L. C. RANDOLPH.

FORM OF MARRIAGE CEREMONY COMMONLY USED BY PASTOR L. C. RANDOLPH

In the dawn of Creation, in the morning of human history, God ordained two institutions upon which, as upon two great pillars, the superstructure of our civilization rests.

The first of these was the Sabbath. In the weekly cycle of days, one day was al-

ways to be a memorial of God. In the midst of his sorrow and his joy, his labor and his pain, man should have a continually recurring reminder of him who is both his Creator and his Father.

The other institution was the home, founded in the marriage of a woman to a man, in a union so complete and indissoluble that it is said they are no longer twain, but one flesh. In the beautiful symbolic story in the Book of Genesis, it is said that God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and then took from him a portion of himself, and from this made woman; taking her not from his head, to be his master—nor from his feet to be his slave—but from his breast, to be his companion. Then, taking the woman by the hand, he led her to the man—and the first wedding ceremony was performed, with the arch of heaven as the cathedral, the songs of the birds for the wedding march and God's own voice pronouncing the union.

When entered into thoughtfully, advisedly and reverently, this is the sweetest and dearest of all human relationships. A man's home is his castle and strong tower where the heart takes deep root and blossoming love comes to full fruition. A woman's home is her world, where she reigns as queen.

There are many love stories in the dear old Book, but the best of all is the one which represents the Royal Lover as coming back to the earth where he had lived his redemptive life to claim the bride for whom he gave his life. It is the marriage supper of the Lamb of which the scene being enacted here today is the type and prophecy and the love which is to characterize this home finds its example in the love which Christ gives to the church which he has purchased with his own precious blood.

This is not a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure. It is not a contract for a day or a month or a year. It is a covenant for life. Until death doth part, you are to walk the pathway of life together.

Do you, Walter, take this woman to be your wedded wife, to love and to cherish, to honor and to help, in sickness and in health, in fair weather and in foul, for better or for worse, until death doth part?

Do you, Clara, take this man to be your wedded husband, to love and to cherish, to

honor and to help, in sickness and in health, in fair weather and in foul, for better or for worse, till death doth part? Is there a ring as symbol of this pledge?

In further token of this pledge you may join your right hands.

Now, by the authority of Almighty God and the laws of the State of Wisconsin, I do pronounce you

Husband and Wife,

And "what God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Let us pray.

WHITEWATER CHURCH MEMORIAL SERVICE

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1918

Scripture reading, Song of Solomon, 8: 6-7; 1 Corinthians 12: 27—13: 13.

Offertory, "Open the Gates of the Temple."

Sermon by Professor Harris M. Barbour, of Milton College.

(On the request to preach a short sermon, words were taken on the third chapter of Ephesians, the nineteenth verse, "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge," since they



HOWELL PAUL KENNETH VICTOR

"THE RANDOLPH QUARTET"

The above family of four brothers, all of whom enlisted in the Army or Navy, was broken up by the recent death of Paul, who was one of the missing list from the sinking of the *Herman Frasch* in mid-ocean, the vessel going down in seven minutes. Kenneth died five days later, after two days' illness from Spanish influenza, at Cornell University, where he went to enlist in the Students' Army Training Corps.

Paul and Victor are well known locally, having made their home for some years with their uncle, C. B. Strong, of College Avenue, while attending the University of California, where Victor is now in the Students' Army Training Corps preparing to be a physician. They are the sons of Rev. Lester C. Randolph, of Milton, Wis., well known through the middle West as a lecturer. His lecture before our club some three years ago on "The American Boy," will be remembered by those present as a masterpiece.—*Vernon-Rockridge Bulletin, Oakland, Cal.*

seemed remarkably to characterize Pastor Randolph's relationship to people.)

The Divine Love passes knowledge. It could not perfectly reveal itself to human understanding in the body of Jesus. It was too strong. The body wearied before it had accomplished all to which the divine love within prompted. And when on the cross that love was diked back by his own people, the heart could not support it. Divine love can not be revealed in a human body. It breaks it.

And yet nevertheless Divine Love has been clearly revealed in a measure. It is "the love of Christ." Its characteristics, while not disclosing its full nature, lead out in that direction, suggesting the qualities of the heart which is growing in likeness to God.

Jesus seemed to love every one alike. This not in a sentimental sense. Love is based on knowledge. We fail to love only where we fail to understand. But it seems that Jesus found himself understanding every one,—every one alike. This is one of the divine marks of the Savior. We like certain temperaments, certain tastes. We are drawn only to certain ones; and other natures, try as we will, we can not make congenial. We say, "I can not understand them." But Jesus seemed to know just where to find every one he met,—the sinning woman, the learned scholar, the workman by the sea, the governor on his throne. For he treated every one differently, seeming

to know just their difficulty at the moment. They seemed to be a part of his life. "He came to his own."

And Jesus seemed to love men to the exclusion of himself. If you follow on the map of Palestine all the windings of his journeyings, you do not find him taking one step to serve a personal need of his own. He is always moving to heal, or to teach. His thought seemed to dwell so much outside himself in the needs of others that he was unaware of his own. Nowhere more movingly is this shown than upon the cross. We are familiar with the fact that pain makes it difficult to think. And yet, in the agony of crucifixion, he was so aware of the intricate windings of the lost soul, so aware of the reasons why those calloused soldiers could sit at his feet and throw dice for his clothes, that the prayer rose naturally from his heart, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." In that overwhelming hour he was thinking of them,—understanding how they could do it.

Pastor Randolph seemed to have these characteristics of the Divine Love, understanding sympathy with people of all kinds, and forgetfulness of himself in their service,—not because of their excellent qualities but just because they were people. Perhaps it was this real abiding in Love which gave him that peculiar charm of nature which we discerned in him but can not analyze. It was such qualities that Paul coveted for his Ephesian friends when he prayed: "That ye . . . may be able to comprehend . . . the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." The picture of the child Jesus, standing with widely extended arms, as the long light casts his shadow upon the ground, has been sometimes titled, "The Shadow of the Cross." But its true name is, in the Latin, "Sic Te Amo"—"So Much I Love You." He is measuring with his arms, reaching as widely as he can with his childish fingers; and he can not measure the greatness of his heart.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

Remarks by Professor Barbour.

Perhaps I can best be of service to those who were unable to be at yesterday's services by attempting to tell you something of what has been in the minds and hearts of the Milton people this last week. The whole town of Milton is in grief—and grief not as for some public man, but in scores of homes as for a member of the family. One of his people—a woman of our college group—heard the news when preparing the mid-day meal; and she sat right down just as she was, in the middle of the kitchen floor, and lifted up her voice and wept. Doctor Randolph was a great town figure. We have memories of him

everywhere—in the post office, on the corners, always in conversation with friends. At public gatherings, when the whole town met together, you would see him moving about among the people, at the front of the hall, in the aisles, greeting friends in all parts of the room. He was more than the pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church. We felt he was pastor of the whole town. A woman in our Congregational Church at Milton, a widow, who lived opposite him, said she had been counting on him to bring up her three boys. You here will well understand how he served our congregation in Milton as far more than a pulpit supply, coming in among us and our problems. Such a man inspired love in a wide circle, even in those who had with him only a brief acquaintance. I loved him also—though from afar. I did not know him very intimately—not as some knew him. But I found others as well, recent comers to the town, using almost at once nothing less than that word "love" in speaking of their feeling for him.

I wish you might have been at the Friday evening service of prayer. You would have felt Doctor Randolph's power to incite others to Christian living, his rare gift to set others to work for a Master. One said, "It didn't seem as if I could come tonight, but I came because I thought it was what Pastor Randolph would want me to do." The same impression came the next afternoon in the great impressive gathering in his memory. As one looked over the familiar faces of his people among whom he had labored, and thought of what he had done for them, one felt a conviction that came as clear as a voice in that solemn presence, "This is the way to have lived." And finally, last night at dusk, after the lights had come on in the village and in the parsonage down the street, as I passed by the dark buildings of the college, I met a student in khaki. He was a fellow who had never talked seriously with me, and I thought him rather careless and indifferent to religious things. But he stopped me and said, "I never went away from listening to Doctor Randolph without determining I would make the most of myself."

Hanging before the pulpit is the family service flag with its four stars. All of his sons were in the service and he himself was as loyal as they. I was present when the question of the S. A. T. C. came up in the trustees' meeting, with all the difficulties and sacrifices involved. After the matter was put before the body Doctor Randolph said, "Well, if the country needs Milton, there's just one thing to do."

He had a wonderful capacity for work—tireless in service. Without his energy and undiscourageable persistence there could have been no Army Training Corps at the college this year.

Well, we have tried to express something of what this great life has meant to us. And how inadequate it all seems! How much more he was! And we are loath to cease talking of him. Even as we are loath to let the body go to the grave—to shut from the sight of men that face with all that he had

made it written in it—so we do not want men to forget what his heart was. But we can show them. Each one of us has seen something in Doctor Randolph which has appealed. And if we put these things into practice, we can have a part in showing to the world what he was like. God help us to do it.

Tribute by Professor A. A. Upham, of Whitewater Normal School.

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs,
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest,
Acts the best.

If these words are true then our friend has not died prematurely. He has lived a long life because it has been filled with noble thoughts and generous deeds.

I am asked to speak in behalf of this congregation, of Mr. Randolph.

The condition of this church is peculiar. These empty pews which you see do not indicate that there are people who belong to this congregation who should be here. They indicate that this church was built when those who were affiliated were more numerous than they now are; and in those days these seats were filled. This church has had four pastors in eight years, and at the time Mr. Randolph came here we had been without a pastor for three months while our pastor was at a training camp. He came back to us with enthusiasm which he had gained from other scenes; stayed a short time and then went to France for a greater service.

Mr. Randolph came here and captured,—I may say captivated, old and young.

The adults saw in him a strong man with judgment—broad, liberal, fearless, practical, by nature a poet, but yet of such judgment that had he chosen other occupation he would have been a captain of industry.

The young saw in him a man with sympathies for the young, sincere and generously interested in young people.

There are several classes of people in this world.

There are first the slackers who do as little as possible, who leave undone everything that will not entirely ruin the business in hand. They follow the line of least resistance.

Then there are the people who are conscientious, who do everything they consider their duty, who neglect not one jot or tittle. These people are faithful and will receive the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

But there is a higher class of people who are fascinated and enraptured with their work. Of such was Mr. Randolph.

Some people go to church because they consider it their duty to do so; others go because they are glad to go and love the service and the offices of the church. Of such was Mr. Randolph. He was interested in humanity and loved everything connected with his work as a pastor.

When he came to us, he took not only the

preaching service, but the pastoral labors as well, and delighted to come here and mingle with the people of the congregation, to become acquainted with us and to learn to help us with our problems. He immediately made our problems his own—worked as one-works who loves his task.

But not until we saw him under affliction did we come thoroughly to know him.

One of the most solemn truths which I have ever learned is advanced in one of our novels. It is this: That a person goes through life developing a character which may show or may not show to outward observers, but which under a moment of stress flashes out and shows itself. It was under such a crisis that I saw the character of Mr. Randolph.

I happened to come into the room yonder just as he had received notice of the death of one of his sons. He had before told us and spoken calmly of his four sons in the service. Now one of them was gone. It was said that he wished to return immediately to Milton, and I happened to have the means to take him. On that ride to Milton, I became acquainted with him. The calmness with which he discussed the matter, his composure and bravery shows his strength of character. I felt that he could say as did Moses, "Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

And now he has gone and what shall we say of him and his work?

This church, the church in Milton, and all the churches in the world are built and sustained under the belief of immortality. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was that no atom of matter is lost and no pound of energy is wasted or lost. If this be true of matter or energy, how can we fail to believe it must be true with the spirit and soul of man?

We have heard today how one young man confessed that he never was with Mr. Randolph without going away and feeling more resolved to be like him and to follow his best impulses. Consider the hundreds and thousands of young men who have been under this influence and the effect upon them and the further effect upon others; so I can not but feel that

All of true good since time began
Still lives to make our own time glad,
Our common daily lot divine,
And every land a Palestine.

THE WORD OF GOD OUR GUIDE AND COMFORT

DR. GRACE I. CRANDALL

(Sermon preached in the Milton church, November 30, 1918)

I find it very hard to speak in this pulpit at this time, and I ask your prayers for my help. I have asked God's guidance in the choice of a theme. For we want comfort and strength today as never before.

This is a time of crisis, both in the nation and in the world. Issues even greater than the winning of the Great War are at stake. Any false move or any neglect at this time may mean that our boys have died in vain.

So too it is a time of crisis in this church at Milton. A great and powerful leader has gone,—one whose enthusiasm and devotion carried his people along with him,—one who also lived what he preached. He has gone to hear the Father's "Well done." In his efforts to prepare us for the future he perfected himself; and he has reached the goal before us. We who lagged behind, who were reluctant to keep pace with him, are left to finish the race alone. Are we to falter and lose heart, and so make the sacrifices he made for our sakes in vain? It is indeed a time of crisis for the church.

I have been thinking of what it is that we need, what the world itself needs, to carry us over these times of crisis. The need of prayer was emphasized by our Pastor in one of his last sermons. And this is indeed true. And a second thing which we need no less than prayer itself is *belief in and knowledge of the Word of God*. So it is this second thing which I have chosen for my theme—the Word of God our Guide and Comfort. And my text, if any, is found in First Thessalonians, the first chapter, verse five:

"For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake."

There need be no quarrel with the historical and critical study of the Bible. That which will not stand investigation can not be very stable. My faith in God is strong enough to make me feel sure that his word will ultimately come through unshaken. There is a tendency unduly to exalt man's judgment; to make reason supreme; to belittle faith which believes when it can not explain; to discount the miraculous or obscure. Why should we thus seek to bring God down to man's level? If he is God, he must be above and beyond even the most intellectual of his children. We must look higher than ourselves to find something to worship.

To bring everything to the level of our intellects takes away the chance for the exercise of faith. Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." But the faith of some seems like the faith of the child who asks "why" all the time,—not the true childlike trust. Christ says of the revelations of God, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Again, "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein." Picture the faith of the innocent little child in its father's word. If father does not explain—if he can not understand—it is enough that father says so. That is faith. The wise and prudent are cold and calculating often. God wants the trusting child, and it is in such hearts that he works his greatest works.

There is the young man who distrusts the spirit-led man. Undoubtedly it is true that some who claim to be spirit-led are fanatical.

But if Christ were among us today and did as he did when on earth, I wonder how many of the prudent would believe him. It would take a good deal of faith with our many distrustful and reserved ideas.

The Bible is full of such texts as these which teach simple faith. "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, they are life."

In my reading recently I was impressed with a statement something like this: The great reason why people fail to understand the Scriptures is because they do not believe that God means what he says. You remember how Dean Lewis last Sabbath said that we have never really *believed* that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. We like to think of the love and mercy of God. We like our ministers to preach comfortable sermons. But when we come to the hard sayings, the obscure things, we want them softened or explained away, or else we say, I can not get anything out of that part of the Bible.

Remember in the sixth chapter of John, where Christ was speaking of the eating of his flesh and the drinking of his blood being essential to having a part with him. People said, "This is a hard saying." They doubted him because they did not understand. John says, "From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." They would take nothing by faith and so lost it all. Doubt blinded them to the wonderful truth which would have been clear if they had trusted and waited a little.

So also with the Twelve. Christ was always trying to impress upon them the truth of his death and resurrection. But this was distasteful to them; so they met all his words with disbelief. And we find him saying on the way to Emmaus, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

Christ's last prayer when with his disciples had such words as these: "For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me. . . I have given them thy word; . . . sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." God has given us this word through Christ, the prophets, the disciples, and all who are moved by his spirit. Let us believe, even if it seems hard, and we do not understand.

God is many-sided. In this respect we may learn a lesson from the war. We have not liked to think of God as an administrator of justice. Yet the Bible teaches it. We who love mercy are clamoring for justice. Nothing seems too bad for the Kaiser. The cruelties shown to fellow-men by the Germans have moved us far more than their blaspheming God. Christ prayed for his executioners; they were cruel indeed,—think of the crown of thorns, and of how they were casting lots while he suffered in their sight. Yet Christ prayed for them. But he did not pray for the Pharisees.

I do not plead for the Germans. They should have justice, and they will have it. But by this we should the more easily understand a God of justice.

Again here there is danger for us. Any one who condemns others is in danger of becoming self-righteous and pharisaical. There are sins worse than cruelty to our fellow-men. God has given of his best to save us—to teach us the way of life. He has taken the greatest pains and gone to the supreme sacrifice that we might know how to be happy here and hereafter. He has begged us to accept. And yet many of us go a little way, meet some hard saying, doubt comes to us and we wander away seeking our happiness elsewhere. We spend our days and hours reading other things, strive for that which does not satisfy, and then wonder why it is that life has so little for us. We wonder why there must be wars, why there is so much discontent and unrest. We seek to solve our problems through the wise conclusions of wise men. We look to national and international agreement, to unions, laws, treaties, and many other things to change the hearts of men.

All the time, right on our tables, is the Book of books which will solve it all for us and for the world. We know, and yet we only half believe. I have heard Christian business men say that religion and business are two different things. You can not do business by Christian principles. Most of the trouble in the world right now is because men will not believe that God knows how to do modern business. We will not believe. We do not trust him.

Is cruelty to our fellow-men worse than such cruelty to our patient Master? Would it be any worse for our boys in France to have died in vain than it is for Christ the divine one to have died in vain? Even we so-called Christians are so luke-warm. It will be no wonder if God spews us out of his mouth!

But we need not be Laodiceans; the Gospel is ours to believe in, and to act upon in faith, as did the Thessalonians to whom Paul wrote the words of our text—who were his glory and joy.

"For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake."

This gospel should come unto us of this church in power and in the Holy Ghost, for there has lived a man of God among us and he has been such a man for our sakes. We can not let his life be in vain among us.

You fathers and mothers, who are regretting the loss of the Pastor's influence for your children, look to the Word of God. It has power to make you such an example for your children; and after all there is no one who has such a powerful influence upon the child as the Christian father and mother. We must not shirk our responsibility. Perhaps it may be that we have been letting the Pastor live our Christianity for us. We must take up our burdens and go forward.

Those of us who are missing the Pastor so much for ourselves, must remember that a greater than he is here. Were the Pastor

standing here today, he would point you to that One. You of this church must go forward, that ye may be ensamples not only here in Milton, but also in every place where your faith in God is spread abroad. "If thou canst believe!" All things are possible to him that believeth.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GEORGE C. SHUTTS OF WHITEWATER NORMAL SCHOOL

November 24, 1918.

MY DEAR MRS. RANDOLPH:

The words I used yesterday but feebly express what I wanted to say. Until I saw it done, I would have believed it impossible for a man to come among us and in so short a time to have drawn all to him and held them under so great an influence for good. Such an influence usually takes years and rarely is accomplished.

I was afraid you and yours in Milton might misunderstand us in holding to Mr. Randolph's and our plans for a supper the day he passed away; but I think his power for good among us was cemented thereby. It was literally a memorial among our people for him.

At first I felt as though I had no right to speak yesterday, among those who knew him for a life-time, but as speaker after speaker told of what I knew from our short acquaintance to be true, I wanted to add our testimony. It would have been so easy for most men to treat their work here as a side line and simply preach to us, but your husband came among us as if it were the work of his life and really did more than some have done having full time in which to do it.

I want to tell you of the wonderful memorial sermon he preached for our janitor's son who was killed in action. It was so full of love and patriotism! The father and mother of the boy were at the services yesterday and spent the whole day in Milton to show their affection for Mr. Randolph.

We owe a great debt to your husband and fear that in serving us he endangered his life. I now know he should have been at home last Sunday. Sick as he was, he made several visits organizing a children's choir and making pastoral calls. Rest assured we are with you in feeling your loss. I am,

Very truly yours,

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. HENRY N. JORDAN, Battle Creek, Mich.
Contributing Editor

TOILERS OF INDIA

REV. R. R. THORNGATE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 21, 1919

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Idolatry (Jer. 10: 1-11)
Monday—Philosophical foolishness (Rom. 1: 18-23)
Tuesday—Converted idolaters (1 Thess. 1: 2-10)
Wednesday—The gospel "whosoever" (Rev. 22: 17)
Thursday—Invitation to India (Isa. 55: 1-13)
Friday—Offer of reconciliation (2 Cor. 5: 11-20)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Christianity and the toilers of India (Isa. 40: 18-31). (Missionary meeting)

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know that there are millions in India who are always hungry? One authority, Sir C. A. Elliot, says that half the agricultural population of Indian "never know from year's end to year's end what it is to have their hunger fully satisfied." On authority of another it is stated that "there are forty million continually hungry people in British India."

Do you know that one-sixth of the total population of India is made up of fifty million outcasts—the "untouchables"—those who are "lower in the social scale than even the despised lowest cast"?* For them is "the keenest suffering from the general poverty existing among the agricultural population, for their lot is to perform the most menial tasks of the villages. When there is undernourishment and even starvation to such a great extent among cultivators and tenant farmers, desolate indeed is the state of those who are only scavengers."

Do you know that "if you were to add up the value of all the possessions of an ordinary farmer [in India], including his household furniture, his implements, and tools, and clothes on his back,—all the movable goods that he has in the world,—the total amount would not come to more

*"Ancient People at New Tasks," the Mission Study book by Willard Price, from which the writer has quoted freely in the preparation of this article.

than five dollars"? Then "add to this the fact that seventy-two percent of the population of India are dependent upon agriculture, and you get some conception of the widespread poverty of India's masses."

Do you know that "there are at the present moment on the waiting list of one American mission more than one hundred and fifty thousand applicants who can not be admitted to the church because it is impossible to secure enough preachers and teachers to educate them, and the people themselves are much too poor to pay for this education"?

INDIA'S PROBLEM

Quoting at some length from the book referred to, the author says: "Now what do these grim facts of poverty have to do with Christianity? Just this: a self-supporting and self-respecting Christian church is impossible among people who never know what it is to have their hunger satisfied, and who, on their total cash income of less than ten dollars a year, are naturally unable to support a church or religious or educational organization of any kind. Such organizations can not perpetually be maintained by money from across the seas; in fact, in most cases the money can not even be obtained to establish them. If Christianity is to take root in India and become indigenous, it must be maintained from within the country."

HOW IS INDIA TO BE SAVED?

"How is the Indian farmer to secure the means with which to maintain a church, a school, a hospital, and whatever else he needs in order to live a rounded, intelligent Christian life? There is only one way he can do it, and that is by increasing his own earning power. This means to increase his agricultural production.

"There is no abiding reason why the farmer of India should be destitute. The growing season is nearly twelve months long. There is scarcely a time of the year when some crops may not be raised. The true reason for India's agricultural inferiority is in the use of archaic agricultural methods."

"For the truth is that the progress of Christianity in India will depend to a very large extent in the future upon the progress of agriculture."

"Out of these matters arises the vital

SAM HIGGINBOTTOM'S PRAYER

But Mr. Higginbottom does not believe that agriculture alone can save India. Along with the wonderful things that he is doing for India by the application of scientific agriculture, he is teaching the farmers about Christ and about Christian social ideals. It is said that it is difficult for students to escape from Mr. Higginbottom without being strongly influenced in a spiritual way, and many of these lead Christian lives after they leave Jumma Farm."

Mr. Higginbottom is doing wonders for the toilers of India, but he is not yet satisfied with what has been done. His daily prayer is "that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers equipped with plows and harrows and mowers and silos and good cattle to this great needy field of India."

What a wonderful opportunity for young men of America trained in scientific agriculture, with their hearts consecrated to Christ, to give their lives to the uplift of the toiling, starving millions of India. Who would be willing to go?

What is India's economic problem?

Why is it necessary to increase the wage-earning capacity of the toilers of India?

What relation does poverty sustain to Christianity?

Why is a self-supporting and self-respecting Christian church impossible among people who live under adverse economic conditions?

"I'll give you \$2 for this anecdote about President Wilson," said the editor.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the hack writer. "You gave me \$4 for that anecdote when it was about President Taft."—*Boston Transcript*.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM WANTS AT ONCE

Fifty young women between eighteen and thirty-five years of age to take a six-months' course in Hydrotherapy with practical experience in the Hydrotherapy Department of the Sanitarium.

Requirements: Good character; physically able to work; at least a grammar school education.

Permanent positions guaranteed to those who prove a success.

Those interested in this course of training are requested to make application to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, c/o the Nurses' Training School Office, Battle Creek, Mich.

need for farmer missionaries who will go to India in the name of Christianity and Christian progress and, by showing the farmer how to make the best use of his natural skill and industry, and of the country's natural resources will put him on an independent footing so that it may be possible for him to live a clean, intelligent, and worthy Christian life."

CHRISTIAN AGENCIES AT WORK

"The growing of chickens," says Mr. Price, "may seem a peculiar way to begin the propagation of Christian truth. And yet that is a method which is being followed in and around Etah, a mass movement area occupied by the American Presbyterians" As to the results of this method of spreading Christianity the author says, "The spiritual results of this application of Western science to the production of eggs is that Christianity is being supported and propagated in this district as never before, and villages are beginning to maintain native workers and institutions in a way that they would never have dreamed possible in the old days before the poultry expert set up his sanctified business in Etah."

THE MODERN JOSEPH

There are many other agricultural missionary enterprises that might be mentioned, but among them perhaps the most outstanding are the results that have been accomplished by Mr. Sam Higginbottom at Allahabad, in the United Provinces. Mr. Higginbottom went to India as a teacher in the Allahabad Christian College, now called Ewing Christian College. After his arrival in India, he was assigned the care of the Leper Asylum, and soon after he was pressed into teaching economics. He knew little of the science of economics, but he very soon made a practical application of his subject to everyday affairs. As our author says, "It did not take many journeys into practical economics to convince him that the great economic problem of India is inferior agricultural production. He saw further than that; he realized that the problem was not only economic but social, moral and spiritual." He at once set about introducing twentieth century agriculture. The result is that Mr. Higginbottom is doing for India what Joseph did in the years of plenty in Egypt to prepare for the lean years

SABBATH SCHOOL

MINUTES OF A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

A special meeting of the Sabbath School Board was called by the President to meet in the Whitford Memorial Hall of Milton College, Milton, Wis., Tuesday night, May 6, 1919, at 8.30 o'clock, President A. E. Whitford presiding. The following Trustees were present: A. E. Whitford, L. M. Babcock, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, E. M. Holston, D. N. Inglis, G. E. Crosley and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. J. H. Babcock.

The report of the Joint Committee, composed of the committees on Publication and Field Work was presented and adopted as follows:

"Following the action and recommendation of the Sabbath School Board at its meeting April 5, 1919, the Joint Committee discussed fully the plan of employing a Field Representative who shall do missionary and educational work, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted: The Joint Committee recommends that the Sabbath School Board employ Mr. E. M. Holston as its Field Representative for one year, commencing June 1, 1919, at a salary of \$1,000.00 per year and his traveling expenses. It being understood that his work shall be the promotion of the interests of the Sabbath schools of the denomination and the general supervision of the proposed Intermediate Course of Graded Lessons; signed by the committee, A. E. Whitford, Chairman, D. N. Inglis, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. L. A. Babcock, L. M. Babcock, G. M. Ellis, G. E. Crosley, A. L. Burdick, E. D. Van Horn and E. M. Holston."

It was voted that Mr. Holston be authorized to procure such helps as he may need for use in the preparation of the Graded Lessons.

Correspondence from George T. Webb in regard to inserts for our publications, concerning the Armenian affairs, was read and it was voted that we adopt the plan for the *Helping Hand* and the *Junior Quar-*

terly subject to the approval of the Committee on Sabbath School Publications of the Tract Society.

It was voted that the matter of securing editorial help for the Course of Graded Lessons be placed in the hands of the Committee on Publications in conjunction with Mr. Holston.

The minutes were read and approved.
Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

MINUTES OF THE REGULAR MEETING OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

The regular meeting of the Sabbath Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Sunday afternoon, June 1, 1919, at 2.30 o'clock, the President, A. E. Whitford, presiding, and the following members of the Board present: A. E. Whitford, Mrs. L. A. Babcock, G. M. Ellis, E. D. Van Horn, E. M. Holston, G. E. Crosley, Mrs. J. H. Babcock and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Rev. E. D. Van Horn. The minutes of the previous meetings were read.

The Committee on Field Work reported that Professor D. N. Inglis had consented to act as the representative of the Board at the semiannual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin, to be held with the church at New Auburn, Wis., June 13-15, 1919, provided that the evangelistic quartet with which he will be working, is laboring on that field at that time.

After Mr. E. M. Holston had announced that he would be unable to accept the appointment as Field Representative of the Sabbath School Board at the present, because of personal business reasons, the Committee on Field Work further recommended that the President, Professor A. E. Whitford, be asked to attend the coming sessions of the Eastern, Central and Western associations in the interests of the Sabbath School Board.

Upon motion the report was adopted and the Committee on Field Work was authorized to arrange with Professor Whitford for his expenses and remuneration.

The report of the Treasurer was presented and adopted. The report showed:

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| Dr. | |
| March 15, 1919, balance on hand | \$ 881 52 |
| To May 30, 1919, received | 127 43 |
| | \$1,008 95 |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Cr. | |
| To May 30, 1919, paid out | \$ 157 84 |
| Due Armenian and Syrian Relief Fund | 1 80 |
| Balance on hand June 1, 1919 | \$ 849 31 |
| | \$1,008 95 |

The Treasurer, W. H. Greenman, presented his resignation as treasurer of the Sabbath School Board and as a member of the Board of Trustees.

It was voted that Mr. Greenman's resignation as treasurer be accepted, the same to take effect July 1, 1919.

Correspondence was presented from George T. Webb, Miss M. E. Kennedy and Rev. William L. Burdick.

A request was presented from the Young People's Board asking that we allow our representative to the Eastern, Central and Western associations to also represent the Young People's Board at these associations, and stating that the Young People's Board was willing to pay one-third of the expenses. It was voted that we grant the request of the Young People's Board and authorize our representative to the above associations to comply with their request and to present their interests at these meetings.

The secretary was instructed to procure the necessary postal card statistical blanks for securing the annual statistics of the Sabbath schools.

It was voted that when we adjourn we adjourn to meet at the call of the President. The minutes were read and approved.

Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Sabbath School. Lesson XIII—June 28, 1919

JESUS AND THE SABBATH. John 1: 3; Matt. 15: 8, 9 (Matt. 12: 1-13; Luke 13: 11-18); Luke 4: 16; Luke 13: 10-17; Matt. 5: 17-19; Matt. 24: 20.

Golden Text.—"The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath." Mark 2: 27.

DAILY READINGS

June 22—John 1: 1-10
June 23—Col. 1: 9-29
June 24—Matt. 15: 1-9

June 25—Luke 4: 16-32
June 26—Matt. 12: 1-13
June 27—Mark 3: 1-6
June 28—Mark 2: 23-28

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Some legislators got on the water-wagon for the dry amendment because they identified it also as the bandwagon.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Do the best you can where you are and when that is accomplished God will open a door to a higher sphere.—*Beecher.*

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Medical, Surgical, Obstetrical, Children, Diagnostics, Hydrotherapy and Massage. (Affiliation three months Children's Free Hospital, Detroit.)

This school offers unusual advantages to those who recognize the noble purposes of the profession and its great need at the present time, and are willing to meet its demands. Enrolling classes during the year 1919, April, June, August and September 1st. For catalogs and detailed information apply to the Nurses' Training School Department, Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan.

SUGGESTIONS METHODS IDEAS

FOR

C. E. WORK

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3-31-tf

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

Eighty-third session, to be held with the First Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church at Leonardsville, N. Y., June 19-22, 1919.

PROGRAM

Thursday Afternoon

- 2.00 Devotional Service—Rev. William H. Clayton
 2.15 Address of Welcome—A. M. Coon
 Response—Presiding Officer
 2.45 Reports of Officers, Committees and Delegates
 Communications from Churches
 Communications from Corresponding Bodies
 Appointment of Standing Committees

Thursday Evening

- 8.15 Praise Service—Rev. J. E. Hutchins
 8.30 Annual Sermon—Rev. T. J. Van Horn

Friday Morning

- 9.45 Devotional Service—C. J. York
 10.00 Business
 10.45 Education Society Hour

Friday Afternoon

- 2.00 Devotional Service—Rev. Edwin Shaw
 2.15 Sabbath School Board Hour
 3.15 Woman's Board Hour—Mrs. Adelaide Clarke Brown

Sabbath Eve

- 8.15 Praise Service
 8.30 Sermon—Rev. M. G. Stillman, Delegate from the Southeastern Association
 Followed by Testimony Meeting

Sabbath Morning

- 10.30 Sabbath Worship—Rev. Clyde Ehret
 10.45 Sermon—Rev. W. C. Daland, Delegate from the Northwestern Association
 Offering for Missionary, Tract, and Education Societies

Sabbath Afternoon

- 2.30 Sabbath School—Superintendent of the Leonardsville Sabbath School
 3.30 Special Service of Memorial and Recognition for Men in the Service—Rev. J. E. Hutchins

Evening After Sabbath

- 8.15 Praise Service
 8.30 Sermon—Rev. T. L. Gardiner, Editor of the "Sabbath Recorder"

Sunday Morning

- 9.30 Praise Service—Rev. L. D. Burdick
 9.45 Business
 10.15 Young People's Hour—Miss Zilla Thayer
 11.15 Sermon—Rev. W. L. Greene, Delegate from the Western Association
 Offering for the Sabbath School, Woman's, and Young People's Boards

Sunday Afternoon

- 2.15 Praise Service
 2.30 Missionary and Tract Societies Hour, in charge of Secretary Edwin Shaw
 4.00 Finishing Business

Sunday Evening

- 8.15 Praise Service
 8.30 Closing Sermon—Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Delegate from the Eastern Association
 Closing Conference

For America to fail to stand behind the League of Nations in this great hour when every nation, hitherto the prey of the strong, turns to her with eager and trusting eyes, would be to disappoint the hope of the world.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Learning, undigested by thought, is labor lost.—*Confucius.*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
 Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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This being shut up by ecclesiasticism to a narrow way of coming to God has stifled many a soul.—*Beecher.*

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

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

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS—Ask the Sabbath Recorder for its magazine clubbing list. Send in your magazine subs when you send for your Recorder and we will save you money. The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. 12-17tf

WANTED—By the Recorder Press, an opportunity to figure on your next job of printing. Booklets, Advertising Literature, Catalogues, Letter Heads, Envelopes, etc. "Better let the Recorder print it." The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. 12-17-tf

WANTED—At once, two or three capable, experienced preferred, young men to work on up-to-date, completely-equipped dairy stock farm. Fine chance for staunch Seventh Day Baptist young men. Good pay. Sabbath privileges. Farm one-half mile from city limits. Write immediately, M. W. Wentworth, The Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. 5-5-tf.

WANTED—Isn't there some hustling, enterprising, Sabbath-keeping man who would like either a good blacksmith business or a job the year around? On account of rheumatism I must either quit or have competent help. Write L. A. Van Horn, Welton, Iowa.—5-12-6t

The Sabbath Recorder

*Where your Treasure is
There will your Heart be also*

Put your Heart in the
DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING

F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer,
Plainfield, N. J.

THE CHURCH takes a just pride in the fact that, from the very days of its founder, its missionary impulse has lifted the eyes and hearts of men to include all mankind in its horizon, and has thus been a mighty factor in the development of the modern sense of international responsibility and world brotherhood. In the new day this missionary spirit must now be kindled more brightly than ever in the lives of all followers of Christ, and the Church as a whole must enlarge its missionary undertakings commensurately with its opportunities. In international relations a League of Nations is, in effect, an attempt to apply Christian principles to the dealings of nations with one another. The churches, therefore, owe their fullest support to such a league, and must contribute to it the spirit of goodwill without which it can not be effective or long endure. The one sure hope of permanent peace lies in the application to all the world of the principles of the Christian Gospel.

Surely there is a special responsibility resting at this time upon the Christian Church to lead in the ministry of reconciliation with those who have lately been our enemies, and to point the way toward the repentance which is a condition of forgiveness, by penitence on our own part for those elements in our national life which the war has revealed to us to be sinful.—The Federal Council of Churches.

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