

# The Sabbath Recorder

## The Seventh Day Baptist Forward Movement

### THINGS TO BE DONE

- 6. Provide ways to conserve the enthusiasm of those of our young people who volunteer as life-work recruits.

—From the Report of the Commission.

### SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR LIFE WORK RECRUITS

are enrolled in three classes:

- Class A—For Full Time Service
- Class B—For Special Service
- Class C—The Active Honorary Fellowship

Covenant cards and further information may be secured from the Young People's Board.

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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# SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

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## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.  
 The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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**The Home Should Be** When Moses emphasized the oneness of **Both Sanctuary and School** our God as a supreme, holy, and loving person, and commanded men to "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," he laid the foundations of both theology and religion. Moses evidently understood that the hope of the world depended upon the acceptance of the doctrine of monotheism as against that of the degrading theories of polytheism. He also knew that everything depended upon a careful observance of the commandment to love the one God with all the heart and soul and might.

It seems that these teachings make the very holy of holies of the Bible. Their acceptance is all essential to human progress. The nations and peoples that have rejected the first and neglected the second of these teachings have invariably lost out in the struggle for higher and nobler civilizations.

To preserve these fundamental things of theology and religion from generation to generation, the great law-giver gave some very definite and important instructions. A careful observance of these instructions is just as essential to our welfare today as in the days of old. And to neglect or ignore them in our generation will prove as disastrous to Israel of today as it did to Israel of old.

The home today as in Bible times is the mainstay of religion. Moses made it not only a sanctuary but a school. In it he placed an altar to the one true God, and made it the sacred place for family worship. There father, mother, and the children, were to pay their homage and render devotion to the Giver of all good.

But Moses did not stop with making the home a sanctuary in which love of God should be made prominent; he also made it a school for teaching the things belonging to godly living. Hear him in this matter:

"These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them

diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." . . . "that your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, . . . as the days of heaven upon earth."

These texts and several others in the fundamental teachings of Moses mean just this: God's law must prevail in the home. It must be in the heart of the parents, and be diligently taught to the children. The home must be a schoolhouse in which the claims of God are carefully and constantly kept before the family by precept and example; in which the parent-teacher manifests the spirit of the divine Master until the very atmosphere in which the children live is one of love to God and loyalty to his law.

To such a home there is given the promise of prolonged blessings and multiplied days for the children as the days of heaven upon earth.

Much attention is now being given to religious education. The pulpit and the Bible school can do much in these lines; but after all is said and done the home must ever be the decisive factor in religious education.

Do the children of these days know as much about the Bible as children knew in other years? If not, where lies the fault? Does the parent take the same pains to teach Bible texts as our mothers did when we were children? One of the world's great preachers says: "With the household teacher has gone the household priest! It is not only that the home is no longer a school; it is no longer a temple! The altar is thrown down!"

If there is any hope for this old world it must be found in the Christian homes. This is a truth that the Church must take to heart. It must depend upon the home for its preachers, its teachers, its mission-



aries and its very life. Never was the home more seriously threatened than it is today. In too many homes the parents have little thought for religion. They have given up the work of instructors in Bible truth and ceased to be priests at the family altar.

**Important Words From Lord Bryce** We were greatly interested in a letter from Lord Bryce to the Federal Council written on shipboard as he made his home voyage to England after visiting America. It was dated October 6, and was inspired by the receipt of a copy of *The Church and a Warless World*, sent him by the council.

Lord Bryce has been with us so much, and is so well known in this country, that most Americans will set much store upon his opinions regarding great international affairs. We quote some of his letter here:

"Accept my best thanks for this very interesting document ('The Church and a Warless World') which you have kindly sent me, containing the appeal and program for the united action of the churches on behalf of disarmament. It is a splendid illustration of the fervor and energy with which you in America take up measures and plans for the general good. I do not know that I can offer any suggestions to you, unless perhaps that further illustrations might be given of the tendency which huge armies and fleets exert towards making the idea of war so familiar that nations yield more readily to the temptation to let themselves be drawn into war. The most effective factor in getting rid of armaments would be to substitute for national hatred and rivalries a sense of the brotherhood of nations such as our Lord inculcated upon individual men. The idea that 'we are all members one of another' needs to be applied to peoples.

"The heart and will of all Christians in Britain will be with your Council in its efforts. They are grateful to your government for its initiative. They join in your hopes and prayers for a successful issue.

"One of the most pleasant parts of my visit has been the sense of the vigorous life which the churches in America are sharing. It struck me on my first visit, and seems to have kept on growing."

**An Aged Japanese Woman Brings a Petition** One of the remarkable personages coming to America with a message to the great conference on limitation of armaments is Madam Kaji Yajima, bearing a petition signed by 10,000 Japanese women pleading for world peace and a better understanding between nations.

For her splendid work as an educator among Japanese girls, Madam Yajima was decorated by the Emperor of Japan. She is now eighty-nine years of age. When she was forty she did not know that the world was round; and now for many years she has been toiling to give educational advantages to the girls of her native land, such as she never knew in the days of her youth. She is proud of her ability to "teach English, the Christian religion and the modern world". This aged woman is founder of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Japan, and keeps in close touch with the work of the Young Women's Christian Association with headquarters in Tokio. This Tokio society has four thousand five hundred members, and fourteen Japanese workers aside from the twenty-four foreign representatives.

**"He Being Dead Yet Speaketh"** We read of one who made an excellent sacrifice, and by it he being dead yet speaketh. Many times since Armistice Day in Washington have these words come impressively to mind in connection with the scenes around the bier of our unknown soldier. He had made the supreme sacrifice and by it, he too being dead, yet speaketh.

There was no speech nor language. His voice was not heard, but America has seldom, if ever, received such a message as this unnamed soldier brought. No living evangelist could have stirred our capital city with such deep religious fervor. No live preacher of the gospel could have moved the hearts of men in every village, town, and city, as has this unknown messenger from the battle-fields of France.

On Armistice Day a hundred thousand people in Washington were moved to solemnity and stirred to the heart's core by his presence among them.

The solemnity was dramatic. The like had never been seen on any national holiday before. When our Grand Army boys soon after the Civil War began to march, with wreaths and emblems of love, to the cemeteries where their lost comrades slept, we witnessed solemn days. But there was something in the very atmosphere of Armistice Day at Washington that impressed us with a solemnity that comes only from deep religious emotions.

Three years ago Armistice Day was characterized by every conceivable way of noise-making and racket. The country was wild with jollification. Not so this year! All the wheels of industry were stopped, all business activities ceased. The entire nation had been called to subdued silence and to a devout spirit of prayer. And in the nation's capital there was a tidal wave of religious feeling; a spirit of quiet devotion that was irresistible. None but the hardest heart could remain unmoved. The unknown soldier was speaking to all.

His first message came with power to the thousands of every rank and condition who marched, silent and tearful, by his casket under the great dome, bearing flowers as tokens of love to leave in stacks by his side. His message to all these was one that sent them away with quickened memories of heroic sacrifices that softened the hearts and revived holy purposes for the cause of freedom and righteousness.

Again; this unknown soldier spoke words of consolation to every "gold-starred" mother in the land. Had he not come, incognito, to represent all the sons of America, so brave and true, who had died for freedom? And did not his coming move England to send one of her own bereaved mothers who had lost a husband and three sons, to bring immortelles and roses grown in her native land to lay on this representative grave for the comfort of every gold-starred mother in America? What the nations have done for this unknown soldier, has been done for every mother's son who died in the war.

Again; this dead soldier spoke in a special way to the army of living boys in khaki who trod the solemn march to Arlington where he was to find his last lowly bed. All about his bier were those who escaped from battle-fields where he had fallen. As they listened to his silent message thoughts of other fallen comrades must have filled their minds, and with a deep appreciation for the cause for which the Allies fought, there must have come a yearning for the days when war shall be no more, and when the brotherhood of nations would make war impossible.

Last, but not least; this unknown hero whose presence has moved all America to a spirit of religious fervor rarely known before, has spoken most eloquently to the great company of diplomats and representatives of other nations, whose meeting was adjourned for his burial services.

They are here commissioned to plan for ways of permanent peace among the nations of earth. The wonderful spirit of this day must have its effect upon those who take up the work of that conference on reduction of armaments.

These lines from Cliff Meredith's poem bring out a few thoughts upon this vital matter:

One soldier—nothing in a war—  
A symbol,  
Coming as a vanguard of the years ahead,  
Warning—hopeful, trusting  
That the end of strife is near.  
The while this little city stops its hasty life,  
To witness what it calls impressive,

Timely the ceremony, but far more ripe,  
The pause his coming brings.

Mayhap the ministers of peace,  
Their high seats safe by firmness they've affected,  
Will lose their small ambitions,  
And meet more earnestly, because—  
This Stranger comes.  
At least the greatness of the task they face,  
Shall strike them as they look upon  
This sight their eyes can never dodge—  
Unless their will can thwart  
The martial habits of the past.

A well-timed pause to throw the nation back  
Three years and more, to make the people think.

A hero? Yes. But of the Unknown Mother,  
Now shorn of son, what is her lot?  
Mayhap her thoughts,  
Brought by this casket to the Conference Table,  
Will shunt the schemes of delegates  
Far from their minds,  
And beckon Peace long overdue.

**Getting Ready for The Upper Story** Our printing house picture today shows a great gain in the building work since the last one we published. The walls for the basement are completed, and we see in this picture the wood floor covered with a net work of steel rods and electric wire tubes upon which the cement for the main floor is being poured eight inches thick. The steel rods are to re-enforce the floor, making it strong enough to support our heavy machinery. Underneath is the large basement



room with ten stone pillars and the walls still encased in the board molds into which the cement has been poured to harden.

In the background at the right is Plainfield's new city hall across the street, and at the left is the derrick and mixing machine on our lot, by which the cement and gravel is prepared and lifted into the two-wheeled distributing carts.

This picture was taken on November 18. By the time some RECORDER readers see this number, we hope the brick walls for the main story will be under way. The bricks are already on the ground. Every step in the work is being watched with a very great interest. We can not help feeling that throughout the entire land where our people live there is a growing interest in the Denominational Building. Letters from far and near show that the matter has a warm place in the hearts of the people.

We do not believe they will be willing to wait very long after the shop part is done before steps are taken to secure the construction of the main building. We hope to be able to see this completed and in use before we have to lay down the pen and

make way for another. For a time it did almost seem as though we might never be able to see even the shop part built. But the outlook seems better now. We believe that all over the denomination there are those who feel anxious to see the full plans carried out before they are called to pass on.

It will certainly be one of the best, if not the *very* best denominational movement ever carried out by Seventh Day Baptists.

#### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS AT FUNERAL OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Mr. Secretary of War and Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met today to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came, but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

He might have come from any one of millions of American homes. Some mother gave him in her love and tenderness, and with him her most cherished hopes. Hundreds of mothers are wondering today, finding a touch of solace in the possibility that

the nation bows in grief over the body of one she bore to live and die, if need be, for the republic. If we give rein to fancy, a score of sympathetic chords are touched, for in this body there once glowed the soul of an American, with the aspirations and ambitions of a citizen who cherished life and its opportunities. He may have been a native or an adopted son; that matters little, because they glorified the same loyalty, they sacrificed alike.

#### GLORY OF HIS DEATH

We do not know his station in life, because from every station came the patriotic response of the 5,000,000. I recall the days of creating armies, and the departing of caravels which braved the murderous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization. The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike, and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of a war the like of which had never horrified humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

#### SOULS ARE AFLAME

In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells, and rain of bullets, men face more intimately the great God over all, their souls are aflame, and consciousness expands and hearts are searched. With the din of battle, the glow of conflict, and the supreme trial of courage, come involuntarily the hurried appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the stream of human life, flowing on after his sacrifice. His patriotism was none less if he craved more than triumph of country; rather, it was greater if he hoped for a victory for all human kind.

Indeed, I revere that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of humanity.

This American soldier went forth to battle with no hatred for any people in the world, but hating war and hating the purpose of every war for conquest. He cherished our national rights, and abhorred the threat of armed domination; and in the maelstrom of destruction and suffering and death he fired his shot for liberation of the captive conscience of the world. In advancing toward his objective was somewhere a thought of a world awakened and we are here to testify undying gratitude and reverence for that thought of a wider freedom.

#### A BETTER REPUBLIC

On such an occasion as this, amid such a scene, our thoughts alternate between defenders living and defenders dead. A grateful republic will be worthy of them both. Our part is to atone for the losses of heroic dead by making a better republic for the living.

Sleeping in these hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of the nation's conscience. It is better and nobler for their deeds. Burial here is rather more than a sign of the Government's favor, it is a suggestion of a tomb in the hearts of the nation, sorrowing for its noble dead.

Today's ceremonies proclaim that the hero unknown is not unhonored. We gather him to the nation's breast, within the shadow of the Capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here the inspirations of yesterday and the conscience of today forever unite to make the republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

#### LOFTY RESOLUTIONS

Ours are lofty resolutions today, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living. With all my heart, I wish we might say to the defenders who survive, to mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

It was my fortune recently to see a demonstration of modern warfare. It is no longer a conflict in chivalry, no more



a test of militant manhood. It is only cruel, deliberate, scientific destruction. There was no contending enemy, only the theoretical defense of a hypothetic objective. But the attack was made with all the relentless methods of modern destruction. There was the rain of ruin from the aircraft, the thunder of artillery, followed by the unspeakable devastation wrought by bursting shells; there were mortars belching their bombs of desolation; machine guns concentrating their leaden storms; there was the infantry, advancing, firing, and falling—like men with souls sacrificing for the decision. The flying missiles were revealed by illuminating tracers, so that we could note their flight and appraise their deadliness. The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of massed destruction; while the effectiveness of the theoretical defense was impressed by the simulation of dead and wounded among those going forward, undaunted and unheeding.

FAILURE OF CIVILIZATION

As this panorama of unutterable destruction visualized the horrors of modern conflict, there grew on me the sense of the failure of a civilization which can leave its problems to such cruel arbitrament. Surely no one in authority, with human attributes and a full appraisal of the patriotic loyalty of his countrymen, could ask the manhood of kingdom, empire, or republic to make such sacrifice until all reason had failed, until appeal to justice through understanding had been denied, until every effort of love and consideration for fellowmen had been exhausted, until freedom itself and inviolate honor had been brutally threatened.

I speak not as a pacifist fearing war, but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give its citizens the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

WOULD BAR WARFARE

The loftiest tribute we can bestow today—the heroically earned tribute—fashioned in deliberate conviction, out of unclouded thought, neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies, is the commitment of this Republic to an advancement never made before. If American achievement is a cherished pride at home, if our un-

selfishness among nations is all we wish it to be, and ours is a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength, yea, of our aspirations and convictions, to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting, with war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization.

There have been a thousand defenses justly and patriotically made; a thousand offenses which reason and righteousness ought to have stayed. Let us beseech all men to join us in seeking the rule under which reason and righteousness shall prevail.

SHALL NOT BE IN VAIN

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is noting this expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, garlanded by love and covered with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth, good will among men. Let me join in that prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.—*Washington Times*.

"Daniel Webster represents in American history an outstanding example of devoted love of country. Others doubtless loved the United States as much as he, but his statesmanship and his eloquent pleas for the continuance of the nation as really the *United States* have given him great eminence in this respect. The public sentiment that Lincoln utilized to save the nation, Webster had crystallized years before."

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.

THE STANDING OF THE CHURCHES

AHVA J. C. BOND

Churches	Quota	1919-20	1920-21	1921-22
Attalla	\$ 340	\$ 17.00	\$ 788.00	\$ 5.00
Adams Center	1,530	1,230.98	708.00	5.00
First Alfred	5,890	3,335.61	3,876.42	902.98
Second Alfred	2,940	768.34	1,145.90	417.20
Albion	1,870	622.27	279.83	.....
Andover	620	148.49	201.25	.....
Battle Creek	1,880	1,893.00	2,487.87	5.00
Boulder	920	138.99	920.00	200.00
Berlin	970	.....	308.37	102.00
First Brookfield	1,490	769.60	1,550.58	199.00
Second Brookfield	1,240	987.56	1,157.50	82.50
Cartwright	770	400.00	258.65	19.50
Chicago	830	1,009.60	926.60	209.63
Cosmos	220	46.00	88.00	40.00
Carlton	960	352.97	247.39	35.00
DeRuyter	910	910.00	677.09	193.00
Detroit	.....	.....	.....	105.29
Dodge Center	1,240	1,250.00	458.45	25.50
Exeland	220	45.00	20.00	20.00
Farina	1,650	1,650.00	1,019.95	206.57
Fouke	720	664.38	88.00	.....
Friendship	1,200	430.00	679.83	140.00
First Genesee	1,970	.....	1,895.79	.....
Gentry	650	480.50	355.66	14.00
Grand Marsh	280	.....	98.01	.....
Greenbrier	340	.....	70.00	.....
Hammond	460	703.00	619.54	230.00
First Hopkinton	2,860	114.53	1,178.68	171.50
Second Hopkinton	880	132.15	75.00	80.85
First Hebron	520	.....	150.00	.....
Second Hebron	370	.....	67.00	.....
Hartsville	700	80.00	110.10	.....
Independence	1,070	1,360.00	1,100.00	.....
Jackson Center	1,180	200.00	95.00	25.00
Lost Creek	910	910.00	910.00	122.75
Little Prairie	370	.....	150.00	.....
Los Angeles	240	275.00	240.00	.....
Middle Island	730	90.00	100.00	.....
Marlboro	990	980.00	954.51	244.44
Milton	4,460	2,300.00	3,501.24	265.30
Milton Junction	1,990	1,138.74	2,240.00	200.00
New York	660	1,075.00	948.06	.....

Nortonville	2,240	2,240.00	1,440.00	.....
North Loup	4,180	4,180.00	4,180.00	.....
Piscataway	930	571.62	412.20	399.93
Plainfield	2,440	2,071.62	2,975.30	629.65
Pawcatuck	3,840	3,483.29	3,993.17	711.83
Portville	210	25.00	239.00	.....
Roanoke	400	97.00	114.00	30.00
Rockville	1,340	172.00	135.00	20.00
Richburg	390	293.00	390.00	.....
Riverside	1,030	925.00	820.05	157.78
Ritchie	900	650.00	69.50	54.00
Salem	3,220	3,213.50	2,634.55	897.80
Salemville	580	80.46	290.00	.....
Shiloh	3,550	1,344.04	3,674.30	.....
Scott	490	.....	1.00	.....
Syracuse	270	88.99	107.72	20.97
Southampton	90	120.00	40.00	20.00
Stonefort	350	107.00	100.00	.....
Scio	180	7.71	.....	.....
First Verona	820	800.00	827.12	30.00
Waterford	490	540.00	512.25	87.17
Second Westerly	220	275.00	230.00	.....
West Edmeston	550	550.00	345.00	.....
Waiworth	880	248.60	499.56	.....
Welton	700	610.00	700.00	.....
White Cloud	1,020	185.00	26.73	.....

Again, we publish the "Standing of the Churches". There is included this time, as far as we have been able to secure the figures, the amount received on the Forward Movement budget for the Conference year 1919-1920. There are no figures available which give the exact amounts paid by each church. We have had recourse to the Seventh Day Baptist Year Book for 1920. In the financial statistics for that year there are two items under "Denominational": namely, "Forward Movement budget", and "Special Denominational Objects". Some of the churches paid all their denominational funds that year to the Forward Movement budget. Others did not begin their Forward Movement until the first of January, but many of these contributed to the same objects through other channels. We have included both items under our 1919-20 column.

Quite likely some churches failed to report to Conference the amount of money paid to the Forward Movement. On the other hand, it is quite possible that some items under "Special Denominational Objects" did not go to the Forward Movement, but we have done the best we could to give proper credit in every instance. We shall be very glad to make corrections where mistakes have been made, if the proper data can be supplied.

There are still a number of churches that have made no remittance since July first, the beginning of the present Conference year. This money is badly needed by the boards. Churches should endeavor to get in half their quota by the thirty-first of December, which closes the first half of the present Conference year.

**PAY-UP WEEK, PLUS**

In the latter part of June we had a "pay-up week" for the Forward Movement. Through the help of this special effort, something like \$16,000 were secured during the month of June.

There was but one drawback to the success of this special effort. It lessened the receipts for the Forward Movement during the succeeding months.

We are now appointing another pay-up week without the fear of a slump to follow. The purpose of the June date was to make collections of pledges due before the end of the Conference year. Most of the churches were in the middle of their financial year, and the effort was to collect what they could of the year's pledges before the end of the Conference year.

The churches have a different proposition on hand at this time. It is to collect all pledges still unpaid for the fiscal year of the church. Not all the churches begin their year the first of January, but the great majority of them do. Let every church that has no other plan take the week from December 17 to 24 to collect its Forward Movement pledges for the year.

December 31 marks the close of the first half of the present Conference year. No matter when a given church's year begins, therefore, one-half its pledge for the Conference year is due on that date, and the money is needed. Much of the money now being credited to the churches for the year 1921-1922 is in payment on last year's quota. The churches will understand this, and augment their gifts accordingly.

Let us all set ourselves to the splendid task of paying in to the treasurer of the Forward Movement before December 31 fifty per cent of the budget, plus whatever aggregate sum may have been received on last year's quota.

**A CHRISTMAS OFFERING**

A few churches have made no canvass for the Forward Movement. Others have not secured pledges for the full amount of their quota, and still others that are paying their full quota, or more, should perhaps do even more than they have done.

At this season of the year when people give presents to their friends, why should we not bring gifts to our Savior?

There is no friend like the lowly Jesus,  
No not one, no not one,

On Sabbath Day, the day before Christmas, let us bring our offerings to the King of our lives. Let it be understood that this is the day appointed in all the churches to receive our gifts. This is to be a free-will offering, over and above our pledges.

How much it would mean to the cause we love if every man, woman and child among us should make a Christmas offering through the Forward Movement. This can be made to the Forward Movement to be prorated by the treasurer. Or, if one prefers, he may send his gift to the treasurer to go direct to some particular interest represented in the movement.

This proposition worked itself out one night in the Adams Center parsonage. Several churches are going to make a more thorough canvass for the Forward Movement for the year 1922. This is true of Farina, Stonefort, Jackson Center, Rockville, First Hopkinton, Second Hopkinton, and Adams Center. I speak of these churches because I have recently visited them, and feel sure that I speak the truth. Doubtless there are others. But only half the money pledged for the next calendar year will be due before the close of the present Conference year. This Christmas offering will give these churches an opportunity to make up through their direct gifts their quota for the first half of the Conference years.

Then there are churches that have the full amount of their quota pledged, but who feel that in view of the fact that the denomination as a whole raised but 73 per cent of the budget last year they want to do more this year. I will not name certain churches that are of this class that I have visited recently. In due time they will be revealed.

This Christmas offering affords an occasion for securing part of this amount at least through the gifts of the people.

Seventh Day Baptists, we are living in a new world, with new opportunities and new duties. Let us make new use of this Christmas season, and make a substantial gift to our Forward Movement.

Make it to the Forward Movement budget, which represents all our work as a people, or make it to some specific object which you desire to help.

Following is a list:

The Boys' School in China  
The Girls' School in China  
The Georgetown Chapel  
The Denominational Building  
Holland  
Java  
China  
Home Missions  
SABBATH RECORDER  
Ministerial Relief  
Tract Society  
Alfred College  
Milton College  
Salem College  
Alfred Theological Seminary  
Scholarship and Fellowship Fund  
Sabbath School Board  
Sabbath School Field Representation  
The Woman's Board  
Miss Susie Burdick  
Miss Anna West  
Dr. Bessie Sinclair  
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund  
Young People's Board  
Dr. Rosa Palmberg  
Fouke School  
General Conference  
The Commission  
Forward Movement Director

Items might be further specified, and the list of objects extended. In every case the money should be sent to the treasurer of the Forward Movement. He will see that it goes to the proper board, and it should be so designated also that the church can get proper credit.

This Christmas offering should be generous enough to give a new impetus to all our work, and to bring upon all who take part a new and hopeful spirit.

And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

**AN APPRECIATION OF LOREN G. WAITE**

Rev. T. L. Gardiner  
Editor Sabbath Recorder

DEAR BROTHER:

One year has gone since the death of Loren G. Waite and I wish space in the RECORDER to give expression to my appreciation of him.

I first knew Mr. Waite in the fall of 1901, while I was pastor of the New York Church. We were neighbors in the Bronx. On November 2, 1901, I baptized him at Memorial Baptist church and received him

into the Seventh Day Baptist church. Four days later, on November 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Babcock, I officiated at his marriage to Dr. Anne Langworthy who was then practicing medicine in the city. Dr. Waite was our family physician and Loren Waite was our friend.

We knew them very well. Soon afterwards we moved from New York and for years knew the Waites only at a distance. In the fall of 1916 we located at Ashaway, R. I., and were again neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Waite. August 3, 1918, I baptized their son James Waite.

Probably there are few men who knew Loren Waite better than I. Physically he had great strength and endurance, and he worked long hours at the heaviest work with the glee of a boy at play. His mind was bright and trained in good schools. He was especially clever as a writer and conversationalist. Loren seldom talked of himself, especially of his past. We knew little of the life he had led before he came among us. His views of questions, social, political and religious, were unusual; so much so that very often his best friends did not agree with him, but to disagree was not to quarrel. He was generous and unselfish to a fault. His hope and enthusiasm unquenchable in reverses, and his humor irrepressible. Often I disagreed with him, but always I honored him. Glorifying in his place as layman, he showed great loyalty to the denomination and to the church of which he was acting pastor at the time of his death. He was clean, he was humble, he was strong, he was unselfish and he was devout. His death seems untimely and the world seems poorer.

Loren Gleason Waite, a friend of mine.

GEORGE B. SHAW.

Salem, W. Va.,  
November 10, 1921.

**LETTER FROM DODGE CENTER, MINN.**

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

It would seem that most of us require an excuse for doing some things. I think often of writing a bit of news from our vicinity but fail just about as often to do so. Now I am sending a remittance for the RECORDER, so will use that as my excuse.

While as a church we feel that this year



has been hard for us, especially in the loss by death of so many of our active members, and the closeness of the times have made us feel the financial pinch, we are by no means down hearted, and though "faint still pursuing", which, I believe, is Biblical at least. Possibly by our sorrows and disappointments we have been drawn closer to our heavenly Father, whose tender care is ever over his own. I am sure that our great desire is that we may be so drawn. The church attendance for the year has been most excellent, the prayer meeting fairly well sustained, and the Sabbath school doing fine work. We were sorry not to have had any representative at the Shiloh General Conference, but a car load drove overland to Milton for the Northwestern Association which was greatly enjoyed, and afterward enjoyed by those who could not attend, through the reports from those who went. Always, in this way is a church made stronger and encouraged.

The last Sabbath in October brought us a goodly number of visitors from New Auburn, Wis., Exeland and Minneapolis to attend the session of the semiannual meeting. Pastor C. L. Hill from Welton ably represented the Iowa churches and with other visiting pastors brought us strong and interesting messages. Other ministers present were Mrs. Angeline Abbey, C. B. Loofbourrow, Charles Thorngate, E. H. Socwell and S. H. Babcock. The last named did not do any preaching, but in his own beautiful way brought gladness and spiritual uplift to all in his messages of song. It is remarkable that a man almost eighty-one years of age retains his clearness, vigor and sweetness of voice unaffected by the years of constant use. The last session was a union service, the Methodist and Congregationalists joining with us to fill the church to overflowing, with aisles full of chairs and every seat taken, many of the kindergarten chairs also being filled. Besides the praise service, special music, and sermon which was ably delivered, a Miss Huse, of St. Paul, recently returned from two years in the Near East, spoke of the needs of that distressed part of our globe, speaking out of her experiences in Constantinople and Syria.

This address was the opening of a three days' intensive campaign in the county by this lady for the Near East Relief. The

county had been organized by your humble servant and Miss Huse spoke in six high schools and as many opera houses, showing during the three days three recently released films of actual conditions. While cash and pledges for the year were somewhat disappointing, a large corn donation is assured, and a bushel of corn at 18 cents will feed just as many starving children as it would if it were worth \$1.50. If it would do equally as well on our Forward Movement we no doubt could come up with our quota fully paid.

Last week the murderer of our Mr. Rounseville in an attempted bank robbery was convicted of murder in the second degree. Strong efforts were made by his friends to show that he was an imbecile, but his clever plans from the time he left his home in North Dakota till the dastardly deed was accomplished, in spite of the "expert" mental examiner's testimony, was too much for the twelve carefully selected jurors and after a few hours' deliberation they brought in the verdict above named. The fellow has already begun his life sentence at Stillwater. One feels sure that this swift and unerring working of justice, wherever known will act as a wholesome deterrent of crime. Capital punishment would be better, and in the opinion of a large number of people would do much to lessen the great crime wave which has been sweeping over our country.

We are looking forward with pleasure and interest to the Thanksgiving visit of Dr. Lester M. Babcock in the interests of Milton College. The college has meant much to the Dodge Center young people for many years, and we must do what we can to show a just appreciation. Four of the young folks from here are there in school at present; two of whom are members of the class of 1922.

Now, doctor, if I don't stop, you will be glad that I do not find an excuse oftener.

Good-by,

H. C. VAN HORN.

Dodge Center, Minn.,

November 17, 1921.

"Our minds are God-given; let us use them for God.

"A mind that is used is a dynamo; an unused mind is a scrapheap."

## MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

### MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, our medical missionary who is at home on a furlough, occupied the pulpit at Salem, W. Va., on Sabbath Day, November 12. The pastor, Rev. George B. Shaw, was absent on a missionary visit at Cowen, W. Va.

Dr. Palmberg is planning to make a trip of several weeks in the interests of our work, and of course especially that of our mission in China. This will include visits at Memphis, Tenn.; Hammond, La.; Fouke and Gentry, Ark.; Kansas City, Mo.; Farina, Ill., and other places.

Attention is called to the article, or letter of appreciation, from Cowen, W. Va. Several of our workers had visited this locality, among them Rev. Willard D. Burdick and Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond. Recently arrangements were made for the pastors of the churches in West Virginia to make trips with some degree of regularity. The letter of Miss Bee tells of the work as carried on by these men. This is a needy and promising field.

Our missionary, Susie M. Burdick, who is now in America, was expected to be at Nile, N. Y., for Sabbath Day, November 19, speaking at the morning service, and giving the illustrated lecture on China in the evening. She was at the semiannual meeting of the Western Association at Little Genesee, the week before, and spent the interval there and at Richburg. The evening after Thanksgiving the lecture with pictures will be given at Alfred under the auspices of the Ladies' Evangelical Society, and in the mean time the plans are for the people at Andover and Independence to have the inspiration of Miss Burdick's presence and help, probably in connection with these pictures, the ones furnished by the Woman's Board.

It is expected that the Commission will hold a meeting in Pittsburgh, Pa., Monday and Tuesday, November 21 and 22, 1921. Editor Gardiner and the secretary plan to leave Plainfield Sunday morning, and will return in time to spend Thanksgiving Day at home. In the mean time the steel reinforced concrete floors of the new building will very likely be completed, and perhaps the side walls also, for the work is being pushed along rapidly.

### FROM COWEN, WEST VIRGINIA

DEAR FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS OF OUR DENOMINATION:

Our grateful thanks are due our Missionary Board, the churches of which Brethren Randolph and Davis are pastors, and the Sabbath school of which Mrs. Davis is the superintendent, for the sacrifice they have made in sending these workers to our assistance to labor with the dear people at Pleasant Ridge in a series of evangelical meetings at the request of the people there, and of their visits and meetings at Cowen. There were good meetings at our home and a responsive welcome at the churches both at Cowen and Pleasant Ridge, and many were the expressions of gratitude at our farewell meeting at the latter place and at the home of the friends there.

These and Brother Bond have now a place in the hearts of the people and all are asked for again. If you could have seen the bright faces of some of those who believe in the Sabbath, when Brother Bond entered and was asked to take charge of the Bible class in Sunday school, you would not have doubted his welcome.

He has been requested to preach on the Sabbath question at Cowen when he comes again.

On the eleventh instant we were made glad to greet Rev. George B. Shaw, pastor of the Salem Church, of which we are members. Thanks to the Salem Church for at last giving our pastor a leave of absence to visit us lone Sabbath-keepers and look after interests already begun here. We spent a very pleasant and profitable Sabbath with him in our home. He conducted our home Sabbath school; presented his interesting plan of Bible study and Bible games and talked of many things. To hear my sister tell of the contest at Pleasant

Ridge about who should have the preacher first in their home must have assured him that he too had a welcome in the hearts of those who attended the meetings. We all feel that Brother Shaw is a Bible-filled man, and are sure, though his stay was short, that he met some of the needs of the field. We hope that he can come again when weather conditions are more favorable.

The coming of these friends to visit us, the plain earnest preaching of the Word, the beautiful singing with Mrs. Davis presiding at the organ, made a responsive chord in the hearts of many, the influence of which can not help but be of lasting benefit, for I am sure many have felt an uplift that will help them to stand on "higher grounds".

We feel as though we had entered a new world of work and blessing and thank our heavenly Father for the joy of it all.

This week's RECORDER is just at hand. We rejoice to note the progress in our Denominational Building and hope Elder Gardiner and the RECORDER family will soon be comfortably housed in their bright new home. We were touched by his narration at the association of their cramped and crowded quarters, and wish we could help more.

Yours for Christ,  
MAGGIE A. BEE.

Cowen, Webster Co., W. Va.

### THE KEY TO WORLD BETTERMENT

GEORGE E. MAIN

The question, "Does it pay?", or "Is it going to pay?", in all probability occasionally looms up before every organized body seeking to advance Christian civilization, particularly at those times when interest appears to wane and when the most persistent opposition to one's self-denying efforts seems to come from those who should be the staunchest supporters.

Efforts to lead the straying world from its no-Sabbathism, or from its substitute-Sabbath, back to Jehovah's Holy Day offer no exception to this rule. The strongest opposition to this sacred work, sad to say, comes from accredited defenders of the sacred Book, itself; which fact has, quite likely, had its influence upon the extent and the enthusiasm shown in efforts toward Sabbath reform.

Thoughtfully guided, the almost Sabbath-less world, yearning for—they hardly know what, may be quickly led to see that a real Sabbath is their present greatest need. It is hoped that the discussion following may contribute its mite to the already abounding proof that the dissemination of knowledge concerning the Sabbath of Scripture has paid, does pay, and will continue to pay; and still more is it hoped that those to whose hands have been entrusted the preservation and diffusion of the knowledge of the Sabbath of Christ, the true Lord's Day, may multiply their efforts, not in a spirit of antagonism toward others, nor with a mere desire to win in a dispute, but in the spirit of unselfish Christian love which sees only the great need and the remedial relation of the Sabbath to the world's manifold and increasing problems.

Whether or not the Ten Commandments are "binding upon Christians", as is often indefinitely but emphatically denied by some (who object to one or more of them, but very rarely to all), these ten immortal laws, it is well-nigh universally recognized, form the most perfect and complete moral code so far given to men. Every known evil is a result of disregard for one or another of the principles laid down in these ten, God-given, all-inclusive precepts.

It is noteworthy that *nine* of these ten laws, and only nine, are based on self-evident truth, that the Fourth Commandment, which defines the Sabbath and lays down the fundamental rules for its recognition, stands alone in that it is not based on self-evident fact. If the Bible, for illustration, had never been written, reasoning only from within ourselves, we would have no difficulty in agreeing that it is inherently wrong to murder, to steal, to bear false witness, etc., as declared by the other nine commandments. Unless, however, we are given some outer source of wisdom, like the Scriptures, we would have no means of knowing that the Fourth Commandment is even based on fact. We could not be positive, even after lengthy experiment, that one day for rest in each *seven* is beyond doubt better for us than one out of each six days or one out of each eight, or indeed that *any* regularity in the matter of our periodical rest day is undeniably essential to our well-being. It is likewise certain that without

the Bible we could not determine *which* day of the week we should observe, even if we finally succeeded in arriving at *seven* days as the proper length of the week.

There must have been a reason, and an exceedingly important one, for incorporating in this great moral code a command so wholly different from the other nine as the fourth. Clearly it was not placed there for *Hebrew* guidance, solely, for the numerous ceremonial laws were destined sufficiently to direct the Jews in the matter of Sabbath observance as well as in other details. Why, then, was this Sabbath-observance law, the confirmation of which must needs come wholly from *without* ourselves, and which for that reason is so utterly different from the others, made one of ten laws, the other nine of which are self-evident, indisputable, eternal?

Is this a question referring to times so ancient that an answer, even if found, could have no bearing on present world problems? Shall we pass it with the remark that we are under the New Testament only and have no use for the Old, permitting the popular but fallacious interpretation of the term "New Dispensation" to relieve us of any feelings of responsibility in this and similar matters? Or shall we seek the powerful reasons which must have existed for placing this law, which unmistakably defines both the length of the week and the particular, definite day which was thereafter to be known as the "Sabbath" and to be used for rest and worship, among God's special laws, trusting that in the consideration of this, at first seemingly unimportant question relating to the "Laws of God", there may be found a key to the solution of present world problems? The world-wide disobedience to the other nine commandments supplies the answer. We should face the question, squarely.

We read, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel. . . ."; preach the rules of right relations with Jehovah and fellow-men; preach the eternal truths found in the Ten Commandments, thus patterning after the Sermon on the Mount, where we find the precepts of God's ancient yet ever modern Laws re-expressed in the spirit of "Blessed art thou".

If the nine eternal, self-evident, laws were to be for ever kept before the minds of men and their application to the ever aris-

ing problems shown, there would have to be a time set for the people to gather for this purpose. Obedience to the order to "Go preach" would, therefore, be impossible without the Sabbath institution or some other set time for the assembling of the people. Christ, himself, rested on the Sabbath "according to the commandment", thus witnessing to the important position the Sabbath command held in the Ten Commandments, while at the same time he employed the Sabbath in teaching and preaching the precepts of the Ten Commandments, including his instructions as to the proper observance of the Sabbath, which later he would not have done had he been planning the early doing away with the Sabbath. *The Scriptures abound in proof that the Sabbath and preaching were intended to be permanently linked.*

Does it need a second thought, then, to convince one that in order to carry out the program of preaching laid down by the Savior, the Sabbath must be continued as a permanent institution as long as preaching was to be carried on? Is there one single word in Scripture which suggests that it was Christ's hope that the Sabbath would be "nailed to the cross", or "abolished", or the essence transferred to another day than the Sabbath? Such an idea would have been incompatible with his order to "Go ye into all the world and preach". In the face of so obvious need for a Sabbath in our present dispensation, the assumptions that the Sabbath was abolished or "changed" should be outspokenly denounced by every believer until established by unimpeachable proof, which, if we may believe sacred Scripture, it never will be.

Uniformity the world over was almost as essential to the future success of the plan to preach as was the Sabbath institution itself. Hence the particular day of each week to be used as and termed the Sabbath was not left to individual or sectarian choice, but was established once for all, the day to be thus "remembered" being unmistakably and permanently settled as that day which alone could fittingly commemorate the rest which followed creation.

Is there any room for doubt that the Fourth Commandment, which is so different in its character from the other nine, was placed in this, the greatest of all moral codes, in order that man might forever have



a definite, regular, and uniform time set apart for those things which would be conducive to world-wide obedience to the other nine commands?

Since the Sabbath was thus necessary for the continued preservation of and obedience to the other nine commands, the command to "remember the seventh-day, the Sabbath, to keep it holy" not merely *belongs* among the other and self-evident truths and is inseparably related to them but it actually becomes at once the key to their unceasing recognition and observance, the most important of all the ten commands, since without the Sabbath devotable to their study the other nine commands must speedily come to naught (as they have well-nigh done on account of the forgetting of the Sabbath command by a large part of the Christian world).

Thus the command to remember the Sabbath becomes, not an unnecessary and lifeless rule of routine needed only by the ancient Hebrew, not an "old dispensation" law nailed to the cross or otherwise destroyed, not an unimportant or minor issue the essence of which may be shifted from one day of the week to another day as the whims of individuals or bodies, or even Popes, may dictate, to the day on which Christ was born, or on which he died, or on which he is assumed or supposed to have arisen; but it is at once recognized as the controlling force of the entire code of laws—not one jot or one tittle of which should pass till all are fulfilled. (And shall we say that all these are fulfilled, in the sense of being no longer valid?)

Viewed in the light of the relation of the Sabbath to the other nine commandments, obedience to which is admittedly absolutely essential to the advance of Christian civilization, then all other issues, whether they be disarmament, prohibition, corrupt politics, or whatever they may be, pale into insignificance before the overshadowing need for a return to the Sabbath of Jehovah and for a world-wide realization of the possibilities of world betterment, which realization the Sabbath alone can bring. To preach the blessings of temperance, or the horrors of war, or the dangers lurking in the multitude of current, unchristian, lesser practices, without laying yet greater emphasis upon a return to and the perpetuation of the holy rest day on which

it was intended that these truths should be unfolded, is to place the cart before the horse, to treat unpleasant symptoms but to allow the death-dealing *cause* of the disease to remain.

Just so long as any other day than the true Sabbath is observed, even lukewarmly as Sunday now is, the world will be divided. Some will continue in the steps of Christ and keep the Sabbath; others may be keeping the Sun-day of Constantine; but the large majority will keep no day, for a house divided against itself does not furnish an inviting home for wavering unbelievers, nor, we are told, shall such a house stand. May not the unfortunate slip away from the Sabbath of the Bible to the Sun-day of heathenism be more responsible for the inefficiency of the Christian Church than most of us realize?

A notable personage of our day has declared that the responsibility for another such war as we have just passed through is "entirely" on the professing Christians of the United States; that they alone will be responsible for every drop of blood that shall be shed and for every dollar wastefully expended. What a responsibility! And yet if disarmament is attained, and war ended for ever, symptoms only will have been treated. The real cause of wars, the individual and collective selfishness and greed which foster the war, will not have been corrected and are sure to find other and probably equally horrible expression. In the natural order of things the *causes* of war should receive first consideration on the part of Christian leadership.

If so grave a responsibility as that of future wars rests upon the shoulders of Christians of the United States, and we fully concur in this belief, how much greater then is our responsibility in the matter of striving, even more zealously on account of the more permanent results, to eliminate the greed, selfishness and love of power which are at the root of all wars?

There is but one force powerful enough to remove these causes of warfare and other causes of world-wide sin. That force is the Spirit which found expression through the Ten Commandments and through the Sermon on the Mount. In order that this Spirit may pervade the masses they must meet together. At no time can the Spirit have the influence on the hearts of men

that it has on those days intended for and sacred to such uses. There is but one day that has ever been thus blessed and sanctified, the Seventh Day. Hence there is but one practicable method of bringing this Power into play, to its fullest capacity, that is through a return to the Sabbath of Jehovah and his Son, the only two to whom we have the right to look for guidance.

Is there any doubt as to the healing effect upon a sin-sick world of a return to the true Sabbath, the Key to universal right living? Is there any reason why the world should not now come into possession of this priceless heritage? Have we as Seventh Day Baptists not a responsibility in this matter beyond that which might be surmised that we feel, judging from our present efforts? Shall we not make this our decision day and hereafter purpose to spread the Sabbath truth, not tied to any of our or other denominational doctrines, for the Sabbath is altogether too vital to be in the least degree held back by being tied exclusively to any creed. Let us teach the Sabbath with a confidence that its relation to all other matters of right living is so close that Sabbath acceptance will naturally lead to right decisions in doctrinal as it will in all other questions.

### PASTOR TENNEY

DR. JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG

[The *Welfare Bulletin*, published in the interest of the Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich., contained the following tribute to Brother George C. Tenney, by Dr. Kellogg, who is at the head of that institution. Under Pastor Tenney's picture on the same page with this article were the following two stanzas of his favorite poem by S. Walter Foss.—EDITOR.]

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their  
tears—

Both parts of an infinite plan—  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men go by—  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they  
are strong,  
Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

I was in New York attending the World's Eugenics Congress when I received a wire giving me the shocking news of Pastor Tenney's sudden death. I left the congress and hastened home to be present at the funeral.

The death of Pastor Tenney is, indeed, a sad blow to us. No one can fill his place. I shall miss him more than anyone else except his immediate family, for he was the only one left of our large family whose connection with the work began almost as long ago as my own, and for so many years he had been constantly with us and also so wholly dependable for the discharge of his responsibilities as pastor, teacher and comforter to the sick and discouraged ones whom we have always with us.

I first met Pastor Tenney when at the age of twenty-four, in October, 1876, I took charge of the little Water Cure, out of which has grown this institution. The work was then so small, only twelve patients and about as many helpers, everybody was expected to fill several positions. I was superintendent, business manager, farmer, head bathman, dietitian, editor of "Good Health" (then the Health Reformer); and emergency factotum, as well as physician and surgeon.

Pastor Tenney was then a student in Battle Creek College, pursuing studies for the ministry. I secured his services for part of his time as pastor, bookkeeper and office manager. He seemed a little shy of me at first, as I had already acquired the reputation of being something of a dissenter and possibly a heretic. But as soon as we got acquainted we became fast friends and so remained during all the years (forty-five), which have since elapsed, although for about half of his time Pastor Tenney has been separated from the work here, and engaged in ministerial duties in this and other countries. He also filled for several years the position of editor of important publications.

I very much appreciated the assistance of this versatile helper in my early days, when friends were very few and efficient helpers still fewer. I have often looked back to those days and wondered who would have helped us in the very essential things

he did, if he had not been with us. He seemed to have been providentially fitted for our need. And when he returned to us from Australia more than twenty years later, he was needed just as much and his services as pastor and teacher and editor were even more needed and as highly appreciated.

Pastor Tenney possessed a considerable versatility of talents. He had much ability as a writer, and a critical literary taste. He was a fluent speaker. He likewise had the artist's sense of beauty and took great delight in the art productions of his very talented son and daughter.

But it was in his ministry as pastor of the Sanitarium that he was most appreciated. He delighted in his work, and his kind and tactful ministrations brought comfort and consolation to many a tired and tempest tossed soul among our great family of workers as well as the invalid guests.

Although a man of keenest sensibilities. Pastor Tenney was most generous, considerate, and charitable in his judgments of others, and patient and forbearing, often under most trying circumstances. No man among us has been more universally respected and beloved; and none whom death has called has been more missed than he will be. His place may be occupied by another, but will never be filled by one more loyal, more conscientious, more competent or more universally acceptable. Pastor Tenney is dead; but the fragrant memory of his kind and loving service and personality will long survive, and the influence of his noble and useful life will never die.

Mrs. Tenney, who has been her husband's efficient co-worker in many of his activities in connection with the Sanitarium, may be assured that she has the heartfelt sympathy of myself and the entire Sanitarium family.

### A BIBLE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

When the World Conference on Disarmament opened its history making deliberations on Armistice Day, November 11, a Bible presented by the New York Bible Society was on the table, available for use.

President Warren G. Harding had accepted the Bible in behalf of the Conference a fortnight or more before the session opened. It was presented to him by

John C. West, president, and Dr. George William Carter, executive secretary of the New York Bible Society, by whom the Bible had been designed.

On its black morocco covers in gold lettering was the inscription:

"This Bible is presented to the Conference on the Limitation of Armament and dedicated to the Promotion of good will among the nations by the New York Bible Society, November 11, 1921."

The Bible contains 1,000 pages and is printed on India paper. When it rests on the speaker's stand in the Continental Memorial Hall, it is encased in a leather case lined with plush.

The New York Bible Society at 5 East Forty-eighth Street, gave a Bible to every soldier and sailor who left New York ports during the war, for France. Hundreds of thousands were distributed in this way. The society provides a Bible for every immigrant who comes into this country and its work at Ellis Island has become famed around the world. The work is maintained by contributions from those who believe in its effectiveness. Sixty thousand dollars was used last year to "carry on".—*Bible Society.*

### THE POETRY OF MOTION

MARY S. ANDREWS

There's poetry in the motion  
Of a brook as it swiftly flows,  
In the dancing leaves of the forest trees  
As the gentle zephyr blows,  
And in the soft flight of a leaf so light  
When 'tis ripe and earthward goes.

There's poetry in the motion  
Of a bird in its graceful flight,  
In the butterfly as it flutters by,  
And the snowfall, feathery white,  
In the gentle rain, with its soft refrain,  
As it falls with movements light.

There's poetry in the motion  
Of the clouds as they slowly drift,  
And change in form as they glide along,  
Showing blue sky through a rift;  
There's rhythm and grace, as, with merry face,  
A young child moves slow or swift.

*Farina, Ill.*

"Perhaps there was a time when God overlooked our stingy support of his work; but nowadays there is so much knowledge given us regarding proper stewardship that we dare not expect him to overlook such careless selfishness any longer."

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

### THY KINGDOM COME!

One of the Gibaltars which blocks the coming of the Kingdom is war. One of the landslides obstructing the coming of peace is atheism. One of the mightiest boulders of atheism is selfishness. Thus atheism is more than a doctrinaire disbelief in God; it is practical indifference or contrariness to the will of a God working to dignify human kind and to permeate human society with his love. "Atheism," writes one Christian publicist, "means . . . in its profoundest aspect settled selfishness, contented earthliness, mad desire for pleasure, indifference to the cries of men suffering from immemorial inhumanities, the conservation of the pitiless soul, the expulsion of the ideal."

These thoughts formed the core of the discussions and conclusions of the "National Convocation of Colleges and Universities on International Disarmament," which met in Chicago November 13 and 14. One speaker, Pastor Charles A. Tindley, of the Calvary (colored) Baptist Church, eloquently demonstrated that, while any one set of men might delay or help the coming of the Kingdom, they could not stop it. He pleaded for a larger devotion, on the part of the world of education, to the principles which would insure its realization. True to their high calling these students, faculty members, college trustees, and alumni representing 225 colleges—Protestant, Jewish, Catholic, and non-sectarian—set themselves soberly to work to inaugurate new forces that that may be speeded which all Christian centuries have prayed: "Thy Kingdom come."

Dr. Robert L. Kelley, secretary of the Council of Church Boards of Education and of the Association of American Colleges, the chairman of the convocation, asserted in his opening address that, "With the exception of the eventful days when Jesus of Nazareth was on earth, this day"—meaning the day when the American secretary of state had made his audacious, momentous, and magnificent proposal for

a ten-year naval holiday—"is the most momentous in history. It certainly must be said," he continued, "that Premier. Hughes, the captain of the big conference team at Washington, made a great kick-off". After discussing the condition of dazed satisfaction in which America's proposal had left the world, he stated more definitely the purpose of the Chicago convocation. "We are not here to outline plan for the procedure for the trained diplomats of Europe and America. . . . We are here to announce with great assurance upon the authority of that other American premier, John Hay, that the 'diplomacy of America must be the diplomacy of the Golden Rule'. We recommend this formula to the Washington Conference."

Other speakers at the convocation were Dr. A. W. Harris, secretary of the board of education of the Methodist Episcopal church, in whose brain the idea of the convocation was born; Charles Denby, Jr., son of the secretary of the navy and a student of Princeton; Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, of New York City; and Sherwood Eddy, of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A. They were a forceful and convincing battery of speakers.

The convocation stated its conviction as to the economic and spiritual wrong of war, expressed its support of President Harding and Secretary Hughes in their daring proposals for the limitation of the world's armament, urged the representatives of the foreign powers at the Washington Conference to adopt them, called upon public opinion to rise in support of the Golden Rule principle in settling international problems, declared that, if world peace were ever to become an actuality, there must be a widespread international mind, and effected a permanent organization whose object should be the education of the public and, particularly, of the men and women of the colleges as to the necessity for a deeper and more sympathetic understanding of the fricative questions agitating the nations of the earth.

If any reader of the RECORDER desires to get an understanding of some of the well-nigh brain-defying problems confronting the world as now focussed at Washington, he should read the articles in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, on the



issues before the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments.

The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society, a member of the Council of Church Boards of Education, was represented in Chicago by the corresponding secretary. Alfred University was represented by Dr. Edwin H. Lewis, of Chicago, for the alumni and by Dean Titsworth, for the faculty.

### A SHEAF OF RECENT BOOKS

Hoping that many readers of this page are interested in books that are being published currently which have to do with the putting into our group life of the principles of Jesus, I give below the names and description of three substantial volumes which are published by the Macmillan Company of New York City:

"Rural Organization", by Walter Burr—\$2.25. How shall the rural district be organized to get the best practical results? Sometimes this concerns the "grange", sometimes it is the problems of the minister; high-school classes, farmers' clubs, social workers, agricultural students—all are trying to contribute to its solution.

Mr. Burr has written with these workers in mind. His book is eminently practical, and contains suggestions along the lines of farm production, marketing, securing supplies, finance and accounting, communication and transportation. It takes up also the social functions, education, sanitation, recreation, and home making.

"The Church in America", a study of the present condition and future prospects of American Protestantism. By Prof. William Adams Brown. \$2.00. As a result of his varied experience in the theological classroom; in the Union Settlement, Good Government Club A, Chairman of the Committee of Fourteen and of the Home Missions Committee of New York Presbytery; member of the Presbyterian Board of Home Mission, trips to the Foreign Mission field; secretary of the War Time Commission of the Churches and chairman of the Committee on the War and Religious Outlook, Dr. Brown has come increasingly to realize that the movements now going on in the American churches are significant not only for the immediate practical issues at stake, but also because of their bearing

upon the larger theoretical principles with which religion is at heart concerned. He believes that in the American church an experiment is being tried which will have a far reaching influence on the future of democracy and which in the last analysis will help to determine whether Christian faith shall be easier or harder for men.

To give the reasons for this conviction and to develop the conclusions to which it points is the object of this volume.

"The Prophetic Ministry for Today." By Bishop Charles D. Williams. The Lyman Beecher Yale Lectures for 1920. \$1.75. For years Bishop Williams has tried hard to do the work of a prophet to his own times. He has practised a persistent faith in the power of the spoken word to keep before men the high and unwelcome standards that alone save a people from perishing.

He talks here most intimately of the work of the ministry, so understood, in the hope of aiding his colleagues and himself to stand fast in their allegiance to this great Commission to the end.

The book of the year for preachers.

"A Study of the Rural Community." By K. Llewellyn MacGarr, Lincoln College, Lincoln, Illinois. Illustrated. This is a book on rural uplift written from the teacher's point of view and with the thought of what teachers and other trained workers can do in this field where trained service is so greatly needed. It is an exhaustive and extremely helpful discussion of practically every aspect of rural life.

The author has had a wide experience in rural work and her book is endorsed by some of the best-known authorities in this line.

The book is well illustrated. Excellent bibliographical matter is supplied, and the questions at the ends of chapters are exceptionally suggestive and comprehensive.

### FOR OTHERS

I would be true for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure for there are those who care;  
I would be strong for there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave for there is much to dare;  
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;  
I would be giving and forget the gift,  
I would be humble for I know my weakness;  
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.  
—H. Arnold Walter.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### THE OAK

What gnarled stretch, what depth of shade is his!  
There needs no crown to mark the forest's king;  
How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss!  
Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring,  
Which he with such benignant royalty  
Accepts, as overpayeth what is lent;  
All nature seems his vassal proud to be,  
And cunning only for his ornament.

How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,  
An unquelled exile from the summer's throne,  
Whose plain, unincinctured front more kingly shows,  
Now that the obscuring courtier leaves are flown.  
His boughs made music of the winter air,  
Jewelled with sleet, like some cathedral front  
Where clinging snow-flakes with quaint art repair  
The dints and furrows of time's envious brunt.

How doth his patient strength the rude March  
wind

Persuade to seem glad breaths of summer breeze,  
And win the soil that fain would be unkind,  
To swell his revenues with proud increase;  
He is the gem; and all the landscape wide  
(So doth his grandeur isolate the sense)  
Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,  
An empty socket, were he fallen thence.

So, from oft converse with life's wintry gales,  
Should man learn how to clasp with tougher roots  
The inspiring earth; how otherwise avails  
The leaf-creating sap that sunward shoots?  
So every year that falls with noiseless flake  
Should fill old scars up on the stormward side,  
And make hoar age revered for age's sake,  
Not for traditions of youth's leafy pride.

So from the pinched soil of a churlish fate,  
True hearts compel the sap of sturdier growth,  
So between earth and heaven stand simply great,  
That these shall seem but their attendants both;  
For nature's forces with obedient zeal  
Wait on the rooted faith and oaken will;  
As quickly the pretender's cheat they feel,  
And turn mad Pucks to flout and mock him still.

Lord! all thy works are lessons; each contains  
Some emblem of man's all-containing soul;  
Shall he make fruitless all thy glorious pains.  
Delving within thy grace an eyeless mole?  
Make me the least of thy Dodona-grove,  
Cause me some message of thy truth to bring,  
Speak but a word through me, nor let thy love  
Among my boughs disdain to perch and sing.

—James Russell Lowell.

### STUFF O' DREAMS

"Dreams," said the ultra-modern hero of a book that I have just finished reading, "are only a sign that your dinner hasn't been properly digested!"

"When I think that I'm in love," a cynic remarked to me, "I always take a dyspepsia tablet. If it cures me I know that I'm not in love!"

"Fairies," a sophisticated tot of six told me the other day, "are not real. You can't see fairies! They're only make believe."

"Don't those lights look like magic?" I remarked to a man as we rode through the dusk. The lights in question were vague glimmering lights that were reflected from high up, mistily, in a river. "Aren't they wonderful?"

"It's probably," the man answered, "a railroad bridge."

On the fourteenth of February I went out to buy valentines: I like valentines, and I know some tiny children who wait eagerly for the postman on the fourteenth of February. The postman might disappoint them if— Well, I went out to buy valentines. The stationery store nearest to my office was the first one I entered. A dapper young clerk came forward to wait on me.

"I want," I told him, "some hearts!"

"Hearts?" the man questioned. He looked at me with a faintly surprised lift of the eyebrows. "Hearts?"

"Yes, hearts," I answered. "Red hearts. Large hearts. For valentines, you know!"

"Oh, yes," the clerk laughed. "I know what you mean! But we don't carry them in stock."

I visited five other stores before I could purchase large red hearts. "Why, we don't carry them!" I was told at each of the five stores. And it was St. Valentine's Eve.

I called on the mother of three small girls a few days ago. With me I took a large fat book bound in scarlet, with gilt edges. It was a relic of my own childhood—a gift from my grandmother. While I was there I meant to read from its contents to the little girls.

The children were playing in the back yard when I arrived, so I went straight in, the flamboyantly scarlet book under my arm.

The mother was sitting in a chair, reading. She is a beautiful woman, who almost seems to radiate calm and repose—if one can radiate calm and repose. She was reading from a solid little book bound soberly in brown. She looked up as I entered the room, and greeted me with her rarely sweet smile. I sat beside her and placed my large scarlet gilt-edged volume on a small table. The vividness of it caught her eye.

"What book have you?" she asked, nodding her head in the direction of the table.

"Why, it's just a fairy story," I answered; "a story that I used to love when I was little. I brought it along to read to the children."

The mother of the children leaned forward and placed her beautiful calm hand on my arm.

"Dear," she said, "I would much rather not have you read fairy tales to my girls—I've never read anything of that sort to them."

I gasped. "Never read anything of that sort?" I echoed stupidly. "Haven't they ever heard any fairy tales? Don't they know about brownies and pixies and elves? Don't they believe in magic?"

The mother laughed. "Indeed no!" she answered, "They have been told only true things. They have never believed in the Santa Claus myth, or in Easter eggs, or in water-sprites—or anything of the sort. They have been brought up more scientifically than that! And I don't want to upset their minds with ideas of another sort. So—please don't read the book to them!"

I looked disconsolately at the scarlet book that seemed to blaze, defiantly almost from the little table. And as I looked at it I remembered how my grandmother had talked to me of Santa Claus, how our old pastor had once taken me on his knee and told me about an elf that lived, he was sure, in a pink blossom on his morning glory vine. I thought of our jolly Irish cook who had told me shivery stories, on dusky summer evenings, of leprecauns, and banshees; of fairy rings, and little men who wore red caps and guarded buried gold. I remembered the kind teacher who, when we were specially good in school, had read Hans Andersen, and Grimm, and Howard Pyle to us. I remembered bedtime stories, when the light had quite faded away and the gen-

tle silver stars were dancing in the sky. And, as I was busy remembering, I felt a sudden pity for the three little girls who had never felt the breath of magic in their hearts.

Perhaps it's right to bring children up in a common-sense way. Perhaps it's wrong to tell them fairy stories—to fill their little minds with romance. But I'm glad—whether it's right or wrong—that magic wasn't left out of my life. I'm glad that I used to look for dwarfs under fallen trees. I'm glad that I thought that errant butterflies might be fairies; I'm glad that the sunbeams made me think of an enchanted queen's hair, unbound, and I'm glad that the wind in the trees sang a song to my childish heart.

Oh, friend of mine, don't let yourself think that Valentine and Santa Claus are troublesome myths. Don't let yourself think that dreams are undigested dinners and love is a disease. For the romance and magic in the world is what keeps it young and beautiful and a pleasant place to live in.

A life without day-dreams, and airy castles in Spain, and almost magic hopes, seems to me a rather uninteresting life. It seems like a long hot climb up a dusty hill—with no view to see when you reach the top.

I'm not suggesting that you forget the serious, worthwhile things in the world, to ramble in a glorified world of unrealities; not at all. I'm not asking you to dream away hours when you might be working and striving and pushing forward and praying. And I'm not wanting you to read fairy tales when they are wonderful thoughts that should be read.

But the Creator himself, it seems to me, filled the world with a sacred kind of magic. He put gold into the sunlight, and misty velvet into the night-time sky. He put silver into the stars and the moon. He put "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones". He made leaves of marvelous shapes, and quaint, funny little acorns, and feathery small grasses. He made the miracle of flowers, opening in the spring—and he made a baby's hand, as pink as the sweetest of the opening buds. He put mother love into eyes, and charity into hearts, and gentleness into hands. And

when he did all of this, I can't help feeling that he did it because he thought that beauty, and love, and magic—real magic—were necessary to us.

That's why I'm asking you to smile understandingly at the child who believes in fairies, and to see an enchanted palace in the vague distant lights that shine reflected in a river. That's why I'm asking you not to be too matter-of-fact about dreams, and love, and life!—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.

### THE WINONA ASSEMBLY AND BIBLE CONFERENCE

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

(Concluded)

Dr. Dixon's sermon on, "Four Great World Movements", was a marvelous discourse. The points were considered in this order:

First, Lucifer or the conflict between light and light—not between light and darkness.

Second, Anti-Christ.

Third, The False Prophet.

Fourth, Christ Victorious Over All.

One of the great world movements originated in India. Pundita Ramabai, the native doctor of India, shortly after she arrived in this country read in a publication, "God is all, and all is God." "Why," she exclaimed, "that is the religion of India, that is the religion we are trying to win the people of India away from."

On the last point—Christ victorious over all—the thoughts couched in beautiful language were full of inspiration and encouragement to all those who believe in the ultimate triumph of the Christ.

A few years ago when speaking in Washington Dr. Dixon made the statement, which was published in the daily, that the Unitarian Church was growing smaller in numbers. A prominent Unitarian minister wrote him saying he would admit that as an organization they were growing smaller but "since we have inoculated all of the other churches we are willing to go out of existence".

Replying to the letter Dr. Dixon said, "I am glad you admit the fact but do not be too much elated over that which will destroy the other churches."

I have reserved the messages of Dr. Morgan for the last. Gipsy Smith once said,

"When we listen to Dr. Morgan it is almost like listening to a voice from heaven." These words are warranted by the messages Dr. Morgan brings from the Bible. It seemed to me his line of thought was deeper this year than on previous occasions. I hesitate as never before to write about them because of my utter inability to take the reader into their depths.

Dr. Morgan was greatly burdened with a sense of responsibility for the Bible conference. He said to a friend who called on him the afternoon preceding its opening and found him pacing the floor, "If I dared I would fly to the ends of the earth. Oh, the solemnity of it all." And who can wonder when they think of the hundreds of ministers and the multitude of lay workers who were looking to him for help and the far-reaching influence of his words.

Dr. Morgan preached twelve sermons, three of which were from the words, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." He explained that the word "follow" in the sense of one person coming after another does not express the meaning of the original, which is, "travel with me in the way".

Jesus was attractive to the souls of men. He was not crowned but multitudes were attracted to him. The word in the original translated common in the verse, "The common people heard him gladly", in every other instance in the New Testament is translated much. In using the word common the translators meant common to all peoples.

"First, men were attracted to Jesus because he lived. Do we not all live? Yes, but in him there is a fullness of life which we do not possess." It is interesting to notice that the account of the rich young ruler who said to Jesus, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" is placed immediately after the words of Jesus to the disciples who had rebuked people for bringing their children to the Master. "Suffer little children to come unto me." As the young ruler witnessed this scene he saw that Jesus possessed fullness of life hence his question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

"Second, men were attracted to Jesus because he knew and they knew that he knew. He taught them as one having



authority, and not as the scribes'. In his teachings Jesus never said, 'It is reasonable to suppose, or it is a fair inference'; there was a finality in his words.

"Third, men were attracted to Jesus because he cared. They knew he was one with them in their sorrows." When Jesus saw the widow of Nain following the bier of her son his heart was one with hers in suffering. Christians are attractive to the souls of men in proportion as they represent Jesus." When people are attracted to Jesus "he casts a spell over their souls".

The climax of the sermons preached from this text was reached when Dr. Morgan was speaking of "the spell that Jesus casts over the soul". An intense silence fell upon the audience different from anything I had ever before experienced. All silences are not alike. We say of one, it is so still you can hear a pin drop, of another, it is as still as death, and of still another, it is a hush, but all of these combined fail to describe the stillness of that moment. It was all of these, but it was more, it was as if a breath from the Holy of Holies had fallen upon the people and in the solitude of their own souls they stood in the presence of God. In the intensity of the moment it seemed to me I could feel the heart throbs of an audience over which Jesus had cast a spell.

"We sometimes hear it said," continued he, "that Jesus is not attracting people as he used to. If that is so then he has been hidden away."

The subject of the next sermon was, "How has the church hidden the Lord?" The text was Mary's reply to the angel when asked why she wept. "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." "Mary's words were a proof of the spell Jesus had cast over her soul. She thought he was dead yet she called him Lord." Mary was mistaken that morning. She thought her Lord was dead but he was alive; she thought he had been taken away from her but he was very near; she thought she should never see him again, but he was about to appear to her.

"How has the church hidden Jesus?"

"First, by medievalism when the church retired him behind his mother." This was the beginning of Maryolatry. It did not, however, originate in a feeling of disrespect for Jesus but a feeling of respect. "We are

too sinful," they said, "to come directly to him so we will approach him through his mother." They next retired him behind the altar and then behind the priesthood. So men must come to the priest, through him to the altar, by the altar to Mary, through Mary to Jesus and thus he was hidden away. "The reformation under Luther did not fully unveil him."

"Secondly, by modernism." The founders of Unitarianism did good in that they emphasized his humanity which was being lost sight of, and they did harm by denying his Deity. "We hide him where we attempt to account for him. We can believe in him and accept him, but we can not account for him. If we think of him in terms of the human only we lose him."

The subject of the following sermon was, "How can the church unveil the Lord?"

"The Lord is revealed to men by men who have been with him." He is unveiled:

"First, by worship. In the New Testament the word mystery stands for something that men can not find out for themselves but which has been revealed to them by God. Christ is the mystery of God. . . . Who are worshipers? Those who wait in the presence of the mystery for a further unveiling. . . . What is worship? Worship is the practice of being with Christ, all the activities of the soul receiving from God and offering to him, the soul blessing God because God has blessed the soul. . . . In these days we have not time to worship and so we have lost the pure ideal of worship. How can we maintain the pure ideal of worship? First by worship in the closet and then in the church. We should go to worship in the church from worship in the closet. Worship breaks down in the church because it is omitted in the closet." Here the speaker asked for some one to come forward and sing for him, "In the secret of his presence." Mr. Hammontree, "Mel" Trotter's song director, responded to the request.

"Secondly, by testimony. . . . We testify for the Lord when our lives and words are the outward expression of an inward experience."

I want to give a few of Dr. Morgan's sayings which I am unable to connect with the sermons to which they belong.

In these days we expect the pastor to draw the crowd. It was not so in the be-

ginning. The church filled with the Holy Spirit drew the crowd and that gave Peter a chance to explain.

"The cross is not the symbol of Christianity; the tongue of fire is the symbol of Christianity."

"Fellowship is the ending of individualism. Practical Peter and poetical John were welded together at Pentecost." It is possible for a church to be too large. No church should be so large that each member can not be acquainted with all the other members. If it is larger than that it better do as the bees do—swarm and start a center somewhere else.

Every one possesses spiritual consciousness. A man who never thinks of God in prosperity will immediately turn to God when disaster overtakes him. This is not cowardice, the shock awakes him to the fact that he is a spiritual being.

The closing sermon was preached by Dr. Morgan from the words, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever".

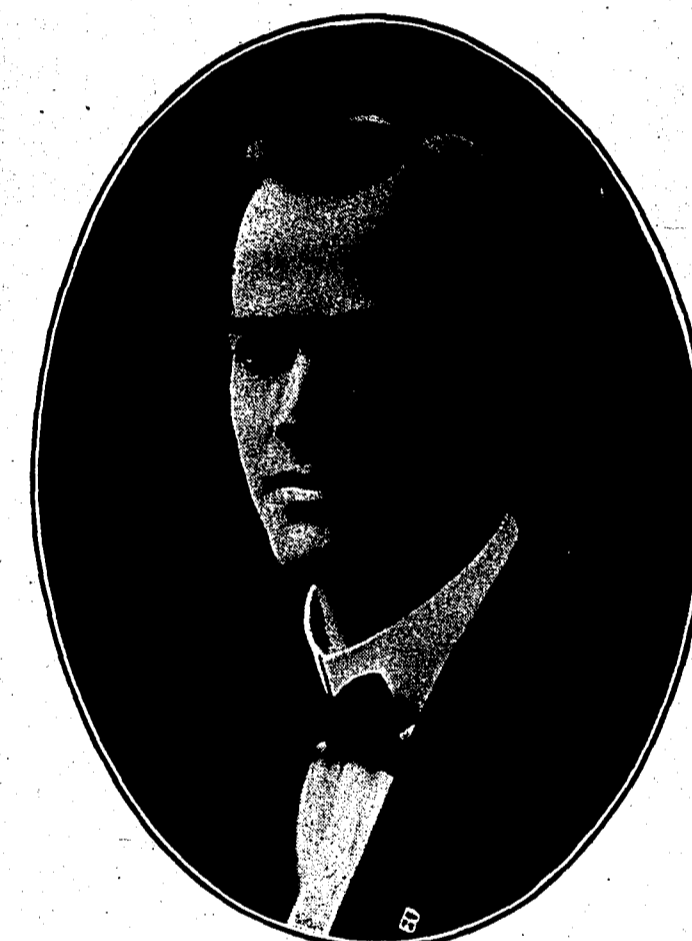
Owing to weariness this sermon did not impress itself upon my mind like the former ones, so only a few of the thoughts remain with me.

"God came no nearer to us in the incarnation than he was before but he came into visibility. . . . Change is the salt and the poison of life." Our natures demand change, yet many of the changes that come crush our hearts with sorrow. Happiness must have something upon which to rest that has permanency and freshness. In Jesus Christ we have both: "Did you ever have a dread of heaven? There was a time when I was almost in terror of heaven because I thought-I would either have to play a harp all the time or sit on a cloud." And if you get to thinking what your work in heaven will be you will very likely become confused and unhappy. But fear not, Jesus Christ is the same in heaven as he was when he walked by the sea of Galilee. "In his earthly ministry he was constantly surprising his disciples and when centuries multiplied by billions or any other number that will confuse your arithmetic have passed away," as he leads you in the green pastures and beside the still waters of the heavenly land he will still be constantly surprising you by unveiling to you his glory. "In him is permanency and in him is eternal freshness."

After the benediction as the large concourse of people withdrew quietly, the magnificent chorus under the leadership of Professor Rhodeheaver sang, "All Hail, Immanuel", and the Bible Conference was a thing of the past save as it had been incorporated in the lives of those whose souls it had entranced.

#### NEW PASTOR INSTALLED AT NORTH LOUP, NEB.

Our new pastor, Rev. H. L. Polan, was born in West Virginia, but his parents moved to Jackson Center, Ohio, when he



was but a babe. Here he grew to manhood, attended the school of the village, from which he was graduated. After his graduation he went to Milton, Wis., for his college training. From this institution he was graduated, being a classmate of Mrs. George Black Green and of Paul Crandall. He taught for several years before entering the theological department of Alfred University. Later he attended Union Theological Seminary in New York City.

While a student in Alfred he was pastor of some of the smaller churches near the university. He was called to the pastorate of the New Market, N. J., Church and here he was ordained to the gospel ministry in 1914. After serving this church very acceptably he was called to the church

at Nortonville, Kan., and from that church came to serve us.

His wife is a sister of Rev. George B. Shaw, who was our pastor for nearly ten years.

Pastor and Mrs. Polan have three children, two girls and a boy. Pastor Polan comes to us in the strength of his manhood and promises us some splendid service. His desire is to be helpful to his own congregation, to the community at large, and we are sure his desires, his wishes, will be fulfilled.

The reception to the pastor and wife Sabbath morning was very formal, and at the same time a nice service. The church and the various auxiliary societies were represented, each representative in a few words speaking for the society he represented. Deacon R. O. Babcock in a few well chosen words in behalf of the church, welcomed the pastor and wife to a place in the organization, at the close of which he gave the right hand of fellowship. The pastor responded in a few words. The entire program occupied not more than a half an hour. Following the service nearly all present went forward and greeted the new pastor and his wife. Mrs. G. L. Hutchins was in charge of the service and very delightfully presided over the entire service and, assisted by Myra Thorngate, presented the pastor and his wife to the members of the congregation who came forward to meet them. The music by the choir was fine, and was much appreciated.

We were glad to have for our guests Sabbath morning several not of our faith. We hope the welcome they received will be an invitation to come again.

#### THE PUBLIC RECEPTION

The public reception to Pastor Polan and wife the evening after the Sabbath at the Seventh Day Baptist church was well attended by a mixed audience.

The early part of the evening was spent in visiting, and the program began with congregational singing, lead by the choir under the direction of their leader, Mrs. A. H. Babcock. During the evening the choir sang two special pieces and a male quartet, Wesley, Floyd and Clyde Hutchins and O. T. Babcock, sang. After the service of song the pastors were introduced but made no remarks at that time.

This is the first time the pastors of the

village have been together and the three new ones, Mr. Johnson of the Friends, Mr. Clifton of the M. E., and Mr. Polan of the Seventh Day Baptist churches, were strangers to many in the audience. Following a prayer by Pastor Polan, Pastor Schmidt was introduced and in his talk he gave a hearty welcome to the new pastors to working places in the community and the church life in the village. He said North Loup was a good place, but not so good but that it might be better—that if it were as good as it should be they would not have been called to serve here. He said there was a place for them to work, and that they would not find their work hard. Then Pastor Johnson was introduced. He spoke very briefly, expressing the pleasure it gave him to meet his collaborators and promised to do his part in cementing the friendships just begun. Pastor Clifton spoke along the same lines and urged that the social life of the community be given more careful attention. He suggested that community socials be held in the various churches at more or less regular intervals. Pastor Polan agreed with all that was said and promised his hearty co-operation in all plans made for the betterment of the community, and expressed his pleasure at meeting his brother pastors and of becoming the fourth member of the quartet.

The pastors came down from the rostrum and greeted those in the congregation, and they were many who came forward to meet them.

All then went to the basement where lunch was served under the direction of the committee in charge, Mrs. L. G. Hutchins, Myra Thorngate, Deacon and Mrs. Cruzan, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Davis.

Altogether the evening was a very enjoyable one, the social part being a prominent feature together with the splendid program arranged by the committee.—*North Loup Loyalist*.

“There is no evidence that any institution—political, commercial, or educational—surpasses the Church and the organizations which it has created either in unselfish devotion to the public welfare or in the liberty in which that service is rendered. There is no freer platform in America than the pulpit.”—*The Outlook*.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### THE PLEDGE

RUBY C. BABCOCK

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
December 10, 1921

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—“Trusting” neglected (Matt. 14: 22-33)  
Monday—Our covenant is with him (Jer. 31: 31-34)  
Tuesday—To imitate Jesus (John 10: 22-30)  
Wednesday—To read the Bible (Jas. 1: 21)  
Thursday—To pray daily (Dan. 6: 1-11)  
Friday—To do our part (1 Cor. 16: 10-18)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, Points in the pledge we are likely to neglect (Luke 9: 57-62)

“Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise him that I will strive to do whatever he would like to have me do; that I will pray to him and read the Bible every day, and that just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life.”

“Trusting”.—How fully, as children, we trusted our parents. Their word was our final authority, their resources in our estimation, were boundless. We went to them for comfort in our trials, for healing for our hurts, for calming of our fears. To quote Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, “Trusting them for all things needful, we faced every day without a fear, and life was a rapture.” How such a trust in our “Lord Jesus Christ” would strengthen and glorify our more mature years. It is worthy our greatest effort to cultivate such trust.

“I will strive”.—We are not promising the impossible, neither are we making an easy pledge. We say of money that if it comes easily it will go easily. It may be the same in spiritual things. If we make no effort in our living for Christ we are in danger of losing even the desire to live for him.

“Whatever.”—We promise to do not just the great showy things, not just the little every day things, but both;—*whatever* he would like to have us do. It may be only distributing the song books at a meeting, or it may be inspiring many by a great public speech. Whatever is in our power

or in the line of our duty, should be done as unto God. The little things are dignified thereby, and thereby strength is gained for the great things.

Pray—every day.—We are not in much danger of entirely neglecting this part of our pledge, for a day can scarcely pass in which we will not at some time be compelled to call upon God for help. But there is a grave danger that we will neglect to take the time necessary for actual communion with God, to wait for his inspiration and to thank him for his love and his many favors.

Read the Bible—every day.—This privilege we often neglect or do in a hap-hazard way. The Bible is the textbook of our Christian life, and not only furnishes inspiration for our living but the tools with which we work. We need to study it that we may become workmen that need not to be ashamed.

Throughout my whole life.—The years in which we are actually active in the Christian Endeavor society are comparatively few, but our pledge is for life. Our duties do not cease when we turn the routine society work over to the younger people. For the advancement of our own Christian life we must keep our pledge. If the points of the pledge become habitual, the influence of our lives will be strong for Christ in whose strength we strive.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR MISSION STUDY CLASSES

DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORS:

How many of you are planning for a study course this winter? We are all interested in our missionary work. But if we study and talk of things which interest us our interest is sure to increase.

Some members of our Young People's Board are arranging courses of study on some of our mission fields; but they will not be ready for use this year. Unless you expect to have two courses of study we suggest that you take up a book relative to our own country. For this study we suggest the following: “From Survey to Service” by Harlan Paul Douglass. “It is an up-to-date survey of some of the great problems before the religious forces of America.” “Playing Square with Tomorrow” by Fred Eastman, is “a challenge to the young people of America to choose the



path of service rather than the path of self-interest."

For foreign mission study the following are suggested as good books: "The Why and How of Foreign Missions" by Arthur Judson Brown, is "a classic in missionary literature because of its clear and authoritative presentation of the aims and character of the modern missionary enterprise." "World Friendship, Inc.", by J. Lovell Murray. This "is a treatment of present day practice in foreign missions which demonstrate how the forces of Christianity are addressing themselves to all phases of human life and need."

Seventy-five points will be allowed on the goal for one or more courses of study well organized and completed, even though but a part of your class finishes the course. If any of you have your course of study already planned that is all right. These are simply suggestions for those who need them. Each one of these books, cloth binding, is 75 cents; paper, 50 cents, post paid. I think these may be secured from the Baptist Publication Society, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Come on, let's have a good class in every society.

Yours in His service,

MRS. D. B. COON,

Missionary Superintendent.

Battle Creek, Mich.,

November 14, 1921.

### LETTER FROM FOUKE

DEAR FRIENDS:

I suspect there are at least a few friends who are waiting for a message from Fouke, so while all the other members of our little family are busy this Sunday afternoon at their various occupations, I shall try to give you a little picture of our life here at Fouke. Mr. Sanford is out making a few necessary repairs about the yard; Miss Fucia has gone to the school building on an errand, and our three children or young people, living here at the "Hall" with us have gone with others to practice for a Thanksgiving program.

It has been a busy day—washing, ironing, cleaning, and baking; but sometimes we find those to be the happiest, for mingled with our work we can usually find plenty of sunshine if we are looking for it, for example, we have just been arrang-

ing two bouquets which some kind neighbors sent in to us, one of chrysanthemums and the other beautiful red roses. In fact there are still a few monthly roses blooming in our yard, and as I look about upon the fields with still a few bolls of cotton left from the last picking, a few yards filled with autumn flowers of various hues, and hear the mocking birds twittering in the leafy Chinaberry trees in front of the house, I can scarcely realize that Thanksgiving will soon be here.

I wish all our friends might drop in at the "Hall" for a little visit with us. You might not find conditions ideal, but the good people here have done their best to make the place convenient, comfortable and neat. These conditions Miss Randolph and I found upon our arrival the sixth of October. Just a word concerning our trip. We found upon our arrival at Memphis that we had the whole day to spend in that city, as the Sunshine Special did not leave until 10 p. m. Those of our people who have been permitted to spend a few hours with Mrs. Threlkeld and family in their pretty southern home and enjoyed the privilege of feeling that true southern hospitality, such as was ours to enjoy at Memphis, can appreciate what it meant to us. It was an occasion we shall not soon forget. After being entertained over night at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Smith, who met us at the Fouke depot, on Friday we took up our abode here at the Hall. We were pleasantly surprised to find two of the rooms freshly papered, the dining room table set, fresh curtains at the windows, and a general air of homelikeness.

During the next week or so, we were kept busy adding a few more domestic touches to the various rooms, and on the following Sunday, a large farm wagon drove up to our door, bringing five young people, three of whom are to remain with us during the school year. The two girls, aged 14 and 16, were here at the Hall last year, but Martin, our thirteen-year-old boy, is a new-comer, and a nice little group of young people they make.

On Friday, October 28, our family was made complete by the arrival of Mr. Sanford. After waiting several weeks for this special event, it was indeed a happy moment, when a telephone message was received

that he was in Texarkana. We may have pleasant surroundings, but it takes love to make a home, and with both these blessings, we should surely be very happy here in our temporary home in the southland.

Our school seems to be progressing nicely. With Miss Fucia supervising the upper grade work, assisted by Mr. Sanford, (during the forenoon) and myself as primary teacher, we are kept busy with school work from 9 until 4 o'clock. As you probably know there is no high school this year, due to the fact that the public school has taken this over. It is, however, very crowded, especially in the grades, hence our own little school with an enrolment of 45 helps considerably. Practically all of our own Seventh Day Baptist young people attend, together with a number of other pupils, whose parents feel very kindly toward our school and realize what it has meant to Fouke, hence they are willing to pay a nominal tuition for the privilege of having their children attend.

Within the past few years, there has undoubtedly been a very great change in conditions in the south, and this must necessarily be true of Fouke, also. As I look about the neighborhood and see the many young people, and older young people, too, who have once graduated from our school, and who without this school, would probably never have had the privilege of an education, I am convinced that this has been one means of bringing about such a change here. I am indeed happy in the thought that our people have been able to play their part in this great work, and happy that they have always stood for the highest and best in educational lines.

The people here have been very hospitable, and we have visited in most of the homes. On Sabbath night, two weeks ago, a Hallowe'en social, under the direction of the W. C. T. U., was held at the home of Dr. Smith, for all the high school students and their parents. Our teachers were asked to conduct the games, etc. It was a very pleasant occasion, and we became acquainted with many of the young people here, as we could have done in no other way. A marshmallow roast at the edge of the pine forest fronting the home, was a happy ending to this party. Last Sabbath evening, from 7 to 9, a similar affair was

held for the younger children. A group of perhaps a hundred came to enjoy outdoor games, contests, and a marshmallow roast.

Now that Mr. Sanford is with us, church services will be held regularly. Prayer meetings are well attended by both old and young, and the Sabbath school is one of which the people of Fouke may well be proud. One who is a member of the older class, can not help but be inspired, and gain a better understanding of the Bible under the leadership of Mr. Stephen Davis, who some way always gets at the very heart of the lesson and makes one really think for himself. We have found a faithful, loyal group of earnest Christians, and we hope and pray that their numbers may be increased, for surely this is a great field for labor. Like many places of the north, there are many evils to be put down before the people have a mind for higher things.

I have omitted to mention one very important feature in our home. It is a piano which Mr. J. G. Babcock has so kindly loaned us for the winter. You can not know what happiness it has brought to every member of our family, and three of us are trying to find time to study under the able direction of a teacher from Texarkana who comes to Fouke once a week. She gives all her lessons here at the Hall, so the piano is helping to serve the community as well as our own household.

We hope, our good friends, that you will not forget us in your prayers. We want God's cause to triumph here, and only through prayer, and a continuous effort, an ever intense desire to make friends for Christ's sake can this be accomplished.

If any of our people are by chance passing this way or near here, please stop with us and we will do our best to give you a hearty welcome, such as one is accustomed to find in the sunny southland.

Very sincerely,

MRS. MARK R. SANFORD.

Fouke, Ark.,

November 6, 1921.

"The advance of the toiling masses of the Americans shall be triumphant. We shall advance, flaunting our banners in the faces of our enemies. Let them do their worst."—*Samuel Gompers.*



## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### LIFE'S FAR-REACHING POSSIBILITIES

THEODORE L. GARDINER

(Sermon preached at the associations in Brookfield, N. Y., and in Milton, Wis.—requested for publication.)

Text: "What is your life?" James 4: 14.

The word life is used in the Bible in several different senses. Sometimes it refers to the earth-life only, sometimes to the spiritual life in Christ and sometimes to the life that is to come. In all four gospels, Jesus used the words in both senses. "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Paul wrote of things that were good for the life that now is and that which is to come. God's matchless love provided means whereby his children should have eternal life. The great apostle to the Gentiles taught that if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are most miserable.

Although the word in my text is used in reference to the earth-life that soon passes away, it may still be well to broaden the question enough to cover the far-reaching import of the word life as used throughout the Bible. There is no word more precious than life. Even when applied to the physical life only it is true that all a man hath he will give for his life.

When used in its broader sense, there is nothing higher or better. It embraces all that a man can need in this world or in any other. True life is good rather than evil, wise rather than foolish, true rather than false, and always a blessing instead of a curse. The worst thing you can say of a man is that he is dead. The very best thing you can say of another—if it be true—is that he is alive.

One of the saddest features of this great question is found in the fact that when we speak of life, it is physical life almost invariably of which people think. When parents in the home talk about "getting ready to live" they refer only to the brief span of earth-life to be measured off by the few remaining years near at hand. When they plan for their boys and girls as to a life-work, they think and talk only

of the life that now is. Getting on in the world is the all-important thing, if you are to judge by the plans many parents make for their children.

Far be it from me to discourage wise plans for business prosperity. And I would encourage the highest development of physical life. I do admire a well-developed body full of vigor and life. The stronger the body the better should be the earthly home of the soul. Such a life is splendid. We can not have too much of it. But we must not be satisfied with the life of muscle and limb and stomach. While we remember that a weak body makes a poor help for the soul; that an upset stomach, distracted nerves and flabby muscles are not promotive of piety, and therefore strive for the best possible physical life, we must not forget that there is a higher life. He makes a fatal mistake who places all emphasis upon the physical. There is a better—a higher—life than that.

Think of the heart-life with its fond affections, its profound emotions, its heaven-born instincts, its divine sympathies. Think of the intellectual life—a higher life still—life in the realm of thought wherein one may commune with the wisest minds of all the ages. A life that takes one out of the vale in which he was born and makes him a citizen of the world. This, too, is a wonderful life.

But there is a still higher life—a life not of the body now, nor of the heart alone, but life in the realm of conscience; where moral obligations are recognized; where duty is acknowledged; where the spirit communes with its God, and wherein the soul sees the far-reaching vista of the eternal world for which he was made a spiritual being. It is not life on the earth side alone where we are akin to the animals, it is life on the side next to heaven our eternal home, life reaching Godward; life akin to the angels, and to the life of the ransomed for which we are pleading.

In its lower forms life is a mysterious force which so controls atoms of matter as to produce organization and growth. When this force ceases to act decay soon follows. In the plant it produces leaves and blossoms while it acts. In a similar way the bodies of men and animals are organized and developed by the life principle. To sustain these lower forms of

life there must be air, light, heat, water and food.

These things serve to illustrate by analogy how the spirit of man made in God's image and designed for communion with him in the spirit-land immortal, is co-related to God as the plant is to the soil, heat, air and light. From the infinite Spirit of love and life we draw our vital spiritual power as beings who are destined to live in eternity. The one great need of this age is a greater degree of this higher life in God.

The question of the text will be answered by each individual according to what he thinks of life. No man builds better than he thinks. The artist will never surpass on canvas the beauty image he has in his soul. And a man's life can never be grander than the conception of life cherished in his heart. "As he thinketh in his heart so is he."

How important, then, that we take the highest and broadest view of life when we try to answer the question of our text. If the walls that divide life here and hereafter were broken down, and we could be given the spiritual vision to see our own existence in full perspective, stretching away into eternity as real and personal beyond the grave as it is here, how it would enlarge and broaden our conception of life. If our vista of the future does not reach beyond the grave; if the veil between us and the realms of glory can not be penetrated with the eye of faith; if there were no windows of immortality in the walls of the room where we breathe our last; if our vision covers only the narrow span between the cradle and the grave, then how utterly worthless and inadequate will be our answer to this wonderful question.

One might as well take the little inch-long specimen of Gibraltar in my cabinet and, after looking it over a little while, think that he knows all about Gibraltar, as to look at the little span of earth-life and think he understands all about his existence.

They tell us of a river in the Old World whose head waters, after flowing a little way among the mountains with currents broken amid rocks and chasms, over cascades and through flowery nooks, disappear in some mountain cavern, seemingly lost. But far beyond the mountains, amid beautiful valley scenes, they come forth again to flow on quiet and peaceful toward the sea. So

our restless, troubled lives flow through the channels of childhood and manhood for only a few years on earth and then disappear as though the end had come. But the doctrine of life and immortality taught by Christ in the gospels, and by Paul in the epistles, shows that what we call death is not the end. The stream of human life is not lost in the dark cavern of the grave. For those who are in Christ there is a deeper, grander, fuller life on the other side.

We have premonition of it here, and the higher we go in our spiritual walk with God on earth, the clearer and broader will be our views of the life above and beyond. When we climbed the great Campanile Tower in Venice, we were shut in from the beautiful outside world about us by thick walls. Through these walls would reach our ears some faint premonitions of a great living world about us, but we could see nothing of it. Up the inclined planes on every side of the dark tower we climbed toward a little window at the head of each incline where it turned the corner for the ascent on another side of the tower. At each one of these windows we could secure a view of a part of the great world of sunshine beyond, but only a part. As we toiled on up each incline the window at its head afforded us a broader and more wonderful view. But none of these views could compare with the magnificent, far-reaching scenes of beauty stretching away all about us, which greeted our vision as we reached the top and were free from the walled limitations that had shut us in. There nothing obscured the sights of land and sea, and plain, and mountain, and the beautiful city of a thousand islands at our feet. Then we could see that while we were shut in, climbing with only now and then a narrow window-view, it could well be said: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard" one half of the glories awaiting us when the top is reached.

Life in this world is much like climbing that tower. While we toil wearily up the grades there lies outside the thick walls a world of wondrous beauty filled with the spirit of peace and love.

Such a view of life as this, with eternity in which to grow and complete our broken plans, enables one to feel that life here and life hereafter is but one life after



all. It is sometimes said that we can take nothing with us when we go hence. But here is where we make our mistake. Every one takes his past life with him into eternity. He *takes his very self*. With him must go the product of all his past experiences and actions.

As the tree bears in itself the results of the showers and sunshine that have refreshed and given it life; as it shows what the gales and storms have given it by way of strength; as it bears the marks of the droughts that have parched and shrivelled its fiber, even so a man at the end of his earth-life, is just what he has been made by the joys and sorrows, the deeds and purpose and conduct of the years gone by. Thus he takes his character into the land of spirits. There he must begin where he left off here. And if he has never begun to be saint-like on earth he has little hope of becoming so in heaven.

Can you think of the great possibilities awaiting a child of God with such a life before him? Can you imagine the infinite loss that awaits him who ignores the future and lives a life of sin? If death were only a door at the threshold of which a man could repent and be fully saved no matter how he had lived or what character he had developed, then he might wait until that door is in sight before repenting. But we must not forget that a death-bed repentance can never make up for loss of growth in heavenly graces—for a wasted and misspent earth-life, and we can but feel that there is an infinite difference between entering heaven as a full grown man in heavenly characteristics, and entering there only as a mere new-born babe with no strong Godlike character and with nothing but a record of wasted years.

Now, in closing, let us be more specific in asking, What is your life?

(1) It is something to *yourself*. If life here is a race to be run, upon which depends the crown at last; if it is a sowing time with a harvest pending which will be according to the seed we sow; if it is a journey to the bar of God where we shall be judged according to the deeds of the body; if our living here is but the beginning of a life stretching away into the cycles beyond the grave, certainly life is *something to yourself*.

(2) What is your life? It is something to your *home*. When a man is single he can live to himself in a measure. But when he takes a companion and establishes a home there are ties that bind him to another. He can not live to himself. And when children come to be trained for eternity great responsibilities are inevitable. He is no longer his own. He belongs to others. The moral atmosphere in which the children live and which is largely to settle their destiny depends upon the quality of life lived by the parents. Eternal destinies are at stake and your life means *something to your home*. What does it mean in your case?

(3) *What is your life?* It is something to your *church*. The church is in the enemy's country. Every power of evil is set against it. The fight goes hard when indifferent and unhelpful persons cast their influence with the foe. Like spies from the enemy in the camp in wartime, every critical indifferent member becomes especially dangerous to the church. The active influence of every one in the community is greatly needed in these trying days. Are you helping or hindering the church as it tries to do the Master's work?

Please do not forget, my friend, that your life is *something to the church*. What is it?

(4) *What is your life?* It is something to *society*. The influences of your home-life affect the homes all about you. Your individual influence is telling upon the lives and characters of those who give character to society. As the rain drops which fall on the hills and in the valleys mingle together and make the river with its powerful currents, so do the individual members in society mingle; each one helping to make the stream of human life either good or bad. A thousand influences link us to our fellow-men and we can not help giving some coloring to the character of the society about us. Yes, my friend, your life means *something to society*. What does it mean?

(5) Your life means something to your *country*. In a land where every citizen is a sovereign; where the scepter of power is in the hands of the common people, no individual can live to himself. Responsibility for the thought-life of the country, and for the laws of the land can not be avoided. The well-being of America is in the hands of

the individuals making up its citizenship. Then your life is something to your *country*. What is that something?

(6) In a closing word let me remind you that the influences of your life are *perpetual*. You can not stop them after you are dead. Moses, Isaiah, and John, were never more alive than today. If your influence has helped some other to become good, that life in turn passes on the good you have started and generations unborn will feel the effects of your good living. On the other hand, if your influence has started some one down the road to ruin, and he has gone beyond your reach, no matter how much you may regret the results of your doing, you can not stop the bad tendencies you started.

If I stand on a high tower and drop a rock into a crowd, even though I see and regret the ruin it will cause, and would give anything to be able to stop it, I am powerless to prevent the fearful consequences. The rock I threw has gone beyond my reach.

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,  
But you can't do that when flying words."

is a truth which prophets saw long before the poet put it into verse.

Whenever you see this text please remember that life here and life hereafter are parts of one life. Your life means something to yourself, something to your home, something to your church, something to society, something to your country. And do not forget that its influences are perpetual.

Will you please learn this little poem by heart? For many years it has been a help to me and I pray that you too may find in it a blessing to your life. It is entitled, "What I Live For".

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And waits my spirit too;  
For the human ties that bind me,  
For the task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine;  
To feel there is a union  
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfill each great design.

I live to hail that season  
By gifted minds foretold;  
When man shall rule by reason,  
And not alone by gold;  
When, man to man united,  
All things shall be righted,  
And the whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And waits my spirit too;  
For the cause that needs assistance;  
For the wrong that lacks resistance;  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

### MARRIAGES

ERVIN-GEORGIA.—At Little Genesee, N. Y., October 19, 1921, by Rev. E. F. Loofboro, John W. Ervin, of Portville, N. Y., and Lena Olive Georgia, of Eldred, Pa.

LANG-JOY.—At Little Genesee, N. Y., October 19, 1921, by Rev. E. F. Loofboro, Harry B. Lang and Lillian F. Joy, both of Eldred, Pa.

DUNNING-MAXSON.—At Little Genesee, N. Y., October 20, 1921, by Rev. E. F. Loofboro, J. Floyd Dunning, of Bolivar, N. Y., and Helen Marie Maxson, of Little Genesee, N. Y.

SANFORD-COON.—At Little Genesee, N. Y., October 24, 1921, by Rev. E. F. Loofboro, Albert C. Sanford and Mrs. Grace C. Coon, both of Little Genesee, N. Y.

CUMMINGS-HARMON.—At Little Genesee, N. Y., October 25, 1921, by Rev. E. F. Loofboro, Harry G. Cummings and Geneva M. Harmon, both of Little Genesee, N. Y.

### DEATHS

TODD.—Mrs. Azelia B. Todd, daughter of Chauncey and Sarah Whitford Satterlee, was born at Cherrygrove, Pa., September 6, 1856, and died at Brookfield, N. Y., October 30, 1921.

She was married, February 2, 1876, to Lewis E. Todd, to whom were born three sons: Hal E. of Milton, Wis.; Clark M., and Leon J., of Brookfield. Besides her three sons, she is survived by one brother, Chauncey A. Satterlee, of Hamilton, N. Y., and five grandchildren, Vera and Leo, Loyal and Bernice, and Leonora.

On November 11, 1871, she united with the Seventh Day Baptist church in Brookfield, of which she was a faithful and consistent member at the time of her death. She was a charter member of the Woman's Missionary Aid Society of the church, of which she was always an active member, as she was also of a similar society at North Loup, Neb., where she resided for nine years.

Sister Todd will always be remembered by those who knew her for her faithfulness to her church and family, for her thoughtfulness and helpfulness toward others. Under the affliction that finally led to her death, she exercised great



fortitude and patience. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. F. E. Peterson, and her body laid to rest beside that of her husband in the Brookfield Rural Cemetery.  
F. E. P.

MAXSON.—At her home in East Portville, N. Y., November 1, 1921, Mrs. Rhoda J. Maxson, in the seventy-third year of her age.

Rhoda J. Maxson was the daughter of Deacon Charles B. and Mrs. Harrietta Green Wilber, and was born in Alfred, N. Y. Her life was spent in Alfred, on Deer Creek and Dodge Creek, N. Y., on Bells Run, Pa., and the last thirty-four years at East Portville. December 29, 1866, she and Orson F. Maxson were united in holy wedlock. To them were born six children, Braton W. and Floyd E., of East Portville; Mrs. R. E. Barber, of Portville, N. Y.; Mrs. Irwin D. Place, of Little Genesee, N. Y.; Mrs. Lena Hamilton, who died seventeen years past, and one child that died in infancy. Besides her husband and children she is survived by one sister, Mrs. Phineas V. Maxson, of Myrtle, Pa., eighteen grandchildren, five great-grandchildren and a host of loving friends.

When a child she made a profession of religion. What church she joined first is not known, but she was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist churches on Dodge Creek and Bells Run and for over thirty years the church of like faith at East Portville. She was deeply religious and the church she loved with a great love; for it she toiled bravely, lovingly, courageously, unceasingly, let others do or not do, and her marked ability and devotion made her a tower of strength. She was a faithful wife, a loving mother, a kind neighbor and a devoted friend.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastors W. L. Burdick and George P. Kenyon and attended by a large concourse of people, were held in the church Sabbath afternoon, November 5, and interment took place in the cemetery at East Portville, N. Y.  
W. L. B.

LANGWORTHY.—William Isaac Langworthy was born May 12, 1851, and died at his home, October 30, 1921.

He was the son of Benjamin F. and Elizabeth Irish Langworthy, and was born in Stonington, Conn. At the age of six he came with his father's family to Alfred where he has since made his home. At the age of seven he united with the First Alfred Church. He was always faithful in the performance of his religious duties, and was very regular in attendance at all the church services. As a neighbor he was kind and generous. He received his education at Alfred and Boston, Mass.

In 1880 he was married to Emma O. Blanchard, of Belmont, N. Y. To them were born seven children: William Isaac, who died in infancy; Frank A., of Perry, N. Y.; Floyd B., deceased; Mary L. Smith, deceased; Helen O., of Alfred; Ella L. Bassett, of Independence; and Marguerite L. Olmstead, of Toronto, Canada. Besides his children he is survived by his wife and several grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor and he was laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.  
A. C. E.

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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### Sabbath School. Lesson XI—December 10, 1921

PAUL WRITES TO A FRIEND

Philemon

*Golden Text.*—"Whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant." Matt. 20: 27.

#### DAILY READINGS

Dec. 4—Philemon 1-9. Paul writes to a friend  
Dec. 5—Philemon 10-25. Paul's plea for Onesimus

Dec. 6—1 Sam. 20: 35-42. Friendship of David and Jonathan

Dec. 7—Deut. 15: 12-18. A love slave

Dec. 8—Col. 3: 9-25. Love in all human relations

Dec. 9—James 2: 1-10. Without respect of persons

Dec. 10—Psalm 130: 1-8. Our Divine Friend  
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"If some one would provide the way for the men of all nations to get together to serve the world instead of to corner it, the Promised Land would be here."—*The Lookout*.

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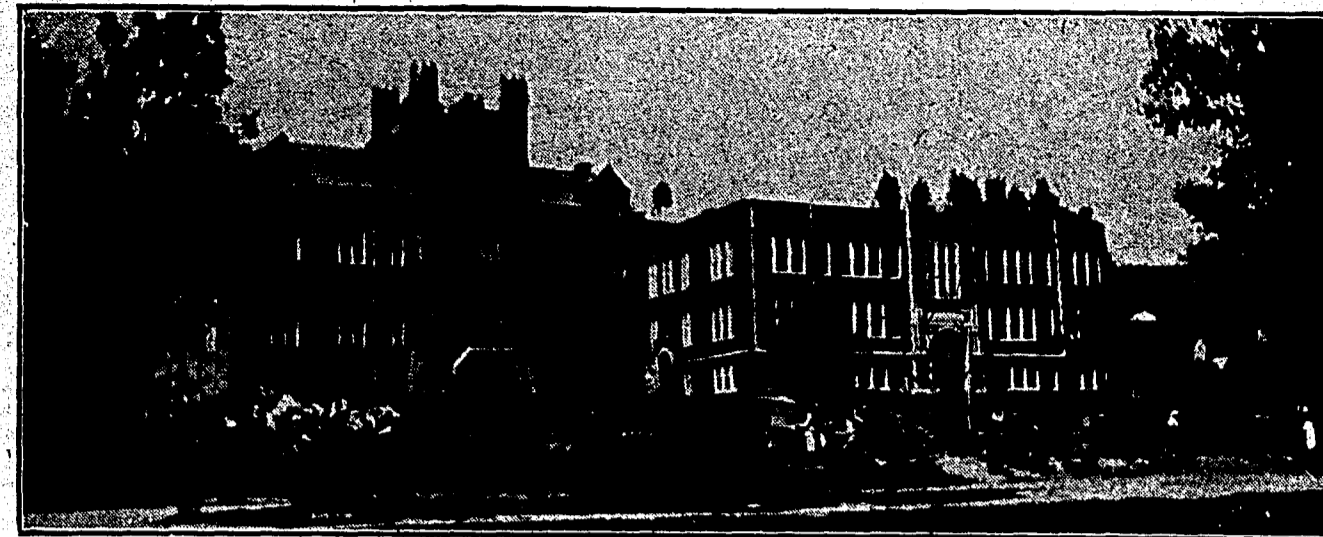
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AHVA J. C. BOND, *Director*

SALEM, W. VA.

The Forward Movement provides Scholarships and Fellowships in our colleges and the seminary, respectively.

Three young men are receiving help this year.

They tell me thou art rich, my country; gold  
 In glittering flood has poured into thy chest;  
 Thy flocks and herds increase, thy barns are pressed  
 With harvest, and thy stores can hardly hold  
 Their merchandise; unending trains are rolled  
 Along thy network rails of east and west;  
 Thou art enriched in all things bought and sold!

Oh, dearest country, is it well with thee  
 Indeed, and is thy soul in health?  
 A nobler people, hearts more wisely brave,  
 And thoughts that lift men up and make them free.

—Henry van Dyke.

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