

*The Seventh Day Baptist
Forward Movement*

THINGS TO BE DONE

5. Get an annual, simultaneous, every member canvass in every Seventh Day Baptist Church

—From the Report of the Commission.

AHVA J. C. BOND, *Director*
SALEM, W. VA.

The Sabbath Recorder

JUDGE HIM AS HE JUDGES JESUS

Deeper than any credal test in searching how Christian a public teacher is, lies the question whether he is trying to exalt or to depreciate Jesus in the confidence of mankind. An abstract analysis of the personality of Jesus of Nazareth, such as the creeds attempt, is so sublimated and so daring an adventure of human thought that it can not be considered surprising if men who attempt it lose themselves in cloudy vagaries almost as often as they find footing or rational heights of assurance. But bringing Jesus to the world is no abtruse adventure. Telling men what he can do for them in this present life is no flight of speculation. It is a pragmatic, practical proposition which can be put to the test by those who are concerned enough to try it out. Whoever dares to back it for the belief of the multitudes must in consequence have a vital faith for himself in all Christ says. When you find therefore teacher or preacher who in eager confidence is pressing men to take Jesus at his word and live life enthusiastically on the plan of Christ, count him a Christ-man sure. But if he spurns Jesus, discount him—discount him!—The Continent.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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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.

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WHOLE NO. 4,003

Armistice Day In Washington

We have witnessed several great events in the nation's capital. On one of the brightest spring days, after a splendid parade, we stood with a vast multitude of Americans to see the Chief Justice of the United States administer the inaugural oath to President William McKinley. That was a great day.

Again, when Admiral George Dewey was given a nation's welcome on his return from his victory at Manila, Washington had a great day. But when the capital city celebrated Armistice Day, so recently made a national holiday, there was something so unique and at the same time so momentous on this occasion that we can but think of it as the greatest day of all.

Armistice Day has a significance all its own as a new national holiday. But there were several things besides the fact that this was its first national celebration that combined to make it so momentous. The fact that a hundred million people, by their representatives, were to lay away among the wooded hills of Arlington, the remains of an "unknown soldier" which Dewey's historic battleship *Olympia* had been sent across the Atlantic to bring home from the battlefields of France, was enough to mark this day with a peculiar significance.

Everybody knew that all that was mortal of this soldier had been lying in state for thirty-six hours under the dome of the Capitol, guarded by soldiers; given honors such as here-to-fore had only been accorded to presidents or kings; while thousands of mourners had marched reverently by, piling stacks of flowers upon his casket as tokens of love—and this of itself gave a solemnity; a spirit of thoughtful seriousness seldom if ever known on a national holiday.

The body of that soldier represented the bodies of the thousands who fell in the great war. President Harding said: "He is unknown, yet known"; for every mother in the land may regard the nation as paying homage to her own lost boy.

There was a perceptible touch of solemn, pathetic dignity to everything that was

done. At almost every turn something appeared to make one think of the historic scenes of days gone by.

The very air seemed filled with the spirit of sorrow such as we felt when Lincoln fell, and when the nation was in tears over the death of Garfield and McKinley.

Long before time to start the funeral cortege, throngs of people began to gather along the avenue, and there they stood silently waiting in the morning fog that enshrouded the city and through which the sun was trying to shine.

Those near by the Capitol soon saw the bearers bring the casket through the historic bronze doors presented by France to America when our nation was young. One could scarcely witness this scene without remembering how sons of France came to save our own nation in its early struggles, and that now the body being so tenderly borne through those doors represents thousands of America's sons who perished beyond the seas to save France.

Again, it seemed providential that the city of Washington should be entertaining, on this eventful day, the diplomats of no less than nine nations of the world, invited here by our President for a great conference upon the matters of world peace and reduction of armaments to prevent wars. This great commission made a simple organization on Armistice morning, and its leading representatives from over the seas gathered to bear important parts in the ceremonies of the funeral.

As rifts of sunshine breaking through the fog-clouds bring signs of a brighter day, we see the cortege about to start. There at the head is the great military band and the splendid drum corps of the army. President Harding and General Pershing stand ready to lead the column, both on foot. Ex-President Wilson in a carriage, feeble and sad, makes his first appearance since March 4, and takes a place in the line. A ripple of applause greets him as he comes.

The bands begin the funeral dirge, and slowly the column begins to move up the avenue toward the White House.

Standing under the shadow of yonder dome; surrounded by historic monuments of the heroic past; with representatives of many nations falling into line; while the day begins to brighten as rifts are made in the clouds; who could witness such a scene without serious thoughts as to its momentous import, and without a fervent prayer that these men of many nations may not only help to bury the unknown boy; but that they may be prepared in heart to bury forever the causes that have filled so many Arlingtons with soldiers' graves!

There must have been a special providence in moving men to bring together such a suggestive and appropriate combination of circumstances by which to touch the hearts and prepare the minds of those illustrious diplomats for the important work unto which they have been called.

Touching Incidents Along the Way and Scenes in Arlington

Before nine o'clock in the morning we became convinced that the only sure way to reach Arlington six miles away, on time, would be to walk. A long row of street cars loaded with people had already become stalled and there was no certainty of their getting through until after noon. Streets for autos were filled as far as one could see and the prospects for taxi services were quite as unpromising as those of the street cars.

The only open path to be seen was back of the waiting crowds on the pavement. This walk was open, we were told, all the way to Arlington, "over the bridges and all". So we promptly took up the tramp while many were hoping against hope for some opportunity to ride. Several things that fell out by the way made us glad we took the walk.

As the sarcophagus of the unknown boy passed churches and firehouses, the bells were tolled, and one could feel the quiet hush of the subdued spirit everywhere in evidence. As we drew near Georgetown the boom of guns at Fort Myers at stated intervals deepened the solemnity. There was something in the slow steady rhythm of many marching feet; something in the clatter of horses' hoofs; something in the

muffled rumble of artillery caissons and cannon wheels; something in the rattle of machine-gun carriages that was most impressive.

There was a solemn demeanor of the marines and the militia, bearing their guns with fixed bayonets, the like of which we had never seen before. Then came companies of marching Red Cross, Salvation Army, and Young Women's Christian Association nurses, from both home and foreign lands, dressed in field uniforms, many of whom wore the cross of war, and all showing signs of hard service. Some of their heads were tinged with gray and their faces revealed something of the horrors of war through which they had passed.

As we reached the little park known as Washington Circle, around which the column had to march, we took a short cut through the middle. There in the center of the park stands the splendid equestrian statue of General Washington with face turned eastward looking down the long line of marching troops and we could but pause a moment to think of the changes since the father of his country led the American armies.

Almost the next thing we heard after passing the statue of Washington, in sweet and solemn tones rising above the muffled sound of tramping feet, was the music of the great band at the head of the line in, "Onward Christian soldiers marching as to war".

For a moment it did seem strange that a military band leading an army of men with swords and guns and cannon should be playing this tune. But a second thought made it seem most appropriate; for the whole world is praying for just the change of warfare suggested by that song.

But here we are at last amid the rattle and roar of an army crossing the Georgetown bridge over the Potomac. The leaders of the line are already in old Virginia, and we take the military road winding through the wooded vales and up the hills to old Fort Myers. Up this same path must have marched the boys in blue some sixty years ago for their winter's work on "Arlington Heights" in defense of Washington. Here they felled the oaks and

fortified this part of the old Lee estate in order to save our nation. And right there, only a few rods away begins the great city of the nation's dead to which they bring our unknown hero.

When we reached the new marble amphitheater we found a vast ocean of people awaiting the ceremonies. But for some reason the procession was being held back at the gates of the cemetery. Rapidly the multitude grew until all the hillside looking toward the mast and anchor of the battleship *Maine*, planted on the high point devoted to those who went down when that ship was lost, was crowded with people; and for a hundred rods around, every available standing place was filled.

It seems that some automobile had run out of gas right on the long bridge over the Potomac, and quicker than it could be written the jam of cars going both ways filled the bridge and road as far as one could see. Police were absolutely helpless and a special squad of more than fifty were sent to clear up the tangle. The President's car with all his escorts, and other cars with foreign diplomats who were to have part in the exercises were hopelessly caught in the jam.

Finally when the bridge was cleared the President's car had to take the field and some had to walk across lots and get there as best they could. This caused some delay in starting the ceremonies.

America has never known such a momentous gathering as that which filled the amphitheater and the fields all around it. We were fortunate enough to be quite near, but those who stood a hundred rods and more away could hear every word distinctly.

This was indeed wonderful. The papers had told us that an "amplifier" would be used so everybody could hear distinctly; but we had little conception of what this meant. We did not expect to be able to hear a word, and when the speakers began we could hardly believe our own ears, for every word and syllable was easily understood by those standing twice as far away as we were.

Then when the papers came out that night we learned that people beyond the Rockies on the Pacific coast heard the President's address clearly! No present crowd can be

too large for good hearing by all, and by electric wires the words spoken can be understood across the continent.

The President was literally addressing the world in that masterly speech at Arlington. Our readers will undoubtedly have read it before this writing, so we need not give it here.

The religious character of the services was most impressive. Every word of the songs, the reading of the Twenty-third Psalm, the sayings of those who placed mementoes on the casket—every syllable whether in English or in some other tongue—was distinctly heard throughout the vast assembly. Even the voices of the gold-star mothers of Europe and America could be distinctly heard. England had sent one of her gold-star mothers with flowers grown in England and France to place on the casket; and one of America's mothers was chosen to bring the tribute of all the mourning mothers in our own land.

Even the chief of one of our Indian tribes placed a tribute there for the red men and wished prosperity to our nation.

The supreme, solemn moment came when, at the close of the Lord's Prayer by the President, all heads throughout the multitudinous throngs were bowed in silent prayer. Never have we known two such impressive minutes! Never did two minutes seem so long before. There was a solemnity that could not be ignored by the most skeptical of men. It seemed as though Jehovah himself was close at hand with answers of peace to the prayers of a nation.

Each passing moment of this great day brought forth some token of human sympathy. A subdued spirit of sorrow bowed every head, and modified every voice.

When the bearers lowered the body of the unknown soldier in his last resting place, they placed it on soil brought from France with which to cover the bottom—another evidence of the thoughtfulness of friends beyond the seas.

After the burial, while the guns were being fired and taps were sounding we wandered off up the hillside among the ranks of tombs in which sleep the dust of brave men gone. In a secluded spot marked by a solid block of granite we found the tomb

of Sampson, then came the monument erected to heroes of the Spanish War, and after a pause beside Dewey's sepulchre, we started for the gate, hoping to get a trolley after our day's tramp.

Just then a strange man with his family of four came along with an auto and gave me a cordial invitation to ride with them to Washington. Never did it seem better to find a restful seat in an automobile, and never did a good-hearted man render service to an unknown friend which was more thankfully received or more highly appreciated.

The Illumination There was something unique about the illumination in the evening of Armistice Day.

There was nothing of the firecracker, rocket, or explosive style in it all. A magnificent arch of jewels between two high towers had been built. By each of the towers was an elevated urn in which incense was kept burning with red fire as in some ancient funeral ceremonies.

At the time appointed President Harding turned the switch which let loose streams of light in many changing colors, from strong search-light machines placed some distance away and at different angles, all trained upon the arch and towers. These were transformed into sparkling crystals and beautified by many changing colors.

The great Washington Monument was illumined from bottom to top with the colors of the flag; while from out the windows at the top, strong search-lights sent their rays over the city. Then away toward the Capitol, coming from some point beyond the trees of the park, great fan-like streams of light almost exactly like the aurora borealis streaked to the very heavens.

As this illumination began, the battery near the monument gave the presidential salute of twenty-one guns.

The thousands who filled the park were charmed with this wonderful scene. Sometimes they saw the search-light rays uniting over the jeweled arch in the form and colors of the rainbow. Close at hand was the Pan-American Building in which the peace conference for the nations was to convene in the morning. Many of those witnessing this rainbow illumination hoped it might be truly a bow of promise for peace.

A Tribute of Sympathy For Ex-President Wilson One remarkable evidence that this old world still has a sympathetic heart was seen when former President Woodrow Wilson and his wife arrived in a carriage in the early morning when the procession was forming.

Weak and broken in health, a perfect picture of feebleness, this man at whose word 2,000,000 men sprang forth to battle, whose name three years ago was on the lips of the whole world, came out from his retirement of eight months this morning in the fog to pay a humble tribute to the unknown soldier who fell in battle.

We do not see how any one with a human heart can see this broken down man, who literally wore himself out trying as best he could to promote the interests of worldwide peace, without being moved by sympathy for him. The people had not seen him since the fourth of last March, and when his carriage came into the cortege a subdued cheer broke forth for a moment and as he was driven up the avenue voices were heard to say, "It is Mr. Wilson," and all along the way an ovation sprang forth spontaneously in applause.

At the White House he was greeted by President Harding and after he was driven to his home a crowd of two thousand people followed him there, and melted him to tears with demonstrations of sympathy. Too weak to speak aloud he could only express heart-felt thanks for the kindness shown him.

He was helped to the side of an automobile in which four wounded soldiers had come to see him, and after shaking hands with them he was so overcome that he had to retire to the house for a time. But the crowd still tarried, and when Mr. Wilson had rested a little he came to his door only to be greeted by enthusiastic cheers and hand-clapping. At this expression of sympathy the war-President broke down and wept like a child.

We heard of nothing during our stay in Washington that did us more good than this kindly recognition of the broken down ex-president.

The greatest influence is that of personality, so the most important thing in life is just what we are.—*Rev. W. Y. Fullerton.*

ORDINATION OF EDWARD M. HOLSTON TO THE GOSPEL MINISTRY

A very interesting and impressive service took place on Sunday afternoon at Walworth, November 6, in connection with the quarterly meeting of the southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches when Edward M. Holston was ordained to the gospel ministry.

In response to a request from the Sabbath School and Young People's boards the Milton Junction Church had called a council of delegates from the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Chicago, Walworth, Milton, Milton Junction, and Albion, and also had asked for a representative from each of the Sabbath School and Young People's boards to meet at the quarterly meeting at Walworth. On the evening after the Sabbath this council met and organized and arranged for the service the following day.

Accordingly at 2.00 o'clock Sunday afternoon a large number of delegates and friends from the above named churches gathered at the church to witness the impressive ceremony. The service opened with singing, "Jesus keep me near the Cross". Rev. C. S. Sayre, moderator of the council, asked for a statement of the object of the meeting and Pastor Van Horn, of the Milton Junction Church, in behalf of the moderator who was not present, stated the facts leading up to the calling of the council by the Milton Junction Church. Rev. Henry N. Jordan who had been appointed examiner by the council then took charge of the examination of the candidate who presented the following brief but comprehensive statement of his Christian experience and his call to the Christian ministry and his belief with respect to the fundamental doctrines of the church and denomination:

MY EXPERIENCE AND CONFESSION OF FAITH

I was nurtured from birth by a Christian mother. Some of my earliest memories are the prayers she taught me at her knee. In my teens bad associates and my own sinful tendencies led me into evil habits and an attitude of rebellion against my heavenly Father.

My boyhood home was in the rural community of North Walworth. It was there at the age of fourteen years I was convicted of my sinful life and gave my heart to my Savior under the quiet, but forceful preaching of Dr. Joseph Collie, for fifty years pastor of the Congregational church at Delavan, Wis. There were forty conversions

in these meetings, and a Congregational church was organized and a church building built as a result. My father and mother and myself were constituent members of this church.

In the fall of 1888 my family moved to the village of Walworth and I entered Walworth High School from which I was graduated in 1891. When we came to Walworth no religious services were being held in the village except at the Seventh Day Baptist church, and my mother encouraged her children to attend Sabbath school at this church, and she often did so herself.

It was in the winter of 1891-92, during special meetings in this church under the preaching of Elder Simeon H. Babcock, that my conscience was quickened and the question of the Sabbath came very forcibly to me for settlement. With the sympathizing and tactful help of Elder Babcock I settled the question right, was baptized by him in Lake Geneva, March 29, 1892, and joined the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church. I had a strong inclination toward the ministry at that time, but financial considerations blocked the way. I therefore took the line of least resistance, school teaching, hoping later to realize my ambition. I found greater opportunity for the development and expression of my Christian life in school teaching than I had anticipated and followed it for five years. Ill health forced me to change occupations. An opportunity in the newspaper field opened to me and for a number of years, with brief intermissions, I followed the business, finding abundant opportunity through it to preach Christian citizenship, civic righteousness and neighborly love fifty-two times a year to no mean congregation.

Seven years ago while following this as my main occupation I was elected superintendent of the Milton Junction Sabbath School. As I studied this phase of Christian work, the importance of it impressed itself upon me and I devoted some of my best energy to trying to build up and maintain a high grade of work in my local school. In the meantime I was elected a member of the Sabbath School Board and my interest in the broader field and its needs grew rapidly. A call came to me from the Sabbath School Board for full time service, and later there was an arrangement with the Young People's Board for me to serve the two boards jointly. I sold my newspaper business and began this service on August 1, 1919. Long since, I promised my heavenly Father if the way was ever opened to me I would give him the remainder of my active years in full time service for the salvation of boys and girls and men and women.

Often my steps have been wayward and I remember these times only with shame and regret, but I feel that God has forgiven me and will strengthen me for the future.

I subscribe to the following tenets as the foundation of my Faith:

I believe that Jehovah God is the Creator and Father of all, that he created man in his own image a perfect creature, but by the exercise of his free will man is tempted to sin and becomes rebellious to the will of the Father, and thereby comes into a lost condition.

I believe Jesus Christ was the only begotten Son

of God, a perfect man, whom the Father in his infinite love and mercy sent to earth to teach us the better way to live, and that through his life and death, if we believe and accept him, we are forgiven and saved from sin, and are reinstated as a child of God.

I believe the Holy Spirit is present with the saints of Christ to guide them into truth and righteousness and to convict the world of sin and of the judgment.

I believe the Scriptures were given to men of old by inspiration as the revealed will of God and that we should take them as a rule and guide to our faith and conduct.

I believe that the Seventh Day of the week is the Sabbath of Jehovah, ordained by him as a memorial of creation; that the law concerning its observance given on Sinai has never been abrogated, and that we are obligated today to obey the fourth commandment as we are the first or the sixth.

I believe the Lord's Supper and baptism (by immersion) are ordinances of the church, established by Christ and that he commanded us to observe them.

Upon motion of the council to express its satisfaction with the statement of the candidate and to proceed with the ordination, fitting remarks were offered by the pastor of the candidate, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, presidents of the Sabbath School Board and the Young People's Board respectively, and Rev. Simeon H. Babcock, all of whom spoke heartily and appreciatively of the splendid services which Brother Holston had rendered the denomination in the capacity of secretary of the above named boards, and their joy in the step he was taking. The council voted unanimously in favor of the motion.

Rev. S. H. Babcock, who is now retired from the ministry, but who was pastor of the Walworth Church at the time Brother Holston accepted the Sabbath and joined that church and who performed their marriage ceremony, and who possesses a remarkably clear, sweet tenor voice, sang a most touching solo appropriate to the occasion, entitled, "Love's Reason".

Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, elected by the council to do so, delivered the ordination address upon the subject: "The Opportunities of the Christian Ministry".

Following this address the attending ministers of the denomination gathered around the kneeling candidate and with laying on of hands were led in the consecrating prayer by Rev. S. H. Babcock. Pastor G. E. Field of the Chicago Church then gave the

charge to the candidate in a fitting collaboration of Scripture bearing on the point. Pastor Hargis of the Walworth Church gave the charge to the church. Pastor Hargis mentioned the fact that ordinarily the charge would be given to the church to which the candidate was called to minister. In this case it was given to the Milton Junction Church which had called him to ordination, and to the two boards in whose employ Brother Holston was engaged, and by virtue of his position to all the churches of the denomination. Pastor Sayre of the Albion Church then gave the welcome to the ministry in well chosen words. The service closed by benediction by the candidate.

Rev. E. M. Holston is at present in the employ of the Sabbath School Board and the Young People's Board. He is at present working on the Graded Helps for our Sabbath schools and will continue later his visitation of the churches of the denomination in the interest of more efficient Sabbath-school work and wide-awake Young People's societies. His address will continue to be Milton Junction, Wis. E. D. V. H.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF THE MINISTRY

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN

Phillips Brooks said shortly before his death that the next twenty years would offer greater opportunity for the Christian minister than any other like period in history. His prediction has come true. Never was there a time so rich and so challenging in opportunity as the present time. With a new world to be built on the ruins of the old there is a call for men of fine spirit, great courage and heroism to lead in laying the foundations of the new world order. Nor must we forget the truth stated so well by Dr. Lynch in which he says that "practical and organized religion rests upon the churches for its being", that "our religion, our reform, our service of humanity, rests ultimately upon the firm foundation of worshiping assemblies instructed in the truths of God. All our reconstruction work in this trying period must be buttressed with the spirit of Christianity whose mission is to preach good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captives, the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. If this is to be

accomplished we must have men with great hearts, prophetic minds, and consecration, to gather the men and women of every community into the Christian church to be instructed, inspired, and equipped for service in their community".

May I call your attention more in particular to the opportunities of the Christian ministry. We hear frequently the phrase *new opportunities*. Well the *new opportunities* are many and wonderful but there are some old ones that should not be forgotten. Those avenues which afford the modern pastor a chance to enter into close, friendly relationship with the people of his community are perhaps offering larger opportunity now than ever before. The opportunity of coming into close, friendly, sympathetic touch with the struggling and sinning souls of the community should not be underestimated. The pastor who establishes a "point of contact" with the humble and toiling masses of his community, and thereby enters into the pleasures and problems of his people, who helps to solve these problems with his wise counsel and who brings hope and courage to the disheartened, is rendering a service of no little value. There is a tendency in some circles to belittle the custom of pastoral visitation; but the pastor who goes to be the friend of man, to help him in the hour of his need (and what man does not need befriending at some time in his life) is rendering a service the value of which can not be measured. To inspire in the boys and girls of his parish the higher ideals of a Christian education and unselfish service, to become the adviser of young men and women facing the problems of life, to spread the contagion of his own faith and courage, to bring the impact of his own loving personality upon the unloved of his community, is a service than which nothing could be more praiseworthy and rewarding. There is an unparalleled influence in this comradeship. No leader can so modify the whole spirit and life of the community as can the friendly pastor who establishes himself in the hearts and homes of the community.

Then there is the opportunity to teach. Go back if you will, to that first beginning of the Christian church when those twelve men were sent out from Jerusalem to preach and teach in the adjoining provinces. They were to tell the good news, to proclaim the

dawn of a better day, the coming of that power that would heal the ills of humanity, and release those who were in bondage, they were to tell of the Father's love and his desire that all men should be forgiven, saved, and that men should treat each other as brothers in kindness and justice; that happiness and blessedness lay in service for others and not in wealth and prestige; that it was the purpose of Christ to establish the kingdom of God on earth and he called men into partnership in the laying of its deep foundations. How well these first twelve men did their work we all know. No other twelve men have exerted so profound an influence in the shaping of civilization. No king, statesman, or group of statesmen, or army, has wrought such transformation as did these twelve men, these preachers of the gospel and the Christian ethics. Practically all the reforms and great movements in the history of civilization are the product of these first twelve preachers. In all ages and crises there have been these preachers of righteousness who have preached the simple truths of righteous living, and the power of this message has transformed nations and races. Pagans have become Christian, beastly men have become angels of light, schools, churches, hospitals, homes for the homeless and friendless have sprung up until the earth has fairly blossomed with the love and kindness of Christianity. Yes opportunity to *preach* has been age long but it is still and will continue to be the one means by which multitudes are brought more nearly into harmony with God and lifted up to the high level of the soul, the world of the spirit, up into idealism, from which they can go forth again brave and hopeful to face a new world.

Aside from these older opportunities just mentioned, there are other opportunities of the Christian ministry which challenge the thought and attention of men who are either in or thinking of entering the ministry. I refer to the new field of Religious Education. This is not to say that ministers have not done splendid work in the days past in giving religious instruction to their people, but methods have been so revolutionized and problems have become so complex and the scope of our influence has become so expanded that we face almost new and unprecedented opportunities in the field of religious training.

A study into the results of religious instruction given in the Sabbath school and the Young People's societies reveals the fruitfulness of the work done at this crucial and formative period of life. The importance of making the boys and girls familiar with the Bible can not be overestimated. It is largely at this time that a desire is awakened to follow Christ in a serviceful life, and fortunate indeed is the church whose pastor recognizes and accepts the opportunities offered by the new and scientific learning in the realm of religious instruction. Wide-awake pastors with other Christian workers are more and more adopting the methods which have been so highly successful in the public school system and are thus bringing religious instruction to a better degree of efficiency. Some one has said the Science of Religious Education has been born and it will grow as rapidly as the new education has grown in the public schools and colleges, and the Sabbath school is going to be reorganized until it compares favorably with the best public school in its appointments, grading, teaching and methods. Its teachers will be chosen with greater care. More and more we shall expect those who teach in our Sabbath schools to know something of religious pedagogy and child psychology. To aid in this we wish every Sabbath school would have a growing library of the best literature on religious education. The growing demand for religious day schools indicated by the increased number of such schools this past summer, is indeed an encouraging sign. It proves that not only pastors and Sabbath-school teachers are awake on the issue but that parents are seeing the value of this kind of instruction as they see it in the public schools. Now, if ever, our churches need pastors with the wisdom of statesmen, the training of the scientific educator, and the moral passion of a prophet if they are to lead the Sabbath-school forces into this larger realm of Christian service.

But there are still wider circles of opportunity and influence for the modern Christian minister. A wave of paganism is sweeping over the world. Christianity itself is threatened by its subtle influence. The old Epicurean philosophy that life is for the self enjoyment seems to be fast gaining adherents. So many people, professedly Christian, seem to forget that altruism,

service for others, self-denial, are the true badge of the Christian. The soft slippers Christian who settles into his comfortable chair on Friday night to enjoy the evening paper, or on Sabbath morning when others are gathering at the church for worship, is no less blameworthy than the church members who seek their pleasure in motor-ing or visiting instead of remembering the Sabbath to keep it holy. There is no greater danger confronting the world today than this laziness or irresponsibility on the part of Christians. While a few workers are giving of their time and strength to plan and work and pray for the success of the church others are living a life of comfortable ease and freedom from religious matters. This, I say, is a *paganism no less dangerous than the older paganism that reared its head in the early church.* When it is the time of the Sabbath morning service, or the Sabbath school, or the prayer meeting, or the church social, or some other function, how many Christians ask themselves: "What can I do to help along this good cause?" or, "What service can I render my fellow-men and make them happier?" Rather do they say, "I would rather seek my easy chair and read, or go on a motor trip, or go visiting, or go some other place where pleasure calls, and neglect the morning worship or the Sabbath school or the prayer service or the social or some other form of Christian service that would make the community or the world better."

I said a moment ago that this form of paganism threatened the church itself. I think you will agree with me. When a man, though he is a member of the church, thinks more of his own enjoyment, the gratification of his own worldly desires, than he does of his duty to his fellow-men, then he is more pagan than Christian. A man may live a respectable life, he may keep the Commandments, he may attend church on Sabbath morning and put a little into the collection box when it passes him, he may give the fagged out end of his enthusiasm, and yet be little better than a pagan or even a heathen. Christianity means a passionate devotion of all that one is and has to Christ and the kind of a life he taught men to live, and not *selfishness.*

The editor of *Christian Work* says: "There is no peril ultimately more destruct-

ive of the religious life than worldliness, even when it does not take the form of vice. The church lives on the passion of its members and religion thrives only in the age of idealism. And worst of all, *immorality soon comes in the wake of spiritual indifference.*"

The need today is for ministers who can keep alive the age of idealism, who can awaken men to the fact that their souls are made for the world of spirit, not for self, that the one who lives the healthy, happy outdoor life is not necessarily Christian but only he who walks in paths of lowly service is following his divine Lord and Master. What an opportunity in this day of deadening materialism to keep alive the ideals and to awaken in men those deeper sentiments, loftier aspirations for the service of mankind. Men must be led up out of the valleys of doubt, selfish indulgence, deadly materialism to the Mountain of Transfiguration where they can dwell more in the realm of the spirit and realize that the things which abide are not stocks and bonds, or pleasure, however legitimate at times these may be, but *character, and goodness, love and service* to others. It is the opportunity of the ministry to make the realm of the spirit so real and attractive that men will want to leave their comfortable homes and easy chairs, their pleasures, their business, their indifference, their selfishness, their vice and sin, their paganistic philosophy of life and willingly and joyously accept the large kingdom tasks to which Christ is calling men.

There is one more phase of the "New" opportunities of the ministry which needs emphasis before I close. We hear much talk about the new evangelism. I would not speak a disparaging word about the older evangelism. Anything which will cause the smoldering fires to flame up again on the altars of the church should be welcomed, whether it is the old time revival or the *newer* methods of awakening the consciences of men. When the question is asked why we do not have more of the old-fashioned revivals we have to admit that men do not respond as they once did to the appeal to the emotions. Education is more the thought habit now than it once was. Men have become somewhat distrustful of those decisions made under the pressure of an ecstatic state of mind. We like to think of

ourselves as enlightened, educated, thinking in terms of progress and growth. The appeal which grips men today is not so much the appeal to come and be saved but come and join in the great kingdom tasks that will help save others. Men are not so much interested in the enjoyment of ecstatic states of mind as they are in the philanthropies and humanities. They are not interested so much in the cure of disease as in the prevention of disease. And the best kind of salvation is the salvation that prevents a man from falling into sin. And so the emphasis of modern evangelism is on the moral and religious training that keeps and prevents boys and girls, and men and women from falling into sin.

Christ of old appealed to men not so much to save themselves as to join in the work of saving others. And the call of the "New Evangelism" is to link one's self up with the church for the service one can render to humanity. What an opportunity the modern minister has to make his unselfish and stirring appeal. Here is the world in the hands of evil men. Selfishness and greed have laid their hands on many innocent victims. There is injustice on every hand. The temperance victory is not yet won. Vice addresses our youth on the open streets. Thousands are held in the grip of poverty and disease. Gambling and criminality are running rampant, capital and labor are at war with each other and a thousand other evils need correcting and it is the opportunity of the minister to say, "Come on, O strong men, over into this Macedonia and deliver them. Devote your fine manhood to the freeing of the captives, to the breaking of their bonds, to the healing of their wounds, to the saving of them from the enemy, to helping Christ establish his kingdom of peace and righteousness on earth." This is the opportunity of the minister today and it challenges the best and highest in the profession.

At the headquarters of the Red Cross in Geneva much indignation is being felt at the action of the Spanish Red Cross in giving bull-fights for the benefit of wounded soldiers. It is said there is a possibility of the Spanish Red Cross being excluded from the league of such societies.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND, SALEM, W. VA.,
Forward Movement Director



EVERY CHURCH IN LINE
EVERY MEMBER SUPPORTING

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.
"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end
of the world."—Matt. 28: 20.

THANK YOU, YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

AHVA J. C. BOND

The Commission of the General Conference at its session in Salem, N. J., the week preceding the Conference at Shiloh, made the following recommendation, which was adopted by the Conference:

"It is recommended that the Forward Movement director be requested to inaugurate an intensive financial campaign for the purpose of raising the full amount of the budget and of liquidating the debts of the various boards and societies."

This action grew out of the fact that the income for the year had not equalled the expenditures of the boards, hence they were obliged to report deficits in their annual reports to Conference.

Not quite three months has elapsed since Conference, scarcely time to judge how effectively the recommendation has been carried out. The report of the director which will be made to the Commission at Pittsburgh, November 21, 22, will indicate the methods and outline the activities by which he has endeavored to meet the situation.

I am especially grateful to the Young People's Board for its recent action, which I wish to insert here.

"Recognizing" the fact that there has been a marked decrease in the funds received for the Forward Movement during the first part of this year, the members of the Young People's Board wish to express to the Commission of the General Conference and the Forward Movement director, their willingness to co-operate with the Commission and the director in any way that may seem practicable and advisable in raising the funds appropriated in the Forward Movement Budget."

There are two things that I especially like in this action of the Young People's Board. In the first place it seems to assume that something is being done to secure the much-needed funds; and in the second place it recognizes the possibility of helpful co-operation on the part of the boards in raising the money necessary to carry on their work.

A member of the Missionary Board said to me recently, "The present plan does handicap the board in making a financial appeal, in a way." And I granted his contention because of that last phrase, "in a way". In a way the boards and societies are handicapped. But in a way they have greater freedom than ever before.

The representative of a given board may now set before the denomination its program of work without feeling that he is interfering with the success of any other board. As it is now, no matter what particular line of work one presents to the people, in his financial appeal he is boosting the one budget, and is promoting not alone the work of the one board, but the work of all the boards, the work of the denomination.

Why should not our missionaries on furlough, and our workers under the direction of the Missionary Board, urge the support of missions, home or foreign, with all the earnestness at their command? Any genuine interest created will affect the pocket-book, and it remains only to say that in raising our Forward Movement budget our Missionary Board will be able to carry on the work, and enlarge it according to definite plans already made.

Why may not the secretary of Sabbath School and Young People's work present the needs of these boards, and urge the financial support of the Forward Movement by which the work of these boards, together with that of all the other boards is taken care of?

Why may not the editor of the SABBATH

RECORDER, who is on the ground and sees the need, urge our people to help erect the "print shop" part of the denominational building by raising the full amount of the Forward Movement budget, which contains a prescribed sum for the building?

Yes, why may not the representatives of our schools speak to the people in regard to their financial needs, asking that the whole budget be raised as the first financial obligation of Seventh Day Baptists, since it contains \$5,000 for each of the schools, while caring for the whole program of Seventh Day Baptists as adopted by the General Conference?

It is encouraging, I say, that the Young People's Board has taken such action as appears above. It indicates a right viewpoint, one which I trust we may all get. No board is handicapped in making its appeal to the people for funds, if at the same time it is willing that the other boards should be supported.

We are not divided,
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward!

TWO THANKSGIVING DAYS

JULIA REDFORD TOMKINSON

It was the mid-year of the nineteenth century. In the white church of a New England valley, with its tall spire and resonant bell, an unusual event had followed the orthodox sermon of Thanksgiving Day, which was one of the events of the year. The house was filled by ten o'clock, as was the custom, by representatives from nearly every family in the parish, with the addition of curious folk who had learned through the swift wireless telegraphy of the country side that Allan Graham and Miranda Webb were to have a "church weddin'" that day. Friends of the two families were in conspicuous evidence, and the old white-haired minister, who for forty years had baptized, married, and buried his people, improved his opportunity and at unusual length, with unusual earnestness, exhorted his hearers to mend their ways and with thanksgiving and repentance turn themselves anew to godly living. The admonition was well timed, but it fell upon

indifferent young ears, however well old heads were able to take it in. How could they listen when pretty Mira Webb was coming in her bridal dress? Would he never reach "Ninthly" and "Lastly" and "Finally, my brethren"?

At last there was a vision of loveliness in white, with spreading skirts and filmy veil, leaning on the arm of a stalwart young farmer, a few words of eternal consequence, and interchange of vows, and the solemn trembling voice of the old pastor, who had known both from childhood, thrilling the breathless air: "I pronounce you husband and wife in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Webb and Graham families joined in the feast of the day at the Webb homestead. There was much merry-making, much happy fellowship, some furtive tears and sobs choked into silence after the unchanging fashion of wedding days a hundred years ago, today, and all days when old homes give up their dearest and best to found the new.

"Is your mountain house all ready, Mira?" queried a young cousin from Boston.

"All ready, Harriet. The fire is laid in the kitchen, my linen folded with lavender leaves in the chest, the dishes arranged in the cupboard, and furniture placed in all the rooms. Everything is waiting for us."

"I should die. It is the loneliest place on earth. I remember going up there with father when we were here last year. It looks as if some giant had tried to cut down the mountain and thought better of it after one mighty stroke. I should feel as if primeval ghosts were haunting the woods, jumping over the stone walls and wandering at night down by the brook to the pool in the meadow. It will be terrible to live there with not a neighbor in sight."

Mira Graham laughed happily.

"You may have your city home in welcome, Harriet. My mountain home for me, where ghosts may wander at their will."

"For us," her husband said proudly. Neighbors are not far away, and we can easily reach the valley in an hour."

"There ain't no better meadow land in the valley than on that 'ere level place on the side of the mounting," declared old Uncle Peter Webb. "If a giant hacked at it, he done a mighty good job, plannin' it 'pears

to me, a little place for a hum, lookin' toward the south, with the mounting all green with hemlock and spruce, risin' up and up behind to break the storm. It's a peart little shelter, Miry."

"I know it, Uncle Peter."

"Mira says that the little red house is full of dreams that are to come true. I heard her tell Allan so," shouted her ten-year-old brother. "You needn't turn so red, sister."

"It's a purty sayin', Miry. Don't you mind Jim. May they all come true, child, all come true," said Uncle Peter musingly. "I used to think maybe Miry would be spoiled when she was sent to boardin' school for three years, but she wasn't a mite—not a mite, er, Allan?"

He gave his new nephew a sudden punch in the ribs, to hide the dimness of his kind old eyes.

After the well-filled tables had been cleared, and turkeys, chicken pies, vegetables, puddings, pumpkin and mince pies, and cake galore had vanished with a completeness unbelievable to those not initiated, a sturdy horse hung with jingling bells and a sleigh filled with buffalo robes drew up to the door.

"I am not going far away, dear mother," whispered the bride as she clung to her mother's neck, and nestled for a moment in the strong arms of her father—"not far away. Brother, sister, come often to see us."

"Not far away. Wish us godspeed, father, mother, Charles, and Mary. Come and see us, one and all," and Allan Graham lifted his bride to her place and jumped into the sleigh beside her. Loving hands tucked in the furry robes, a shower of rice fell over them, an old shoe flew after them for good luck, and the wrench of parting was over.

Two hours later they sat before a leaping fire on their own hearthstone in the red farm house. Mira had brewed a cup of tea and spread a light supper on the kitchen table. Very demure was the sweet face opposite the strong young farmer. Waving chestnut hair was drawn softly back over the tips of her delicate ears. Gray eyes with long black lashes looked with untroubled confidence into his own. Allan Graham was profoundly moved. His strong

nature, somewhat rugged in its outward manifestation, was true and tender in its depths, and he silently, with solemn fervor, renewed his marriage vow to "cherish, keep and comfort her as long as ye both shall live."

A sudden silence fell upon them, and Mira's face grew grave, almost as if a shadow had fallen on her spirit. Her husband, looking up suddenly from his reverie, asked anxiously:

"What is it, Mira? Has anything happened to grieve you?"

"No, Allan, no. Somehow the years to come stretch out before me like a vision. They are full of possibilities for the best, or—"

His hand tightened upon hers.

"No, dear wife, no."

"I was wishing, my husband, that if we are living fifty years from this Thanksgiving night, we may be able to look back and say, 'We have done the best we knew.'"

"God helping us we will," he answered solemnly.

The dawning year of the twentieth century found the cleft mountainside unchanged. The waters of the turbulent brook still filled the deep pool in the meadow, still fed the river in the valley below. The dull red farmhouse nestled as of old in its protecting shelter, and was also without change except as rooms had been added to provide for a growing family. The broad door stone was no longer a smooth surface, but worn in a deep hollow by the passing of many feet through many years, and the house was filled with an atmosphere of long living as palpable as the odor of hemlock and spruce.

Late November had failed to bring the snow, however, and the dreamy haze of Indian summer still lingered on valley and mountainside. The glory of autumn's pageant—crimson, amber, russet, and gold—had passed away, while the brown old earth awaited her robe of ermine.

An old man stood in the open doorway in the early morning of the last Thursday of November, Thanksgiving Day. His hair and beard were white as snow. His bowed shoulders and hard hands bore evidence, as sure as that of his recording angel, to a life of toil, but his eyes were clear, and

his strong face, furrowed by time and care, was the face of a man who had lived earnestly, faithfully, and well.

"Mother," he called, turning to the open door, "come here a minute."

"Yes, father, I'll be there directly."

The answering voice trembled slightly, but was clear and sweet. "Mother", "father"—half a century is revealed to him who has ears to hear. Whatever the details recorded in that book of life, here the miracle of birth had been wrought again and again.

Mira Graham stood by her husband's side. Her silver hair, waving softly as of old, was drawn back from a serene brow, but her gray eyes were not the faded eyes of age. Keen and thoughtful, they held still a hint of the fire of youth. "Mother" was written all over her generous form, and one knew without the telling, that babies cuddled instinctively to her ample bosom, and rested in her overflowing divine maternity.

"What do you want, Allan?"

"I just wanted for you and me to watch the sunshine creeping up the valley. This is Thanksgiving Day, you know."

"Don't I know it? Haven't I cooked for a week without stopping, except to keep the Sabbath? Isn't the pantry filled to bursting with good things? I am tired enough to drop and thankful enough to fly, that I have been able to get through it all, though that knee of mine almost brings me to the floor sometimes."

"Why don't you let your hired girl do it?"

"Let Huldah cook Thanksgiving dinner again for my children and grandchildren! I do not forget the day that she put salt for sugar in a Thanksgiving pudding. Not yet, sir, and I don't believe that any one can suit *you* as well as your old wife."

"No, no, that is true, that is true, mother, but I want to keep you as long as I can. It is time for you and me, like my old wedding day watch, to go slow."

"Yes, father, I am made to realize it often, but it is hard for me to remember always that I am an old woman, and I love to do these things for you all. I will rest with all my might when this blessed day is over. But come in to breakfast."

After fifty years the lode-stone of the cleft mountain drew the children home. The

oldest son, Allan Webb, pastor of the valley church for twenty years, must wait to deliver the sermon and give thanks, as his spiritual ancestors had done for two hundred years before him, ere he drove up the winding road with his wife and daughter Mira. Henry, with his wife and sturdy boys, Allan and Hal, could cover the distance from his city home, with his automobile, in two hours. Miriam, toward whom all hearts turned in tender sympathy, the recently widowed daughter, had already reached them from the far West, bringing with her her twin children, Theodore and Dorothea.

"Home to stay, dear father and mother, as long as you need me," she whispered with the tears of her greeting.

They gathered in the library, the old "best room", transformed many years since to meet the needs and tastes of the growing culture of this New England family. Father and mother had not been content to let their children outgrow them, and while working with tireless energy to give them all a college education, with labor that neither would acknowledge as a sacrifice, they had taken time to read the world's best literature, and to enjoy the music which the well-trained fingers of their daughters drew from their piano.

The library, with its roaring open fire, was the heart of the home. The stiff chairs and lugubrious works of art had vanished long ago. The broad old sofa had shed its hair-cloth skin, and was upholstered in soft shades of dull green. Easy chairs, with cushions of harmonizing colors, were scattered here and there. A telephone stand stood in one corner. An ample table, with study lamp, was strewn with current books and magazines. There were well-filled bookcases, a piano, a few excellent photographs of a little of the fine art of the world, and a number of exquisite water colors, which bore the touch of "a vanished hand."

For not all the family were visibly present on this Thanksgiving Day. "Alice with golden hair" and fine artistic temperament had laid aside her brush and pencil, as she reached her twenty-fourth year, and they had laid her from their aching hearts into her casket.

But notwithstanding the throb of pain that

underlies all human joy, this was a day of fruition. No black sheep from their fold wandered in forbidden paths; no trail of the serpent, as found in the "problem novel" of this day, was known to them; no reaching after forbidden fruit that turns to dust and ashes on unholy lips. The strength and passion of elemental life had found every need met by service to God, by labor for their daily bread, by love in boundless measure.

They stood with bowed heads at last, around the table spread with bounteous cheer, while the father prayed with an earnestness and beauty that no one who heard could ever forget, on this his last Thanksgiving Day. When the hush of the moment was broken, they found their places, and in the hour that followed there was much laughter of children, much recalling of happy experiences. Grandmother's keen sense of humor delighted the younger members of the party, and indeed gave spice to all discussions, whether of events long past or the current topics of the day. Grandfather's quaint stories of his boyhood and his own mischievous pranks were received with shouts of laughter.

"Tell them about Zip, father," said his son Henry.

"Who was Zip?" asked Theodore.

"He was my mother's turkey gobbler, destined to be killed for Thanksgiving, and a week before something dreadful happened to him."

"Oh, what was it?" shouted the children.

"Zip had a fiery temper, but I liked the old fellow, and he would let me pick him up anywhere, so I caught him and brother Willie and I fed him corn soaked in whiskey. We found our hired man's bottle hidden in the haymow when we were hunting eggs. We waited for results, and they came fast enough."

"Did he get drunk?"

"Yes, indeed, and he went reeling around the yard in a most disgraceful fashion, and mother thought he was poisoned, and when she found him stretched out behind the barn, she was sure he was as dead as a stone. She felt very bad, and I was ordered to bury poor Zip. Then we had to confess to our amazed mother that he was only drunk. I think she and father had a good laugh to themselves, but we boys both got

a vigorous spanking with a shingle, by the side of the unconscious turkey."

"Did he get well, and did you ever do it again?"

"No, we never did, and Zip recovered from his spree, and I picked his drumstick on Thanksgiving Day."

"Aren't they the jolliest ever?" whispered Allan to his brother as he picked his turkey bone.

"Great!" mumbled Hal as he performed a like duty.

"To think you were a girl like me once, grandma," said Mira, looking lovingly at the sweet old face.

"Yes, and you are the very 'spittin image' of her when she was eighteen," exclaimed the elder Mira's husband.

"Muvver, are we goin' to stay here long time?" asked Theodore softly.

"Yes, dear. Do you want to stay?"

"Yes, f'rever 'never."

"Me too, Tee-do," assented Dorothea, and with the words of her children there came to Miriam's sad heart a dove of peace.

The clock on the library mantel struck eleven. Two lovers with silver hair sat hand in hand before the fire. The house was still.

"Do you remember, mother, fifty years ago?"

"I am remembering, father."

"You said you hoped that in fifty years we might be able to say that we had tried to live the best we knew."

"Yes, I know. How very imperfect the life seems to me now. But we have tried, Allan, really tried. God knows that. Do you remember when Alice was a little thing, and I told her one cold morning to open one door and shut another? She looked into my face to make sure she understood, and trotted away on willing little feet, to open wide the door that she was to shut, and to shut the door she was to open. I never forgot the precious lesson. My heart brimmed over and I think my eyes too. I said to myself, 'That is just the way I served my heavenly Father often.' Her obedience was perfect, the thing itself all wrong."

"Yes, mother, He knows that we have tried with thankful Thanksgiving hearts. We who have trusted God so long will trust the rest of the journey to Him.—*Christian Advocate.*

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

REV. EDWIN SHAW, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Contributing Editor

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Progress in the work on the new building shows that the concrete is to be delivered by a spout from the tower to a point on the temporary floor and from there by wheel barrows to the forms for the basement walls, the piers, and the permanent floor itself. This work is beginning today, Tuesday, November 15, 1921.

A letter from field secretary, D. Burdett Coon, tells of his visits at several churches. Sabbath Day, November 5, he preached in the morning at Leonardsville, in the afternoon at Brookfield, and in the evening at West Edmeston. The next day and evening he was at Verona, on Monday night he held a meeting at DeRuyter and later in the week meetings for conference at Alfred and at Nile. His plans include the attendance of the semiannual meetings of the Western Association at Little Genesee, where he had the opportunity of presenting the missionary-evangelistic interests of our people. It is expected that the special effort at Hebron Center is now going on, conducted by him and our general missionary, Rev. William L. Burdick.

The current number of the *Baptist* contains an editorial in reference to the meeting of the Board of Promotion of the Northern Baptist Convention recently held at Indianapolis. This Board of Promotion corresponds in a way to our Commission. It seems that the Baptists have been having some of the same problems in connection with their World Movement that have come to us in our Forward Movement. Every dollar of specially designated gifts has always been used in the work for which the funds were given; but in dividing the undesignated gifts, allowance has always been made for special gifts before the divisions were finally made, with the result that all interests shared ultimately in accordance with the denominational budget that was

made out on the basis of the survey. A change was voted at Indianapolis, and the plan was adopted, which we have used, whereby specially designated gifts are in reality so much in addition to that particular work over and above the proportional share of the undesignated gifts.

In view of this action, which evidently was called for in the light of the experience of the past two years, the people of the Baptist denomination are urged to give to the general budget, rather than to the special interests. This is our policy. Let us hold to it, remembering that when we give to the budget, we are not only giving to those objects in which we are especially interested, but also to work in which others of our own church and denomination have special interest, while they in turn are giving for the work which we feel is so important; and at the same time by thus giving to the whole budget we are building up a spirit of unity in our work, which will be a great element of strength in our cause.

At the meeting of the Tract Board November 13, consideration was given to the recommendation coming from the General Conference in reference to a more active work and an advanced step in the matter of Sabbath Reform. The subject had been carefully considered by the Advisory Committee, and while discussing the report of this committee, many expressions of sympathy with and approval of some such forward movement were given by members of the board. But at the present time the board finds itself compelled, (in order to comply with the wish of the people as voted at the General Conference in reference to limiting its plans of expenditure of Forward Movement Budget Funds to 75 per cent of what the budget calls for), to reduce its expenses; but with the hope that the movement suggested in the Conference recommendation may be taken up in the not distant future through largely increased contributions coming from the people.

The Tract Board in discussing a communication from the General Conference in reference to various matters pertaining to the work of the Tract Society adopted heartily and unanimously the following:

Resolved, That we hereby assent to the request of the Commission that 4 per cent of the monies contributed for the Tract Society be transmitted to the treasurer of Conference for Conference expenses, and hereby authorize the Forward Movement treasurer to withhold such amount from remittances due the board, and be it further

Resolved, In adopting the above that we take this occasion to express our confidence in and co-operation with the Commission and the Forward Movement director in their work for the up-building of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination.

Attention is called to the list of "Special Notices" in the SABBATH RECORDER. The Missionary Board will forward quarterly all contributions made to the work of Miss Marie Jansz, of Pangoengsen, Tajoe, Java. This refers to contributions from individuals, Sabbath-school classes, boards, etc., all contributions made for that special purpose. This notice will be found in the SABBATH RECORDER week by week and takes the place of a definite appropriation as has been the case for a few recent years. Send these special contributions to the Treasurer, S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

Our interest in the Washington Conference is emphasized by the bearing the discussions which are bound to occur will have upon matters in China where our largest foreign mission is located. Many magazine articles are concerning the "Eastern Question", several being published in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Our weekly papers are giving a good deal of attention to this subject, and much appears in our dailies. If we as a people are to have our part in shaping in any way the future of that great country, with its untold resources, we must maintain, and that means enlarge and strengthen, our work in China. There is a wonderful, an inviting opportunity, different in its nature, but never greater or more important.

Rev. George W. Hills in making his report to the Tract Society concerning his annual trip of visitation along the Pacific Coast has the following three paragraphs, the last being his statistical report:

"At Oregon City, Ore., we had one Seventh Day Baptist. I thought I would spend one Sabbath with him. I was invited to preach a couple of times. Then they urged

that I stay a week and preach every night. I did. Then they urged that I stay another week, which I did. Then the First Day people asked me to stay two nights longer and tell them about the Bible Sabbath. I did. Result—a little band of new Sabbath-keepers have a meeting every Sabbath afternoon at two, to study the Bible, offer prayers and testimonies, who need the prayers and sympathy of every true Seventh Day Baptist."

"There are twenty, or more, who acknowledge the claims of the Bible Sabbath; but labor and economic conditions hold them back from practicing all they believe on the question. There were many urgent requests made for our visit next year and many high hopes expressed for results. One strong man shed tears when telling of his desire to observe the Sabbath in connection with his contract with a great paper mill of the city. By frequent correspondence I hope to be able to assist and encourage these new beginners, who are among the choicest people of the city."

"There are many other very interesting things to say about the trip, but must omit them. This is the most complete sample:

"Ten weeks.—Left home July 25, returned October 3, 1921; one week on short trips since, eleven weeks in all. Four thousand miles and over of travel. Seventy-six calls on about two hundred people in whom we have a denominational interest. Twenty-one gospel sermons preached. Three Sabbath discourses, at request of First Day people. Twenty-three Bible readings—one of which continued nearly all day. Five Sabbath schools now on the field aside from those in churches. One Sunday school attended, taught a class. Three RECORDER subscriptions secured. Traveling expenses, \$178.05. Contributed on the field, \$117.25."

In a letter from the pastor of the Welton Church in Iowa telling of his plan to go to Fairview, Wis., to carry on a series of meetings with Rev. W. D. Tickner, and of returning by way of Dodge Center, Minn., to speak in behalf of Milton College on the Sabbath before Thanksgiving, he says in reference to his own home field: "Our community meeting Sunday was a success. The church was full to overflowing, and at the

close of the service the opportunity was offered of having another community meeting on Thanksgiving if it was desired. As the people passed out there was an urgent request for the service, so Thanksgiving is the next date."

The secretary is in receipt of a letter from W. W. Olifan, of Maitland, Cape Province, South Africa. With a few alterations in spelling, punctuation, etc., it is as follows:

"Dear in the Blessed Hope: "I am just to inform you how that we are still keeping through the love of the Almighty who binds you and me by the same and like faith up to the same hope (Eph. 10: 4-5).

"Dear sir, am now asking you to let me know if you can undertake my young men for the ministry training free of charge. As we are aiming for the like faith and hope. And wish you not altogether forsake me with Scripture tracts, if any to spare, we are in great need of them.

"I remain yours in the blessed hope,
"Olifan."

The letter was written on a letter-head which had a very good picture of a baptismal scene, by immersion, evidently in a lake or river. A large group of people are assembled on the bank, and two candidates for baptism are in the water with two officiating ministers. In the lower corners of the picture are two inserts, cuts of "Pastor Olifan", and "Priest Gawa". Above, below, and on both sides of the picture there is printing, in English, and in some other language. Before the great war we occasionally received letters from these men, and now we hear again. A friendly letter of inquiry has been sent in reply; also a package of Sabbath and other gospel literature, and a free subscription to the SABBATH RECORDER.

MONTHLY STATEMENT

October 1, 1921—November 1, 1921

S. H. Davis,	
In account with	
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society	
Dr.	
Balance on hand October 1, 1921.....	\$2,175 42
One-third collection Northwestern Association, Milton	21 91
Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Kenyon.....	10 00
Mary A. Kenyon.....	10 00
P. R. Crandall, Treasurer:	
Marie Jansz	2 00
Georgetown Mission	1 00
Rosa Palmberg, special gift.....	50 00
Memorial Board:	
Sarah P. Pötter Bequest.....	55

Missionary Society Fund.....	5 58
E. L. Babcock Bequest.....	105 56
Miss P. C. Newton, Missionary Society..	5 00
Miss E. P. Newton, Missionary Society..	5 00
D. N. Newton, Missionary Society.....	5 00
Collection, Southwestern Association, Little Prairie	6 05
Conference Treasurer:	
Georgetown Chapel	16 74
Shanghai Boys' School	66 91
Shanghai Girls' School.....	66 91
Missionary Society	416 79
Salary increase	73 56
Battle Creek Young Men's Class for Dr. Sinclair's patient	5 00
Interest on checking account.....	49
	<hr/>
	\$3,049 47

Cr.	
Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, October salary..	\$ 83 33
Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, September salary and traveling expenses	59 08
Susie M. Burdick, September salary....	41 66
Mrs. D. Burdett Coon, September salary Mr. Coon	133 33
Rev. D. Burdett Coon, September salary and traveling expenses	56 04
Rev. R. J. Severance, September salary and traveling expenses.....	117 86
Rev. W. L. Burdick, September salary and traveling expenses	178 18
John C. Branch, September salary....	83 33
C. C. Van Horn, September salary and traveling expenses	87 00
Rev. George W. Hills, September salary	58 33
Rev. Luther A. Wing, September salary	41 66
Ray C. North, September salary, Cart- wright church	33 33
W. L. Davis, September salary.....	33 33
G. H. F. Randolph, September salary....	41 66
S. S. Powell, September salary.....	25 00
Adelbert Branch, September salary....	25 00
W. D. Tickner, July-September salary..	50 00
Charles W. Thorngate, July-September salary	50 00
Mrs. Lena G. Crofoot, July-September salary	25 00
Rev. R. R. Thorngate, July-September salary	25 00
James M. Pope, July-September salary, Hartsville	25 00
Edwin S. Maxson, July-September sal- ary, Syracuse	25 00
H. R. Looftboro, July-September salary, Welton	50 00
J. G. Burdick, Italian Mission.....	29 16
Rev. J. J. Kovats, Hungarian Mission..	20 00
Mrs. Angeline P. Abbey, September ap- propriation	10 00
Robert B. St. Clair:	
September salary, Detroit church....	50 00
Special, Mr. Weber	25 00
Edwin Shaw, September salary and trav- eling expenses	103 40
American Sabbath Tract Society, print- ing order blanks	6 50
Marie Jansz, October-December salary..	50 00
G. Velthuysen:	
October-December salary	100 00
Holland field	100 00
Work in Java and exchange.....	26 50
Rev. D. Burdett Coon, traveling ex- penses, September 21-October 20..	92 85
Mrs. Zilpha W. Seward, salary, October 2-14	27 00
Industrial Trust, China Draft account, H. E. Davis	27 02
Treasurer's expenses	49 00
	<hr/>
Balance on hand, November 1, 1921....	\$2,064 55
	984 92
	<hr/>
	\$3,049 47

Bills payable in November, about.....\$1,400 00
No outstanding notes.

S. H. Davis,
Treasurer.

E. & O. E.

TO PARENTS OF THE JUNIORS

DEAR RECORDER FRIENDS:

May I be permitted to make a suggestion regarding a matter which is really of more importance than seems to be, at first glance?

In preparing the lessons for Sabbath school, every Junior should have a Bible of his own. The work required calls for this. And I am sure every one will agree with me that when boys and girls have reached the Junior age they are entitled to a Bible "all their own".

The children are very proud of a nice Bible. How many, many children have come to me with their new birthday or Christmas Bible, their eyes just shining with delight, as they showed me their new treasure. I doubt if any gift pleases a Junior more than a new Bible.

This is the period of life when a love for God's Holy Word should be firmly planted in the child's heart. Who dares to assume the responsibility of treating the matter lightly?

The habit of daily reading a portion from the Bible should be formed at this time. What can we do to make this natural and easy? I am going to ask you to think about this, in one particular.

There are a number of parents I am sure, who have thought of choosing a Bible for their Junior boy or girl, for their Christmas gift, this year. May I beg of you, *select that Bible with care!*

1. See to it that the book is not too heavy.

2. Be sure it is well bound. It will pay you to put a little extra money into the binding. For that Bible ought to last a life-time. It is going to be loved better than any other copy that may come into the child's hands.

(I have a copy of the Bible which my dear father gave me when I was a child, that money could not buy from me today. And the binding is *real leather.*)

3. Do not select one that has a lot of teacher's helps, to occupy perhaps a third of the book's bulk. A few good maps and a concordance are all the "helps" it should contain.

4. And this is very important—get *good, clear, large print.* Don't expect a child to enjoy reading a book that you would not touch yourself if it were an advertisement,

for instance. You would say to that, "I can't bother with that, why do they send out such fine type?"

The children are accustomed to excellent print in their school books, easy to read, and not tiresome to the eyes.

Please, please, be sure to remember this, in your choice of your Junior's Bible.

5. Just one more suggestion. Help the Junior to select and maintain a certain choice place to keep the Bible; some special shelf or table or nook, where the book can be found always readily, every day.

Teach the children reverence for God's Book. Nothing should be allowed to lie carelessly on top of the Bible.

Pages should not be turned down, or the book left carelessly open. And teach them to mark their Bibles intelligently and neatly, according to the instructions in the quarterly. This will be of great value.

I am hoping and praying that our Junior boys and girls will grow up into strong men and women, familiar with the teachings of the Word, able to turn to it for comfort, and instruction and delight, and obedient to all its requirements. Can you think of a happier future for our people? Let's do all we can, even in the little (?) things, to bring this about.

Yours for the boys and girls,

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN.

PREVENTABLE MISERY

Even the most cursory knowledge of what we call the heathen world teaches us that there is a frightful amount of utterly needless human misery, physical infirmities which might well be treated and cured if we but had the physicians and medicines with which to do the work. Take the one subject of blindness as merely illustrating a thousand different diseases. In this favored land it is only occasionally that a case of blindness comes to our attention and when it does it is always to rouse in us extreme sentiments of sympathy. But in pagan lands blindness is woefully common and the infinite pity is that much of this blindness is entirely preventable and is undoubtedly due to lack of primary knowledge on the part of the depressed and illiterate people. I can not too strongly stress the call which comes to the Christian world to alleviate the human misery of the pagan world.—*Titus Lowe, D. D.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

AND WAR SHALL CEASE

DEAN PAUL E. TITSWORTH

"We must destroy war, or war will destroy us," asserts the Hon. James Bryce, former British ambassador to the United States, and one of the world's greatest international statesmen.

Just now men's thoughts are turning again to the consideration of the cost of war, as the nation has laid away its unknown soldier, symbol of the worth and dignity of the common man. Just now, too, men's thoughts are directed to a consideration of how war may be done away, as the conference for a limitation of armament is conducting its sessions in Washington. Men can not think too long nor too deeply upon a subject of such quivering moment. There skulk abroad dragons more real and of more terrifying aspect, whose breath flames out more death and devastation, than St. George ever faced. One of these monsters is war.

These words are written in Chicago where the National Convocation of Universities and Colleges on International Disarmament is about to assemble. The teachers and college presidents at the instigation of the Council of Church Boards of Education, realize that they have a vital stake in the outcome of the momentous conclave at Washington. There ought to be held simultaneously national conferences of farmers, of dress-makers, of ditch-diggers, of insurance agents, of merchandizers, and all the rest, to consider how each class may line up with the efforts of President Harding and how it may put itself behind the righteous decisions of the disarmament conference, for the economic and spiritual roots of war run back underground to the heart and thought of every humblest man and woman.

As I see the situation there are at least three outstanding obstacles to world peace: ignorance, passion, and bread. As you note, two of these mountains which must be tunneled, if peace is to be reached, are spirit-

ual while the third is economic. Ignorance and passion demand the ministrations of the church and of the school primarily. The question of bread is one chiefly for the sanctified wisdom of the economist and statesman.

It is too largely the case that even good men and women are ignorant that the parts of the world are as vitally related to each other as are the stomach and the head in the human body. What is worse, many of these folk don't care a straw about world affairs. What does it matter to them if the Russian wheat crop is a failure, or if China can not fuse itself into a strong, unified nation? These persons do realize, however, at times that the prices they have to pay for food are high or low and that taxes are soaring. But, they ask, what do these facts have to do with Russia and China? No permanent structure of peace can be reared on the crumbling cellar-wall of ignorance.

During the World War I met some persons who were almost ready, not only to destroy all Germany's war material, but to kill non-combatant men, women, and children, so hot was the hatred of these folks against the Germans. Less violently, perhaps, but none the less wickedly, I have heard men declaim against the Japanese, or the Turks, or the British, or even the Canadians. The prejudice against and hatred of anything or anybody that is not of my church, of my section, of my color, of my nation is the compost in which the seeds of strife, of war spring up merrily. War brews its horrid mead, not alone in the chancelleries of the world, but also in the curdled passions of the common man and woman.

Bread, I asserted, was a third obstacle to peace. I mean that, because you and I must have bread we are willing to pay enough for it so that it is worth the while of the trader and the miner and the manufacturer to poke into all the corners of the earth for its unused resources. I have heard muddly thinkers declaim against the American capitalist who, trying to operate oil wells in Mexico, complicated political relations between Uncle Sam and his southern neighbor. If the oil operator was in Mexico, it was because we were pushing him there. If we were pushing him there it was because we needed the oil and grease for our automobiles, our farm machinery,

and our locomotives. And we needed these that we might earn our daily bread.

I am not of those who feel that all competition is cut-throat business, that one man's meat must always and forever be another man's poison, that the world is bound always to be a battle-field where some must always be slain that others may prosper. I am looking forward hopefully to a time when Christian statesmen may be both so wise and so good in the making of laws that every man and every nation shall have his or its untrammelled chance.

Whether the conference at Washington succeeds or fails depends, first, upon the character of the men playing the game, second upon the push of the past behind each delegation, and, third upon current public sentiment.

While we can not now do too much to create the last factor requisite if positive benefits are to issue from the present assemblage of statesmen, I can not refrain from using this opportunity to point out that two thirds of the possible success depends upon what has been being built, for the last forty or fifty or sixty years at least, into the lives of the men who make up the personnel of the several representations and into the lives of the men of the present generation in each nation sitting at the council board. I can not refrain from noting that if Christian education has been absorbed into the essential fiber of these men and nations, we may hope for the best. No other factors than wisdom and love fused in the persons of the diplomats can guarantee lasting, constructive results. And the failure of this conference—if such it be—should make us tighten our belts for the fight, which lies ahead, that from now on at least, Christian love and wisdom may more largely actuate the conduct of all men.

Let us pray that God may illumine and strengthen the men doing the work of the conference in Washington, but let us pray much more that he may take the obstacles to peace from our own lives, and that thenceforth we may enlist more wholeheartedly in the campaign for Christian education, for, right now, we are educating our future diplomats and statesmen and erecting a basis for the mightiest factor in the world—the public opinion of the future.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, November 13, 1921, at 2 o'clock p. m., Vice President William C. Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: William C. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Alexander W. Vars, Edwin Shaw, Frank J. Hubbard, William M. Stillman, Jesse G. Burdick, Irving A. Hunting, Edward E. Whitford, James L. Skaggs, Willard D. Burdick, Roy E. Titsworth, Arthur L. Titsworth and Business Manager Lucius P. Burch.

Visitors: Mrs. David E. Titsworth, Mrs. William Seward.

The Board, standing, offered the Lord's Prayer in unison.

The minutes of the October meeting were read and approved.

Secretary Shaw officially presented the following communication:

*American Sabbath Tract Society,
Edwin Shaw, Corresponding Secretary,
Plainfield, New Jersey.*

DEAR BROTHER SHAW:

Will you please bring in an official way to the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society certain actions of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference at the meeting held in Shiloh, N. J., in August, 1921, and also action by the Commission of the General Conference, actions which have relation to the Tract Society. They are as follows:

1—On recommendation of the Committee on Reference and Counsel the General Conference voted to approve the 1921 Annual Statement of the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

2—On recommendation of the Commission the General Conference voted to approve the present plans of the Tract Board in its relationship of joint work with the Sabbath School Board, (a) In reference to the Vacation Religious Schools, and (b) In relation to the publications of the Sabbath School Board.

3—On recommendation of the Commission the General Conference voted to authorize the Treasurer of the Forward Movement Budget Fund, on permission from the several beneficiaries participating in the Forward Movement Budget Fund, to deduct 4 per cent from all money received for these beneficiaries, and remit the said 4 per cent to the treasurer of the General Conference to apply on the Forward Movement expenses.

4—On recommendation of the Commission the General Conference voted, inasmuch as the amount received during the past year was substantially 73 per cent of the total annual Forward Movement Budget, and has resulted in the accumula-

tion of deficits by several of the boards and societies, presumably on the assumption that the total amounts of the budget might be realized, that the boards and societies participating in the Forward Movement Budget be asked to confine their expenditures of Forward Movement Budget Funds to 75 per cent of the original 1919 budget sums for their respective boards and societies until such time as larger percentages may actually be received through the Forward Movement.

5—On recommendation of the Commission the General Conference voted, in order that the Commission may have complete data concerning the financial standing of the denomination, that the treasurers of all boards and societies be requested to transmit to the Finance Committee through the secretary, not later than August 1 of each year, a copy of their annual financial statements showing the total receipts through the Forward Movement Treasurer, contributions from all other sources, income on invested funds, amount of indebtedness, and whether borrowed from some other funds in their hands, and all other details that may be necessary or desirable for a ready understanding of the situation. Also that so far as possible the treasurer of the General Conference and of each board and society seek to have all bills for expenditures incurred by their respective organizations for any given General Conference fiscal year presented for payment before the close of that year.

6—Through the recommendation of the Committee on Reference and Counsel the General Conference voted, in view of existing conditions that affect vitally the Sabbath truth and Sabbath-keeping, we recommend to the American Sabbath Tract Society the importance of taking steps at the earliest practicable day to secure a well qualified person, with a permanent and central office, who shall give much if not all of his time, (1) in leading us in self-information, Biblical and historical; and (2) in devising ways and means for emphasizing and spreading Sabbath truth and increasing Sabbath-keeping as matters of universal concern. And we hereby promise our moral and financial support. The preparation and circulation of catechisms, tracts, textbooks, charts, etc., the publication of papers, the giving of sermons and addresses, and keeping in closest possible touch with Sunday legislation movements, are among the ways and means we have in mind. We also recommend that all available talent and enthusiasm be utilized at once in carrying out the purpose of this resolution. And we urge upon our Commission, boards, churches, schools, and individual members the privilege and duty of supporting the Tract Society cordially and liberally in this forward step.

7—The Commission plans to hold a meeting on Monday and Tuesday, November 21 and 22, and an invitation is extended to the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society to send by correspondence any matters which it desires the Commission to consider at that meeting.

8—In reference to the communication from the Tract Board asking for the approval of the Commission of a plan to make a special campaign for

funds for the Denominational Building, the Commission after careful consideration felt that it would be unwise to undertake the proposed plan, and the suggestion was made that it might be wiser to anticipate the pledges of the three remaining years of the present Forward Movement by borrowing sufficient money to enable the erecting of the building to proceed without delay.

On behalf of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference and the Commission.

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN SHAW,
Secretary.

November 2, 1921.

On motion the communication was received and referred to the Board for consideration. Secretary Shaw also presented a communication from Forward Movement Director, Ahva J. C. Bond, relating to the resolution passed at the last meeting of the Board concerning the Tract Society deficit of \$3,750.00.

The Advisory Committee presented the following report:

To the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society:

Your Advisory Committee, to which was referred for consideration and report, a resolution, adopted by the General Conference at Shiloh, relating to the extension of the work of the Tract Board; being item No. 6 of the foregoing communication, wishes to express its interest in the measures suggested, also recognizes the necessity of enlarging and intensifying our work, and hopes the Board will proceed with such work as soon as funds are in hand or even in sight; but, in view of the present financial situation, it deems it unwise to make a recommendation for any additional expenditure of money at the present time.

Respectfully submitted,

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Report adopted.

Pursuant to the consideration of item No. 3 of the foregoing communication the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we hereby assent to the request of the Commission that 4 per cent of the monies contributed for the Tract Society be transmitted to the treasurer of Conference for Conference expenses, and hereby authorize the Forward Movement treasurer to withhold such amount from remittances due the Board, and be it further

Resolved, In adopting the above that we take this occasion to express our confidence in and co-operation with the Commission and the Forward Movement Director in their work for the up-building of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination.

Item No. 4 was approved by the Board and referred to the Budget Committee. Item

No. 5 was by vote referred to the Treasurer.

After considering the invitation in item No. 7 it was voted that copies of our various actions at this meeting be embodied in our correspondence to the meeting of the Commission to convene November 21 and 22.

No definite action was taken on item No. 8, but in line with its intent the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Treasurer be and he hereby is authorized to loan from the Permanent Funds of the Tract Society a sum not exceeding \$25,000, from such funds as are not specified as trust funds, on the Bond and Mortgage of the American Sabbath Tract Society of New Jersey, covering the property on which the Denominational Building is now being erected.

The Supervisory Committee stated that they had under consideration matters relating to the proper equipment of the printing plant in the new building.

Voted that the report of the Committee on Distribution of Literature presented at the last meeting of the Board be taken from the table.

The Committee on the Distribution of Literature recognizes the need of a new type of literature to meet changing conditions and specific cases. Accordingly the committee would like,

1. To know if it is within the province of this committee to prepare and distribute new literature as conditions may require, and
2. To have the Board interpret the relationship of this committee to the Committee on the Revision of Denominational Literature.

W. D. BURDICK, *Chairman*,
J. L. SKAGGS, *Secretary*.

Voted that we answer the first question in the affirmative, and that the second question be deferred for future consideration.

The Committee on Italian Mission presented the report of Mr. Savarese for October in which he reports 14 sermons and addresses, with an average attendance at New Era of 21, and 24 at Sabbath school. Tracts sent out, 300.

The following report was received:

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SABBATH SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

At the present time, November 13, 1921, all four parts of the first year of the Junior and Intermediate series of Seventh Day Baptist Graded Lessons have been published, and also Part I of the second year of both series. No manuscript for subsequent issues has been received at the Publishing House.

The cost of publication since the annual report ending June 30, 1921, is as follows:

Junior Series:
First Year, Part IV.....\$223 96
Second Year, Part I..... 189 56
\$413 52

Intermediate Series:
First Year, Part IV.....\$129 57
Second Year, Part I..... 123 86
\$253 43

Total\$666 95

By arrangement with the Sabbath School Board, for the convenience of our own Sabbath schools when ordering supplies of these pupil's textbooks, there is to be kept on hand a small supply of teacher's textbooks that correspond with these same lessons, at the Publishing House, which may be ordered at the same time. These are the teacher's textbooks called the "Keystone Series" and the "Westminster Series".

On behalf of the committee,
EDWIN SHAW,
Chairman.

Voted that the Treasurer be and he hereby is empowered to borrow, not to exceed \$4,000.00, on the note or notes of the Board, to meet current expenses.

Secretary Shaw reported progress on the denominational calendars, and that they would be ready for distribution early in December.

Correspondence was received from Rev. G. Velthuysen, Rev. R. J. Severance and others.

Voted, by a unanimous rising vote, that we request President Randolph to withdraw his resignation as a member of the Committee on Revision of Denominational Literature, presented at the last meeting of the Board, but not acted on at that meeting owing to the early adjournment, due to attending the ceremony of breaking ground for the new denominational building.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

"America's help is courted by other nations not from cringing fear, not from a belief that we can accomplish the mighty task alone, but in the confidence that we are both able and willing by example, by leadership and by co-operation, to use our almost unimpaired resources in assisting to rescue the world from its present horrors. If we fail, history will write us down as a braggart and slacker nation."—*Youth's Companion*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

WE SHOULD NOT MIND

We should not mind if skies are gray,
If joy but dwells within the heart,
With conscience clear from day to day.
We should not mind if skies are gray,
Just cease to worry and repine
And let the sun of laughter shine
Across your rugged, upward way
And you'll not mind if skies are gray.

We should not mind how rough the road,
Just so the goal is fair and sweet,
Or when 'tis love that plies the goad,
We should not mind how rough the road,
Just so we're treated fair and square,
Just so we feel we're getting there.
We laugh and sing beneath the load
And do not mind how rough the road.

We should not dread the coming night
That marks the passing of the soul,
Just so our lives show clean and bright.
We should not dread the coming night.
It means surcease from toil and strife
And progress in the scheme of life.
If we have striven for the right
We should not dread the coming night.
—George C. Mason.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE AND—BREAD

"If you had to eat just one thing for the rest of your life, what would you choose?" asked Betty. Betty is ten and eating is one of the greatest interests in her young life.

Marian—ten also—hesitated before answering. And then, after a moment of really deep thought, she spoke.

"I think that I'd choose ice cream," she said, half hesitatingly. "Rich frozen ice cream, all smooth and—"

Betty interrupted. Betty always interrupts.

"I wouldn't," she said. "I'd choose charlotte russes—great big ones made of sponge-cake, and whipped cream and chocolate frosting. That's what I'd choose!"

Betty's Aunt Alice had entered the room while the two little girls were talking. She is a favorite with young people, is Aunt Alice, because she can always understand their point of view.

"What were you talking about?" she questioned.

"I was asking Marian," said Betty, "what she'd choose if she could only have one thing to eat for the rest of her life. She said she'd choose ice cream. I said that I'd choose charlotte russe. What would you choose, Aunt Alice?"

Aunt Alice laughed. "Why," she answered, "I think I'd choose bread and butter!"

Betty and Marian looked at their grown-up friend and confidante with round-eyed amazement. What a thing to choose! Why, anybody could have bread and butter at any time—and ice cream and charlotte russe were—treats.

"I don't guess I understand," said Betty at last. "I don't see why you'd choose bread and butter; it's so plain!"

"That's why I'd choose it," said Aunt Alice. "You see," she went on after a moment, "it isn't always the sweetest food that is the very best for one. And it isn't always the sweetest food that you'll want. Something that's sweet, always sweet, changelessly sweet, gets very tiresome after a while. And it's the plain, substantial food that you can stand day after day. Thank you, girls," laughed Aunt Alice, "but I guess I'd better keep to my choice of bread and butter."

Bread and butter doesn't sound very interesting—particularly when every recipe book is full of colored illustrations of pretty desserts and delicate salads and tempting entrées. But for a day-after-day diet any one of the elaborate dishes would grow monotonous, and sickening, and insipid. As a day-after-day diet, plain, simple, wholesome bread and butter would not grow tiresome; would not lose its food value.

I met two girls one day at a luncheon party. One, I thought, was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her long-lashed eyes were of the violet color one reads about in stories, and her hair was tinged with the misty black of midnight. She entertained us—there were a number of us at the table—with witty little stories and cleverly told experiences.

The other girl was not a pretty girl. But she was an understanding sort of a girl who laughed at the right time, and said a kind word to the one who was momentarily

left out of the conversation—a girl who listened as if she understood and was interested. I didn't much notice what she looked like, except that there was understanding in her eyes, and her hair was neatly dressed, and her smile sweet. I didn't notice her much, because I was too taken up with the other girl's conversation—too fascinated by her beauty.

I met the two girls about a week later. The first girl was still as faultlessly perfect to look at. But her funny little stories and her cleverly told experiences were the same ones that I had heard several days before.

The second girl became interested in our conversation and expressed an idea or two that made known to me the brilliant brain under her neatly dressed hair. I began to like the second girl.

The third time I met them the first girl was still wonderful to look at. But her chatter had come to bore me. It was so light and frothy and commonplace. It was clever, but it had no depth or meaning. But the second girl impressed me so much with the power of her mind that I forgot that in looks she was not striking.

On our fourth meeting I discovered that it was tiresome, almost, to look at the first girl, because there was nothing back of her beauty. But I discovered that I wanted the quiet, plain, substantial second girl for my friend!

Once when I was a small child I was given a large box of chocolate creams as a birthday gift. I had never been allowed to eat my fill of candy, and so that day I sat down, the box on my lap, and ate until I could eat no more. The next day I was very ill.

It was a week after I had recovered my health that some kind friend offered me a chocolate cream. But when I saw it I turned away my head, nauseated at the thought of eating it. It was, I think a couple of years before I ate another chocolate. Even now there are times when I remember the day when I, for the first time, was allowed to have all the candy I could eat. The memory is still a very bitter one.

Aunt Alice was wise when she told Betty and Marian that her choice would be bread and butter. And if Betty and Marian had been forced to eat nothing but charlotte russe and ice cream they would have grown

very tired of their bargain. They would have been unable to look at ice cream or charlotte russe without shuddering.

But bread—bread, they tell us, is the staff of life. It is wholesome, and substantial, and good for one—just as some people are wholesome, and substantial and good for one.

Look over the list of your acquaintances and see for yourselves how many of them are like bread, and how many are like charlotte russe. See how many of them are really good for you and how many aren't. Decide whether you could stand seeing them day after day, talking with them day after day, looking at them day after day. If they will stand that test they are worth making friends of—worth patterning your own ideas and ideals after. If they are like that they're like bread—bread, which is the staff of life.

But there are some people who are beautiful to look at, who have no more substance than the whipped cream and chocolate frosting that go to make up a charlotte russe. People who are pleasant, when taken in small quantities and not very often, but who are—as a steady thing—mentally indigestible. And, when you really know them, these people are the sort who make you appreciate how really wonderful the bread people are.

Oh, friends of mine, don't let yourselves be deceived, by an ornamental appearance and surface sweetness, into passing by the plain but substantial things of life. A charlotte russe is better to look at than a loaf of bread, but it becomes tiresome if one gets it too often.—*Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.*

MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

The Woman's Executive Board met on November 7, 1921, at the home of the President, Mrs. A. B. West, at Milton Junction. Ten members were present: Mrs. West, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Miss Phoebe Coon, Mrs. E. M. Holston, Mrs. L. M. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Mrs. Van Horn. Mrs. Emma Landphere was also present as a visitor.

The meeting was called to order by the

President who read two selections from the Book of Joel, also a prayer for the nations, by Dr. Harry Fosdick. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Miss Phoebe Coon, and Mrs. J. H. Babcock.

Minutes of the October meeting were read.

Mrs. Whitford gave the Treasurer's report for October. The receipts for the month were \$124.48; no disbursements. The report was adopted.

The Corresponding Secretary read letters from the Committee of Reference and Counsel, and from Secretary Edwin Shaw.

Mrs. West read a letter from the Board of Missionary Education.

Mrs. J. H. Babcock read the annual letter and reported that copies of this letter had been sent to all the Associational Secretaries for use in the local societies. A vote of thanks was unanimously extended to Mrs. Babcock for preparing this inspiring and valuable letter.

Mrs. Whitford read letters from Mr. Lyle Crandall, Tenth Legion superintendent of the Young People's Board; also one from Miss Edna Van Horn, Goal superintendent, and one from Mrs. Nettie Crandall, Social Fellowship superintendent, of the same board.

Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock spoke concerning the work of the Young People's Board, especially along the line of Life Work Recruits.

Mrs. Landphere told an interesting incident showing the value of the Christian Endeavor socials on young lives.

Minutes of the meeting were read and approved.

It was voted that we adjourn to meet with Mrs. J. H. Babcock in December.

MRS. A. B. WEST,

President.

MRS. E. D. VAN HORN,

Recording Secretary.

A CORRECTION

An omission occurs in the treasurer's report found on page 567 of the SABBATH RECORDER of October 31. After the name William C. Whitford (Dr.) read \$205.07.

"The world cries aloud for persons who think. It has work and honor and wealth for him who thinks, and thinks right."

THE WINONA ASSEMBLY AND BIBLE CONFERENCE

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

(Continued from last week)

Dr. William Evans, one of the best Bible teachers in this country, was present at the conference. Dr. Evans advocates the Book method of Bible study. He has a wonderful faculty for memorizing Scripture. In teaching he made free use of the blackboard and asked his class (audience) not to take notes, saying, "If you get this into your minds you will remember it."

His subject was the Book of Ephesians, "which it is generally admitted is the deepest book in the New Testament". For lack of time he condensed into three lessons that which required double the number.

"To understand Ephesians," said he, "we must read in Acts to find the origin of the church, we must read Colossians, its companion Epistle, . . . we must read First and Second Timothy as Timothy was pastor of the church, and we must read what is said of the Ephesian church in Revelation."

"There are three kinds of preachers—one kind that you can not listen to if you try, one kind that you can not try to listen to, and one kind that you can not help listening to. Paul, the author of Ephesians, belonged to the last class. He was also a great writer. In writing he always tried to find the point of contact between himself and the reader. In this case the point of contact was the temple of Diana under whose shadow the Ephesian Christians were living. The purpose of the book is to show the Ephesian Christians that the temple of God is far more glorious than the temple of Diana."

The temple of Diana was one of the seven wonders of the world. It was composed of several small temples so builded together that they formed one great temple. So where there is a body of believers there is a church or a temple and all of these united form the church which is the temple of God. "The church is 'built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone'. The living saints are the superstructure with God as the indwelling guest."

"The church as God sees it is an invisible organism; as the world sees it, it is a visible

organization." This auditorium was in the mind of the architect before it was here, "the church was in the mind of God before the foundation of the world."

The following points were considered: "The church in its conception, its constituency, the material out of which it is made and as God would have it look in the eyes of the world."

"The number of quotations in Ephesians from the Old Testament show the importance of Old Testament study." Here the teacher made a plea for more thorough Bible study. People are going into the "isms" because they do not know their Bible. "All of these 'isms' contain some truth or they would not succeed and when a representative of one of them sits down beside the average Christian with an open Bible, so much the worse for the Christian.

. . . . The church's message for today is the Deity of Jesus Christ."

In speaking of the unity of the church Dr. Evans said, "The church is one body, with one head, one Spirit permeates all the members, but this unity is not the unity of monotony for there are a diversity of gifts. All members have not the same gifts but every member has a gift or gifts given it by the Holy Spirit when it is regenerated. Some people claim they have no gift. Then one of two things is true,—either they have not been regenerated or they have not sought to find their gift. The trouble with the churches today is, five or six persons are doing the work. . . . In the church the feeblest member is needed as well as the strongest and it is the pastor's duty to train the babes in Christ for service."

Dr. Evans thrilled our hearts as he pointed out a truth in Ephesians which he said, "We overlook. We think of God as our inheritance but in this book it is stated that the saints are God's inheritance." And then briefly in choice language he spoke of the glory to be revealed when Christ comes to claim his bride which is the church of God.

We were very glad indeed to have Dr. A. C. Dixon at the Bible Conference again, although from a physical standpoint he seemed too feeble to participate in the services.

Dr. Dixon lays great stress upon a vital connection with Jesus Christ. His sermon on, "The New Birth", was very clear. We

were interested in the story of his conversion at eleven years of age. One day his father laid his hand on his shoulder saying, "My boy, it is time you were a Christian. A revival is going on at Buffalo and I'm going to take you there." On the way, a distance of twenty miles, his father told him he was as anxious for his children to succeed in the world as any other father, but no matter how high the positions they filled if they were not Christians he could not be satisfied; but if they were Christians he could be satisfied with any position they might choose.

The boy had some difficulty in understanding the plan of salvation until a sermon was preached from the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ (or its equivalent) and thou shalt be saved", which clarified his vision. He accepted the Savior but found himself in a new difficulty. The other converts were shouting which he had no desire to do. He was greatly puzzled over the matter, but after kneeling down and telling the Lord, "These people can beat me shouting but they can not beat me believing," he found peace.

In one sermon he related a helpful experience that occurred when he was pastor of a church in a university town. He said it would be impossible to conceive of a greater failure than he was and he was thinking of resigning when one evening he overheard a man say words that sent him to his room where he spent a sleepless night. At daybreak he stole out to a retired place where he read the New Testament till three o'clock in the afternoon without taking food. There he learned that the work was accomplished by power, prayer followed. That evening at church in response to his request that those who wanted to become Christians would come forward, two rows of seats clear across the church were filled with those seeking salvation. In the revival that followed seventy students were converted, several of whom were named as now filling important positions—the result of the pastor's getting into the right relationship with God as a coworker.

(To be continued)

Character is revealed by the sort of things we remember and the sort of things we forget.—*Life's Dusty Way.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

MY PLANS

REV. H. R. CRANDALL

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 3, 1921

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A godless plan (Gen. 11: 1-9)
Monday—Plans that fail (Jer. 22: 13-19)
Tuesday—Plan with God (Jas. 4: 13-17)
Wednesday—Seeking God's will (2 Sam. 7: 1-10)
Thursday—Paul's purpose delayed (Rom. 1: 8-13)
Friday—God's plan for us (Eph. 2: 10)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Thy will be done. VI With my plans (Matt. 6: 7-15) (Consecration meeting)

We have considered during the past half year; Thy Will Be Done. I, With My Strength; II, With My Pleasures; III, With My Mind; IV, With My Time; V, With My Money; and now VI, With My Plans, which is sort of a blanket that covers all the others. We must have a plan for our life if it is to be successful. God has a plan for every life. The greatest mistake any man can make is to fail to find the plan of God for his life.

Our lives, as professed Christians, should be modelled on Christ's example in all things. His life from first to last was lived as planned by God; otherwise it could not have accomplished the desired purpose. It would have been a failure.

Jesus was about his Father's business at twelve years of age, the first that we know of his life. He was baptized "to fulfil all righteousness". All his life his "meat and drink" was to do the Father's will. The most precious name he gave to his disciples was "brethren". This is the name that he gave to "whosoever shall do the will of my Father". He was sent by the Father and ascribed his influence over men, and his power as due to God. "The Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works." He devoted his whole energies to carrying out the Father's plans for him. He lived to please, honor and glorify the Father. He said, "I must work the works of him

that sent me." "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love."

If we would truly follow our Lord, then we must lift our lives to the same high plane, recognizing that God has a plan for our life, and striving in his wisdom and strength to fulfill that plan. We must pray, meditate, will to do God's will, and seek light at every turn.

Often we lay our plans without thinking of God. "I will be a merchant and become rich." "I will be a politician and become famous." Yes, but if God wishes me to be a preacher and stay poor? Who is going to yield?

God's plan for you may be to be a physician, a lawyer, a farmer, a merchant. Whatever his plan is for your life, that is right. If you try to do something else then you are a misfit. Ought you to be a preacher? Then you never can fulfill God's plan for your life by teaching, noble as that profession is and full of opportunities for right influence in molding character. Are you happy and contented in your occupation? Do you feel that you are following God's plan for your life? If you are not following his leading, then change your self-made plans and conform to his plan for you. Do you fear to leave the schoolroom for the ministry with God leading you that way? There is nothing (worthwhile) to lose and everything to gain by yielding to the Father. Find his plan for your life and build on it. Plan for the best. Plans that are God's and ours can not fail. Moody could not remain in business. God called him out. "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" And right then Paul changed the plan for his life. When God has a special work for us, he breaks up our personal plans. Our prayer must be, "What wilt thou?"

"We live in the divine thought. We fill a place in the everlasting plan of God's intelligence. We never sink below his care, never drop out of his counsel."—*Bushnell.*

"The snow, the vapor, and the strong wind fulfill his word. Are our acts lighter and wilder than these that we should forget it?"—*Ruskin.*

TO COMRADES OF THE QUIET HOUR

DEAR ENDEAVORERS:

As members of the Christian Endeavor society, let us consider together that part of our *pledge* which binds us to reading our Bible each day, then add a little by setting aside some definite time to read when we can meditate and pray without having that time shortened or crowded by the cares or rush of the day's duties.

Our county superintendent of Bible schools gave two very good illustrations of people who have a definite time for the Quiet Hour: one a very busy housewife who arises at five o'clock that she may spend one hour with her Bible and her God before the others in the house are up and the cares of the day begin. The other is the superintendent's son, a missionary in India. He spends two and one half hours early every morning with his God and his Bible for he says, "The Lord shall have one tenth or more of the time he gives me and have it first." Then he goes about winning souls for the Master as his day's work.

How many of us prepare ourselves for our work by a Quiet Hour with God? Why do we need this Quiet Hour? Because we at the present time in America are far too much absorbed in outside things; be it pleasure, fame or wealth, desire for success or responsibility of filling our position to meet the demands and win the praise of our employer. We each have a method of using our time to gain the things that we want to meet our physical wants. Do we strive as hard to supply our spiritual needs?

Here is a quotation from President B. F. Johanson's personal letter to each Endeavorer—I wish that you would read it often and make it your motto or creed this year.

- 1—To attend C. E. with greater regularity.
- 2—Do your work a little better.
- 3—Be a little kinder and friendlier to your neighbor.
- 4—Smile a little more.
- 5—Extend the helping hand more often.
- 6—Pray and read the Bible with more regularity.
- 7—Pay a little more money into the treasury.

Then I should urge that you pray, pray earnestly and pray unceasingly that all of these seven statements become fixed habits in your lives, also pray for new consecrated members who will not only add to your

number but help raise your Christian standards and ideals.

Let us be praying Christian Endeavorers, then work and work hard to help God answer our prayers.

Your Quiet Hour superintendent,
ELRENE CRANDALL,

Andover, N. Y.,
November 8, 1921.

RIVERSIDE NOTES

Sabbath Day, October 29, a Christian Endeavor Expert examination was held after the Christian Endeavor meeting. Each officer and committee chairman was asked to come prepared to take an examination in his particular line.

October 22 our Christian Endeavor meeting was held at the Los Angeles Seventh Day Baptist church, this being the date of the semiannual meeting of the Pacific Coast Association. Part of the afternoon was given to the young people and we had a snappy meeting led by Miss Mary Brown.

Many of our young people enjoyed a Hallowe'en party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester G. Osborn, October 29. This is described more fully in the enclosed bulletin.

We are trying out a new idea in our Christian Endeavor society. We print a bulletin every two weeks. One purpose of this is to create interest in those who do not regularly attend the Christian Endeavor meetings. We also send one to the out-of-town members. The following is a copy of our second issue.

VOL. I

No. 2

BULLETIN
OF THE
S. D. B. I. C. E. SOCIETY
RIVERSIDE, CAL.
NOV. 1, 1921

Meeting of October 22

The meeting of October 22 was well attended. Miss Mary Brown led the meeting and it was held at the Los Angeles Seventh Day Baptist church. We were glad to see many of our young people who are living in Los Angeles out to the meetings.

October 29

Mr. N. O. Moore was our leader last week. Our topic was "The Golden Rule" and we spoke of different ways in which it may be applied.

Hail! Hail!

"We want you there. Plan to come to Corona" etc. This chorus was heard last Sabbath morning as the young people marched through the church. Neil Moore told us the interesting features of the county C. E. convention to be held at Corona November 4-6. Dora Hurley and Alice Baker told us who the speakers were and what their subjects are, and it sounds interesting. Are we all going to Corona November 4-6? Absolutely!

Missionary Barrel

Again we call your attention to the missionary offerings. Neil Moore, our missionary superintendent, is doing his best, so let's do ours.

Hallowe'en Party

The evening after the Sabbath, October 29, most of our young people gathered at Lester G. Osborn's home to enjoy spook games. Features of the evening were the spook trail, having our palms read by the witch, and many other ghostly stunts. The spook trail was full of horrors. The boys' class is to be thanked for this trail. After the trail we returned to the back yard and enjoyed weinies, buns, and doughnuts. Dora Hurley is our social chairman and all who attended the party are of the opinion that she deserves a vote of thanks.

Don't Forget

That this bulletin needs your support. Send in any items you find, for we are glad to have them.

BERNICE BREWER,
Press Reporter.

MEETING OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

The regular meeting of the Young People's Board was called to order by the President, Dr. B. F. Johanson, in the Assembly Room, College Building, November 8, 1921.

Members present: Dr. B. F. Johanson, Edna Van Horn, Frances E. Babcock, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Mrs. Nettie Crandall, Lyle Crandall, Allen Van Noty, Ivan Tapan, C. H. Siedhoff, Marjorie Willis.

Visitors: Mrs. Cerena Van Noty, Mr. E. Babcock.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. Ruby Babcock.

Since the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, was unable to attend, being under quarantine, her report was omitted. Members of the Board were glad to know, however, that she is recovering nicely.

In the absence of the Treasurer, Mr. E. H. Clarke, his report was read by the President.

The Tenth Legion Superintendent presented the following report:

The Tenth Legion Superintendent wishes to report that a letter was sent to all of the societies during the month, and communications have been received from Miss Margaret Stillman, Hammond, La.; Mrs. Leta Burdick, Coudersport, Pa.; Miss Hazel Langworthy, Adams Center, N. Y.; and Rev. Paul S. Burdick, Rockville, R. I. Tenth Legion pledge cards have been purchased, and will be sent to the societies who wish them. A letter was received from Rev. A. J. C. Bond, in which he suggests that the Young People's Board institute a special campaign for tithers throughout the entire denomination for the remainder of the Forward Movement period, and occasionally publish a list of churches and the number of tithers in each in the Young People's department of the SABBATH RECORDER.

Respectfully,
LYLE CRANDALL,
Tenth Legion Superintendent.

The Goal Superintendent reported that during the month a letter has been sent out to each society.

The report of the Social Fellowship Superintendent was given as follows:

The Social Fellowship Superintendent would report that there has been four calls for socials. The Denominational social has been returned from the Southwestern associational field and the games have been brought up-to-date for the following year. More socials are in progress.

Mr. Holston's report for July, August and September was read and approved.

Voted that Mrs. Ruby Babcock be appointed a delegate to the ordination of Mr. E. M. Holston at Walworth, Wis.

After a discussion of financial situation, the following resolution was approved by the Board:

Recognizing the fact that there has been a marked decrease in the funds received for the Forward Movement during the first part of this year, the members of the Young People's Board wish to express to the Commission of the General Conference and to the Forward Movement director their willingness to co-operate with the said Commission and director in any way that may seem practicable and advisable for raising the funds appropriated in the Forward Movement budget.

The following bills were presented and allowed:

Tenth Legion Superintendent (supplies) . . .	\$1.00
Social Fellowship Superintendent (supplies)	2.00
	<hr/> \$3.00

The President appointed the following committee to arrange a program for Christian Endeavor week: Paul Resser, L. E. Van Noty, Frances E. Babcock.

Voted that the Board approve the suggestion of Forward Movement Director Bond and encourage the Tenth Legion Superintendent to carry out these suggestions.

During a general discussion of matters concerning the welfare of the young people of the denomination, C. H. Siedhoff gave an extended talk on the importance of education and the vocations into which our young people enter.

Reading of minutes.

Adjournment.

MARJORIE WILLIS,
Secretary.

**YEARLY MEETING OF THE NEW JERSEY,
NEW YORK CITY, AND BERLIN,
N. Y., CHURCHES**

Held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of
Piscataway at New Market, N. J.,
November 25-27, 1921

Program

Sabbath Eve

7.45—Prayer and Praise Service
8.15—Sermon—Rev. L. D. Seager
Conference Meeting—Rev. E. E. Sutton

Sabbath Morning

10.30—Sabbath Worship
11.00—Sermon—Rev. A. J. C. Bond
(The offering will be used to defray the
expenses of the Yearly Meeting)

Sabbath Afternoon

2.30—Sabbath School, conducted by Frank R.
Kellogg, Superintendent of the New
Market School

3.30—Young People's Hour
Theme: Our Plans

Sabbath Night

7.30—Prayer and Praise Service
8.00—Address—Esle F. Randolph
8.25—Music
8.30—Sermon—Rev. E. E. Sutton

Sunday Morning

10.30—Prayer and Praise Service
10.45—Business
11.25—Music

11.30—Sermon—Rev. J. L. Skaggs

Sunday Afternoon

2.30—Prayer and Praise Service
2.45—Address—Secretary Edwin Shaw
3.15—Music

3.20—Round Table—Led by Rev. A. J. C. Bond

Sunday Night

7.45—Song Service—Choir
8.15—Sermon, followed by Conference Meeting
—Dr. T. L. Gardiner

Dinners and suppers will be served at the
church on Sabbath Day and Sunday.

Willard D. Burdick,
Pastor.
Charles E. Rogers,
Clerk.

New Market, N. J.,
November 15, 1921.

The dollar is worth more, statistics show,
than it was. We had gathered as much
from the greater difficulty there is in get-
ting it.—*Philadelphia North American.*

HOME NEWS

BERLIN, N. Y.—Pastor Witter met with quite a serious accident by falling from a ladder. One rib was cracked and there were other serious injuries from which he suffers much pain at present, but hopes to be able to fill his part on program of union services to be held in the M. E. church the evening before Thanksgiving Day. He will also attend the yearly meeting to be held with New Market church if sufficiently recuperated. Deacon F. J. Greene conducted last Friday evening prayer meeting and Mr. Gollege of the M. E. church occupied the pulpit Sabbath morning.

E. L. G.

FOUKE, ARK.—A paper, the *Flashlight*, published by the students of the Fouke, Ark., public school, has the following notes relating to Fouke Academy:

The Fouke Academy (S. D. B.) opened Monday, October 10, with an enrolment of thirty-three students.

As the high school has been dispensed with, only the first eight grades are taught.

Miss Fucia Fitz Randolph, a former teacher, is again teaching in the school. She is well known, and we are glad to welcome her in our midst again. We extend a hearty welcome also to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sanford, and wish them great success in their work this year.

Miss Pauline Davis and Mr. Henry Davis, graduates of the Fouke Academy, are attending school this year; Pauline at Milton College, Milton, Wis., and Henry at the University, Fayetteville, Ark.

PAUL S. BURDICK.

Rockville, R. I.,
November 10, 1921.

A church without the means of change is without the means of conservation.—*Rev. S. P. Rose.*

**THE RECORDER AND THE YOUTH'S
COMPANION**

The "Sabbath Recorder" has made special arrangements with the publishers of the "Youth's Companion" so its readers can get the balance of the numbers of the "Youth's Companion" for 1921, all the numbers for 1922, the Companion Home Calendar and a year's subscription to the "Sabbath Recorder" for \$4.65, either new or renewal. Send your subscription directly to the "Sabbath Recorder", Plainfield, N. J.—Adv.

THE CONQUERING ARMY

KATRINA TRASK
(Published in 1915)

A mighty Host, implacable as Fate,
Has marched, unceasing, through the centuries,
Across the myriad passes of the earth.
Men of all countries and of every clime
Have swelled the countless number of the Host.
Their garments, crimson-dyed, drip human blood:
Their eyes are grim as graves: their rough-shod
feet
Trample fair women and frail new-born babes:
Their hands, blood-stained, are quick to seize, to
rend,
To ravage, to destroy.

O'er the green earth,
Where they have passed, a withering blight re-
mains;

Red ruin, desolation, and the dead
Heaped high as Heaven, a ghastly spectacle.
The little children, terror-stricken, run
To fondle fathers dead upon the field,
Or croon to outraged mothers, dead at home.
Defenseless maidens die, defiled by men:
And all things beautiful are desecrate.

For numberless dark ages, marched the Host—
And as they marched, they sang:

Lo! We are the Army of Death;
We care not for Mercy—for Right:
Hot fury and flame is our breath:
We battle for Conquest and Might.

We go forth to slay and be slain:
No mortal can stand where we pass:
With dead we have powdered the plain,
With blood we have poisoned the grass.

Lo! We are the Army of Death,
The merciless Army of Death,
The conquering Army of Death.

Yet, ever, in the record of the years,
The conquest won, in turn, was swept away
By later conquests of the conquering Host.
Since time began, the devastating horde
Has left no permanent, no living mark;
Has no endurance found in victory;
Nothing but irremediable woe,
And bitter seeds for future harvesting—
Hot hatred, and fresh greed for after-strife.
Each hard-won truce was but a passing pause,
Each conquest but a transitory gain:
In the long warfare of the waiting world.

Strong Babylon and stately Nineveh
In triumph rose to glory and renown,
Flourished a fleeting day of royal fame,
To be, once more, low-levelled to the dust
By later deeds of conquest and of doom:
Great Persia, matchless Greece, majestic Rome,
Each rose in pride, then prostrate fell again
Before the trampling of the ceaseless Host.
The towering Teutons, the remorseless Turks,
The dauntless Anglo-Saxons and the Celts,
The valiant Franks, the Latins and the Slavs,
Have each, in turn, been drenched in blood of kin.

After long centuries of savage reign,
The ruthless, devastating horde became
The finely-finished flower of Christendom—
Baptized as Christians, civilized as men:
Today, a purpose consecrate they hold—
To guard high honor, and to serve mankind:
The glory of aggression they disclaim—
Vaunting ambition, selfishness, and greed:
In splendid armed peace they now await
The call of Duty—the appeal for help,
Then bravely march, with fine-intentioned zeal.
Yet still they are the mighty Host of Death,
Who consecrate themselves to butchery
With lofty purpose and supreme intent:
They kill for honor, and for justice slay:
And as they march they sing:

Lo! We are the Army of Death:
Great wrongs at our coming shall cease:
God breathes in our spirit His breath:
We battle for Mercy and Peace.

We go forth to slay and be slain:
For Duty and Justice we fight.
We care not for gold nor for gain,
We battle alone for the Right.

Lo! We are the Army of Death,
The civilized Army of Death,
The Christianized Army of Death.

And still they slaughter—as they go to serve,
Equipped with frightful engines, swift to kill:
The mutilated men by millions fall
In trenches red with horror, piled with dead:
Still, as of old, the orphaned children cry,
In blackened towns laid waste and desolate,
And maidens, forced to bitter motherhood,
Are left to curse the day that they were born.
Men are insane with slaughter, drunk with blood,
The toxic curse of war: there is no way
Of killing they forget, no fiendish mode
Of torture they forego: a shrieking Hell
Is found where'er they fight.

Before they march,
The Army, in God's holy name, is blessed,
And over implements of war is made,
And on rewards for bravery is wrought
The awful and historic cross of Christ
Who died to teach men Love for all mankind.

The patient God, the while, looks down from
Heaven
And laughs with humor infinite, divine.

He knows old ways will bring but old results.
To punish like with like, makes like, again:
The thistle from the thistle seed must spring:
Swords are the destined harvest of the sword.
But see! Behold! from the awakened East—
Where shines the splendor of the morning star,
Where spreads the effulgence of the coming Dawn,
Which heralds the glad birth of a new Day—
A valiant company is moving on,
An Army quiet, unregarded, small,
Devoid of flaming arms and armaments,
But terrible with Banners: strong in soul:
Brave men and women with their hearts aflame
To dare, to do, to help and to endure.

Their wind-swept garments smell of fragrant flowers
And spicy odors of the woodland pine—
No stench of blood is flaunted from the folds.

With perfect poise this Army marches on,
Unheeding cruel taunts and mocking sneers,
More sharp than bullets to the conscious heart:
When jeering men "white-livered cowards" hiss,
High courage is the conquest they attain—
To stay the hand and smile in steadfast strength.
Their eyes are glowing with an inward light,
As though they looked upon the great Unseen:
Their hands are quick to bind, to soothe, to bless.

How beautiful their onward pathway shines!
The yellow corn springs high, the golden grain
Waves promise on a thousand fruitful hills:
Great cities rise, enduring works increase;
Glad homes are crowned with comfort and with care:

And brooding science finds new secrets out.
The glory of accomplishment is theirs,
The mission of the mighty enterprise—
To conquer nature and to master art.
The secret of eternal harmony—
The reconciliation of the world.

The Army's ranks grow larger, year by year—
Its dauntless power invincible becomes:
Naught turns nor swerves it from its onward course—

No persecuting jest, no argument,
No noisy talk of Honor—every man
And every woman in the Army knows
That Honor is a holy thing, too dear
To leave to the arbitrament of arms,
To fatal hazard of chance shot and shell.
And as they march they sing:

Lo! We are the Army of Life!
We are clothed with the strength of the Sun,
We are marching to conquer strife,
We carry nor sabre nor gun.

Bright blossoms immortal shall spring
In the way that our feet have trod:
A guerdon of giving we bring—
Good-will unto all men from God.

Lo! We are the Army of Life,
The terrible Army of Life,
The conquering Army of Life.

By nature's laws made manifest to man,
All Death is but Negation—dark decay:
Life is the vital spark that brings forth life:
Death shall be swallowed up in Victory.

All Hail, O Conquering Army of the Dawn!

(Distributed through Clearing House For Limitation of Armament, 3 West 29th Street, New York City, November, 1921)

Think of Luther resolute in not taking directions from the spirit of his age!—
Dr. W. M. MacGregor.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

Sabbath School. Lesson X—December 3, 1921

PAUL IN MELITA AND ROME

Acts 28: 1-31

Golden Text.—"I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome. For I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. 1: 15, 16.

DAILY READINGS

Nov. 27—Acts 28: 1-16. Paul in Melita and in Rome

Nov. 28—Acts 28: 17-31. Paul's ministry in Rome

Nov. 29—Rom. 1: 8-17. Paul's interest in the Romans

Nov. 30—Jonah 3: 1-10. A message to Nineveh

Dec. 1—Isaiah 52: 1-10. "Good Tidings"

Dec. 2—Luke 2: 8-15. The angel messenger

Dec. 3—Psalm 124: 1-8. Jehovah our Rescuer

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"Our God will do his will if our gold will do his will; and of course this depends on our own will."

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION FOR 1922

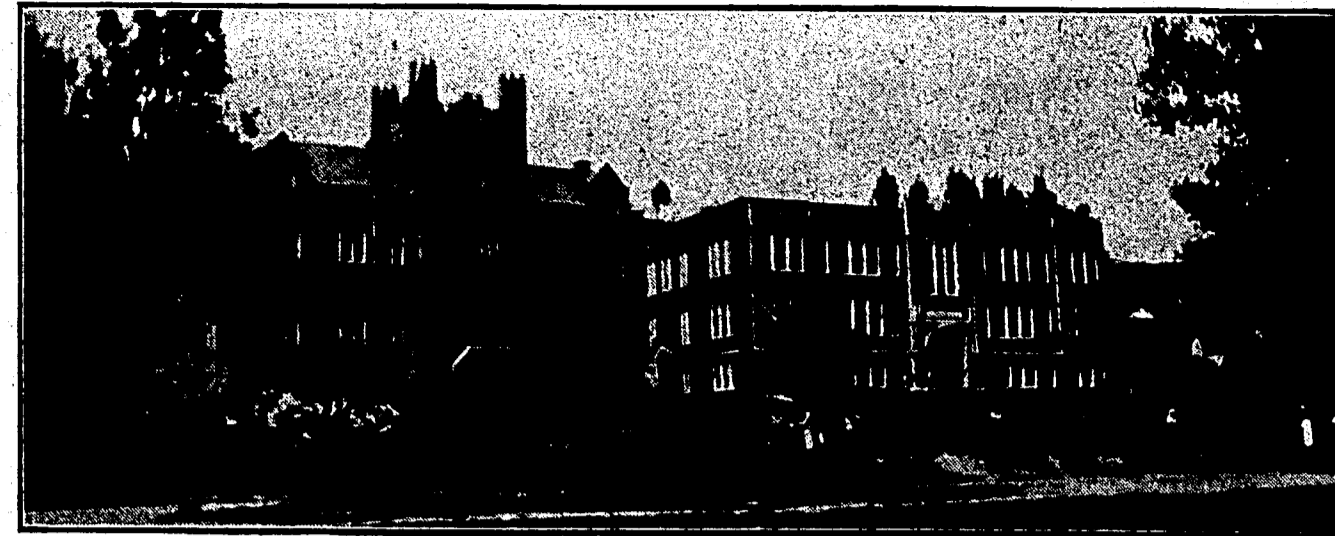
The "Youth's Companion" is planning to make the coming year the banner year, and the "Sabbath Recorder" has arranged to give its readers the benefit of special combination of the "Sabbath Recorder" for one year, the "Youth's Companion" until January 1, 1923, and the Companion Home Calendar, all for \$4.65. Make checks payable to the "Sabbath Recorder", Plainfield, N. J.—Adv.

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The Sabbath Recorder

The Seventh Day Baptist Forward Movement

THINGS TO BE DONE

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—From the Report of the Commission.

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AHVA J. C. BOND, *Director*
SALEM, W. VA.

HOW TO LIVE

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul;
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal,
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart that pays its toll
To Youth and Age and travels on with cheer.

So let the way be up the hill or down,
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be joy,
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendships, high adventure, and a crown;
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry van Dyke.

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