

The greatest menace in
the world today is the
drift away from religion

Hold fast thy faith

The Sabbath Recorder

If I have wounded any soul today,
If I have caused one foot to go astray,
If I have walked in my own willful way—
Good Lord forgive!

If I have uttered idle words, or vain,
If I have turned aside from want or pain,
Lest I myself should suffer through the strain—
Good Lord forgive!

If I have craved for joys that are not mine,
If I have let my wayward heart repine,
Dwelling on things of earth, not things divine—
Good Lord forgive!

If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold,
If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold
When Thou hast given me some port to hold—
Good Lord forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee,
Forgive the secret sins I do not see,
That which I know not, Father, teach Thou me—
Help me to live. —Author Unknown.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.

The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 89, NO. 21

PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 22, 1920

WHOLE NO. 3,951

Sleeping Beside The "Dawn Path" On armistice day we walked nearly two hours over the stone-bedded, tile-drained avenues of Brooklyn's famous city of the dead, Greenwood Cemetery. There are twenty-five miles of these winding roads, and as many more miles of asphalt paths, in the laying out of which landscape gardeners have done their best to make a thing of beauty so attractive that one loses all dread of the grave. There are four hundred and seventy-four acres in this crowded city of beautiful monuments and costly sepulchres.

It was only a step from the life-throbbing city of the living to this beautiful city of the dead. The moment one passes the gates he is impressed with the restful, peaceful quiet that reigns where nearly three hundred thousand sleepers await the coming of the dawn. Many of the paths from the avenues lead along the hillsides by "Silver Water" or through some glen or vale where rest many noted men whose names are familiar to the American people.

From Ocean Hill and Forest Ridge far-reaching views are obtained of the Jersey shore, New York, Brooklyn, and the bay. On Forest Ridge is found the tomb of Dr. Robinson, author of *The Land and the Book*, who after years of research in the Holy Land, passed to the "better country which is an heavenly". Dr. Bethune sleeps beside "Crescent Water", and Horace Greeley on Locust Hill. On Highland Hill is the tomb of Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. Near the gate on the slope looking toward the sunset stands the monument over the hundreds of unknown dead who perished in the Brooklyn theatre fire in the early seventies, and on a high knoll stands a monument to those who went down in the Arctic more than fifty years ago. The tomb of James Gordon Bennett, founder of the *New York Herald*, and that of Governor Clinton, of New York, will attract attention, and, indeed, hundreds might be named that will never cease to be interesting to loyal, liberty-loving Americans.

To us there is no path in Greenwood more

interesting than the "Dawn Path". It leads along the steep hillside by modest sepulchres, until we come to a very unpretentious block of granite quite in contrast with several tall costly shafts close by. Two graves of grown people and three smaller graves are there in a carefully kept little plot, and on one of the large graves stand the stars and stripes. On the granite is carved the names of Henry Ward Beecher and his wife.

Here we stopped for meditation. Beneath the sod on this hillside, overlooking a field where sleep thousands, many of whom must have been thrilled by Beecher's messages of God's love, now rests all that is mortal of the man whose eloquence stirred all America and Europe during the Civil War, and who did more than any other to keep peace between England and the United States at a time when our nation's destinies seemed hanging in a balance.

The distant, continual roar of the city reached our ears as we stood beside this tomb, and we could but think of the prosperity that has come to America as if in answer to the fervent prayers and impassioned pleadings of that loyal, patriotic man of God whose body rests today by the Dawn Path in Greenwood.

When Henry Ward Beecher faced that howling mob in London and for hours poured forth most wonderful and persuasive eloquence until he subdued the anger and turned the hearts of Englishmen toward the cause of the North in our darkest day of strife, then came the dawn of a better day for America. We are glad they buried him by the Dawn Path from which we can obtain such a glorious view of the prosperous day he helped to bring in.

After "Sleeping by the Dawn Path" was written and handed to the printers, and while searching for something to place on the cover, we came upon this little poem by Henry Ward Beecher. For years it has lain forgotten among some clippings we had saved and now it comes to light just in time to follow the paragraph about our visit to Mr. Beecher's grave.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,

Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be set aside,
And I should be loved and mourned tonight.

If I should die tonight,
E'en hearts estranged would once more turn to me,

Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance,
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who would war with dumb unconscious clay?

So I might rest forgiven of all tonight.

Oh, friends! I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now;
Think gently of me, I am travel worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive! ah, hearts estranged, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

Our Indebtedness To the Past

One evening, just as the twilight shadows were gathering, while we were absorbed in study at the desk, the silence was broken by the harmonious tones of a piano that was responding to a very gentle touch and softly producing an old tune we had loved many years ago. There was something in the music that stirred our soul in a peculiar manner, and took us back in thought to the scenes of other years.

From that familiar strain of an old home song the player at the piano went on with a medley of such familiar tunes as "Annie Laurie", "Old Black Joe", "Do They Miss Me at Home?" and closed with "He Leadeth Me". Each strain of these tunes was accompanied with melodious "variations", and toward the close, the player himself became so absorbed that his own soul responded by beautifully whistling an accompaniment in harmony with the tones produced by the touch of his fingers. Not a word was spoken in song; but each tune brought to mind precious words which had moved the

hearts of men many years ago, and which had evidently had much to do with shaping the heart-life and determining the character of the one whose very soul was so stirred by the music. For two days snatches of old songs ran through our mind and would not be put away. Finally an old-time song book was secured and its leaves turned from beginning to end and one after another the dear old songs of early days were reviewed.

Since that day we have thought much of our indebtedness to the past. The same being that thinks, acts and feels today was in the making fifty years ago. In a truer and deeper way than a boy could know, the songs of youth, the sentiments of friends and loved ones, the moral and social atmosphere of home and school and church were instilling into the heart the things that give character and that make our world today. How different we would all be now if the patriotism, the emotions, and the principles which go to make up character, that have come by the songs of other years, were to be taken from us! What a different world this would be to us if we had never heard them! There is much truth in the words of the poet:

There was only a song, but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundred fold.

Another poet has put this truth in this way:

God sent his singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

This Principle is Far-Reaching If we think a little further upon our indebtedness to the past we shall find a wondrous train of attachments that bind us to the generations gone by. There are thousands of relationships every one of which has had some bearing upon our present relations to men, to home, to church, to country, to society, to truth, to humanity, and to duty. Little things have started results that shall go on forever. Each today has been making our tomorrow. Those who live aright will be blessed with a beautiful old age; but a sinful life will put thorns in the old man's pillow. If the future could only be always in the vision of the young and as real as

the future is to the old what mistakes would be prevented!

When a little girl was asked how old she was she said: "Grandma says I am five, but if you count by the good times I have had, I guess I'm about a hundred." This child little realized the import of her words. The years of time she had lived meant something, very different to the grandmother and to the child. It was her *experience* that made up her life, and what did it matter how many days had been counted off. Time itself is nothing; the way we spend it is everything. We speak of "prosperous times" or "hard times" without realizing that times in themselves are always alike. We are the ones that give quality to "the days of our years".

Again, if we think a little deeper into this matter we will see that generations of men who have long been gone from earth have been making up our lives, and assigning us the position we now occupy. The man who has improved his years has had helpers from those who lived and died before him. He has shared in every great movement, past as well as present, to which he has given careful thought and with which he has had sympathy. Thus he is a sharer in the noble works of all ages.

The patriotism of Washington; the great heart of Lincoln; the spiritual power of Moody; the courage of Luther; the holy idealism of Isaiah; the splendid loyalty of Moses,—all these live today in the man who has studied the characters of those men and been inspired and uplifted by the story of their lives. If one has put himself in touch with heroes who have struggled against tyranny; if he has read carefully the history of his country, he may, in a certain sense, say, "I am identified with the cause for which they fought." In a way such a man is as old as the things he has learned; for they have all entered into his life. He is indebted to them for much that belongs to him now. Thus we are all sharers in the glory of the past.

Long life is desirable; but it is not absolutely essential to a completely rounded out life. With the accumulated wealth of wisdom stored up by men of long ago, and now at hand for our use, if we only study it, we may live as long today in thirty years as Jacob could in a hundred and thirty, three thousand years ago.

Milton's Appeal for Thanksgiving Gifts In accordance with plans suggested by the trustees and explained by President Daland in the association at Dodge Center, Minn., all of which were heartily approved and recommended by that association, the movement is now on foot by which every church in the Northwestern Association is to be asked to come to the rescue of Milton College in its time of need.

Our readers will remember President Daland's strong plea that *Milton needs the Northwestern Association, and that the association needs Milton College*. The churches are now being visited by representatives of the college appointed for the work, and before Thanksgiving Day the canvas will be completed. It is hoped that there will be such a hearty response in thanksgiving offerings, that Milton College may be relieved of the financial burden that weighs so heavily upon it, and that causes great misgivings for its future.

It lies within the power of our people to easily lift Milton College out of its present trouble. Read President Daland's appeals in the SABBATH RECORDER November 1, page 563, and November 8, page 591. Weigh most carefully the important questions; realize if you can something of the calamity that would befall our good cause if Milton should be driven to the wall; consider how easy it would be to meet the pressing needs now if all will do their duty, and then come across with the help that shall make Thanksgiving Day a "red letter" day for Milton College.

"I Salute Their Future" In a certain school where Luther was a student, it is said that a teacher was reprimanded by one of the faculty for lifting his hat, upon entering his classroom, as a salute to the boys under his care. The rebuke was given in these words: "Why should you, a learned doctor, make a salute to a lot of ignorant boys? You ought not to lower yourself by doing anything of the kind."

Here is the splendid and thoughtful reply of the teacher thus reprimanded: "They will not always be a lot of ignorant boys. Some of them may become learned doctors, some may be wise magistrates, or distinguished warriors, or honored state men. I salute their future, which I see lying behind the

round and thoughtless faces that greet me in my classroom."

This is what Milton College teachers are practically doing with the splendid band of young people that gather in the halls of that school. Seventy-five per cent of these students are from Seventh Day Baptist homes, being prepared for their future work. Were it not for the interest those teachers have in the future of our young men and women, in the future of the cause we love, and in the future of our beloved country, they would not be sacrificing and toiling as they are, at a loss to themselves, in order to educate them.

The future is in the present as we find it represented in the young people now in our homes and schools. And whenever a consecrated teacher devotes his life lovingly and respectfully to a class of boys and girls from our homes, our farms, and our shops, that teacher too is saluting their future. Parents who give money to support schools where such teachers toil are also saluting the future of their own dear ones. The destiny of our own young people is in our hands, and everything depends upon the way we deal with them now.

Sad indeed would be the mistake if the fathers and mothers do not respond to the call for help from the school that means so much to the future of their own children. The man who sees beyond the faces of his children and the forms of his neighbor's children the possibilities of a great future for them, if they are rightly cared for, and then fails to do his part toward the realization of those possibilities is missing the grandest opportunity of all his life. Let the patrons of Milton College awake and "salute the future" in their young people. Remove every handicap that retards their progress and give them a chance to make the most of themselves.

A Large Meeting Of the Tract Board

There were twenty-nine persons present at the meeting of the Tract Board November 14 and the meeting was a most interesting one. The minutes will show that the board is arranging for co-operative work with the Sabbath School Board in the important matter of religious day schools in vacation time.

The presidents of the Missionary Board, and of the Education Society, and the field secretary of the Sabbath School Board were

all in attendance; and so was the new Forward Movement manager, Rev. A. J. C. Bond. Many matters of denominational interest received attention.

It is a good thing for the workers of the different boards to come together in this way and sit together in counsel upon important matters pertaining to the interests of the denomination.

Absolutely Indifferent One report given in the Tract Board meeting revealed something of the utter indifference of more than two hundred persons who have allowed their RECORDER to stop. The committee on RECORDER subscriptions reported that two hundred and twenty-three letters had been written to as many persons who had dropped the RECORDER in which they were earnestly solicited to renew their subscriptions, and so far as the chairman knows not a single response or reply has been received from them!

This is too bad. Absolute indifference is evidently the characteristic of too many who might be a great help to our cause and a source of strength and comfort to the workers if they only would.

But the case is not entirely hopeless; for twenty-two new subscribers have enrolled during the month, and there has after all been a net gain of twelve in that time.

**Memory Quickened
By the Holy Spirit** Several times in the teachings of Christ is the thought emphasized that a part of the Holy Spirit's mission is to quicken the memory of his disciples after he is gone. "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

Did you ever think how essential to the work of the disciples was a Spirit-enlightened memory? Everything, so far as a written gospel was concerned, depended upon memory supplemented by "the Spirit of truth". It was essential for them to cultivate memory in the natural way if they were to write out the wonderful things they had seen their Master do and say. But this was not all. There was to be added the special, clarifying, reality-giving power of One who was to "guide them into all truth"; and Jesus said: "He shall receive of mine, and show it unto you."

Spirit-quickened memory is still a won-

derful agency in the divine economy. The disciples remembered his words and believed. We too must remember not only his words, but our own past life before we can enter his kingdom. One must feel his sins of the past before he can find repentance in the present. The Spirit-quickened memory of the atoning sufferings and death of our Lord as we partake of the bread and wine "in remembrance" of him; memory of his gracious dealings with us; memory of the peace he gave when he came to the cross and found him precious; memory of mother's teachings in childhood days,—these all go toward making the Christian life. Without the functioning of a Spirit-quickened memory—a memory that assures us of our own personality and of the things that have made for good in our history, there could be no hopeful outlook for our future.

Memory is the one connecting link by which we know we are the same person that lived in childhood days. By it, when we step off into the land of spirits, we shall know we are the same person that trod the weary earth-path. To live forever is but to think forever and remember forever. Everything must be remembered that has influenced our lives and shaped our destiny. Our heaven or hell will be determined by what we remember. Blessed is the man whom the Spirit has led into all truth and who has cultivated the Spirit-quickened memories of a lifetime.

Work of J. Franklin Browne On another page we publish a report of the work Elder J. Franklin Browne is doing among the scattered ones of the southern field. Brother Browne is devoted to the work of gospel preaching, and with little or no salary he works alone as best he can to encourage the lonely ones and to hold up the truth of God's word where it is being unheeded. He works to pay his own way as Paul did in his time, and like Paul, glories in the cross. He requests the prayers of the RECORDER family that God's blessing may attend all his efforts.

I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart" (Psalm 40: 8). The pleasure of life consists in living along the lines of God's will.—*Henry D. Hammond.*

REPORT OF THE C. E. CONVENTION OF RIVERSIDE COUNTY

What is more inspiring than a C. E. convention where young people meet together to learn about Jesus and his love for us, and to gain inspiration for greater and broader service in his field.

Such a convention was the Riverside County C. E. convention held in Riverside September 24, 25 and 26, with the theme simply "Jesus" and with every speaker filled with a live message that comes only through a personal experience with him. We who heard will always carry with us the inspiration gained by those addresses. Just listen to the themes of the main ones: "Jesus—the Bread of Life", "Jesus the Light of the World" and "Jesus Our Savior". We were especially fortunate in having Mrs. S. G. Wilson, a missionary from Persia, to talk to us on the subject of "Jesus the Light of the World".

We listened with interest on Sabbath afternoon as Miss McCahan, our county missionary superintendent, told us why she answered Jesus' call to the foreign field. She is going some time in October to Bolivia, South America, to work among the Indians. There are about a dozen other young people in Riverside County who are Life Work Recruits.

Perhaps you can use this idea in your own C. E. meeting some time. It was Sunday evening at the convention C. E. meeting that the lights were suddenly turned out, and then another snap and a spot light was turned on a picture of Jesus kneeling in Gethsemane, and as we all sat there in the stillness, Byron Burditt, the convention song leader, sang, "I Have a Savior", by Robert Harkness. Somehow just that brought us nearer to Jesus.

As a means of showing the result of the county evangelistic work as carried on by Mr. Stanley during this last year, a group of young people appeared from behind the scenes, each one carrying a large card bearing the name of a town where Mr. Stanley worked and underneath the name of the town the number of converts and pocket testament leaguers gained.

"Being Efficient for Christ" was another interesting item of the program. Questions, applying to his particular branch of work, were asked of each of the county officers. These questions were mainly such as are

asked on the Christian Endeavor Expert work.

We all enjoyed the talks by Paul Brown. Just his very spirit helps a lot in a C. E. convention.

At the installation of officers Sunday evening, we the members of the Seventh Day Baptist C. E. society, could not help feeling a certain joy, pride perhaps, as we saw three of our members take their places among the county officers for this coming year. These are Bertrice Baxter, president of the Intermediate C. E. Union; Edith Sweet as Tenth Legion superintendent of the Intermediate Union, and our pastor, E. S. Ballenger, as pastoral counsellor. These three county officers together with Miss Mary Brown, state assistant Junior superintendent who is a member of the Riverside Church, gives our society a wide field of influence both in the county and State.

REPORTER.

WORK IN ALABAMA

In the past year the Attalla (Ala.) Church has held meetings twice a month with few exceptions. These meetings were held alternately at the house of the pastor, Elder Verney A. Wilson, or that of his father, and at the home of Deacon Hawkins, besides meetings on two Sabbaths at the church house in Attalla. At these meetings the pastor preached three or four times, besides preaching twice at the home of Elder R. S. Wilson in St. Clair County. Elder R. S. Wilson has preached at these Attalla church meetings three times, and Elder J. Franklin Browne some fourteen or fifteen times. Elder Browne came from North Carolina to help the Attalla Church in September, 1919. We were comforted also by the visit of Elder J. T. Davis.

The attendance of the church has been very small; an average of perhaps half a dozen. A very few have shown living interest.

Elder R. S. Wilson has also, in the past year, preached twice at Pleasant Hill, three times at Cedar Grove and monthly at Union Grove, all in St. Clair County.

Elder J. Franklin Browne, besides his work with the Attalla Church, has preached twice at Victory Hill, Etowah County, seven times at Pleasant Hill, St. Clair County, has made two visits to the remaining few of dear Brother Leath's church in Cullman

County, preaching five times, and has visited some Sabbath-keepers near Boston, Tenn., spending a week there and preaching five times; also stopping over night on the way back with Elder T. J. Bottoms near Athens, Ala., where no opportunity for preaching offered, though Brother Bottom's hospitality was brotherly and refreshing. Also see report below.

The Attalla Church has suffered a very heavy loss in the death of Deacon Hawkins, whose obituary appears elsewhere.

The churchhouse in Attalla is sold.

I expect to go elsewhere very soon.

J. FRANKLIN BROWNE.

P. S.—My health has greatly improved of late. I look forward to larger usefulness; pray for this, brethren. In the midst of deep darkness the True Light still shines, and we have the tremendous duty and privilege of reflecting him.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

J. F. B.

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT BY GERTRUDE WILSON, CLERK OF ATTALLA SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH

A series of meetings arranged for by Elder R. S. Wilson, in which Elder J. Franklin Browne helped, was held here in Ashville court house, beginning September 19, and ending September 24. Elder Wilson preached three excellent sermons on "Knowing Christ", "Christ's Second Coming" and "The Millennium". Elder Browne gave three very forceful sermons on "The Nature of Faith", "The Christian's Calling" and "The Sabbath". We are hopeful for good results.

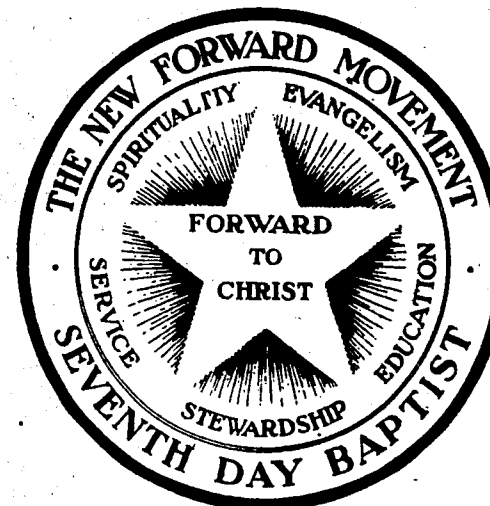
Elder Browne also spoke Sabbath afternoon at Elder Wilson's house, on "The Presence, Indwelling and Manifestation of the Holy Spirit", and Sunday afternoon on the "New Birth"; both very profitable sermons.

May the Lord help them long to carry on their good work.

GERTRUDE WILSON.

"The laboring man's family, the foreigner's family, the colored man's family has just as much need for the good things of life as any man's family, and the Church of Jesus Christ must see that the Father's children are not robbed of 'every good and perfect gift'."

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE



EVERY CHURCH IN LINE
EVERY MEMBER SUPPORTING

"Without me ye can do nothing."

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

ROLL OF HONOR

- + ★ North Loup, Nebraska
- + ★ Battle Creek, Michigan
- + ★ Hammond, Louisiana
- + ★ Second Westerly, Rhode Island.
- + ★ Independence, New York
- + ★ Plainfield, New Jersey
- + ★ New York City, N. Y.
- + ★ Salem, W. Va.
- + ★ Dodge Center, Minnesota
- + ★ Waterford, Conn.
- + ★ Verona, New York
- + ★ Riverside, California
- + ★ Milton Junction, Wis.
- + ★ Pawcatuck Church, Westerly, R. I.
- + ★ Milton, Wisconsin
- + ★ Los Angeles, California
- + ★ Chicago, Illinois
- + ★ Piscataway Church, New Market, N. J.
- + ★ Welton, Iowa
- + ★ Farina, Illinois
- + ★ Boulder, Colorado
- + ★ Lost Creek, West Virginia
- + ★ Nortonville, Kansas
- + ★ First Alfred, Alfred, N. Y.
- + ★ DeRuyter, N. Y.
- + ★ Southampton, West Hallock, Ill.
- + ★ West Edmeston, New York
- + ★ Second Brookfield, New York
- + ★ Little Genesee, New York.
- + ★ Marlboro, New Jersey
- + ★ Fouke, Arkansas
- + ★ First Brookfield, Leonardsville, N. Y.

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN LEADERSHIP IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE

RUTH Z. SCHLAGENHAUF

(Conference Paper)

A tired Irishman entered a street car in which all the seats were taken. He noticed that the pet dog of a gentleman occupied a seat, so he complained to the conductor, who had the dog removed and the seat given to the Irishman.

He, wishing to be congenial, said to the gentleman, "What is the breed of your dog?"

The gruff reply was, "A cross between an Irishman and an ape."

The Irishman's wit was stunned for a minute and then he replied: "Well, he's akin to us both then."

Through Jesus Christ people of every race and color are akin to one another. The biggest place for service, young women, lies in the foreign fields of China, Japan, Africa and India. You have heard this many times before—yes many—but how many women ever consider seriously what these foreign women need and what the Christian women of today can supply?

First of all, we need teachers to lay the foundation of Christian society and mold the clay of Oriental youth into the future leaders of their nations. India, a nation of three hundred and twenty millions of people, is passionately asking to be educated for self-government. Where there is no vision the people perish, hence some one must be sent to give them this life-saving stream of knowledge.

How about our Oriental sisters, who for years have been ignorantly confined within four walls and know nothing of the possibilities of their talents or of God's beautiful world? Here's the place for the consecrated nurse and physical culture teacher. They can give them medical instruction and alleviate suffering.

Where does America's greatness lie? It lies in her home life for no nation can rise above it. Christian women, the strife of today is not going to be settled by armies of men, by money, or by steel; but by developing ideal home life in every nation. Home economics women are needed to clear away the dust of ignorant superstition and place there the sweet spirit of a fireside and of international brotherhood. The kindergarten teachers are needed to train the

smaller children. The habits of youth cling and has each child not an equal birth-right?

Literary women, we need you. Women of faith and vision coupled with the gift of authorship to write the quaint folk-lore of these people, their missionary experiences and to furnish them juvenile books. Juvenile books, I repeat it! China can boast of only one child's magazine and in the case of children few books means many crimes. What might the "Life of Booker T. Washington" mean to an African lad?

Modern industry is rapidly taking possession of Africa and India. America has striven for years to cast off the yoke of the sweat shops for women and children. If foreign women are not to suffer this same fate we must send hundreds of industrial and social workers to these countries to demand justice for those oppressed.

Fortunately we do not all have to cross the waters to serve. The consecrated check-book is of great significance in that it helps both the giver and receiver. Money to finance daily newspapers in our missionary schools is greatly needed. The Christian Church can not boast of a single newspaper in the whole of India. What can we expect of people so poorly informed and starved from lack of knowledge?

Women societies and college groups could provide scholarships for the education of foreign girls in this country. It is learning and international fellowship more than any other elements that are going to carry to success the great enterprise of racial understanding and peace.

Consider the cities of our country with their ever increasing foreign population. Can laws and time alone make the four-fifths foreign population of New York City Americanized in the true sense of the word. No! We must have Christian women who will open their homes, put the mothers on their calling lists, provide playgrounds for the children and take a vital interest in the welfare of these foreign women. They do not want charity, they are seeking knowledge. Too many foreigners put on the tinsel of our modern civilization without getting the worth while things. Who is to blame? Is there any one to help her but the Christian women of today?

We must have women who are willing to conduct moonlight schools among the moun-

taineers of our southern States. Here Uncle Martin, age eighty-seven, learned to read and thanks God he doesn't have to "make his mark" anymore. The Y. W. C. A. of our country is calling for consecrated, trained women for student and industrial secretaries. The hour has struck and can we be found wanting?

Let us not forget our home community. The local needs of each is different, but with God's help our eyes can be opened and wondrous work can be wrought. Your community represents you and are you satisfied? Do you dare to launch out into the storm of class distinction, jealousy, discontent and trivial differences which have held our Christian fellowship bound for so many years?

Christian women of today we have in our hands the most powerful weapon for good that the world will ever know—Prayer. May we with one accord say, "Lord, teach us to pray." Now that the great stage of the world is set may the women of America not be found "pouring tea" when they might be helping hundreds of Oriental girls to new womanhood or directing the life of a nation.

They have cried for bread, will we give them a stone?

THE AFTERGLOW

"God, the Artist, evidently loves the subdued beauty which lingers in the air after the sun goes down. High noon is wonderful, but twilight is touched with heaven. And whereas some of life's calendar days end in murk and gloom, God does not intend that it shall be so in a single instant with respect to our most reverent endeavors. He gives an afterglow—mystic, tender, hallowing. He wants us to live in the sweet aftermath of our shining sacrifices. No one can do a gracious thing and escape the afterglow of it in his own life. One must admit, of course, that some of our ardent efforts seem to be aborted. The sun of high endeavor slips down into a cloud bank; reaction feels very chill. But this experience is apparent rather than real. In the economy of God, nothing is wasted; no service done for love of him is lost; no patience or sympathy goes for naught. When the shining is done, the afterglow lingers to bless the heart of the doer."

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

DEAN PAUL E. TITSWORTH, ALFRED, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

The article which follows will give a clear idea of how Alfred is having to cope with the problem of Americanization. Thoughtful men and women progressively realize that the assimilation of the alien into the body and blood of America can no longer be left to take care of itself. The situation now demands conscious, conscientious, Christian attention. The young people with the queer-sounding names who attend Alfred are eager clay awaiting their molding at the hands of the American spirit.

The presence of these Chinese, Hindu, Bohemian, Russian, Italian, Polish, and Chilean students in Alfred—some will become American citizens; some will return to their native land—constitutes for us as Seventh Day Baptists a missionary privilege, responsibility, and challenge. We have thus an opportunity to exemplify before these young people the neighborliness, the sobriety, the sanity, and the Christ spirit for which we believe spiritual America stands.

FOREIGN STUDENTS AT ALFRED UNIVERSITY

CLIFFORD BEEBE

Liu, Charniak, Kadlebowky, Felicetti, Vachuska, Castro, Desai, Liminana, Piotrowska. A list of recently arrived immigrants at Ellis Island, or a group of Bolshevik agitators on the East Side? Neither. It's a group of students and professors at Alfred University. And Alfred isn't a metropolitan university, or one expressly for foreign students; it's a little college, away back in the hills of western New York—the last place where one would expect to find students collected from the four corners of the earth.

Why do they come to Alfred? It's a hard question to answer, as it varies in individual cases, but most of them are in Ceramic or Pre-Medical work, and Alfred offers special opportunities in those lines. But the truth of the matter is this: Alfred, like a little eddy at the side of a stream, is only catching a little of the stream of stu-

dent immigration which is pouring into American universities, both from across the seas, and from the foreign quarters of our large cities.

These students are mostly here for study and hard work, because they want to go back to their own country and make their mark there, or to stay in this country and be something more than "Wops" and "Bo-Hunks".

What, then, is their influence on college life and surroundings? Are they rallying-points of Bolshevism? They are not. Are they Socialists? Not as a rule. They are the best of their race, who have grasped the ideal of Americanism, who realize that this is a country of individual opportunity;—that here it is "each for himself and the devil take the last",—and they don't want to be the last. So they come here to study medicine and engineering or economics, with the idea of becoming more worth-while in the world. The respect of the writer for foreigners has grown enormously since he entered college. And, these facts being true, the foreigner is good for the college, morally.

But, is the moral environment of the college good for the foreigner? It nearly always brings him to an about-face in his principles and ideals. If, as in the case of a Brazilian student whom I knew, he comes with the idea that college is a place to have a good time, he discovers that it is a place to dig in and work; he either does it or leaves school. This young man left school. And, paradoxically, if he comes with the idea of working hard and spending his whole time on his studies, he finds out that college is a place for a jolly good time; if he doesn't go to the football games, attend mass meetings and various other student gatherings, he isn't "in it". This was the case with a foreign friend of the writer, who had come to college on limited means, and literally worked himself bald-headed; but the college worked a transformation in him; he became filled with the school spirit, and, when he left, was completely Americanized.

Americanization—that is the big service Alfred does for its foreign students. The college, especially the small college, is one of the greatest forces in this country, in the Americanization process.

The foreign student, then, is a benefit to the college, and the college immeasurably more, is a benefit to the foreign student.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS ACCORDING TO MATTHEW, MARK AND LUKE

DEAN ARTHUR E. MAIN

Things to Come

I. Beginning two hundred or more years before Christ, there appeared a great amount of Jewish apocalyptic, or revelation writings. Visions, animal and number symbols, angelology, and hope, are prominent characteristics. They deal, in a very materialistic fashion, with the past and present, but especially with the future.

The following are among the leading subjects of discussion: (1) The two Ages; the present evil age, variously estimated to be from 5,000 to 10,000 years in duration, and soon to end; and the coming age, when all wrongs are to be set right. (2) Impending Crises, in the heavens, and upon the earth. (3) God, who, as a monarch, has an army to fight his battles, and servants to do his bidding. (4) Heaven, the dwelling place of God; and Earth, the abode of man. Between heaven and earth there are six stages made of luminous matter, the abodes of angels, the heavenly bodies, nature powers, and the Messiah. (5) Satan, the arch-enemy, who takes the form of a serpent, king, or prophet, as best suits his purpose. (6) Man, for whom the world was created. (7) Sin, the cause of all misery. (8) The coming Messiah, the central development of this literature. (9) The Resurrection of the body for purposes of judgment. (10) The Judgment, in a spectacular representation of the wickedness of God's enemies, the sentence being determined by record books. (11) The Punishment of sinful angels and men, including the giants of Genesis 6: 4, and heathen opposers of God and his people. (12) The Reward of the righteous, in a blessed existence. (13) The Renovation of the world, in a new heaven and a new earth. (14) And the Divine assurance of realizing in the future the good which was not found in the present.

In "The Histories of Adam and Eve", Satan once more tempts Eve, after the expulsion from Eden; and, at Adam's request, he tells the story of his own fall. At the age of 930, Adam, calling his sons together, relates to them again the circumstances of the Fall; and then sends Eve and Seth to Paradise, that, with dust upon their heads, they may plead for him, and get some

of the oil of life to anoint him. On the way the Serpent bites Seth, but is persuaded by Eve to let him go. At the gates of Paradise, they receive, instead of the oil, the promise of a blessing in the distant future.

In Part I of "The Ascension of Isaiah", the prophet stirs up the wrath of Satan by predictions concerning Christ, the Church, and the overthrow of Antichrist; and Manasseh, possessed by Satan, causes Isaiah to be sawn asunder. In Part II an angel takes Isaiah through the firmament and the six lower heavens into the seventh, where he sees departed patriarchs and God himself, and learns that Christ is coming to the earth. Upon being led back into the firmament, he has a vision of Jesus from his birth to his ascension into the seventh heaven. Then, left by the angel, the prophet's soul returns into his earthly body.

In connection with the world's passing out of the first evil age, symbolized by beasts, there will be great changes in nature. The moon will alter her course and periods; the stars wander from their orbits; trees flow with blood and stones cry out; dread signs appear in the skies; springs of water dry up, and the earth yield no harvest; wars and rumors of war, and private feuds and recklessness, prevail; and so on.—The *Hastings Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, art. "Apocalyptic Literature".

Apocalyptic language-forms and subject-matter are used in Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Joel; in the Books of Daniel and Revelation; in Matthew 24, 25, Mark 13, Luke 21; in briefer utterances of our Lord; and in the Thessalonians.

Compare Isaiah 13: 6-13, and Ezekiel 32: 3-8, with Matthew 24: 29; Daniel 7: 13, 14, with Matthew 24: 30 and 26: 64; and Joel 2: 28-32 with Acts 2: 14-21.

Jesus came into history in an environment in which nothing is more conspicuous and potent than this early Jewish apocalyptic literature; and its importance can not easily be overestimated; for its form and content shed a flood of light upon the teaching of our Savior. "The simplest way to describe the relation is to say that Jesus and the writers of the New Testament found the forms of thought made use of in apocalyptic literature convenient vehicles, and have cast the gospel of God's redemptive love into these as into molds."—*Dictionary of Christ*

and the Gospels, art. "Apocalyptic Literature".

And when one comes from the Jewish apocalyptic literature to the apocalyptic writings of the New Testament, and from the literalistic interpretation of the later into their inner, ethical and spiritual meaning, one comes into a new and heavenly moral and religious atmosphere.

In the nature of the case it is difficult to understand any description of what is yet to come to pass, especially if the description is in pictorial language, and the inner meaning is quite unlike one's expectations.

If Matthew, Mark and Luke so far misunderstood the teachings of their Lord as to be unable to give us an altogether correct report and interpretation; and if apostles, at first, thought the end of the present age to be at hand (Acts 1: 6-8), still, Paul developed a larger perspective, and John came to know that his Master's words were spirit and life; the Church entered upon her struggle for the moral conquest of the world; and in spite of continued predictions of the Second Coming, she is still engaged in her long holy war, confident of final victory.

2. The subject of this study falls into four parts. And in the light of the nature, content, and purpose of apocalyptic literature; and of our Savior's use of its language-forms in his pictorial prophetic teaching; of the experience of Christians and the history of the Church since his time; and of the nature of a rational, ethical, and spiritual religion, while we may not reach dogmatic conclusions, we ought to derive from their reverent consideration some good measure of satisfaction and profit.

(1) The Lord's Coming Again.
Jesus said to the Twelve, "Ye shall not have gone through the cities of Israel, till the Son of man be come" (Matt. 10: 23). In Matthew 16: 27, 28, we read, "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then shall he render unto every man according to his deeds. Verily I say unto you, There are some of them that stand here, who in no wise shall taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." Mark (9: 1) has it, "Till they see the kingdom of God come with power"; Luke (9: 27), "Till they see the Kingdom of God." When on trial before the Jewish authorities, Christ said, "Henceforth ye shall see the Son of

man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven" (Matt. 26: 64). Mark says: "Ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven" (14: 62). Luke, "From henceforth (from this time on) shall the Son of man be seated at the right hand of the power of God" (22: 69).

The coming of Christ, and the growth and spread of his kingdom, are the same thing; for he himself is the King. It takes time for the growth of the blade, the ear, and the full grain; for the little mustard seed to become a tree; for the leaven to leaven three measures of meal; and to make disciples of all the nations. It was after a "long time" that the lord of the servants came to reckon with them (Matt. 25: 19). And the man who planted a vineyard and let it out to husbandmen, went into another country for a "long time" (Luke 20: 9).

We must hold either (1) that the apocalyptic discourses in our Gospels are not essential as Jesus gave them; or (2) explain away those passages which predict an Advent within the generation then living; or (3) regarding Jesus as actually predicting during the lives of men then living a visible advent in the clouds, a prediction which was not fulfilled; or (4) understand the language of Jesus symbolically, as the prediction, in language, taken partly from Old Testament, partly from the Apocalypses of the time, of an advent which, while not without external features, is really to be understood after the analogy of Matthew 26: 64; John 14: 18-28; 16: 7, 16, 22; Revelation 2: 5, 16; 3: 3, 11. (Substantially a quotation from the *Hastings Dictionary of the Bible*, III, 677.)

Without any hesitation I accept (4) with its comfort and its warning.

The "coming" of Christ, then, is neither a near-by nor a far-off event, but a present and continued forward movement of his kingdom in the hearts and lives of men, individually and collectively. Growth in personal spiritual experience, and progress in the world's moral and religious history, is the coming of our Lord, on the clouds of heaven, with the angels, in power and glory. All who are ready, may well exclaim, Amen: come, Lord Jesus.

(2) The Judgment.
The Judgment, also, is not only a future

event, but a present and continued movement of the Divine Providence, in the separation of men and nations into two classes, according to their attitude, in character and conduct, toward God; his Son Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and Lord; and his Holy Spirit, who seeks to guide the consciences of men; and according to their words and deeds, motives and purposes, in human relations. The supreme standards are the Two Great Commandments, interpreted by the life, teachings and sacrificial ministry of Jesus.

The fruit of personal righteousness, and of social, industrial, and national justice, liberty, and good order; and the consequences of individual sinning, and of social, industrial, and national injustice, oppression, and lawlessness, are the judgment of God. The Hebrew monarchy fell in two and went down, because of the judgment of God upon luxury, corruption, and cruelty. Jerusalem and Judaism were overthrown, because of the Stone which the builders rejected (Matt. 21: 33-46; 23: 29-38; 24: 34; Mark 12: 1-12; Luke 11: 49-51; 20: 9-19; 21: 29-32). The judgment upon Jerusalem and Judaism is so typical of other great judgments that it is not possible to separate the descriptions in these passages.

Jesus Christ, then, in the power and Spirit of God, is now judging individuals, families, neighborhoods, cities, and nations; the wheat and chaff are being separated; but with God it is yet possible to change chaff into wheat, if men will love, trust, obey and serve.

(3) The Resurrection.

In our Lord's great answer to the Sadducees (Matt. 22: 29-32; Mark 12: 24-27; Luke 20: 34-38), the doctrine of the resurrection is the doctrine of continued existence, unbroken by the death of the body. "Dead things may have a Creator, a Possessor, a Ruler: only living beings can have a God."—*Plummer*.

The Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the just (Luke 14: 14), is the doctrine of an immortal personality (Luke 20: 36). The physical basis of our present personality is a mortal body; our reconstituted personality will be in harmony with the exalted heavenly life (Luke 20: 35). This comes from the power of God as taught in the Scriptures. And "No

one can have a right estimate of his position and duty in this life who omits all account of a life to come."—*Plummer*.

(4) "The End of the World"

In spite of difficulties in the way of a satisfying interpretation of passages which refer to great eras in the world's religious history, and to a yet unknown future, it seems to me that we may, historically and practically, find in them for ourselves such meanings as the following:

a. The end of the Old Covenant or Age, by the coming in of the New or Gospel Age. See Hebrews 9: 26.

b. The end of "time", or of human life. See Matthew 28: 20.

c. The triumphant consummation of all that is meant by the Kingdom of Heaven, the Coming of our Lord, the Judgment, and the Resurrection. See 1 Corinthians 15: 24-26.

That a glorious "Age" is yet to come at a time known only to the Father, is an idea in accord with the teaching of Jesus, and with the nature and laws of spiritual and moral life. True life implies activity and growth toward completeness.

The golden age of pagan religion was in the past; the golden age of the Christian religion is in the future; for the Christian's ideal is that of progress, of perfected personality in individual and associated life (Matt. 5: 48). That not many reach perfection in this life, even in a relative sense, would probably be the testimony of the best of Christians. And it seems to me to be in harmony with the world's general process of development from lower to higher forms of life; with the Scriptures, they themselves being a record and prophecy of redemptive progress (Matt. 16: 20; Mark 8: 30; Luke 9: 21, 22); and with the principles of spiritual life, to believe that after death we shall grow in the likeness and power of our Lord, unto that completeness of being to which our Father has graciously called us.

In parables and discourse Jesus describes the condition of the saved and the lost, in the life to come, by the use of different figures of speech. The full meaning no one can tell; but we know that one is a state of blessedness, the other of misery. To teach, as some have done, that the wicked will be cast into fire, seems strikingly inconsistent with the Savior's other

word that they will be cast into darkness.

Jesus teaches the possibility of sinning, beyond the hope of salvation (Matt. 12: 31, 32; Mark 3: 28; Luke 12: 10). In Mark we have the philosophy of unpardonable sin: it is an eternal sin. It is possible, then, for one to resist the influence of the Holy Spirit, so long and persistently, as to become hardened in heart, and without the disposition or capacity to turn to God for his pardoning mercy.

While the words in Matthew, "It shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come," do not teach the possibility of any forgiveness in the world to come, as the meaning may be that of a sweeping never, they nevertheless suggest that inference and hope; which is favored, also by the inequality of opportunity, in this life (Matt. 11: 21-24). I am as sure that God will never turn away a truly penitent sinner, either in this world or in that which is to come, as I am that he is my heavenly Father, is boundless in compassion and justice; with perfect goodness as his character, and holy love as his motive. My fear is, that sinners will not repent in that world any more than they do in this. My expectation is that God, who created us as self-conscious, self-directing beings, will exhaust every possible resource in his fatherly purpose to redeem every soul that can be drawn from sin into fellowship with all that is true, pure and good.

All true and pure life, physical, intellectual, moral, social, and religious, naturally tends to continuance and progress; and sin and selfishness naturally tend to become more sinful and selfish, on the way to an eternal sin, or ruined personality. It is therefore supreme folly, danger, and unworthiness, to refuse to obey the Holy Spirit, who says, "Today, if ye shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE MEMORIAL BOARD

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund was held in the church parlor, Sunday, October 10, 1920. Present: Henry M. Maxson, William M. Stillman, Orra S. Rogers, Holly W. Maxson, Edward E. Whitford, Asa F. Randolph and William C. Hubbard.

The minutes of the last quarterly meeting

were read and the Secretary advised that all the items in the minutes which had been referred, had been attended to.

Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, coming in at this point, was gladly granted the favor, and presented the labors of Rev. J. Franklin Browne, of Alabama City, Ala., reviewed his past services and fine spirit of self-sacrifice.

Re Seventh Day Baptist church, Hornell, N. Y. At the request of Herbert G. Whipple, the Board appointed Frank J. Hubbard, Treasurer, a committee to represent the Board and to take up with Mr. Whipple the matter of securing a title to the Hornell church, and he was authorized, if necessary, to purchase the church, or liquidate same, or to take any further action necessary to advance and to protect the Board's interest, and:

Resolved, That the proper officers of the Board be authorized to execute any papers necessary in the premises.

A request having been received from the Cartwright (Wis.) Church for a loan on their parsonage; the Secretary was authorized to advise that the Board can not loan money for this purpose.

The Finance-Committee's report, showing changes in securities, was received and ordered placed on file.

The quarterly report of the Treasurer was read, and having been duly audited, was read, approved and ordered on file.

The Treasurer was authorized to remit regularly to the authorized beneficiaries during the coming year.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Secretary.

DISBURSEMENTS OF INCOME FOR THE QUARTER	
American Sabbath Tract Society	\$82 27
Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society	18 75
Seventh Day Baptist Education Society,	
Theological Seminary	5 56
Alfred College	321 67
Milton College	123 47
Salem College	11 11

"Some men dig while others dream, some men boost while others knock;
Some men think the days are long, other men forget the clock;
Some men hope while other men go complaining day by day;
Have you ever met a man who has made complaining pay?"

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

PROGRAM OF PRAYER

HOME MISSIONS

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."

The annual report of our Missionary Society shows many open doors, but a great lack of available workers. Pray that pastors may be found for the five pastorless churches in the Eastern Association.

Remember in prayer the work of Rev. Mr. Savarese among the Italians of New York City and New Era, N. J.

THANKSGIVING

For morning sun and evening dew,
For every bud that April knew,
For storm and silence, gloom and light,
And for the solemn stars at night;
For fallow field and burdened byre,
For roof-tree and the hearthside fire;
For everything that shines and sings,
For dear, familiar daily things—
The friendly trees, and in the sky
The white cloud-squadrons sailing by;
For Hope that waits, for Faith that dares,
For Patience that still smiles and bears,
For love that fails not, nor withstands;
For healing touch of children's hands,
For happy labor, high intent,
For all life's blessed sacrament.
O Comrade of our nights and days,
Thou givest all things, take our praise!

—Arthur Ketchum.

SMUGNESS IN THANKSGIVING

One day not so many weeks ago I started on a new adventure. I set out to find romance in everyday work and play.

But romance was not so easy to find. It seemed to me at first that my quest was simple enough. I just wanted to find the secret of being happy as you went along. To me it meant nothing more unusual than the old, old quest for the true spirit of thanksgiving.

How strange it is in these hurried days, that people forget what real contentment means. Every tired soul of us dreams about the El Dorado of contentment—but in an

ambition-ridden world it seems impossible of attainment. Curiously enough, my adventure taught me first of all, that contentment is our great desire—only so pitifully few of us really know how to find it.

First of all I went to some of the girls I know, most of them students. I wondered if they had found the secret of the Thanksgiving spirit, which, being translated, means true contentment.

It had been a long time, I remembered, since I had heard of the sweet girl graduate. In the midst of increasing opportunities for girls, and changed conditions of women's life and world, the old-fashioned girl has slipped out of sight. The American girl, especially the student, has so much in her life. Nowadays she realizes that she is a member of the community as well as an important factor in her father's house; that every minute must be spent in conscious self-preparation. Small wonder that she seems self-centered. Her inner world of thought is easily discovered. Its biggest signposts are deciphered at no great distance. They are ambition and the dawn of consciousness of power.

A scrap of conversation I had heard only a short time ago came back to me.

"You know Peggy," one college senior said to another, "I feel so thankful that I have succeeded so well. Mother said that I knew I had ability and courage. But the remarkable thing is that I made the attempt with my delicate constitution."

So my adventure went on. How varied were my discoveries! "For all the wonderful things of the year"; "for a chance to study"; "for my place to work out my great scheme of existence"; "for mother's good health"; "for friends, for money, position, books"—the list was endless. There seemed to be plenty of thanksgiving in the world when you came right down to it—Thanksgiving of a certain kind. Of course we are all thankful for friends and home and mother and America. These things are part of ourselves.

Then I began to wonder. Perhaps Thanksgiving time was, after all, only another opportunity to inquire honestly if our gratitude was something like that of the Pharisee. Was it just our country, our prosperity, our friends and our own good Thanksgiving dinner that filled our hearts with thanksgiving?

Just here I seemed far from my goal. The romance had gone out of my quest. Something was the matter with my adventure!

It's always easy to forget the folks around the corner. It matters little to us, in the final analysis, how desperate their struggle for respectability may be. Our thanksgiving spirit is so complacent. It fails to remember, over a steaming turkey, edged with rich dressing and accompanied by sufficient cranberry sauce, those other dinners of stale bread and tea. We are grateful for our friends. But how much thought do we give to the girl who is friendless simply because she has no opportunities to know what friendliness means?

There are thousands of girls working hard to be respectable who haven't enough to eat, and thousands of others who want something more in their lives than enough to eat and a place to sleep. But we have heard this statement so often it hardly registers anywhere on our preoccupied brains.

"Oh, but," we answer easily enough. "We have thought about these girls sometimes. We have gone slumming." We have visited hospitals and read to the old ladies at the Old People's Home." Yes! But have we ever done anything really vital to change the conditions of their lives, that they may be thankful, too? Or have we only tossed them a bunch of pretty flowers that cost us nothing in time or strength or life to give and expected them to forget their hunger and pain and loneliness? Have we put more than a friendly finger under the burdens of our sisters who climb the weary way beside us? I wondered how we dared be thankful without that.

"I am thankful for my job." This time it was a young professional woman speaking. "Maybe I am a bit selfish about it, but it means everything in the world to me. It means my place in the community and perhaps later on it will mean my chance to work out something that may, in the end, help someone else a little."

My adventure was only started. I wanted to know more about this spirit of Thanksgiving. All around me I saw lives filled to overflowing with work and blessings of all kinds. What sort of thankfulness was in the hearts of the busy folks I met everywhere?

"What are you most thankful for?" I asked another college student.

"Two professors within three days have told me that if I study faithfully I have possibilities of a great future. I am thankful for my particular gift. Not that I take any credit for it—I just have it, you know."

Another girl was thankful "for a place to live in a nice family instead of a boarding house". One girl was thankful because the summer had brought her—a long dreamed of trip on a western range. Someone else said, "My chance to work," and still another girl gave this hasty glimpse of the myriad sides of the modern girl's character by telling me that she was thankful that she had been able to conquer her bad temper.

"Mother says it is really a good thing to have a bad temper if you can conquer it. Now I feel more justified in having a temper at all," she explained.

But every one seems so smugly thankful. Somehow I could not help thinking of a prayer of thanksgiving, mentioned in the Bible. "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

Life must mean more than that. Of course, its true expression must be in the individual, responsible for her own development. And yet, how many of us fetter our own spirit by following our dreams to their goals and just giving thanks, when we happen to think of it, for the chance of self-fulfillment.

Still I was not at the end of my adventure. There must be something more. I pushed relentlessly on.

One day an interesting man came into my office. People loved him as a great leader.

"What are you most thankful for?" I asked him.

"For the spirit of giving in folks."

I remember he smiled his answer back at me, and that smile suddenly brought me in sight of my adventure's end.

A little boy who picks up the waste paper in my office, who peeps in at my door at five o'clock in the afternoons with an inquiring look as if to ask how soon I expect to go home, timidly opened my office door one evening.

"Come in," I said. "You may have the paper now. What are you most thankful for, my boy?"

"For Barby," he answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"Why are you thankful for Barby? Is she your sister?"

"Yes, she's my sister, and I am thankful because she's so big-like."

"And do you expect to be big-like some day?" I ventured.

"Not the way Barby is," the lad answered. "When grandmother died Barby gave all of her money that she'd saved up, and she always does things for people, and always smiles," he added.

That night I went home with a vision of a little lad with shining eyes before me. He was so radiantly thankful for Barby.

Here in my own office, where I least expected to find it, I ended my adventure in the quest for contentment. I found my true spirit of thanksgiving not in Barby, who was so "big-like", but in the little boy, who was not thankful for anything he had ever done or ever hoped to be, but for certain qualities of greatness in another.

In quietness and in confidence I thought of the quest of Sir Launfal and the cup changed into the grail in my hands.—*The Association Monthly*.

MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

November 8 the Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. Henry N. Jordan. The members present were: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. J. W. Morton, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. L. M. Babcock, Mrs. H. N. Jordan, Mrs. E. D. Van Horn. Mrs. Emma Landphere was a welcome visitor.

The meeting was called to order by the President. Mrs. Jordan led the devotional service, reading Psalm 91, and offering prayer, giving thanks especially for the returning health and strength of our President.

Minutes of the previous session were read.

Mrs. Whitford read the Treasurer's report for October. The total receipts for the month were \$188.72; disbursements were \$62.05.

The Corresponding Secretary stated that the annual letter had been sent to the Associational Secretaries. Letters were read from the Committee of Reference and Counsel, from Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich., and from Mrs. Lena G. Crofoot, West Edmeston, N. Y.

Mrs. West expressed her gratitude for

the letter of friendship also the flowers, sent to her by the Board, during her recent illness.

Minutes of the meeting were read and approved.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. A. B. West in December.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President.

MRS. E. D. VAN HORN,
Recording Secretary.

SPIRITUAL TRAINING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

REV. M. G. STILLMAN
(Conference Address)

The apostle Paul, for a part of his training sat at the feet of Gamaliel, a wise man. Our Gamaliel is General Conference, ever learning at the feet of our Divine Lord, the Prince of Peace. Can there be spiritual training in the public schools in all States of our great nation? Yea verily, where there are devoted, spiritually minded teachers, who appreciate the high calling, to polish, adorn and help complete the souls in their charge.

It was the lack of spiritual teaching in America as well as in Europe that brought the recent World War. It was the lack of spiritual training that our Congress has so far failed to conclude the treaty of peace. To be spiritually minded is to find our times for prayer, the word of God, and service in righteousness.

A lawyer stood before the Master with the great question of the age, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" This involves moral force.

If you have a high school diploma, with honor, you have grown in moral force. Otherwise the schooling is a failure. You have only given greater power against the great work of faith and salvation. You have given more force to the beast in human nature. This may be but a glittering generality, but it is a jewel of thought which we may hold and wear without vanity.

Our question involves the very great question of the relation of church and state. Religious and civil activities have always mingled. How could it be otherwise since the man with temporal and physical necessities, is endowed with spiritual nature by which he may and ought to serve righteousness? Read the old prophets. See how

they were ever in demand, but when the government groveled for power and wealth they persecuted the true prophet.

In a thousand years the Christian church came to the height of its commanding power. In the eleventh century the Norman conqueror won at the famous battle of Hastings. In that same century before its close, the fanatical crusader even drove the Turks for a little while from Jerusalem. In that century there was a Henry IV of Germany who boasted as head of the Holy Roman Empire. That Henry had some stepsons now thought of as the junkers who recently brought on the World War.

In the days of that Henry there arose a prophet, if you please, on the ecclesiastical throne at Rome. It was that master mind Hildebrand or Gregory VII. He dared to command the emperor, Henry IV to cease his sale of high church preferment, for it was the right of the church to confirm the officials of the church. This Heinrich was very angry. He assumed possession of the earth, and decreed dethronement of the prophet at Rome. The reply was quick and effective. Your subjects are free from allegiance to Henry IV. The subjects followed the better man and the higher authority. The nobles boldly said to the emperor, agree quickly with thine adversary or we will take thy crown. Henry came across the Alps, across Lombardy, or the valleys of the Po River to the castle at Cannosa where the prophet happened to be. The emperor of the Holy Roman Empire stood out in a courtyard three days in January, bare headed, bare feet, with only the hair cloth of a penitent before the prophet judged his penance sufficient.

The prophet was far the better man and his cause was the cause of righteousness.

The system had gone wrong. The people were in ignorance and the ecclesiastical power had become grasping. Spirituality was dead. The lust of flesh, love of power and display was sending the church to judgment as surely as Israel had to go to Babylon for seventy years.

There were many such clashes between church and state. Then came the deluge of blood. The persecution of the Protestants. The people were going after a free Bible and better liberty of conscience. In the city of Douay, in France, seventy miles inland from Calai on Strait of Dover, an

English Catholic school was established. Many took refuge there from English persecution. We are up to the time that men began to come across to the wilderness of America.

James I came to the English throne in 1603; Jamestown, Va., settled 1607; Douay Bible printed 1610; our Oxford Bible 1611. Now for a hundred years Roman power had deluged Europe with blood to subdue the Protestant faith. The printing of the Bible did not cure England. The next king was dethroned for lack of wisdom and spiritual power. Roman power sought to burn every Bible not from her own press, and that power is on the war path yet in making its drive against our public schools. We need not fear. *Rome could have saved herself with spiritual power.* The Protestant power can not save itself without spiritual power.

Thirty years ago Rome got a victory in Wisconsin and a few other States. She made a bold thrust at our schools. The Protestant faith was sleepy. The parable of the tares said, While men slept an enemy hath sown tares. Spiritually the germs of a sleeping sickness was thrown into our schools. It was a crime. The influence went beyond the particular States in which the Bible was ruled. School teachers that have spiritual devotion and have moral courage are not very plenty. Even those of little faith would find a reason to leave out the Bible and prayer. We can very easily get into formal prayers, but spiritual life speaks in prayer for the divine light, and points to the love of God.

There is no State in this nation where the teacher yearning for the salvation of souls can not carry the Bible into the school, if he has it in heart and life. He need not read the Book to his school. In Wisconsin, it would be better to present the pupils with testaments than to spend so much on the follies of our time. He can not read it to the school to advantage if he has not spiritual devotion enough to keep himself clean from evil habit. He can tell them about Moses. He can tell them the commandments unless it be the fourth. With real spiritual grace and tact he will find opportunity even to give that, for it is the same in all the Bibles and lands.

The only way to get spiritual training into the schools is to find more teachers that know that branch. It comes right back to

the churches and the homes or the homes and the churches. Let the church increase in spiritual training. Exalt with words of appreciation the service and salvation that comes from the word of God. Praise the high service of faithful teaching. Encourage the teacher to carry the word in heart and life. Let school boards get more spiritual and seek for spirituality and moral courage. Then be wise. Do not expect the faithless teacher to do spiritual training, but seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness for the home. Have prayer and Bible reading in the home and it will take far better if a teacher has spirituality to take into the school.

TRUSTEES WILL NOT SANCTION POOL TABLE

The following letter from President Daland to the editor of the *Review* sets forth the attitude of the college trustees toward the proposition to buy a pool table for the Y. M. C. A. room. Inasmuch as the trustees have not sanctioned it, no pool or billiard table is to be placed in the room by the Y. M. C. A., President Daland writes.

His letter follows:

To the Editor of the *Review*:

"My attention has been called to an item of news which appeared in the *Review* of October 12 in regard to proposed improvements in the furnishing and equipment of the room used by the college Y. M. C. A. In this article it was stated that a pool table would form part of the equipment.

"This item escaped my notice during the week in which it appeared or I should have referred to it in the next following issue of the college paper.

"I wish to inform the readers of the *Review* that the college Y. M. C. A. has not obtained a pool table and will not acquire one. The plan of buying such a table was entertained without seeking the advice of the trustees of the college, and I am in a position to state for the information of all concerned that the trustees will not sanction the introduction of a pool table into a building belonging to the college."—*Milton College Review*.

"Do the little things now, and the big things will come when you are big enough for them. Nothing is in reality little."

HOME NEWS

GARWIN, IA.—Although it was a very stormy day, the many friends of Mr. L. A. Van Horn, could not forego the privilege of giving him a genuine surprise on his sixtieth birthday, which came on Sunday, October 31. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Van Horn who didn't "catch on" until they were nearly all there. It was finally suggested to him that it was about time to stop work, and so he went into the house only to find it filled to overflowing with his relatives and friends. It also might be added that he found the dining-room table groaning under its heavy load of good things to eat. The people were soon invited to go to the dining room and help themselves to a plate, knife, fork and spoon and begin the circuit of the table, helping themselves to whatever the heart desired. One difficulty was that their plates would persist in getting filled before they got around the table, even while longing glances were being cast toward choice dainties yet unreached. But a pleased look lit up every face when a rumor was started that all could visit the table again.

The afternoon passed all too quickly in conversation, music, games and a general good time. All agreed that Mr. Van Horn acted like sixty and hoped that he would be able to do so for many years to come. A sum of money was presented to him as a small token of his friends' love and best wishes, and all hoped that he might enjoy many happy returns of the day. *

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—Three from here, Euclid Ballenger, Maleta Osborn and Victor Hurley, are attending the Southern Branch of the University of California in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Lydia Maxson has come to Riverside to spend the winter.

Our Junior and Intermediate societies are planning to do a better year's work than we have done before. May we say as Paul said: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." *

The world must not see us staggering under our crosses. It must not see us broken-hearted, weak and weary. It must see that we are in the "fellowship of his sufferings", and that we are supported in that fellowship by a supernatural power.—*W. Robertson Nicoll*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. R. R. THORNGATE, SALEMVILLE, PA.
Contributing Editor

PROGRESSIVE LIVING

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 4, 1920

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Progress in grace (2 Peter 3: 10-18)
Monday—In knowledge (Col. 2: 19)
Tuesday—In service (Matt. 24: 42-51)
Wednesday—In wisdom (Luke 2: 43-52)
Thursday—In spiritual strength (2 Cor. 4: 11-18)
Friday—In generosity (2 Cor. 8: 1-12)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Progressive living (2 Peter 1: 1-18) (Consecration meeting)

A CALL TO TENTH LEGIONERS

DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS:

The Young People's Board has accepted the resignation of Lyle Crandall as their Tenth Legion superintendent, and has asked me to take his place.

Those of you who have been tithing, realize the spiritual blessing which comes from so doing.

No one could have attended the Conference at Alfred this year without being glad he was there, and I believe no one went away without a stronger desire to do more for Christ and the Church.

The needs of our denomination were presented from all the fields of labor. The Young People's Board needs the hearty co-operation of every Endeavorer to help carry out its plans for the coming year.

Can any one of us afford to sit back and say, "It doesn't mean me?" No, we must awaken to our responsibilities in regard to this work, and as loyal, true Endeavorers say, "I will strive to do whatever I can to advance the work of my church and denomination."

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

Hoping I may hear good reports from every society, I am,

Yours in Christian service

HANCY R. BROOKS,

Tenth Legion Superintendent.

Waterford, Conn.

THE PLACE OF THE JUNIOR AND INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

MARY LOU OGDEN

(Paper read at Southeastern Association)

According to the general plan of the United Society of Christian Endeavor we find four divisions, the Junior, the Intermediate, the Young People's society, the Alumni Endeavor. By this we might be led to believe that the first two are worth just fifty per cent of the total value of Christian Endeavor, while in reality they are of far more importance than that.

In the first place, they are the largest asset a Young People's society can have. A new society may be organized out of the material at hand but to sustain an active and progressive one there must be a source of new supply. Any successful business requires some kind of a feeder, and in the business of Christian Endeavor it is the Junior and Intermediate that fill this office.

A new group of untrained workers will prove good material to work with, but an efficient society must have the workers who are equipped with the knowledge and spirit of Christian Endeavor.

The motto of Christian Endeavor is "For Christ and the Church", and from the beginning this has been accepted by Endeavorers of all ages. The Junior and Intermediate societies are the hope of the future of the church. They are the true training school of the church. When we begin to teach the child of four or six years of age that he is a very definite part of the church, and a little later teach him how to take an active part in its activities, there need be no fear in the future of a lack of Christian leaders, for it is here that we begin to develop the powers of leadership. As the Sabbath school is the "school of impression", so the Christian Endeavor is the "school of expression". The early practice in conducting a business meeting and leading a prayer meeting, serve to bring out the qualities of the true leadership in the boy and girl. We make use of the instinct of possession in the child by allowing him to feel that the Junior is his own meeting and that he is responsible for its success. He must plan the work of the society through the various committees, must see that they are carried out, must preside at the business meeting, get new members for his society and, under the inspiration of the pledge,

must be responsible for his own conduct. What better way could we find to bring out these valuable qualities of the active Christian?

Through the aid of the Junior the child is brought into a definite personal devotional life. Some may say that a child is too small to be expected to form habits of regular devotion in their individual lives. The simple requirements of the pledge keep them reminded of the necessity of reading the Bible and praying every day, until in a little while it becomes a habit. Certainly no better example of simple faith can be found than the one the Master chose, that of a little child. If he is taught the meaning and significance of the pledge it is not likely that he will need the emotional stimulus of a yearly revival to keep him in the straight and narrow way. Through the daily Bible reading and the Junior assignments the best acquaintance is made with its teachings and gems. The child who from early years has taken his part in the testimony meeting and has been taught to lead in prayer, will not have to be urged, to say the least, to take part in the church prayer meeting and young people's meeting in his mature years.

Through these two societies the children find social activities under the most natural and wholesome conditions. They meet and plan the good times together, and under the direction of the teacher, learn the lessons of good fellowship and co-operation. This phase of the work is of particular advantage in the Intermediate society where the boy and girl have most difficulty to find agreeable and suitable social activities.

Perhaps if one phase of Endeavor is of more importance than another it is the Intermediate. This fills a different place, in that it takes the youth at the age when it is most difficult to hold them in the ranks of Christian activity. More church members are permanently lost between the ages of fourteen and eighteen than at any other period. We read much and study much about "checking the waste" in other lines of business, then why should we not be infinitely more concerned about this greatest of all wastes, the loss of Christian church members? The adolescent period is the period of stress and strain when the boy and girl crave vigorous and intense activity. Anything with a push and go will immediately

claim their attention and most untiring energies. For this reason alone it takes a strong and keenly sympathetic hand to guide these young people.

The dry tenets of religious doctrine have no place in their program and, if insisted upon will repel if not provoke them to the point of disgust where they will completely avoid religious activity of any kind. They demand an open and natural explanation of the many questions that confront every individual. The questions that they delight most in discussing are the social problems, especially those that come directly into their own lives. From these they come to their personal individual problems.

More young people decide for Christ between the ages of fourteen and eighteen than at any other one time, and too often after the first resolution give no further expression to the things of religion. The most evident reason for this is that after the day they are received into the church they are given no place where they can fit into the work of the church that is congenial and natural to them. Their age and mental stimulus calls for something far more intensive than is found in the Sabbath school or church prayer meeting. At this self-conscious age when the boy and girl are more or less averse to being seen and heard by their elders, they will have little hesitancy in standing up before people of the same age and expressing themselves.

The Intermediate is of really more importance to the Senior society than the Junior when it comes to trained workers. Of course the Intermediate is dependent upon the Junior for material, but being nearer the age for the Young People's society and using the same topics and general plans, it becomes of more direct value. An active Intermediate should be in the program of every efficient Christian Endeavor society.

Believing this to be the important arguments in favor of sustaining an active Junior and Intermediate society in every church, I would issue a challenge to each church in this and all the associations, to turn your attention to this side of the cause, and if you have no such organizations get them as soon as you can call a meeting of the children in your community. This will require some one to make some sacrifice to work with the children, but if you can not give

two or three hours a week to the work of the Master there must be a lack in your Christian Endeavor Efficiency.

Little Mary's mother was seated by the window sewing, when she looked up just in time to see the little girl pull open the last petal of a beautiful rose-bud she had very carefully tended and cherished. She was exceedingly annoyed with Mary's destruction and hurried out in the yard. In her impatience she scolded her soundly and slapped her hands.

After a little while she again looked out of the window and saw the child lying on the steps sobbing as though her heart was broken. The mother realized that she had been too hasty in her punishment and was very sorry about it all. She put aside her work and went out to try to console the child and let her explain the act.

"Mary, why did you spoil mother's beautiful rose? Couldn't you see it and smell it without putting your hands on it? Mother did not mean to make her little girl feel so bad about it so don't cry anymore."

She kissed the little tear stained face, and then Mary looked up and said:

"I didn't mean to spoil the rose, I was just helping Jesus bloom the roses."

You have the roses in the garden of your church. What are you doing to help "Jesus bloom the roses"?

THE PROMISES TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES

(By L. J. Pederson in "Visions from Patmos."
Translated from Danish)

I

The promises give us a seven-fold vision of the coming life of God's people, that show not alone the wages for perfect victories but also the reward in the form of blessings here on earth, where there is strife, fighting and wandering.

We may say that there is really one promise seen from seven sides. They are as precious stones seen in different positions and shine in different colors after the rays of light.

The first promise says, "He that overcometh, I will give to eat of the Tree of Life." That is, in the paradise of God. What happened as soon as sin came into the world? Man was cast out of paradise and separated from the communion with God. Jesus promises that some shall come into paradise again. A reconstruction is

also in view, which has its fulfilment in the time coming. It also has its application now, as the children of God may also eat of the Tree of Life, which is Jesus. The fruits are the blessings that the soul receives from a life in God.

II

"He that overcometh shall not be hurt by the second death." Here is promised exemption from the second death. All men must die, that is, all that are not alive at the coming of Jesus, but all do not die the same way. Some only die once, others twice. What is meant by the second death? We learn by reading Revelation 20: 14. Death and the grave were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. So we read that he that overcometh shall not be hurt by the second death. What a blessed promise. I once heard of a man that professed to be a Christian but was not converted. His son, who was a true Christian, often talked with his father about the necessity of the new birth but it seemed impossible to bring him to understand it. One day the older man was at a meeting where the speaker especially emphasized the words, "Those that are born twice only die once, but those that are born only once, die twice." The man grasped this and said, "I am afraid I have only been born once." This truth was the means of his conversion. Death is not dangerous if we have the seed of life in us but if we have not that life, we may well tremble at the thought of death.

III

The third promise begins with: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna." Here we have set forth the nearest fellowship that can be lived with God. The children of Israel set a golden pot of manna in the Ark of the Covenant, which was to be kept there to remind them of their wanderings in the desert. This reference is to the manna, but it still has the same symbolic meaning. This is the blessed nearness of our Lord that is given to the victorious soul. None but the partakers know these. No one knows what you receive through the fellowship of the Lord and no one knows what I receive. It is the hidden manna that strengthens and refreshes the soul.

"And I will give him a white stone." There are many explanations of what this

stone means but facts from history will clearly show what Jesus means by the symbol. In old times there were many different uses of the white stone. In Campbell Morgan's first century message to the twentieth century's Christians, there is mentioned four historic uses of the white stone. He says there was a custom among the Romans to use it at the court trials. If one was found not guilty, a white stone would be given; if guilty, a black stone. The prisoner would know the judgment when he received the stone. Also, when two people would record a friendship for life, they divided a white stone between them, each keeping one half. This pact held not only for themselves but for generations to come. The two friends might part never to meet again, but their sons inherited the stone and if they ever met, this pact held food for them too. The white stone meant as far as possible everlasting friendship.

How clearly this illustrates our relation to God. We are freed from the judgment, yes, even declared righteous by the Judge. We have the seal of the Spirit that we are his friends, we stand in an everlasting pact of friendship with God himself. The white stone was also given to great victors on their home-coming from war as an honor medal. We see how this sets the promise in a glorious light. The stone was also given to any one admitted to citizenship of a country by the king. Title to the land itself was given at the same time.

Applying to us, we are citizens of the country where Christ is reigning, and the title to our everlasting sovereignty is his Spirit, which he has given us. We have here the promise of forgiveness, friendship, and victory, all contained in the words: a white stone. But notice also, "A new name is written on the stone." There will be new things in connection with the future life of the children of God. They have not received all the blessings yet but in the new times there will be revelations of God's goodness and mercy.

IV

"He that overcometh and keepeth my words to the end, him will I give power over the heathen." This promise of power to rule over the nations, is it not what Christ has promised his own? John says, later that he saw just this, "Thou made them a kingdom and priest for our God,

and they shall be kings on the earth." Let us not think that this is only symbolic or that it means only a spiritual kingdom. There is no reason why we should understand it so. The people of God, who fight on his side and are faithful, have the promise that they shall sit on the thrones and rule with Christ over the nations. This promise is repeated very clearly. Notice this power is given to us. We do not need to fight for it against powers, principalities, kings or princes. Oh, what a fight for power in this age and the struggle to death between two nations. The people of God shall receive the power; only wait a time, be not impatient. God's children, you may think the waiting is long. Jesus has said he would avenge his own elect and they shall have power.

The second part of this old promise is found in the twenty-eighth verse, "And I will give him the morning star." These words show very nearly the time Jesus alludes to. The morning star is shown in the early morning before the break of day and is seen only by a few watchers. It reminds us of a night scene. We hear about light, lamps and stars; the night is waning, the morning star will soon arise. This means the coming of Jesus for his bride when only his own shall see him. This is also what Peter means when he says, "We have also the sure word of prophecy: Wherefore ye do well that ye take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts" (2 Peter 1: 19).

Before sunrise—before the Sun of Righteousness arises in its full glory over the earth, the morning star will show itself. He promises us that he will give us the morning star. We know what this means. Jesus says, "I am of the root of David and the clear and shinnig morning star!" Think of the happiness and glory when receiving the morning star. May we and many others be among the number.

V

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life. but I will confess his name before my Father and his angels." Another wonderful promise. When the old Greeks would show a victor the greatest honor and glory they would clothe him in white and give

him a laurel wreath for his head and escort him in a procession through the streets. When Jesus will honor his, he says they shall be dressed in white and he will confess their names before his Father and his angels. This is a worth-while glory. How will all the laurel wreaths of the world compare with this? It is strange how often raiment is spoken of in the Bible in connection with the glory of heaven. There must be something like clothes in heaven. When our first parents sinned they at once knew that they were naked. The common idea is that they were naked before without knowing it themselves, but they were undoubtedly clothed in light and glory, a garment that sin robbed them of. They were then both naked in soul and body.

The promise says that we shall have this glorious raiment. Just what this heavenly garment is, we do not know. Perhaps it will be as a rose or as the lilies of which Jesus said, "Even Solomon was not clothed like one of these." Everybody likes to be well dressed. Preachers talk against fine clothes. I think this is a natural longing and that there will be fine clothes in heaven. The garments of Jesus were so white that no fuller on earth could make them so white. He says they shall walk with him in white raiment. Chapter 17: 4 speaks of a woman dressed in purple and scarlet, gold, precious stones and pearls. This is the glory of the world. How easy it would be to give these up, for after overcoming worldliness, we can stand beside Jesus clothed in white and ever after be in his presence.

"And I will not blot out his name of the Book of Life." This is the great joy of God's children. We remember what Jesus said to the seventy when they returned from their first missionary journey: "Rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Rejoice, brother and sister, and believe in the Lord. Look upward, our home is above, our interests are there.

"He that overcometh I will make to a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out" (Chapter 2: 19). These words contain the truth. The saved and glorified souls are a part of the glorious system. The church is the body of Christ and will in a sense be one with God. We

will be one with the Father and Son and in the coming eternity. "I will make them pillars," says Jesus. Talk about monuments! Raise a granite on the grave of a believer and say it is a monument to him, or a marble pillar or golden statue as high as Nebuchadnezzar's, what would it amount to? But this is worth the name. Pillar stands for position. It is the same word used in Galatians 2: 9, where pillars are spoken of: "He that overcometh shall occupy this position in glory." "And my new name," in chapter 19: 2, in speaking of Jesus says, "He had a name written that no man knew but he himself." And here he says, "I will write on him my new name." This means new relations of the glory that shall be given God's children in the coming time. We may think we know all that is given us of Jesus. No, there are rich blessings that the coming ages will reveal, new revelations for the victorious soul. Praise be to God!

VII

"He that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set with my Father in his throne." This last promise and the most glorious of them all. We sing in an old song, "I will reach the highest joy, a glimpse of heavenly glories now." This ambition is not so high after all. Here is much more than a glimpse. "He shall sit with me on my throne." I do not know what more we could wish for, if not satisfied with this, or what more we could long for. The most wonderful thought is that this glorious promise is given to the Laodicians, who were neither hot nor cold, so the Lord threatened to spue them out of his mouth. It is to such Christians that Jesus says, "He that overcometh shall receive this place of honor." It is like coaxing the weakest and most failing Christians with the most glorious promises.

And now, "Even as I also overcame." Do not these words point to the way in which Christ overcame? Even by self-sacrifice and suffering? Peter once said to the Savior: "Save thyself," but Jesus answered, "Get thee behind me Satan." The easy, lazy way was not the victorious way for Jesus. He went the way of the cross to glory. Brother and sister, are you willing

(Continued on page 672)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE ROAD TO HAPPY HOLLOW

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

Betty Bascom was quite breathless as she sank into the only empty seat in the day coach less than half a minute before the train started. Her great wish had been for a chair in the parlor car, but the contents of the shiny black purse in her new traveling bag hardly warranted such an extravagance.

"Why, I suppose I'm lucky to be here at all," she thought when she had somewhat recovered her breath. "I lacked almost nothing of being late. It did seem as if the twins were possessed to bother me enough to make up for every single day I'm gone, and I never knew Helen to be so cross before. I wonder what mother'll do with them all. Poor little mother!"

Betty suddenly looked out of the open car window. Something had almost blinded her eyes—it might have been a flying cinder, or it might have been something else. Anyway, it made her wish to keep her face turned away from the inside of the car. Why was it that just thinking of mother should make her feel so queer? Hadn't they both decided that she was doing the very best thing in accepting Uncle Hiram's offer of a position in his book store in Newton? What chance was there for her in a countrified little place like Rockville? Every girl wanted her chance.

Of course her going meant that more work would fall on mother's slender shoulders, but only for a time. In a few months she would be able to send home a part of her salary so mother could hire a girl to help in the kitchen, and she surely couldn't do it if she didn't accept this offer. Yes, she was doing the very wisest thing, even if it did mean sacrifices all around at first. And oh, she was going to be happy!

Up to this minute Betty had paid scant attention to her fellow-travelers in the fast-moving day coach. This was quite strange, for Betty loved all sorts of people even more than she loved to travel, and that is saying a great deal. But some of Betty's fellow-travelers were not to be counted un-

worthy of her notice, for hardly had she succeeded in relieving the bad feeling in her eyes before a small tow-head appeared over the back of the seat directly in front of her, and two blue eyes looked wistfully down upon the box she was holding. Ten seconds later the mate to the small tow-head appeared over the other end of the seat, and two more friendly blue eyes spied the white package. Then two wide grins acknowledged Betty's smile.

"Do you like oranges?" she asked, as she reached far down for a little bag she had hidden carefully away on the floor.

"Sure!" grinned the first tiny tow-head, while over the back of the seat came a chubby brown hand. But at that moment a very emphatic voice from the direction of the seat still farther ahead reached the owner of the hand, and he hastily drew it back.

"Benjamin Franklin Jones," admonished the voice, "you just get right down where you belong before you fall. I'm ashamed of you as I can be. And George Washington Jones, you ought to be punished for minding what isn't any of your business. If you don't stop it I'll get up and set you down hard, and you know what that means. There, don't you make any more noise or you'll wake the baby, and he's sleeping beautifully now. Mother's dreadfully tired. It's bad enough to have to ride backwards without having to watch you all the time. She was pretty nearly asleep."

Betty heard very little of what the voice said, but she had found the oranges and she managed to put one in each chubby brown hand before the tow-heads disappeared from the top of the seat. Then she motioned to the owner of the voice. "Can't you sit with me awhile?" she asked, when that small person leaned over the twins to answer, "I'd love to have you. Then your mother can put the baby down on the seat, perhaps that will rest her."

Betty could plainly see that the frail little mother looked very tired. Were all mothers tired?

"I'm Frances Willard Jones," announced Betty's seatmate two minutes later. "Mother says we must always give introductions to each other. Mother's Mrs. Alexander Jones and the baby is Abraham Lincoln Jones. I guess you heard me call the twins. It's nice not to be riding backwards. The

twins won't ride that way. I love to travel, don't you?"

Betty only nodded, for the little voice was going right on; evidently no reply was expected. It was enough to sit and listen and watch the two long, light-colored braids that bobbed up and down as Frances Willard tried to balance herself on the edge of the seat.

"We're moving," confided the voice. "We're going to live at Happy Hollow now. Do you know where it is? It's a farm, and it's quite a good many miles from Newton. The house is in a little bit of a hollow, and there are trees and hills and a pond and a lovely long road to get to them. We're all going to be happy there. I like places with happy names, don't you?"

Betty hadn't thought much about the significance of names, but she smiled.

"We called our other place Happiness Corners," Frances Willard went on, "but there wasn't much happiness there. Maybe 'twas because we didn't have anybody to share it with. 'Twas in the city, and there weren't but three rooms and 'twas pretty crowded with just ourselves. But now, we're going to ask Billy Sands to live with us. He hasn't any father or mother, and he didn't want to go to the State Home. He's coming just as soon as we get settled. I'm sure we'll be happy, for mother says we can't go to Happy Hollow or Happyland or any other place all by ourselves; we've got to take somebody else with us. I guess that's so, don't you? But deary me, those boys are going to be noisy again, so I'll have to sit between them. I've had a beautiful visit."

Before Betty could realize what had happened she was alone, while directly in front of her were three small backs instead of two. "Now I'll tell you all about it," the girl voice was saying. "There are hills and trees and a pond, and there might be a boat. There's a lovely long road through the woods, and we'll have a horse some day and we'll ride and ride, and mother'll get well. It will be a much nicer road than this, and there won't be any cinders or smoke."

Betty Bascom listened for a moment, but her thoughts soon began to wander from what the little girl was saying now to what it had said such a short time before. "We can't go to Happy Hollow or Happyland or

any other happy place all by ourselves; we've got to take somebody else with us."

There seemed to be something about this that made Betty Bascom the least bit uneasy. Why had she come in contact with the Jones family today of all days? Had Frances Willard shown her that she was looking for happiness for herself and forgetting everybody else? She looked up at the new suit case in the rack above her head and then down at her stylish new coat. Those things had cost money—money that could ill be spared. There would be no new rug in the living room now, and mother would have to hide the big hole in the old one as well as she could. There were many other things that the little brown house would lack, but wasn't she going to make up for everything some day? And wasn't it her right to be happy? Uncle Hiram would see that she had friends, and oh, she did want them so much. Yes, she was running away from duty, she knew that.

For a long time Betty sat there very still. Her eyes saw but little of the swiftly passing scenery, nor did they see the Jones family just ahead of her. Instead they seemed to see the little brown farm house with its weather-worn shingles and sagging porch. Then all at once they seemed to see the living room with a new rug on the floor, two or three new chairs; and a happy, rested-looking mother occupying one of them. There were blossoming plants in the windows, and yes, there was a phonograph on the corner table. Paper and paint and willing hands could do wonderful things sometimes. But to make this day-dream come true would mean giving up so much. Of course, Uncle Hiram didn't really need her; there were three applicants for the position already.

Betty suddenly drew a time table from her new traveling bag. Yes, there would be a train back in half an hour after she reached the city, and that would be very soon. The Jones family were even now getting ready to change cars. She would get home in time for supper, even if she stopped to make a few purchases.

The box containing sandwiches and apple tarts and cup cakes was still unopened, and there were six oranges in the bag. These she would give to the little tow-headed twins. For Frances Willard the new suit case would relinquish a lovely wide blue

sash that could be cut into two ribbons for the long, light-colored braids.

A few minutes later Betty watched the little party as first one and then another of its members climbed the steps of an outgoing train. There was a man with them now, and Betty guessed that it was the husband and father. Frances Willard and the twins leaned far out of the window till some one pulled them back. "I've had a perfectly lovely visit with you," Frances Willard had said on parting. "I hope you'll come to Happy Hollow some day."

Betty waved her handkerchief as the train moved out. "I'm starting for my Happy Hollow now," she thought as she turned back to the station. "Thanks to Frances Willard. I must telephone Uncle Hiram this minute."

It was several hours after Betty Bascom had parted with the Jones family when she rode up to the little brown house with its weather-stained shingles and sagging porch. Through the kitchen window she could see mother hurrying from the sink to table and from table to stove. Close at her heels trailed the twins.

"Poor little mother!" thought Betty, as she gathered together her many packages and bundles. "I feel almost like setting those twins down hard, as Frances Willard says. But she's not going to be a poor little mother any more; she's going to be a happy mother instead. And we're all going to travel the same road to Happy Hollow or Happyland, or some other happy place."—*Kind Words.*

DOES THE "FRIENDLY CITIZEN" REALLY EXIST?

We do not want to seem unduly harsh or cynical in this editorial, neither do we like much that habit which some people thoroughly enjoy of coming back and saying with glee, "I told you so," when circumstances turn out as they had prophesied. Nevertheless there is a time for frankness and there are times, when events have proven one's contention, that one may well seize to emphasize the truth. For often there is danger in proceeding on a false assumption. The experience of the Interchurch World Movement is an outstanding illustration of this very danger. They proceeded on two false assumptions, namely, (1) that there was a large body of friendly citi-

zens outside the churches who were not interested in the churches because of their unbusinesslike administration and their unhappy divisions, but who would become enthusiastically interested and contribute liberally could there be a great united movement run in as businesslike a manner as a liberty loan drive, and (2) that great groups of men outside of the churches were as good Christians as those within them. From these "friendly citizens" great contributions were expected, and the contributions did not to materialize in any such degree as had been hoped; the Christians outside the churches did not show up very well.

All this was just as we had expected and just as we predicted two years or more ago. We have been in the relief work too long to count very much on the "friendly citizens'" financial aid. We had discovered long ago that if we wanted money even for a Red Cross ambulance we generally had to go to the *church member* for it. If we wanted a football field for the village where we live—full of rich people, some of whom belonged to the "friendly citizen" class—we should not really expect to get more than ten dollars from the men who do not go to church. *It is only Christians who have learned to give.* We have been on six relief committees during the war. These committees have raised we know not how many millions of dollars—one alone, the Near East, has sent sixty million dollars to Armenia, Syria and Greece in Asia Minor. These relief committees have appealed regardless of creed, and for no other purpose than to feed the starving, nurse the sick, and clothe the freezing. We have fed Christian, Mohammedan, Jew and infidel alike. Of these many millions the part that has not come from church members, active Christians, is negligible. (Exception should be made for some splendid Jews. But here our contention is again maintained: *it has been the religious Jew, the Jew aligned with the temple, the active Jew in his synagogue, who has given; not the rich, non-synagogue attending "friendly citizen" Jew.*) Any one who has tried to raise money in large sums knows how little to expect from the average good man who is not identified with the church. We know personally dozens and dozens of these men, some rich from olden times, some who have grown rich out of the war, who are spending thousands upon thou-

sands of dollars annually upon themselves, spending it unwisely and lavishly as the *nouveau riche* always do, and from whom we would get ten dollars when we asked for money, while his equally rich Christian neighbor would always match his ten dollars with one thousand dollars. The Christian has learned how to give.

The mistake the Interchurch World Movement and others have made is to think that this "friendly citizen" is disgusted with the church because of its unbusinesslike administration and its unhappy divisions. This is rank nonsense. Our own experience, after thirty years' constant association with business men, has convinced us that not more than one man out of a hundred neglects the church because of either one of these reasons. He is not interested in the church simply because he is interested in other things. He has no hard feeling for it, in fact, he generally never thinks anything more about it, any more than another man never thinks of the Grange, simply because he is not vitally interested in farming. It never occurs to him to ask whether the churches are run in a businesslike way or not. (When he does he finds they are. We served many years on one of the great boards of a certain communion and we could beat any business house in New York City for economical administration.) Sometimes he may wonder why there are five communions represented in one village. Even then he generally finds that these communions themselves have been trying to solve the difficult problem long before he can realize there was one, and he forgets the next day. The "friendly citizen" is not interested in the church simply because he is not interested in religion and is tremendously interested in other things. He is interested in golf, automobiles, baseball, and theatre—sometimes the chorus girls—politics—not generally the big kind—and business and stocks. He is often a "good fellow," as we loosely use that phrase, but he simply is not interested in the church or what it is trying to do. He does not care in the slightest whether it has five outposts in the city or one; whether it is running its business on a J. P. Morgan basis or by the happy-go-lucky methods that characterize some churches. He simply is not interested in what the church is doing, and the Interchurch Movement found him as irresponsible as we did when we asked

him to keep an Armenian or French or Belgian child from starving. The "friendly citizen" is a fictitious man—with an occasional exception where his father had been a churchman and he revered his saintly memory—although the saintliness in the family had become a memory.

The second mistake many of the dear brethren are making—and we speak plainly here because we believe it is working great harm in Protestant circles—is to be continually reminding us that the country is full of men outside the churches who are just as good Christians as those within. This is all bunkum. It comes from ignorance of what Christianity is and from limited contact with men. What the brethren mean is that there are a lot of decent, respectable, good-natured, benevolent, honest men who are not in the churches. They do not steal or kill, generally do not covet their neighbor's wife and keep the Ten Commandments reasonably well. But none of these qualities are particularly distinctive of Christianity. One may belong to this class and have nothing to do with Christianity. Every good Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jew and Parsee keeps the Ten Commandments and is respectable, virtuous and honest. To be a Christian is infinitely more than to be a respectable, law-abiding, moral gentleman. To be a Christian is to believe in God and live with him; to believe in Jesus Christ and *intensely, enthusiastically* follow him as personal Lord of one's life; so to know God in Christ that one receives a heavenly impact, power, grace, fluid, if you want to use an electric term, flowing into one, filling him with a kind of life others know not, making him new every morning in Christ Jesus; to have a passion for service, a sense of mission such as Christ had; to have a heart of energizing, constructive love; to have a morality that is not simply *static* (if one wants to shut himself up in a cell or live on a desert island he can keep all the commandments unless he tries suicide), but one that is *dynamic, enthusiastic, contagious, energizing*; to live for others, not for self. This is Christianity and you can not reduce it to much simpler terms. And very few people outside the church have got much of it, although many of them are dear, lovable, good-natured, self-centered souls, whose enthusiasm for humanity rarely gets beyond their own family or off their own piazza. It is time we stopped talking all

this nonsense about the Christianity outside the church and faced the facts. We would do much better to go to these men we are coddling and tell them frankly that they are not Christians and ought to be, and tell them the one thing they lack is just that thing that makes a man a Christian, namely, to leave everything else and follow him in passionate goodness, in enthusiastic service of the world, drawing unseen strength from the eternal God. If he is not doing this he may be a most lovable pagan, Mohammedan, or Brahman, but he is not a Christian.—*Frederick Lynch, in Christian Work.*

A DUMP BOY WHO SAVED SIXTY

Fred Evans was a boy who worked in the dump in an Illinois coal mine. One day there was a cave-in, and the earth and coal in settling imprisoned sixty men. The foreman of the rescuing party saw the small opening that the cave-in had left between the places where these men stood and the outer world, and he spoke to this boy to know if he would dare to help him. "The hole is just big enough for you to crawl through," he said, "and to drag a hollow pipe after you. You'll have to be mighty careful, or the coal will settle and crush your life out. But if you can get it through to them, then we can pump air enough in to keep them alive till we can dig them out. Are you willing to try it?"

All Fred answered was, "I'll try my best."

It was a long crawl, and many a time it stopped, and those outside gave up hope, but at last there was a faint call through it that told them he was there; they began pumping air and water and milk through the pipe, and kept it up for a week, when Fred and the whole sixty were safely brought out and given back to their families. He was only a boy, but these true stories of plucky boys and their heroism and devotion show that not only a prophet, but common, everyday people may hear the Lord's call to needed work; and that the answer reveals the kind of a boy or girl or man or woman it is that hears it.—*The Heidelberg Teacher.*

"He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness" (Psalm 107: 9). A soul satisfied with Christ always has a surplus, always has an overflowing river, always is a center through which the river flows to others.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

JOHN HAY'S FAMOUS POEM ON DEATH

THE STIRRUP CUP

My short and happy day is done,
The long and weary night comes on,
And at my door the Pale Horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life;
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,
The night comes down, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the Pale Horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

SUPPLEMENT TO JOHN HAY'S POEM "THE STIRRUP CUP"

REV. SAMUEL R. WHEELER

Yes, lands unknown to men of earth;
"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard"
The prize for souls of heavenly birth
Which God hath named in his own word.

The flesh returns to earth and dust,
The raptuous spirit soars above
To live in peace and heaven-born love
With all the ransomed, good and just.

Nor dark, nor cheerless is the way
To endless bliss that God has given,
Jesus has made it bright as day
Through all the realms from earth to heaven.

The Christian's faith in Christ's great power
Sustains him in the dying hour
When o'er his bed bright angels stand
To bear him forth to—the Glorious Land.

Sabbath School. Lesson X—December 4, 1920

THE GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM. Matt. 13: 1-43

Golden Text.—"Fret not thyself because of evil-doers." Psa. 37: 1.

DAILY READINGS

Nov. 28—Gal. 6: 6-10. Sowing and Reaping

Nov. 29—Acts 11: 21-30. The Growth of the Church

Nov. 30—Matt. 13: 1-17. The Seed and the Soil

Dec. 1—Matt. 13: 18-23. The Result of Sowing

Dec. 2—Matt. 13: 34-43. The Final Harvest

Dec. 3—Rev. 20: 11-15. The Judgment

Dec. 4—Isa. 60: 1-3, 10-14. Glory of the Church

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"If the Protestant Church can not capture the millions in the modern city for Jesus Christ, then what hope is there of saving the billions in non-Christian lands?"

MARRIAGES

CATELL-ANDREWS.—At the home of the bride's parents, O. M. and May Andrews, Boulder, Colo., November 8, 1920, by the grandfather of the bride, Rev. Samuel R. Wheeler, Mr. Owen Cattell, of Garrison, Putnam Co., N. Y., and Miss Hazel Andrews.

DINGMAN-EMERSON.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Palmiter, Alfred Station, N. Y., November 4, 1920, by Rev. W. L. Burdick, Mr. George J. Dingman, of Coudersport, Pa. and Miss Alice M. Emerson, of Alfred, N. Y.

UTTER-MAY.—In Wallingford, Conn., September 22, 1920, by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Wilford Brown Utter, of Westerly, R. I., and Ruth Hubbard May, of Wallingford.

BABCOCK-PRICE.—In the Seventh Day Baptist church, Westerly, R. I., September 25, 1920, by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Louis Austin Babcock and Katherine Greenman Price, both of Westerly, R. I.

BABCOCK-SPRAGUE.—At the home of Cecil Davis, Greenway, N. Y., on the night following the Sabbath, October 30, 1920, Ernest G. Babcock and Grace M. Sprague, Rev. F. J. Van Horn officiating.

THORNGATE-SEAMAN.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Seaman, 161 Hopkins Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., October 16, 1920, by Rev. A. W. Andrae, Mr. Roscoe M. Thorngate and Miss Elsie J. Seaman, both of Jersey City, N. J.

DEATHS

MAXSON.—Mrs. Mary L. Maxson was born at Alfred, N. Y., in 1846. She was a daughter of Stephen Silas and Martha Crandall Thomas.

When she was nine years old her family moved to Wisconsin and settled near Albion. Here Mrs. Maxson grew to young womanhood. She attended Albion Academy and later taught in the same school, as well as in other public schools in that vicinity. She was a skilled musician and for a time was devoted to the study and teaching of music.

In her girlhood, she made a public profession of faith in Christ and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church during a revival conducted by Rev. A. B. Burdick. She was always a woman of earnest religious convictions and active in Christian service. She had an attractive personality and was beloved by all who came under her ministrations. Later in life she

united with the Seventh Day Adventist Denomination in which faith she died.

She was married at Albion to Jacob Sheffield Maxson by Professor A. R. Cornwall, November 19, 1873. Soon after their marriage they moved to Texas where Mr. Maxson practiced medicine for seven years. They also resided at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Battle Creek, Mich., Berrien Springs, Mich., Boulder, Colo., and Albion, Wis. Mr. Maxson died twenty-two years ago.

Mrs. Maxson is the last one of her father's family. She is however survived by two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Randolph B. Thomas, of Milton, and Mrs. Mary McBurney, of Jackson Center, Ohio; and one brother-in-law, Mr. J. L. Green, of Albion; as well as two nieces, Mrs. Deforrest Green, of Albion, and Mrs. Bessie Johanson, of Battle Creek; and two nephews, Louis Green, of Albion and Harry E. Thomas, of Milton.

Memorial services were held at the home of Harry E. Thomas on Thursday afternoon, October 14, 1920, conducted by Rev. Henry N. Jordan. Interment was in the cemetery in Milton.

H. N. J.

CHURCHWARD.—Velma Ellen Churchward, daughter of Everone and Martha Churchward, was born October 23, 1915, at New Auburn, Wis., and died at Bloomer, Wis., October 11, 1920.

Velma was taken sick September 30 but no great anxiety was felt until a short time before the spirit left. She was a lovable child with a sweet and loving disposition. She will be especially missed in the little Sabbath school class. The last Sabbath she attended she recited alone before the school, "We love Him because He first loved us."

Farewell services were conducted at the home by Rev. Mr. Warren of the New Auburn, Wis. United Brethren Church, in the absence of the regular pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church.

CHURCHWARD.—Helen Margaret Churchward, youngest daughter of Everone and Martha Churchward, was born September 25, 1917, and died October 13, 1920. It was a sad gathering of relatives and friends that gathered at the home for this second farewell service, this time for little Helen, the baby. Rev. Mr. Warren again officiating.

It is a great comfort to the sorrowing parents to know that, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies,

Go Angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies.

Their radiant wings are folded and their eyes are bended low,

As they sing among the beds wherein the flowers delight to grow.

Sleep! O sleep! The Shepherd guardeth his sheep.

Fast speedeth the night away; soon cometh the glorious day.

Sleep, weary ones, while ye may. Sleep! O sleep!

"Sleep! O sleep! the Shepherd loveth His sheep.
He that guardeth His flock the best
Foldeth them into His loving breast.
So sleep ye now and take your rest.
Sleep! O sleep!"

"From Angels and from flowers the years have
learned, this soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days and
nights along;
So through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's
vigils glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the peace of that
sweet lullaby."

M. L. G. C.

BARBER.—In Westerly, R. I., July 11, 1920, Sarah Frances Barber, in the eighty-sixth year of her age.

She was the daughter of Welcome Lewis and was born January 30, 1835. She married James Barber who died years ago. They had three children, two of whom passed away some time before her, Charles and Edna Louise, wife of Harry Ambler; leaving one son, Louis E. Barber, of Westerly, with whom Mrs. Barber had lived these last years. Mrs. Barber was a member of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church, having joined it while a young woman and always was faithful to it. She was an ardent supporter of our denominational work and interested in all things that mean good to the world. She was a woman of strong convictions and not afraid to let them be known.

C. A. B.

SAUNDERS.—In Westerly, R. I., July 14, 1920, Mrs. Susan F. Saunders, widow of John Davis Saunders, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

Mrs. Saunders had been a resident of Westerly for many years with a large acquaintance. She was a member in good standing of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church of Westerly, a woman of the quiet home life. She leaves one son, Arthur E., of Dorchester, Mass., and a daughter, Bertha L., of Westerly.

C. A. B.

BURDICK.—In Westerly, R. I., August 12, 1920, Mary L. Burdick, in the fifty-third year of her age.

She was born in Westerly, R. I., May 14, 1868. April 30, 1890, she was married to Edward N. Burdick. One son was born to them, Harry Russell, and the three were always chums. The home was a real home. During the war, while the son was across, she took up a line of war work at which she was very successful. She was a consistent member of the Pawcatuck Church at Westerly. She met death without fear with all plans made before hand. The husband, son and many friends have met a severe loss.

C. A. B.

WILLIS.—Mrs. Emma Davis Willis was born in Doddridge County, W. Va., November 29, 1886, and died at her home in Salem, W. Va., November 1, 1920.

She was the daughter of Preston and Malissa Williams Davis, and is survived by her husband, Robert Willis, and a son and daughter, Carl

and Edna. A brother, and a sister live near the old home on Rock Run in Doddridge County. They are Stephen Davis and Mrs. Kate Ford. When a girl she was baptized and joined the Rock Run Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was a lone Sabbath-keeper for several years, and was without membership in any church from the time when the Rock Run Church became extinct until seven years ago. At that time the family removed to Salem, and Mr. Willis joined the Salem Church. She remained true through these years, and longed for the fellowship of those of like faith with her. She greatly enjoyed the privilege once more of worship on the Sabbath and she was a loyal and earnest member of the T. E. L. Bible class in the Sabbath school.

She was a woman of superior intelligence. She was patient, charitable, and kind. During a long and distressing illness she was never known to complain, and was thoughtful of others to the last. Calmly committing her family to the care of the Father whom she had trusted with supreme satisfaction through the years, she went away to be with him, and to await the coming of her loved ones.

Funeral services were held at the Salem church, Wednesday, November 3, 1920, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond. Burial was made at Salem.

A. J. C. B.

HAWKINS.—Deacon Joseph Theodore Hawkins was born in Georgia, September 22, 1858, and departed this life September 9, 1920, at his home in Etowah County, near Attalla, Ala.

He became a Christian early in life, but did not come to Sabbath-keeping till something over twenty years ago in Cullman County, Ala. He and his good wife then joined the Attalla, Ala., Seventh Day Baptist Church. In 1901 he with his family moved to Etowah County, near Attalla. In 1909 he was ordained a deacon of the Attalla Seventh Day Baptist Church.

He was a good man, kind, honest, interested in God's work, useful in public affairs, respected, beloved. He will be much missed, not only by his family and church, but by the community at large. He leaves his wife, his five children and twelve grandchildren.

The funeral was conducted by Elder R. S. Wilson. "The memory of the just is blessed."

J. F. B.

RHOADES.—Alexander Rhoades, second son of Stephen and Mary Rhoades, was born in Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y., May 26, 1840. He came to Verona about fifty years ago and up to the time of his failing health was engaged in farming.

He was married to Lydia G. Scott, November 9, 1866. Had he lived two weeks longer they could have celebrated their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary.

During revival meetings conducted by Martin J. Sindall in 1895, he was converted, accepted the Sabbath and joined the Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church and has been a devoted member since that time.

During several months of untold suffering

from cancer, he was faithfully and tenderly cared for by his companion and died in the triumphs of Christian faith in the afternoon of October 27, 1920. This loved one is now left to complete the journey of life alone.

Besides his wife, one daughter, Mrs. Ida Perkins, and two sons, Charles E., and Claud A. Rhoades and several grandchildren remain.

Funeral was conducted by Pastor T. J. Van Horn on October 29 at the church and burial was at Irish Ridge Cemetery near Higginsville, N. Y. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us" (Rom. 8: 18).

T. J. V. H.

GROVES.—Phyllis Irene, second child of Curtis and Edna Groves, was born October 25, 1920, only to live through a few days filled with pain. On October 28 the spirit left the little body to rest in eternal peace.

"Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is, that thou art free.

"And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh! Who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee back again."

A short service was held at the home and she was laid in the old cemetery.

J. T. B.

DAVIS.—Vernon Davis was born in Smithton, W. Va., January 27, 1911, and died October 7, 1920, aged 9 years, 8 months and 6 days.

He was the only son of Merryn and Ada Davis. His father departed this life December 7, 1912, after which Vernon with his mother came to Jackson Center where he made his home with his grandfather till his death.

He was a bright, intelligent boy, making friends with all those whom he met. He was a faithful member of the Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the church, could be depended upon to do faithfully and well all he was asked to do. His Sabbath school class always expected to see him in his place. Through the last weeks of his suffering he was always patient.

The funeral was conducted from the church by his pastor, and the body was laid to rest in the old church cemetery.

J. T. B.

TESTIMONIALS FROM TITHERS PROVE WORTH OF METHOD

The *Christian Advocate* publishes these interesting testimonials on tithing:

"I have tithed since I earned my first dollar, more than twenty years ago," writes a Nashville business woman. "I have let nothing stand in the way—sickness, debt, illness. Seven years ago the Lord prospered me so much that I could give him one-fifth of my income. So I have been a

double tither ever since. It is one of the greatest sources of happiness that I have. I rejoice greatly that from many quarters the people of God are being stirred to this way of financing his kingdom. May it soon be practiced over the entire face of the earth."

A Western banker had been giving but a dollar a week to the church. "My wife and I went to the parsonage one night," he writes, "and told the pastor that we had thought through the tithing system separately, but had arrived at the same conclusion, that we had decided to tithe our income. We wished to know the basis on which to figure, for we did not want to be too close with the Almighty."

The pastor explained the principles of tithing, and now is authority for the information that the banker is giving \$600 yearly to the church alone.

"Tithers are the richest people in the world, even though they may be without a dollar for their own purposes," an accomplished musician, a graduate of Syracuse University, testifies. "I was a tither when I went to Syracuse," she continues, "and it was sometimes hard work, for I had to earn my way. My sole regular income was \$3 a week, paid me for taking care of a child from two to six every afternoon. Out of this I had to pay \$2 for my room, but before I even did that I always took out my tithe of thirty cents.

"I sometimes came up to Friday with my room rent due the next day and no money to pay it. Invariably, before night, a gift of money or some way whereby I could earn the requisite amount would come to me.

"But throughout my course at college, I proved, as I have many times since, that when we honor the Lord he honors us."

"The greatest day in the history of Whedon Church, Evanston, Ill., was Sunday, February 16," writes the pastor, Mark J. Fields. "Stewardship was the subject of the sermon. At the close of the morning service one of the prominent church officials rose and stated that he wanted positively to declare himself for the principles of tithing. Coming to the altar to consecrate himself and his property, he was followed by the entire congregation. This means a new day for this church."

"About one-third of our members are tithers," reads a letter from a Cincinnati

layman. "They pay more than three-fourths of the money received by the church, do three-fourths of the work and constitute three-fourths of the attendance."

"Tithing spiritualizes the tither because it carries God into the office, workshop and home, sanctifies toil and traffic and makes Jesus Christ a silent but effective partner in every business of life. I know of none who are dissatisfied with tithing. I know of a few who discontinued the practice, much to their sorrow, and have now returned to it."

"Twenty-seven years ago," writes a Colorado pastor, "I began tithing. I discovered that so long as I gave without method or system, I would sometimes be caught without anything to give. However, if I set a part a-tenth of my income and carefully administered it as a steward, I was able to meet all claims upon my stewardship. Moreover, the Lord seemed to prosper me in the giving."

The fervent testimonies for tithing might be multiplied almost without limit. Experience seems to show that those who undertake it find it so successful and prolific of blessing that they never give it up. Suffice it to cite one more testimony, that of a more recent tithing adherent.

"Four years ago," his letter says, "I took up tithing after much prayer and thought. I have continued it ever since. I now find no trouble in keeping my account with God. Tithing appeals to me as the right way to give to the support of his kingdom."

"I believe in tithing because it is God's way, because it is systematic, because it is practical, because it brings blessings, and because by it we recognize God's ownership of all that we have."

"While I do not think that we ought to give, expecting that God is to give back to us, yet if we are cheerful givers, God recognizes that. If he does not always give us increased material blessings, he surely gives us spiritual blessings, which are far greater and far more enduring."

MISTAKE OR CONFESSION?—The nervous bridegroom was called upon to make a speech at the wedding breakfast.

Putting his hand on his bride's shoulder, he hesitatingly remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, this thing has been thrust upon me."
—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription
Per Year\$2.50
Per Copy05

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

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(Continued from page 663)

to go this way? If you go the way Jesus went, you shall reach the same goal as he did and one day sit with him on his throne.

Let us now notice the upward march of the promises. They begin with paradise and end with the throne. The path arises all the way. If we think of the greatness of our call, we would rejoice and praise God for every soul that begins to serve God. A small beginning, but of the kind that has consequence for eternity.

If you are only spiritually alert in these days, if you are watching and waiting for the homecoming of the Spirit of God to your soul, you shall renew in your own experience the ancient rapture of those men of Beth-shemesh long ago, who saw the ark returning and rejoiced to see it. Are you looking for this dawn? Are you willing to take the gospel of Jesus home into your daily life as a more intimate and personal experience than yet it has been with you? Old things are passing away; behold, all things are becoming new! The ark of God waits even now at your door for you to open and receive it home again.
—Willard H. Sherry.

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PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING

Not alone for the ripened field,
Not alone for the harvest yield,
Not alone for the birds and flow'rs,
Not alone for the sun and show'rs
We'd praise thy name, our Father-God,
That thou art Lord of earth and sod,
That ripened grain, and fruit, and flow'r
Are symbols of thy mighty pow'r.
For all of these our thanks we'd raise
In grateful sacrifice of praise.

Not alone for the love of friends,
Not alone for the grief that ends,
Not alone for the hours of mirth,
Not alone for the joys of earth,
We'd thank thee for the love of heav'n;
We'd praise thy name for vic'tries given;
We'd praise thee for the bed of pain;
For days of loss, and days of gain.
This is the offering we'd bring;
This "sacrifice of praise" we'd sing.

Not alone for salvation here,
Not alone for the Gospel's cheer,
Not alone for its wondrous pow'r
To keep us in temptation's hour,
We'd thank thee for the life beyond;
We'd praise thee for the Christian bond;
We'd thank and praise thee, O our Lord,
For ev'ry promise in thy Word.
For these we thank thee, yea, and more;
And laud, and worship, and adore.
—Jennie Wilson-Howell.

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