

The Sabbath Recorder

Seventh Day Baptist
NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT

PAY-UP WEEK
For the First Half of the
CONFERENCE YEAR
DECEMBER 17-23

William C. Whitford, *Treasurer*
ALFRED, N. Y.

A PRAYER BY DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

HELP us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus that we may share in the song of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the Wise Men. Close the doors of hate and open the doors of love all over the world. Let kindness come with every gift and good desires with every greeting. Deliver us from evil by the blessing that Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with clean hearts. May the Christmas morning make us happy to be thy children, and the Christmas evening bring us to our beds with grateful thoughts, forgiving and forgiven, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at North Loup, Neb., Aug. 22-27, 1923.

President—Esle F. Randolph, Great Kills, Staten Island.
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Terms Expire in 1923—Edgar P. Maxson, Westerly, R. I.; Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.; Lucian D. Lowther, Salem, W. Va.

Terms Expire in 1924—Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn, Verona, N. Y.; Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.; M. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va.

Terms Expire in 1925—Esle F. Randolph, Great Kills, Staten Island, N. Y.; George W. Post, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Henry Ring, Nortonville, Kan.

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Western—Mrs. Walter L. Greene, Andover, N. Y.
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Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.

The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.

Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
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Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

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Central—Hazel Langworthy, Adams Center, N. Y.
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Northwestern—Doris Holston, Milton Junction, Wis.
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Pacific Coast—Alice Baker, Riverside, Cal.

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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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WHOLE NO. 4,060

Luke's Account of the Birth of Jesus And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

Matthew's Account of the Birth of Jesus Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he de-

manded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Dr. Gardiner Gaining Encouraging reports come to us from Rochester about the condition of Dr. Gardiner.

Before this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER is printed the latest word about his condition will be written for another page of the paper.

W. D. B.

"Christian Education Week" in Chicago, January 8 to 13 On another page is an article by Dr. Elmer T. Clark, "The World Goes Where It Is Led", that you ought to read.

Dr. Clark represents the executive committee of the Council of the Church Boards of Education, and the object of this article is "to turn the minds of the people to the all-important subject of Christian education in view of the gathering of all the Church Boards of Education, the church workers in the universities, and the Asso-

ciation of American Colleges, in Chicago, January 8 to 13".

Read this interesting paper, and watch for reports of the Chicago meeting.

W. D. B.

Have You Noticed The Label on Your Sabbath Recorder? Not many of the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER wish their paper stopped even for a week, but postal regulations require that papers shall be discontinued when subscriptions are one year in arrears, unless special arrangements are made for continuing the paper.

It always distresses me to read in the monthly meetings of the Board of Directors of the Sabbath Tract Society the report from the publishing house about the SABBATH RECORDER, because *subscribers have been dropped*. I know that sometimes it is difficult to get a name back on the subscription list when once it has been dropped. We need the financial help of your subscription and the moral support that comes from your having the paper in your home, and you need the information that is possible for you in each week's issue of the SABBATH RECORDER. In view of these things, watch the label on your paper and send the subscription for *two years* before you are in arrears *one year*;—even better than this, watch your label and *pay in advance* for a year.

W. D. B.

Special Sabbath Recorder Fund The readers of the SABBATH RECORDER know that the paper is sent to some Sabbath-keepers who otherwise could not have the paper, from a fund specially raised for this purpose. When the fund is low Dr. Gardiner tells the people about it in an editorial.

Last Friday I was handed a package of cards having on them names of persons who are receiving the paper through this fund, and was asked my opinion about the continuance of the papers. The subscriptions would amount to \$40.00 for the coming year, and there is a balance of \$3.86 in the fund. What could I say,—particularly after I had looked at the names of those who are thus receiving the paper, nearly all of whom I know,—people who would greatly miss the regular visits of the SABBATH RECORDER? After considerable thought, I decided

to ask that papers be continued until this statement could be placed before our people. If you think this conclusion correct, and are able to assist, will you not send something to the publishing house for the fund so that these subscriptions can be paid?

W. D. B.

Our Sabbath Reform Leader "Rev. Ahva John Clarence Bond, son of John C. Bond and Elizabeth Schiefer Bond, was born near Roanoke, W. Va., May 23, 1875. His early education was secured in public and select schools of West Virginia, with a brief term in Burnsville Academy;



received A. B. degree, Salem College, 1903; B. D., Alfred Theological Seminary, 1907; A. M., Salem College, 1912; graduate student Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1915. He supplied the Lost Creek Church once a month during his senior year in college; was student pastor of the Portville Church, 1903-1905, being ordained to the ministry at the call of that church in 1904; pastor Friendship Church at Nile, N. Y., 1905-1908; Milton Junction, Wis., 1908-1913; Salem, W. Va., May 1, 1913, to January 1, 1921;— (From *The Pulpit*, December, 1915.) January 1, 1921, to present time, Forward Movement director. September, 1922, Sabbath Reform leader.

He was married June 17, 1903, to Miss Ora E. Van Horn, daughter of Deacon William B. Van Horn, of Lost Creek and

Salem. They have six daughters: Elizabeth Elsie, Winifred Virginia, Mary Josephine, Wilna Van Horn, Nellie May, and Ahva Gene.

Mr. Bond began his work for the American Sabbath Tract Society as Sabbath Reform leader in September, 1922, although, as he stated, much of his time for the balance of the calendar year would necessarily have to be put upon Forward Movement work.

In November he moved from Salem to Plainfield, purchasing a house on Sixth Street, conveniently located for church and school attendance, and work at the publishing house.

He and his family are heartily welcomed by the Plainfield Church and other friends in New Jersey and New York City.

His help and counsel are welcomed in the Tract Board, and we trust that his coming may bring added zeal and interest in the cause of spreading the truths we hold.

W. D. B.

Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council Dean A. E. Main, of Alfred, N. Y., and Director A. J. C. Bond, of Plainfield, N. J., Seventh Day Baptist members of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, were in attendance upon the annual sessions of that committee which were held in Indianapolis, Ind., December 13, 14 and 15.

The following editorial clipped from the *Indianapolis News* is a more accurate and comprehensive statement of the nature and work of the Federal Council than daily papers sometimes make.

"FEDERAL COUNCIL MEETING"

"Indianapolis becomes the capital of the Protestant religious world during the latter part of this week when it entertains, through the courtesy of the Church Federation of Indianapolis, the executive committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The meeting emphasizes the difference between unity and co-operation. Forces have been at work for several years to wipe out denominational lines, and bring all of the Protestant churches together. Thirty-two denominations are to be represented. There will be no discussion of what might be accomplished should all agree to

stop their work as denominations and unite, as the conference will concern itself with the problem of co-operation.

"The Federal Council, which has been in existence for several years, has brought the denominations into a much closer relationship than they enjoyed before. It has problems common to all the churches, and has attacked them as matters that must be worked out by all acting in unison, yet without demanding that any church lose its identity or give up its creed.

"The meeting will concern itself with such topics as evangelism, church co-operation, better relations between the races, enlarged social programs for churches, co-operation between American and European churches, the necessity for world unity, international relief, greater attention to Christian education and more comprehensive publicity for religious news. Men who stand high in every department of church work will speak at the sessions."

A. J. C. B.

John Wanamaker As we were passing along the streets of Philadelphia last Tuesday, December 12, the newsboys were crying: "John Wanamaker is dead." The name was so familiar that it seemed almost as if they were announcing the death of a personal friend; and we felt instinctively a sense of loss as we reflected upon the character and achievements of Mr. Wanamaker, and recalled especially his service in the realm of religion.

Forthwith we secured a paper, and soon discovered that since this was in his own home city, there had already been brought together many tributes of respect from his neighbors, and many testimonials as to the worth of the man.

It seems not inappropriate to record here for the perusal of SABBATH RECORDER readers a few sentences from the *Evening Bulletin* of Mr. Wanamaker's own city, issued on the day of his death.

Of course mention was made of his splendid service as Postmaster General, and in other civic relations; of his wonderful business genius; and of his philanthropic spirit and his many benefactions, but in almost every instance reference was made to his loyalty to the church and his concern for the progress of Christianity. From among these we take the following:

Governor-elect Pinchot said: "During his active, long and pre-eminently useful life he was recognized, not only in his State, but throughout the nation, as a man who set the public interest in the first place, and whose ready and powerful aid was generously given to all good causes."

Mayor Moore, of Philadelphia: "His religious associations were many and he was a veritable pillar in the churches and amongst religious workers everywhere."

Former Governor Stewart: "If I wished I could call the roll of a hundred men, good citizens and worthy husbands and fathers, who were changed from wild, harum-scarum youths by the influence of John Wanamaker."

Rabbi Kranskopf: "Whether judged as a merchant or as a religious leader or a civic worker he was supreme in each."

Bishop Garland, of the Episcopal Church: "All churches were proud to claim him and we always found him to be interested in every good work."

Dr. Mudge, of the Presbyterian Church (Mr. Wanamaker was a Presbyterian): "He was especially noted for his princely gifts to foreign missions and for his indefatigable efforts on behalf of Christian education, particularly in the sphere of the Sunday schools."

Richard Weglein, president of the city council: "His influence was felt in many quarters of the globe because of his support of religious and philanthropic movements."

Russel H. Conwell: "Surely he was a great citizen with a master mind and a brilliant soul. A great hearted friend of humanity."

District Attorney Rotan: "He established a standard in his business relations which stood for uncompromising integrity and fair dealing."

How true it is that in our appraisal of a man's life after he is gone we take but little account of his business success except as that success has made him a better steward of Christ; and how stimulating it is to Christian workers everywhere when one is found capitalizing his business ability for the promotion of the kingdom of the Master.

A. J. C. B.

THE WORLD GOES WHERE IT IS LED

DR. ELMER T. CLARK

There are many persons in our midst who believe the world is going wrong. It is not difficult to thus believe, for there are happenings, tendencies and attitudes all about us which seem to so indicate.

The evidences run from the confusion and anarchy in the Near East to the disregard of prohibition in America. Every daily newspaper affords new examples of what some interpret as proof that the world is on a downward trend.

We are pretty certain that the world is in a serious situation, to say the very least. We may explain it as the aftermath of war if we choose, but our explanation does not rid us of the fact. It is doubtful if the world was ever before so seriously menaced, if the most fundamental institutions threatened, if there was ever a more urgent need for constructive effort in studying all the factors of civilization.

If the world is already going wrong, or if it may go wrong in the future, it behooves us all to seriously consider one fact—the fact that the world always goes where it is led. If it goes to hell, it will be led to hell. The vast processes of the world's complicated life all constitute a simple game of "following the leader".

The "man on the street" does not cause war in the Near East, nor consciously will that the Turk may exterminate Christian Armenians with impunity. His ideas are often handed down to him, and he reflects what the leaders think and is led to sanction what the leaders do. The men who lead the world are strategic in determining what the world shall be.

So if we want to change the course of the world we must change the course of the leaders. If the leaders go right, the world goes right, but the world can not possibly go right when the leaders go wrong.

Thus the problem of the world's ultimate stability and salvation is very much simplified. It resolves itself into the production of leaders who may be trusted in every emergency to go straight.

The whole matter comes to the college, for the college men are always the leading men. It makes no difference what Mr. Edison may say, the fact remains that leadership and influence come from the colleges.

If we did not know this from observation and experience, it would be proven beyond peradventure by the pages of "Who's Who in America". For many years tabulations of the notabilities listed in this volume have shown that 1 per cent of our population, college trained, furnished 73 per cent of the leadership in all sections of our life, while the 99 per cent of untrained persons provide only 27 per cent. Further comment is unnecessary.

Thus the problem of the world's welfare shifts to the college. In its walls today are being trained the men and women who will determine our weal or woe tomorrow. The world will go where they go. Which way will they lead?

The cure for all the world's social ills, as well as for the personal ills of men, lies in the application of the Christian principle to them. If we can Christianize, then we can stabilize, reconstruct, save, but without the religious foundation and basis most of our efforts are likely to be superficial. Give us, therefore, above all else, great leaders who are Christians, and who will lead the world straight on the path that leads to the kingdom.

We do not know any other way whereby we may be saved—socially, industrially, politically.

If the welfare of the world depends upon Christian leaders, there must be a system of Christian education to produce such leaders. Men are made by their training. Leaders, let us repeat, come from the college. And it is thus impossible to escape the conclusion that the Christian college is a fundamental institution. We can not get on without it.

In Chicago there will soon convene a series of gatherings which possess great significance. The Council of Church Boards of Education, made up of the educational executives of practically all the great Protestant denominations in America; the church workers in universities, those men and women who are laboring at the mighty task of caring for the religious life and Christian training of students in the great secular universities from which the Christian element in education is so often wholly absent; the Association of American Colleges, the organization representing the Christian institutions themselves; conventions or meetings

of nine great Boards of Education representing that many denominations—these organizations meeting simultaneously from January 8 to 13 will stage a "Christian Education Week" in Chicago, which will profoundly influence the life and thought of our country.

Nothing is more urgently demanded. It is not necessary to be a reactionary alarmist to understand that the Christian element is departing from American education. When it is no longer in education it will no longer be in the hearts of our leaders. And then the world will certainly go wrong.

Many voices call to the church member of today, and many interests demand his attention, money and sympathy. But none of them are more important than Christian education. Indeed we may well say that Christian education is more important than any, for it is the support and preliminary requisite of them all, since it provides them their leaders and workers.

Surely the time has come when the church should take with overweening seriousness the supreme task of Christianizing our education. And this "Christian Education Week" in Chicago should receive our most earnest sympathy and prayers.

Nashville, Tenn.

WORDS OF A POEM REQUESTED

A subscriber to the SABBATH RECORDER would be pleased to see printed in the paper the poem, "A Flower from my Angel Mother's Grave". A part of the poem is:

"Treasured in my memory like a happy dream
Are the loving words she gave.
And my heart fondly clings to the dry and
withered leaves,
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave."

Will some one who has the poem please send a copy of it to the SABBATH RECORDER.

"You can't send missionaries around the world to tell of a world Savior and a gospel of world responsibility while you send your political ambassadors to say that this nation has no responsibility except where its own interests are involved. We can't play the dual part of Christian philanthropy and political paganism in our relations with the rest of the world."—*Rev. M. Ashly Jones, in address at Washington, October 18, 1922.*

THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT
AND
SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION

AHVA J. C. BOND, Director
207 West Sixth Street, Plainfield, N. J.

LINCOLN ON THE SABBATH

"As we keep or break the Sabbath, we nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope by which man rises."—*Lincoln*.

The above words might well be committed to memory and repeated often by every Seventh Day Baptist. This choice sentence expresses a truth which should grip our hearts, and influence our lives, and grow more precious as the weeks go by.

Of course the noble Lincoln was not thinking of the day which we hold dear. Perhaps he had never been called upon to consider the day of the Sabbath. But it is clearer today than it was in Lincoln's day that the only way to restore to mankind the Sabbath blessing of peace and hope is through a sacred regard for the holy day of Scripture.

No one ever left the Sabbath in order to find in the keeping of another day a richer spiritual experience. Many have found a fuller joy and a more blessed hope in forsaking Sunday for the Sabbath of Christ.

A slight regard for the Sabbath comes through a superficial understanding of its nature. If perchance these lines shall fall beneath the eye of one who has become indifferent to Sabbath truth, and grown careless in Sabbath conduct, may it be that he shall pause to *think* and arise to *do*, in harmony with the voice of conscience quickened through honest prayer and enlightened by the remembered word of God.

SUNDAY REST BILLS

The legislative grist at Washington always includes a number of bills to enforce Sunday observance. These bills are backed by professional lobbyists in the employ of certain reform associations, who make a great stir in a restricted circle, but who never seem to progress very far toward the accomplishment of their purpose.

Three Sunday bills for the District of Columbia have been reintroduced in the present Congress, and have been referred to the committee on the District of Columbia, but without much hopes of their getting any farther.

Two of these bills provide for one day's rest in seven for employees in certain employments where seven days' labor a week is now the practice, preferably Sunday, and has the commendable feature of being humanitarian rather than religious. The third would forbid any person to labor or to employ others to labor on Sunday, except on works of necessity or charity, to keep open any theater, moving picture house, dance hall, or amusement place for secular purpose, or "to engage in unlawful sports on the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday."

"Unlawful sports", it is explained by advocates of the bill, would be any games for which an admission fee is charged. The bill makes no exemptions in favor of those observing any day other than Sunday. This drastic and un-American bill has the endorsement of several reform and religious organizations. There seems to be no disposition on the part of the chairman of the committee or any of its members, either to hold hearings or to report it to the house.

Chairman Focht states that some of these reform organizations are threatening to defeat the re-election of members of the committee who refuse to act on these pending Sunday bills.

It is a pity that these Sunday-law advocates could not be engaged in teaching the people the law of God concerning the Sabbath, and thus be in harmony with the Master, who is Lord of the Sabbath.

I am not in favor of amending the Volstead Act in respect to the amount of permissible alcohol in beverages. I am not in favor of allowing light wines and beers to be sold under the Eighteenth Amendment. I believe it would defeat the purpose of the amendment. No such distinction as that between wine and beer on the one hand and spirituous liquors on the other is practicable as a police measure. Any such loophole would make the amendment a laughing-stock.—*Ex-President Taft, Chief Justice United States.*

JUST AN ORDINARY MAN

BY NEMO

He was simply an ordinary man, sitting on the depot platform probably waiting for the train. Many people had passed by him and paid no attention to him, and why should they stop and talk with him. He was a stranger in the village and was in no way different from ordinary men who changed cars at this town and waited for a train.

I spoke to him and he answered so pleasantly and looked so cheerful that I sat down by him and entered into conversation with him. How easy it was to converse with him, how pleasant he seemed and what a real pleasure it was to sit and talk with him. I did not enquire into his private affairs, but during a friendly conversation I learned that he was married man, thirty years old, with wife and three small children. He had been farming where rent was very high and in four years time he had lost money by farming and was now looking for a place where by honesty and faithful labor he could "get ahead" by renting a farm. He would sell off all he owned and pay "every dollar" he owed if it took the last dollar he had, and he thought it would almost come to that, but he was resolved to "pay up". He was quite discouraged and down hearted, but he looked at me in such a sincere, open manner and said, "I have a *good* wife. She is as good a woman as ever wore a dress, good to work, good to save and a *good* woman." And I said to him most sincerely, "You are indeed a fortunate man and must have a treasure as a wife."

His wife's people live near them and she will be sorry to move away from her people but she says, "I will go with you anywhere you can find a place where we can get along and raise our family as we should." "Noble, true-hearted woman," I said to him. He now lives in a Catholic community and he wants to live among Protestants where he can attend church and rear the children among religious influences.

He was raised in Missouri and his parents are still living and are members of the Christian church as he himself also is. He was raised in comparative poverty, wore patched clothing as he grew to manhood and went barefooted and worked hard on the farm. He loves his parents, especially

his mother, and he writes her a letter each week.

How interesting he became and I came to love him. I tried to encourage him, especially in his Christian living, became interested in his family about whom he told me very much, sympathized with him in his trials and disappointments and heart aches of which he told me many. He became much more to me than simply an ordinary man waiting for a train, because my little visit with him had awakened in my heart an interest in him that will ever abide. I had tried to scatter a little good seed into the heart of this brother whom I had chanced to meet upon the highway of life. I had simply improved one little opportunity that God had placed before me to do my best to encourage a fellow traveler who was in a strange town, was lonesome and seemed glad to reciprocate the friendly feeling I showed in him.

I do not know the man's name and shall probably never meet him again in this life, but I shall think of him many times and shall pray for God to bless him and his family and bless the good seed I scattered in his willing heart.

I shall never do any great deeds but I can do small deeds, such as I have described. At all times I am on the look out for such opportunities, and of course I find them. Pleasant indeed is this work of improving small opportunities and it is what a discouraged and disappointed world needs far more than it needs profound sermons.

This man was glad he met me, glad I stopped and visited with him, glad I talked with him as I did, and extended to me his very best wishes and most kind feelings, and out in life somewhere he is journeying on toward the great meeting place where I shall find him once more.

The first spoon was the palm of the hand. Afterward people used shells they got at the seashore. Then they thought of fitting handles on shells. Though spoons were used ages ago in ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, it was a long time before they were used in the west of Europe. As late as the fifteenth century the highest form of the spoon was the shell with the handle. But by the time that Louis XV reigned in France the modern daintily decorated spoon was used.—*East and West.*

MISSIONS

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK, ASHAWAY, R. I.
Contributing Editor

MISSIONS IN THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION, PAST AND PRESENT

PAST

In the territory included in the Western Association thirty-two Seventh Day Baptist churches have been organized. Only twelve of these are now extant. Why is it that twenty out of thirty-two churches have died? More than one cause has entered in to bring this about, but the chief cause has been the lack of missionary effort on the part of the denomination. When one runs over the history of this association, it is apparent that the churches have grown under missionary endeavor and waned when such work was withdrawn before they were able to be self-supporting. This matter is summed up in *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*, page 750, in the following language:

"Death and removals have played no small part, Adventism is said to have worked havoc in some instances, dissention destroyed the Wilson Church, but the most powerful factor has been the lack of ministerial care—small churches left pastorless to die."

The first group of churches in the bounds of this association was in western Pennsylvania, in the French Creek valley. About 1796, several families from Dunellen, N. J., settled in this beautiful valley, near Meadville, Pa., formed a Seventh Day Baptist church and named it Shiloh. It was given no missionary aid and died after a feeble career of about twenty years.

Soon after it became extinct, Morris Cole, who had been a member of the little church mentioned above, asked aid from the Missionary Society. Eld. John Green, an able missionary of that day, was sent to that section and in three months the Hayfield Church was organized in the same valley, but not in the same neighborhood. With missionary help this church flourished for a time; but before becoming strong enough to be self-supporting, it was deserted by the denomination and consequently died. Dr. H. P. Burdick wrote of this church as follows:

"In all my travels I have never been in a place where the thought of the loss of our entire interest made me more sad than when in the French Creek valley. With no pastor or missionary help our people went to Adventism. Their anticipations were not realized and they largely went to infidelity."

Out of the ruins of this church, and a little farther north in this same fertile valley, grew the Cussewago Church. This was the result of the missionary labors of Eld. A. A. F. Randolph, aided by the Missionary Board. Under his labors a revival sprang up during which twenty-five were converted, backsliders reclaimed, a number embraced the Sabbath. "The church was assisted in the support of a pastor for a few years. After a time men could not be found to labor on the field regularly. It was neglected and became so reduced that the organization was abandoned."

The work at Alfred, N. Y., which started a few years after that in the French Creek valley, was the result of Seventh Day Baptists emigrating to that section, but the growth of Seventh Day Baptist interests in that section was the result of missionary endeavor.

Through the missionary labors of Elders Richard Hull, Daniel Babcock and Amos Satterlee Seventh Day Baptist interests sprang up in a score of other places in Allegheny, Stueben, and Cattaraugus counties, N. Y., and Potter County, Pa. At many of these places Seventh Day Baptist churches were established. It is most interesting and inspiring to read how these worthy men went forth year after year in that new country, preaching the Gospel and ministering to saint and sinner as they struggled with primitive life conditions. A little later the work was furthered by the missionary labors of Elders W. B. Gillette, Varnum Hull, T. T. Babcock, Rouse Babcock, John Greene, Joel Greene, Henry P. Greene, S. R. Wheeler and last but not least, H. P. Burdick. Then came student evangelists, J. L. Huffman, T. L. Gardiner, D. H. Davis, B. F. Rogers, W. D. Williams and G. M. Cottrell, with evangelistic fire, holding meetings never to be forgotten, building up churches and establishing new ones. In this connection mention should be made of the missionary labors of Elders L. M. Cottrell, Charles A. Burdick and G. P. Kenyon.

The history of this group of churches is the story of missionary endeavor. Their

decline (where they have declined) has come in most cases from the lack of persistent efficient missionary efforts. Time and again during the last one hundred years has missionary work been done for a little time on these fields with splendid results, then the work ceased for lack of men or money or both and everything sagged back, discouraged and ready to die.

There was once a group of churches in Erie, Genesee and Niagara counties, N. Y., belonging to this association. Elder N. V. Hull's early ministry, for a period of about fifteen years, was in this vicinity and these churches were largely the result of his missionary zeal and endeavor. With untiring faithfulness he rode up and down this country, preaching the Gospel with fiery zeal and eloquence. Under his labors the Clarence, Darien and Pendelton churches were organized and the able and faithful ministers; James H. Cochran and Lemman Andrus, were converted to the Sabbath. The Clarence church came to have a membership of two hundred resident members, but in 1846 Elder Hull was called to another field and this church and the entire field left to languish. The whole matter is summed up in one sentence in *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*, page 748, "After Elder Hull left, the church rapidly declined, being left the most of the time without a pastor."

The past in this association teaches that efficient and persistent missionary endeavor will establish and build up Seventh Day Baptist churches and that retrenchment means decline and extinction.

THE PRESENT

As stated above there are now twelve churches in the Western Association, and all but three are supplied with pastoral services. This statement does not take into account the church at Nile, whose pastor went to DeRuyter, N. Y., the first of December. Miss Elizabeth F. Randolph is pastor of the Hartsville and Scio churches. Mr. William M. Simpson, pastor at Alfred Station, is caring for Petrolia since the general missionary was called away, September 1. Mr. Walter L. Greene, pastor at Independence, is also pastor at Andover. Mr. E. F. Loofboro, pastor at Little Genesee, is pastor of the Richburg Church. The East Portville and Hebron churches are the only

ones that have no regular supply since the general missionary for the Western Association left the field; but plans for securing pastoral help for these churches are being perfected.

There may not be so many churches in this association as in former days, but the work and needs are just as great, and the opportunities for upbuilding and usefulness are beyond measure. If Seventh Day Baptists can catch the vision and rise to their opportunities a greater work than ever may be accomplished on this field.

THE GEORGETOWN MISSION

DEAR READERS OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

It was my intention ever since I became a Sabbath-keeper to pen the following lines. I have been a Sunday worshiper all my life, and never even thought of the Sabbath, although like all other comrades I have been repeating, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." I say it was not until I came in contact with Elder Spencer, and that man of God revealed some true facts to me, and the search light was fully turned on, that I became aware of the fact that I must get back to what I had been repeating, and in deed and in truth keep that day holy.

That being so, I am proud to say that today, November 23, 1922, finds me a baptized member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church. "To God be the praise." And now I am there, my zeal is becoming stronger. I am not sitting at ease in Zion, but I am trying to spread the truth and get others to fall in line. We are not as yet in a grand cathedral, but in the humble little mission hall in which we are at present, God is still manifesting himself to us. He gives us blessings more than we deserve.

We have been privileged just a few weeks ago to have a rally, when the twelve tribes of Israel reported. We rallied around our dear elder, and made his heart glad at the amount reported. We could see the joy beaming in his face, and we, the members, were satisfied.

We also kept up our ninth anniversary, and indeed it was a red letter day. Let me say before that day came we spent the week in prayer; we prayed for bigger blessings, we prayed for victory over our enemies, and that souls might be brought to Christ and the church. "God heard our prayers."

We are praying now for a church home, and I am appealing to some loyal, consecrated heart, man or woman, to remit me a donation for which I'll be thankful.

As a missionary of the church it is my duty to keep the ball rolling and I intend doing so, God being my helper. Sisters in Christ, and fellow Sabbath-keepers, to you I am appealing for aid for our building fund. Our pastor has told us that the Missionary Board is in debt, and I am appealing to all to help our Missionary Board to erect the building soon. Many are looking on to see a permanent place of worship erected. We have a good central site and now we need our building.

We are trying to rise to the occasion loyally. As a Bible worker I am scattering literature, visiting, and giving Bible readings, wherever an open door is presented. Pray for us.

I am, Yours truly,
MRS. FLORETTE N. SMITH.
233 South Road Bourda,
Georgetown, British Guiana, S. A.

ORDINATION OF DEACONS AT NORTH LOUP

O. T. BABCOCK

Sabbath Day, November 25, during the Sabbath school hour, H. H. Thorngate and R. J. Davis were ordained deacons of the North Loup Church. They had been elected at the last quarterly meeting and as Rev. Edwin Shaw was to be here November 25, it seemed an opportune time for the ordination services.

The congregation resolved itself into a council and elected E. J. Babcock moderator. He briefly stated the work that was to be done, and then called upon Brother Thorngate for a statement. Brother Thorngate said that he believed in God, and the Bible, and the saving power of Jesus Christ, and that he tried to observe these teachings. Service, he said, was the chief end of our living upon earth, and in accepting this office of deacon, it was to be for service and that he would endeavor to put aside all selfish motives. Brother Davis was then called upon for his statement, and he said that while he felt his unworthiness to occupy the office of deacon, still upon learning of his election, he was filled with a feeling of peace and joy in his Savior. He told of his

conversion, baptism, and early training, and said that his stand, taken when eleven years old, and his baptism in icy waters, brought him a hope of eternal life.

After these statements the moderator called upon any one to speak, or question the candidates. Pastor H. L. Polan and Brother Charles W. Barber both spoke briefly, expressing their appreciation of the acceptance of the office by these brethren and their confidence in them, and recommending them to the church for the office. The moderator then turned the ordination service over to the pastor. Deacons Henry Thorngate, N. W. Babcock, Robert Van Horn, R. O. Babcock, and Oscar Cox sat upon the platform.

After the singing of "On Christ the Solid Rock I Stand" by the congregation, Rev. Edwin Shaw spoke briefly, and propounded several injunctions, using words beginning with the letters of the word "Deacons". They were: Don't forget, and Do it; Exhort and Encourage; Attend and Attract; Comfort and Counsel; Obey Orders; Neglect No one; and Save Sinners.

The candidates knelt while the consecrating prayer was given by Deacon Henry Thorngate, father of one of the brethren.

W. G. Rood made the charge to the candidates, and said that we have chosen men of good report, honest, full of the Holy Spirit, and leaders in the activities of the world. Our relationships change now, and these men become our leaders and so have an added responsibility. He closed by saying that "We trust you and accept you as leaders, and we will follow you, and trust God to lead us from one victory to another. We ask God's blessing upon these men in their new relationships."

Deacon Cox, who can not see as we can, but who has a vision for us, gave the charge to the church, saying that he knew these men, and knew that they were suitable for the place, and that they could be depended upon to know their duties and not be slack in fulfilling them.

Deacon R. O. Babcock, welcomed the new deacons into their new office and responsibility, and said he welcomed their advice and help.

After the singing of the old song, "Blest be the Tie that Binds", the council was closed by a prayer by Pastor Polan.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

"History is a race between education and disaster."—H. G. Wells.

CHAOS OR COSMOS

More earnestly than ever before men are asking whether our world is a chaos, a welter of blind forces and brutish passions or a co-operative enterprise through which man and God together are working out an order of justice and brotherhood. Edgar L. Heermance, in *Chaos or Cosmos* (E. P. Dutton Company), approaches the problem from the attitude of the scientist. Since his theme is nothing less than the universe, he can hardly be expected, even in a volume of 350 pages, to do it justice. He has made an ambitious attempt, and it is for philosophers to judge his success. He surveys scientific progress, history, the relations of individuals and nations, and our industrial problems to determine the relation of mankind to the universe and the place that man has in the infinite and eternal scheme of things. He modestly calls his book a series of sketches and admits that volumes could be written on the subject of each chapter; but the reader, nevertheless, gets the impression that the book is a monument to many years of scholarly research and deep meditation.

THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT ALFRED

This is Alfred's eighty-seventh year.

This year sees Alfred's largest enrolment of college students—293.

For the twelfth consecutive year Alfred has lived within its income and incurred no deficit for current expenses.

The budget of the university now approximates \$175,000 annually.

A new laboratory building, forty by one hundred feet, located on the east side of State Street, is now nearing completion.

A new professorship in Economics will be established in 1923.

Three fraternities now own their homes where they can house seventy-five men.

These houses, with their equipment, are valued at \$30,000.

The old livery barn, recently purchased by the university, has been removed and the site graded and added to the campus.

A Union Church has been organized, composed of students and town's people who worship on Sunday. Its membership is now over one hundred. The Seventh Day Baptist Church extends the privileges of its church house for the Sunday worship and Sunday school of the Union Church.

Architects Childs and Smith, of Chicago, have prepared elaborate plans for the future development and enlargement of the campus and the proper location of new buildings to be added. A cut of these plans may be expected in a later Bulletin.

The trustees, at the autumn meeting, voted to purchase the lands now owned by Miss Susan M. Burdick and Mr. D. S. Burdick, lying on the east side of Main Street and north and east of the campus, for the purpose of enlarging the campus.

The trustees have taken steps looking toward the raising of money for a new gymnasium, to be located on the campus convenient to the new athletic field contemplated in the campus plans.

The liberation of the old Chapel, from athletic uses, and its renovation and equipment for an Alumni Assembly Hall is also a part of the new plans.

The trustees have elected Orra S. Rogers, class of 1894, president of the Board of Trustees to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Vernon A. Baggs who has for twelve years held that office.

Alfred University is more than ever a "going concern", and with the loyal co-operation of its alumni and friends, is just entering upon an era of greatly enlarged usefulness.

COLLEGE ENROLMENT, FIRST TERM, 1922-23

By Classes		By Denominations	
Graduates	2	Presbyterian	47
Seniors	48	Seventh Day Baptist	44
Juniors	63	Baptist	35
Sophomores	84	Catholic	23
Freshmen	84	Episcopalian	21
Specials	12	Congregational	13
By Courses		Christian	7
Liberal Arts & Science students	169	Hebrew	6
Ceramic students	97	Christian Science	4
Pre-medical students	27	Lutheran	4
By Denominations		Reformed	4
Methodist	59	Disciple	1
		United Brethren	1
		United Evangelical	1
		No Preference	23

ATHLETIC SCORES 1922

Football

Alfred 28	Mechanics Institute	0
Alfred 0	Bucknell University	41
Alfred 0	Westminster	0
Alfred 6	St. Bonaventure	7
Alfred 0	Hamilton	0
Alfred 6	Buffalo	0
Alfred 17	Niagara	0
Alfred 14	St. Francis	0
Alfred 7	Allegheny	33
Alfred 0	Thiel	14

Cross Country

Alfred 35	Hamilton	20
Alfred 20	Hobart	35
Alfred 15	Bucknell	40

(In Cross Country, the smaller score is the winner.)

SALEM COLLEGE NOTES

REV. GEORGE E. FIFIELD SPEAKS TO STUDENTS

During the past week the students and faculty of Salem have had the rare privilege of listening to a series of addresses by Rev. George Fifield, of Battle Creek, Mich.

Mr. Fifield is forceful, dynamic and earnest. His messages were simple, clear-cut, straight-forward ones that were applicable to every hearer; ones that touched the heart of student problems. The theme of the addresses was the relation of education and religion, or spiritual and mental life.

Mr. Fifield said that students of today were the hope of the world, a fact which J. Stitt Wilson had emphasized just before and he pleaded with the students to measure up to the world's demand. He said that many thought that "salvation prepared people to die; instead it prepares them to live". He showed by sharply defined illustrations how salvation gives one the desire for education; how love for humanity brings to the individual God's love. He said, "God is the most mistreated being, and yet the most patient." "A mother loves her boy, no matter what he may be, and is patient, believing in him and seeing good in him, that no one dreams of. So is God's love for his children."

J. STITT WILSON MAKES THREE STRONG TALKS

Dr. J. Stitt Wilson, the "wandering prophet of California", gave three addresses at Salem College Tuesday, November 21.

Dr. Wilson has spoken to audiences in over one hundred and forty of the larger

universities and colleges of the United States and Canada in the last four years, and Salem College was indeed fortunate to procure him for a day. He came here directly from New York and spoke to a number of other West Virginia schools on this trip. Reports from all colleges that he has visited state that he has influenced the faculty and students more profoundly than any other man who has visited them in recent years.

In Dr. Wilson's first address at 10 o'clock, he put before his audience the four great problems of the world today, namely: the inter-racial, the international, the economic, and the spiritual or personal problems.

At 2 o'clock he gave his lecture on science in which he showed the truth that in the evolution of life, from the lower to the higher creatures, the struggle for self decreases and the struggle for others increases. And also: In the struggle for existence those creatures are best fitted to survive in which the struggle for others transcends the struggle for self.

The evening lecture was devoted to an application of these two lectures with an appeal for the struggle for others rather than the struggle for self.—*Green and White.*

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

W. D. TICKNER

The invention of the phonograph was and still is considered a wonderful achievement. Voices of those long since hushed can be heard again and again.

As I sat musing over the events of long ago this thought came to mind: Supposing there had been phonographs in the days of Moses and supposing that when God spoke from Sinai's crest some one had made a record of his voice, supposing too that a photograph could have been taken of the scene, would we have had any better evidence of this most wonderful event than we have today. Phonographic records are, at best, easily marred and could scarce have withstood the ravages of time and war, especially when whole cities were burned by fire. Photographs too would have only added fuel to the flames. A more enduring evidence was needed in those times of revolution when kingdoms rose and con-

tinued but for a short period. Cities, great and powerful, succumbed to the devouring flames. Phonographic records or photographic records during those tempestuous times would have perished absolutely, leaving not a trace of their former existence.

We, of the Twentieth Century, A. D., may look back to those days when the mighty cities of Nineveh, Babylon, and Calneh of Asia, Thebes, On, and Memphis of Egypt, were in their glory. We may even have a feeling of pity for them when we think of our advantages compared to those which they enjoyed. They had no automobiles, telephones, telegraphs. There were no steamboats on the Euphrates or the Nile rivers. "Radio broadcasting" was to them unknown. Steam or electrically driven printing presses are inventions of modern times but the ignorance of the people concerning these matters thus compelling them to use more primitive methods for records and correspondence, had its compensation in the enduring properties of records thus made. Were the city of Washington to be burned, the buildings razed to the dust and left desolate without an inhabitant for two thousand or more years, who would, after that time, visit the desolate region with any reasonable hope of finding any of the Congressional Records? The soul-stirring speeches of Clay, Webster, Sumner, and others would have long since been forgotten, and all trace of any records concerning them would have utterly perished. All correspondence between the diplomats of this country with those of other lands would have suffered a like fate. With feelings something akin to awe must the archeologist turn with his spade the soil covering the ruins of cities of the East, cities once populous and wealthy but long since desolate, for he is aware that at any moment he may unearth something that will awaken the echoes of the past, that will make us, in our minds at least, live again in the past ages, to view the scenes that those ancient people saw. To see the home life of city and country hamlets, to view again as others then did, the magnificence of the rulers and the poverty of the masses.

How like an echo from the past are the records of sales, the textbooks of astronomy, arithmetic and law. More than 2,200 years before Moses was born records were made

that have endured the vicissitudes of time, and, after the lapse of more than 4,000 years, have been recovered from ruins which had been their tomb for centuries. One of these is especially interesting, as it throws a side light upon the Biblical narrative of Moses' early life. Why, it may be asked, did Jochebed, Moses' mother, make an ark of bulrushes in which to hide her infant son? Why did she place the ark among the flags in the river? Was this thought to do so original with her? Not at all. A similar experiment had been tried many, many years before, and with such results that we need not wonder that in Jochebed's anxiety concerning the safety of her infant son she concluded to try the experiment herself. Surely she had reason to hope that in this case the outcome would prove successful, as had a like case with him who, many years before, had become the mighty king of Chaldea. How many times before or since that time such an experiment was tried, we do not know, but the record made and left by Sargon (Sharrukin) I, the Chaldean king, concerning himself comes almost like a voice from the tomb. It reads:—"My mother . . . placed me in an ark of bulrushes; with bitumen my door she closed up; she threw me into the river, which did not enter into the ark to me. The river carried me; to the dwelling of Akki the water-carrier, it brought me. Akki the water carrier, in his goodness of heart, lifted me up from the river. Akki the water carrier brought me up as his own son." (Records of the Past, Vol. V, p. 3, as quoted by P. V. N. Myers.)

These side lights on the Biblical narratives are interesting, because they make clear some details that were not well understood. It is not at all strange that after various schemes had been pondered over in Jochebed's mind, that this story should have suggested to her a course of action.

(To be continued)

"The church is here to seek the whole kingdom of God. It exists not to be ministered unto but to minister.

"The church that would honor Christ must render the largest possible service.

"It is under obligation to do the largest work in the most efficient way."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

"O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel."

CHILDREN'S TIME O' YEAR

She wasn't feeling humorous in the very least, but she actually wrote out the ridiculous thing in black and white.

"Silly you!" she chided herself. Then she laughed out in a delicious little trill, it really looked—in black and white—so silly!

"Wanted: By a respectable lady with three children-in-law a course of lessons in the Art of Christmas. . . . " silly, like that. But laughing at it was the direct result of its black-and-whiteness, and laughing she did sorely need, so it was all right. Nobody round to laugh with her, which she couldn't have borne in this new sensitiveness of hers. She was getting to be a bundle of sensitive nerves; oh hum!

Well, aren't children you marry with your husband little in-laws? And, heart o' pity, didn't she want lessons on how to give them a Christmas? She hadn't the least idea how to go to work about it. She had never given anybody a Christmas, nobody had ever given her one. Was she to blame for that? She didn't mind that unkindness of Fate, but she did mind this mean trick of sending the children's father two hundred miles away. Today was the twenty-third; he would not be back before the thirtieth.

"If I'd been married just a little longer," she sighed, "or thought to ask Richard how, I haven't got acquainted with the children yet." That was it; she wasn't acquainted. How can you make a Christmas for a trio of little strangers who look at you through

their adorable eyelashes and put their fingers in their mouths?

"They don't like me. They won't ever like me," she sighed. And how she would like to like them, if she only knew how! With the ridiculous little ad in her hand she sat thinking her sad-complexioned thoughts and puzzling over her puzzle that had no answer in the back of the book. Into this musing obtruded Second-Maid Mary.

"A woman, Miss—Mrs., I mean. She says she's came in answer to your advertisement. Will I show her up?"

"A woman in answer to—" Geraldine Merrideth's gaze sought the sheet of paper in her hand, sought Second-Maid Mary's placid countenance, took on utter bewilderment.

"Yes, Miss—Mrs. She says she thinks she is jest what you are lookin' after. She's terrible experienced. She says she can furnish a character if you want. She says—"

"Mrs." held up a hand to stem the tide. "Show her up, Mary," she said weakly.

The Experienced One came in briskly and stood expectantly waiting.

"You came—" began Geraldine. Only a beginning was needed.

"Yes, ma'am, I see your ad in the paper an' 'She needs me an' I needs her,' I says, and here I be. I've had twenty years of doin' what you want did an' I guess I can suit you, ma'am. I'll be terrible glad o' the chance to. What with makin' the children's Christmas an' the high cost o' livin' an' dyin'—I lost my little girl with the influ—"

Geraldine was suddenly aware that the Experienced One was sobbing. She sprang to her feet and caught the shabby sleeve and gently pressed the woman down into a chair.

"I am so sorry," was all she could think to say. The sobbing ceased as abruptly as it had begun. It is too much of a luxury for shabby ones.

"I'm ready to go right to work, come Monday, ma'am. Unless your washin's have been accumulatin' an' you want I should start right in—Still I'd kind of hate to take the time from the children's Christmas, so—"

Oh—washin's. Washin's. Of—of course. That advertisement she'd put in the paper a while ago and forgotten—of course. So the lessons in the gentle Art of Christmas that she did so sorely need had not after

all been miraculously "shown up" by Second-Maid Mary. Geraldine sighed and lost her faith in miracles. She crumpled the little paper in her hand.

"Come Monday," she said briefly. "Unless," on second thought, "you'd be willing to stay a few minutes today and straighten out the clothes chute—sort out the children's little white dresses—for Christmas—" Did children need little white dresses for Christmas? Was it a white time? "Perhaps you'd be willing to take just those home and do them up—"

"Sure, ma'am, I'll take 'em home. I know how 'tis you feel 'm. I dress mine in their little bests, too. It's Children's Time o' Year, I says, Christmas is. We can't do nothin' too much for 'em, I says. I have a terrible good time gettin' it up, only this year—" The sudden pause spoke plainer than words to Geraldine of the little girl who would not be here this year. And this year her own Christmas was to have little ones for the first time.

The Experienced One had brought one of her children with her and one of Geraldine's little daughters that she had married with Richard had undertaken the small stranger's entertainment. They were sitting on the back stairs now exchanging experiences. Geraldine, as she started out into the back hall, overheard and suddenly did not go any further. Something caught her by the throat.

"Oh, we always had her!" the small stranger was saying.

"We haven't always had our mother," replied the other. "We only got her a little mite of a while ago. Does yours have—wings?" dropping her voice so that it was not audible to Geraldine, who, eavesdropping or not, longed to hear the rest. Yet with a sigh she turned back and closed the door.

"Wings—Ma!" It was difficult to vision Ma in wings by the wildest stretch of imagination, which the small stranger was far from possessing.

"Well, we think ours has 'em. Marjorie got out of bed and saw her in her ni'gown with her hair all everywhere an' she was puffically lovely like a nangel! Under her hair, you know, only she wasn't back-to, so Marjorie couldn't be certain-for-sure. An'," sighed the little voice with a curious cadence, "she might have flew here, she came so terrible sudden. Once when we woke up

she was here. Is yours puffically lovely?" Ma "puffically" lovely? The small stranger made a sound like a little giggle. But the daughter of Ma was not unloyal.

"She's puffically lovely all 'ceptin'—'ceptin' her face an' her han's," remembering the red roughness of them, "but she hasn't got any wings," for the small stranger had seen Ma back-to. "She's a beautiful tucker-in—" tentatively. Would this person with "a nangel-mother" be able to compete with that?

"Tucker—what?"

"In, nights. Doesn't yours? Come up an' do it ev'ry night, an' kiss you in the dark? An' miss the place sometimes an' kiss your nose! It's funny then, an' we laugh.

For the merest breath of space no answer, then a valiant little laugh.

"Yes, it's funny then, isn't it?"

Afterward the child whose name was Gracia confessed to her twin Marjorie. They were in the nursery together. Gracia's face was troubled, guilty.

"I told her she tucked us in an' missed the place an' kissed our noses an'—an' it was funny then—shall I go to hell? Second-Maid Mary says—"

Marjorie leaped into this depth of sin beside her twin.

"I'll go with you, dear darlin'. We'll have a good time an' not mind the—the heat."

"I sort of had to," sighed Gracia. "If she's here an' we're goin' to keep her—an' I wasn't goin' to have that washer-girl know she wasn't a tucker. An' I never said 'yes, she tucks us'. I only said 'yes, it's funny then', an' that's diff'rent."

"It would be funny then, wouldn't it!" Marjorie said with determined cheerfulness. "I'm goin' to lay down on the couch an' you come an' tuck me an' miss the place an' kiss my nose—go ahead."

"But it's pitch daylight—"

"We'll pull down all the shades."

"An' there's nothin' to tuck in an' you aren't in a ni'gown with you hair all everywhere—"

"Do they do it with their hair down an' ni'gowns on?"

"I—I guess so. That washer-girl didn't say. Marjo, have you found an'thing locked up?" with a sudden change of topic.

"Not an'thing," sadly, "so it's no use to

go on hopin'. Father always locked the s'prises up. I wish he'd a-waited long enough to lock up somethin'—just somethin'. It would make it feel Chris'masier. When there isn't an' thing locked up or unlocked up—"

Gracia nodded. "P'raps *somewheres*—did you look in the upperest places? Where you couldn't reach with your naked han'—feet?" This having a funny sound Gracia laughed and Marjorie laughed. It was very clearing to the gloomy atmosphere.

"I stood on chairs, nothin' was locked up. There wasn't an' thing but just common bureau-things anywheres, in all o' the unlocked places."

"Shall—shall we hang our stockin's up, Marjo, tomorrow night?"

"It would be terrible to find 'em—find 'em empty—"

Twin shudders shook their little bodies. But Gracia, the sport of the pair, was not going to miss even a bare chance at Christmas joys.

"Yes, we'll hang 'em up," she said with finality. That long-discussed matter definitely settled, the twins proceeded to other things. Small Horace was the other thing to proceed to first. They were making Hoddy a Christmas present and it had reached a critical stage in its manufacture. Of course Hoddy'd hang his up, too—not *his* but one o' their nice long ones. They wished gravely that the Christmas present was going to be a long one. Long things would be such a help in—in case—

"We'll piece it out," decided Marjorie. Another thing she decided was a very amazing, very delicate thing that Gracia found difficult in believing at first. *Honest?* Tonight that ever was? Both o' them together? Though there was courage in togetherness.

"Yes, after she's gone to bed. We'll stay awake. Father isn't here an' it will be easy as an' thing."

"Ye-es," agreed poor little Gracia, though in her quaky soul she meant no. If Marjo did it, she would do it.

"Shall we—shall we feel around?"

Marjorie nodded, although in their present stage of quakiness neither of them conceived that there could be anything funny if they should—should miss.

Geraldine Merrideth pulled the many pins from her luxurious hair and let it float about her in a beautiful mist. It was hardly to be wondered at that the children thought wings might be concealed underneath so lovely a covering. Geraldine, in her "ni-gown" and beautiful hair, sat before her bedroom fire and studied a list she had made on a bit of paper. Her brows were drawn in a puzzled little frown. Easy enough to make lists. Lists—lists! Marjorie's name, Gracia's, little Hoddy's, with the things she, Geraldine Merrideth, lately Scott, liked opposite the names. How did she know how to put the things that Marjorie!—Gracia—little Hoddy liked there? What kind of a list was this! She picked out one of the items and regarded it with disgust. Opposite the two little girls-in-law she had written "manicure set"!

"Am I an idiot or just a creature without-mother-sense? Why, oh, why didn't I make that washer-mother give me a lesson this morning instead of sorting out little white dresses? This is so much more important than little dresses! And tomorrow is the last day. Oh, of course I can lay in a stock of dolls and tin horns and jumping-jacks, but they might as well be manicure sets for all the dear personalness that won't be in them, not in them at all! If I could have got a little bit acquainted before it had to be Christmas—" Not to be acquainted at all with little likes-in-law and dislikes-in-law! To select manicure sets for little seven-year-old Christmases! Well, she had had the grace to be ashamed of that. With a sweep of her pencil she crossed out the manicure sets. But what in their places? What things they in their small twin souls desired—oh, those things!

It seemed to the twins that the lovely lady sat there by the fire all night. Gracia at length frankly surrendered and toppled her head over against Marjorie. Marjorie, the little mother-twin! No toppling there.

"Gracia! Gracia—! Wake up. It's time to do it!" whispered she by and by.

"Do what? Oh, oh, yes, I remember now—tuck."

"Sh-h! Put on your felt slippers and walk on your toes. Don't speak." But they neither of them had any desire to speak as they got nearer and nearer their field of action.

They were both frightened. Curiously it

was Gracia who was perhaps the least so. It was she who assumed command at the door of the Lovely Lady.

"Sh!"

"I am sh-ing. Do you hear an' thing, Gracia?"

"I hear her sleeping," but it was the softest possible sound, a faint sweet sleeping. The twins crept into the room.

"You first, Gracia!"

"I—I will in a m-inute. I got to breathe first. It's pretty dark, in here."

"I see something white." It was the Lovely Lady's face. Gracia advanced toward it timidly but with decision. At the side of the bed she stopped. Now—now she must do it.

"Go ahead," breathed Marjorie, trembling in her little felt shoes.

"I am goin' ahead," and Gracia on tip-toe reached to that spot of whiteness with her lips. She missed it and softly kissed the Lovely Lady's nose. But it was not funny then. A little shuddery stirring in the still room was the trembling of the twins.

"I heard you—that isn't tuckin'!"

"Sh! It's *part* of tuckin'. I'm goin' to again. It is nice!"

"No, I'm goin' to!"

The Lovely Lady was having a beautiful dream.

"Let *me*, Gracia. Gracia, where'll I-I aim to?"

A shaft of starshine revealed the little white pair and on the pillows a lovely sleeping face. There might have been wings underneath the small "ni-gowns"—easily wings.

"There, I did an' I *think* it was her nose."

"Mine was, too." Still it was not funny. It was—it was dear. To a motherless little pair the touch of the smooth, cool flesh was thrilly and sweet. It felt like a—a mother that they kissed. If only the Lovely Lady had known, or did she know and was that why the dream was so beautiful?

"Now," whispered Gracia, "We'll tuck," but, alas, tucking was fumbling, and fumbling woke the sleeper. *Was* it "alas"?

"Oh!" cried the Lovely Lady, her eyes flying open and beholding the little intruders by the revealing light of another starbeam.

"Oh!" cried the little intruders.

"Why!"

"Why!"

It seemed suddenly very light indeed to them all. Gracia it was who explained. Since when had Gracia taken the part of leader?

"We came—we just came to tuck you. We were goin' right away again in a minute! Did—did it hurt?"

"To 'tuck' me?" The Lovely Lady's voice shook a little. "Oh, no, oh, no, it did not hurt! I think I like being 'tucked'."

"An' kissed?" quavered honest Gracia. "We kissed you, too."

"On your nose because we missed," added Marjorie. So presently all the little tale was told. Then with a swift motion the lady was up in her bed holding out both her arms to them.

"One on each side—come!" she cried out. She was getting acquainted!

"We'll lie here and talk about—Christmas?"

"Oh, oh, yes, 'bout Chris'mas! Let's us! Only——"

"Only——"

"We'd like to have Hoddy, too. Seems kind of—of no-fair not to have Hoddy here."

"But Hoddy is asleep."

"We could bring him in our arms. He's very easy to bring——"

"Then we'll bring him in our arms." The Lady's voice was tremulous.

"You will have to show me how," she said. She had never "brought" a little child before, even one very easy to bring. The three of them went away to do it.

"This is nice, isn't it?" whispered the twins. "I'm glad," added Marjorie, "that we are goin' to keep you. Aren't you glad, Gracia?"

"To keep me?"

"Yes, not have you ever go away sudden like you came. We weren't certain-for-sure before." Why were they certain-for-sure now? They could not have told.

"We love you," whispered Gracia.

"Oh, my dears, my dears!" the Lovely Lady cried. They were in Hoddy's room now and suddenly she found herself on Hoddy's little bed with them all in her arms, all three. She was acquainted.

She had meant, when she got them all back in her room in her bed, to lie with them in the soft darkness and take her lesson in the Gentle Art. To find out the things she needed to know. What little

twins and Hoddies-in-law liked for their Christmases. All those things. But now she did not need a lesson! She knew! A miracle had happened to the Lovely Lady. The name of the miracle was love.

"I love you," they had said to her, and instantly she knew how to love them! She had the key. She could unlock now all by herself the little likes-in-law and dislikes. All she needed now was tomorrow in which to make her preparations. And meantime she would lie with them all in her arms and—love.

"Don't anybody look in the bureau drawers after tomorrow morning," she laughed.

"Will they be locked?" trembled the twins excitedly.

"Tight. But don't look through the key-holes!"

"Can't we smell through?"

"Never!"

In the course of the minutes, happy as they were, small eyelids drooped upon round little cheeks and, one by one, they fell asleep. The wonder of that! Lying there in the darkness with their warm little bodies against her—hearing their soft breaths—*loving them!*

"Father ought to see," she smiled in the dark. It would please "Father". She realized that he had been a little disappointed—dear "Father"—that she had not got acquainted. He would think she was acquainted now!

"Father", creeping in a little after thought so. He had come hurrying home at the risk of losing "business", to be home on Christmas. It was already the day before, when he arrived. He had had a long cold walk up from the station in the dark streets and plenty of time to worry a little. That was why he had risked his "trade" and come—it had suddenly occurred to him—far away from home, that the Lovely Lady might not know how to "make" a Christmas.

They were all asleep. He had turned on the lights in the hall and he could see them plainly. All their dear faces—all. Hoddy was lying within the soft curve of the Lovely Lady's arm. The twins lay, one on either side. And he had worried! He went away as softly as he had come.

It's love that "makes" a Christmas.—*The Christian Herald.*

A FATHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

My commuting companion yesterday morning was a rich man—his name good for more thousands than some of us have tens. So, when he asked if I'd care to see what he was going to give his ten-year-old boy for Christmas, and took out his gold-rimmed card-case, naturally my first guess was a check.

"My, but I'd like to be able to start my boy off with a fat savings account," I thought to myself.

So you may imagine my surprise when I read on the slip of paper these words:

For one year from date, I promise to give my son, —, one hour of my time every day, with two hours on Sunday. And I promise that this time shall be solely his, without interference for business or pleasure of any other sort, and that I shall regard it as a prior engagement each day.

His name was signed at the bottom.

And I wonder what that boy will think and say on Christmas morning when he reads this paper!

If he is an average boy, probably he will not know just what to make of it. As an average boy with an average father, his first thought may be to question the value of such a gift.

For we American fathers—as a rule—give our boys and girls so little of our time, and then mostly fag-ends, that none could blame them for doubting the worth of an agreement of this sort.

Yet, before many days have passed, this particular boy shall have learned that his father could have given nothing quite so fine.

For this man is the most charming of companions. His range of knowledge is wide. He has the faculty of entering into things enthusiastically—that is one reason for his success in business. And he understands human nature.

His Christmas present is so worth while that I want to pass along what he said about it.

"Would you like to know what made me think of it?" he asked.

"Well, the other day a young fellow came to me for a job. I had known his father years ago, and they were a fine family. Now this son is down and out. He looked as if he'd been drinking. And evidently, he had no funds.

"When I asked how he had come to such

a pass, 'and with such a father' I added, he half-broke down.

"My father must have been a fine man," he said, "but, unfortunately for me, I only knew it through others. He always was too busy to pay much attention to me. As a matter of fact, I never knew him as a companion, a friend or anything but a man who paid the bills."

"As I sat listening to that poor chap, I suddenly realized that he was painting my picture, too. I've been 'too busy' many a time to take an interest in the things brought to me by my boy. I never have been a companion to him. We're not friends now! Think of that!

"Think of a man neglecting the most important business in which he can engage,—the proper raising of a child or children to help strengthen humanity and carry on the world's work! It all came over me like a flash, and I know I must have reddened with shame. And I gave the fellow a job and told him he'd given me the best job I'd ever had. He didn't say anything, but I think he understood.

"So, you see, I'm going to put it as a gift, though it's the highest sort of a duty. And really, I ought to make it more than an hour a day, considering the years I've been neglecting this biggest of opportunities!

"Do you know, I feel like hiring a hall and inviting as many fathers as could crowd in and begging them to join hands with me in this sort of thing. Here I've been all these years, rushing and working and worrying at a work any ordinary intelligent and industrious man could do—and paying the least possible attention to a work no other man in the world can do but myself—being my boy's father!

"Now, I'm going to try to make up to him—and to myself—what we've lost. Already I've arranged matters at the office so as to get away an hour earlier in the afternoon. It may decrease the profits a little, but even if it should cut them in half, I'd rather leave my boy the remembrance of a father who was his comrade than a whole mint of money.

"Anyway, the more you have to do with money, the more you understand how powerless it is to take the place of things that can't be seen or held or stored away,—except in the mind or the heart!"

Neither of us said anything for a min-

ute or so. Then he asked me if I agreed with his idea.

"Do I agree with it! Why, if every father in this land should give his children the same sort of Christmas gift—and live up to it, this would be the best Christmas that ever came along."

And nearly every father *could!*

Some do already, thank God!—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in Philadelphia North American.*

A CAROL

O brother mine of birth Divine,
Upon this natal day of Thine
Bear with our stress of happiness,
Nor count our reverence the less
Because with glee and jubilee
Our hearts go singing up to thee.
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

October 2 the Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. A. E. Whitford. Only six members were present: Mrs. West, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. L. M. Babcock, Mrs. G. E. Crosley and Mrs. E. D. Van Horn.

Mrs. West read Psalm 113 and Mrs. Van Horn offered prayer.

Mrs. West read extracts from a letter from Mrs. Nettie West, relative to the China mission work; also a letter from Miss Susie Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.

The Treasurer's report for September showed total receipts of \$199.90, and disbursements \$445.90. The report was adopted.

Mrs. West read a letter from the Near East Relief Committee.

Mrs. Babcock reported the bill for four copies of "Christian Education in China". A copy has been sent to Dr. Palmberg, one to Miss Anna West, one is placed in Milton College library and the fourth copy is kept for the use of the Board.

Mrs. J. H. Babcock and Mrs. Van Horn gave short reports of the recent Northwestern Association held at White Cloud, Mich.

Minutes of the meeting were read and approved.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Crosley in November.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President.

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

MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

The Woman's Executive Board met at the home of Mrs. G. E. Crosley on the afternoon of December 4.

Members present were: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. G. E. Crosley and Mrs. J. H. Babcock.

Mrs. West read a portion of Psalm 139, and Mrs. Whitford offered prayer.

The minutes of the October meeting were read. Owing to inclement weather no meeting of the Board was held in November.

The Treasurer reported for October receipts \$167.54, disbursements, \$37.30; for November receipts \$130.40, disbursements, \$30.00. The Treasurer gave the report for the quarter ending September 30. All reports were adopted. Mrs. Whitford reported the annual appropriation for the expense of correspondence forwarded to the Secretaries.

A letter from Mrs. Saunders, of Robinsdale, Minn., in regard to the interests of the Fouke School, was read.

The Corresponding Secretary read letters from the Committee of Reference and Counsel, and from the World Missionary Atlas, New York City.

Mrs. Babcock reported that Mrs. Charles Coon, of Riverside, Cal., has accepted the office as Associational Secretary for the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Edwin Shaw was asked to serve as one of the Vice Presidents of the Board.

The Secretary was instructed to have the usual amount of letter heads printed. Mrs. West was asked to correspond with Mrs. T. J. Van Horn in regard to the pageant for Woman's Hour at the coming Conference at North Loup, Neb., August, 1923.

Some time was spent in looking at interesting pictures of our missions in China.

After reading and approval of the minutes the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. Daland January 8, 1923.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President.
METTA P. BABCOCK,
Corresponding Secretary.

"If I were to utter a prayer for this republic tonight, it would be to reconsecrate us in religious devotion, and make us abidingly a God-fearing, God-loving people."—*President Harding.*

FROM THE MANGER OF A STABLE TO THE THRONE OF HEAVEN

JOHN PETER KLOTZBACH

Jesus came to the earth as a stranger—
In a stable our Savior was born—
And his birth by the world was unnoticed
Though the angels proclaimed it that morn.
Men thought not that this humble baby
Who was placed in a manger that night
Was destined to rule all the nations
With a heavenly glory and might.

Jesus came, it is true, as a stranger,
And the world did not honor his birth;
But the Father sent down hosts of angels
To proclaim to the shepherds his worth;
And his star God did place in the heavens,
Telling wise men the Savior was born,
And they came as the star strangely guided
Which appeared on that glorious morn.

And the message of God's holy angels
Was that he who in swaddling clothes lay,
In the manger with Joseph and Mary,
Was to men born a Savior that day;
Bringing glory to God in the highest,
Among men bringing good will and peace,
Christ the Lord in the City of David,
In a kingdom that never would cease.

And this Jesus, whom God had anointed
Christ the Son, holy Savior, and King,
Came to live among men who were sinful
That to them he salvation might bring;
Hence among them he ministered daily—
He preached and he taught and he healed—
To his people Salvation proclaiming,
As the Father's great love he revealed.

By his nation he then was rejected,
They received not his message of love,
They rejected the promised Messiah
Sent to them by the Father above;
To the cross then they stubbornly nailed him,
But our sins he thus bore on the tree,—
And he died as a ransom for nations,
That believers in him might be free.

And, though thus he was slain by his nation,
Yet the mission of God he fulfilled;
He came as the prophets had promised,
He did as the Father had willed;
And, though thus on the cross he has suffered,
And, though once in the tomb he has lain,
He has risen and gone to the Father
As the Lamb who for sinners was slain.

God has welcomed his Son to the Heavens,
He has seated him there in his Throne,
He all power has unto him given,—
He shall reign o'er the earth as his own;
And though nations and men through the ages
Have rebelled and refused to submit,
Yet today they are nearing subjection,—
Christ shall soon on his earthly throne sit.

There shall never again be rebellion
Against Jesus our glorious King;
All the nations shall honor him ever,
And to him they their glory will bring;
He will reign among men, and his scepter
Will be wielded in goodness and love;
The redeemed among men will sing praises
As the angels sing praises above.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK,
R. F. D. 5, Box 73, Battle Creek, Mich.
Contributing Editor

AN EXPLANATION

Although the 1923 topic material for this department was ordered in October it has not yet been received. The Chicago office of the United Society of Christian Endeavor stated under date of December 9, that they had not yet received their 1923 supplies from the printers. Therefore though we regret it, it is impossible to give in this issue either Daily Readings or comments.

R. C. B.

A NEW YEAR'S LETTER

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

I once heard an evangelist relate how he was led into the ministry. He was converted when a youth and joined the Y. M. C. A. There were some remarkable elements in his conversion and on account of this he was invited to go to an out-station and tell his experience. He complied with the request and as a result several people expressed a desire to become Christians; in fact the interest was so great that he was asked to remain for further services. He replied that he couldn't preach or conduct services but the people were so insistent that he finally consented to remain until some one could be secured who was qualified for the work. For several evenings in succession he held the crowd by telling his experience which, he said, "was all I could do". It is but just to say that between that time and the time I heard him, he had become a Bible student and fully qualified to preach a sermon. He had also married a very fine Christian soloist, which had enlarged his experience.

Well here we are at the threshold of another New Year, and your editor, fearing that on account of my advancing years, your annual message might be forgotten, gave me a gentle reminder.

I am free to confess that like the evangelist, I don't know what to give you unless it is something from my experience and you have already had so much of that, that

unlike the evangelist I fear that without a change I shall not be able to hold the crowd.

When I sent you my New Year's message a year ago, it was with the feeling that very likely it was the last one, but with the most devoted skill and care of physicians and their assistants under God's blessing, my life was spared, and at this time I shall make no prophecy concerning the number of such messages you may yet receive.

I spent the entire winter and more in the Sanitarium, on the bed or in a wheel chair. I struggled almost desperately to keep up for some time, so that I might not have to relinquish the work which engaged my heart, but when once it was surrendered I found rich experiences awaiting me; so that in spite of sacrifice and suffering, it was a very happy winter and little is stored away in my memory save the blessings it brought me.

The first and greatest of these blessings was a fuller revelation of the heavenly Father's love and care for the needs of his children both temporal and spiritual, or perhaps it would be better to say there was given to me a clearer insight into God's abundant provisions on our behalf.

The next blessing, which is secondary only to the one already mentioned, was the privilege that came to me, through new acquaintances formed and in the closer contact with those I had previously known, of seeing more deeply into human life; for the Divine and the human are very closely linked together and find their complete harmony and perfection in him who is the Son of God and the Son of Mary.

It is true, I sometimes listened to stories of evil, but the good predominated as it must eventually triumph over all wrong, and very often I was led to exclaim, "How many good people there are in the world."

Another blessing was a lesson of endurance for the sake of others. It lent courage to the tired spirit to see doctors, nurses and helpers going quietly, cheerfully and faithfully about, relieving the suffering ones under their care when their voices unconsciously betrayed great weariness of the flesh, and the knowledge that these tireless workers were looking beyond their skill for help from the great Physician acted as a powerful stimulus.

There was a variety of interest in the nurses from the young girl in training with buoyant step and beaming countenance,

eager and enthusiastic over her mission in life, to the matronly nurse with more subdued manners who gave me my chief care, and who combined skilfully her experiences of the past and the present with her hopes for the future when she should be permitted to hear the Master's "Well done." While her hands were busy administering to the needs of my body she brought forth from her well rounded out experience lessons of faith and hope and trust for the enriching of my spiritual life.

But while messages of good cheer from friends, of my childhood days down to the newly made friends helped to bring me back from the margin of "the silent river", one event happened which, on account of the circumstances attending it, made a strong appeal to my feelings and caused the tears to spring unbidden to my eyes.

One morning the maid who had my room in charge handed me a package. Upon opening it I exclaimed, "For pity sakes what are these?" "Nothing but painted weeds," she replied.

You will not wonder that it was some time before I could see clearly when I tell you that she was not in good health, that her home lay through a bleak field three quarters of a mile from the car-line, and she was working to earn a livelihood for herself and an invalid husband. It would seem as if her burdens were heavy enough without adding to them thought for a stranger. Her deed spoke in vivid terms of the depth and tenderness of human sympathy which has its source in the Father above.

"Nothing but painted weeds." When plucked from the field the casual observer would have said they were worthless, but in her skilful hands they were transformed into objects of beauty, a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the soul.

Have you not heard it said of people down in the mire of sin, "They are not worth saving," but under the Master's touch souls "dead in trespasses and sin" are quickened into life. The weeds never could be anything but dead weeds, their beauty was a mere gilding of silver and gold, but when the Master undertakes for a dead soul he transfuses his own life into it so that its beauty is innate within itself.

In transforming the weeds the maid used instruments which she could only use, as they were passive in her hands. In transforming souls the Master uses instruments,

even the dear young people who have come into vital union with himself and are passive in his hands.

As beautiful as were the "painted weeds", they must soon pass into decay, but every redeemed soul adds new luster to the face of Jesus and will shine as a star in his crown of rejoicing throughout eternity.

May the New Year find you happy in his service, is my prayer for you.

Cordially yours,

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

202 North Washington Avenue,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
December 25, 1922.

C. E. NEWS NOTES

ASHAWAY, R. I.—It has been several months since you heard from us but we are still on the map and striving for the best year yet. We were very proud at Conference time, when we were awarded two banners and we have them hung, one above the other, right in front of the church, so as one enters one can not help noticing them. We hope to be able to hold at least one of them another year.

We are working for another prize that the local union is to award at the end of the year. It is to be an electrical C. E. to be awarded on the following three points: attendance at Christian Endeavor meetings, number taking part by original testimony or prayer, and number of new *Christian Endeavor World* subscriptions for the year. We have been awarded the prizes for the past two years; the first being a framed picture of Dr. Clark, and the second a sacred picture, "Christ in the Temple". We hope to be able to have the third prize.

We have been holding Standard Socials every month and plans are being made for one this month. We enjoy these socials very much and we believe the society is better for them.

This month the Prayer Meeting Committee has met with its leaders for the month of December and planned at least one special feature for each meeting. Our next meeting is to be a "Four Square" meeting.

A Personal Worker's class is held each week after the regular Christian Endeavor meeting. The book that is being used is "Enlisting for Christ and the Church". An

Expert class is held each Sabbath before the regular Christian Endeavor meeting.

The last Sabbath in November the leader of Christian Endeavor had an "Automobile Race" which proved very successful. Any one wishing to use this will find the outline for it in "Fifty-two Varieties" by Harry Githens.

Our pastor is in Milton assisting Rev. Henry Jordan in evangelistic meetings.

Last Friday evening the Christian Endeavor society had charge of our prayer meeting, Inez Jordan being leader. A solo was rendered by Miss Helen Maxson, of Waterford, Conn.

A number from our society attended a social held by the local union at the Methodist church in Westerly, a short time ago. It was in the form of a "Mid-winter Excursion". It proved to be a very enjoyable excursion.

This year our Sabbath school is to observe "White Christmas", our gifts to be given to the Fouke School. The Christian Endeavor will join them in this work.

MRS. BLANCH BURDICK,
Corresponding Secretary.

A HINT FOR PRAYER MEETING COMMITTEES

The booklet "Fifty-two Varieties" to which Mrs. Burdick refers will be a paying investment for any Prayer Meeting Committee. It contains fifty-two novel plans for conducting Christian Endeavor meetings. Properly used it is a pretty sure cure for dull meetings. It may be secured for twenty cents from the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass. Get it and help your leaders to find in it some plan which will fit their meetings. R. C. B.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD MEETING

The Young People's Board met in regular session in the College Building of the Sanitarium, at eight o'clock, December 7, 1922.

The President called the meeting to order. Prayer was offered by Miss Marjorie Willis.

Members present: Dr. B. F. Johanson, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Miss Emma Maxson, Miss Edna Van Horn, Mrs. D. B. Coon, E. H. Clarke,

L. S. Hurley, I. O. Tappan, Aden Clarke, Miss Marjorie Willis.

The Treasurer gave a verbal report. Bills were allowed as follows:

Supplies (Mrs. Ruby Babcock)\$2.00
Stationery (Dr. Johanson)1.30

Total\$3.30

The Corresponding Secretary read her report, which was accepted. It follows:

SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR NOVEMBER, 1922

Number of letters written, 10; number of letters (Bulletins) sent out, 45. Correspondence has been received from Miss Elisabeth Kenyon, Miss Fucia F. Randolph, Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, Rev. William L. Burdick, Rev. A. L. Davis, Mrs. Edna Sanford, Mr. A. Laverne Spafford, Miss Gladys Hulett, Rev. L. F. Hurley, Mrs. Hancy Burdick, Rev. W. D. Burdick, Lester Osborn.

Report of Junior Superintendent, Miss Elisabeth Kenyon. Goals have been sent out; letters written to Junior superintendents, correspondence from Brookfield and Battle Creek has been answered; material has been sent in for the *Sabbath Visitor*; started Junior Round Robin. Letters have been written to all Senior Endeavor societies where there is no Junior in regard to organizing a Junior society.

The Christmas Standard Social was received from the Social Fellowship Superintendent, Mrs. Edna Sanford, and has been sent to each Christian Endeavor society.

MRS. FRANCES F. BABCOCK.

Communications were read from Miss Elisabeth Kenyon, Mrs. Hancy Burdick, Rev. L. F. Hurley, Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, Rev. William L. Burdick.

The President reported a communication from Lester Osborn, and a letter written to the Hebron society.

Voted that the President appoint a committee to prepare the program for the Young People's hour at Conference.

The Corresponding Secretary was instructed to send out the semiannual report blanks.

Reading of the minutes.

Adjournment.

MISS MARJORIE WILLIS,
Recording Secretary.

Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts unlash'd by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown,
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet,
And he who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

—Cary.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

SANTA CLAUS' WAY OF DOING THINGS

RUTH MARION CARPENTER

"Martha, come here," called Santa Claus to Mrs. Santa Claus, "just look through my telescope here and see those two little girls down in Rhode Island. I have been having long distance telephone calls from their neighbors for a month or more but I have been too busy to really look the matter up. Can you see them, Martha?"

"Yes, dear, they seem to be very happy and interested doing something, but I wish I could hear their voices, they look so animated."

"Well, wait a minute until I can connect my heerophone, and you shall hear. There, can you hear now?"

"Yes, Shhh."

"But you see, Eunice, there are eight in the family, besides the father and mother, and can we ever make white gifts enough for all?"

"Oh sure, we can, Jean. You make a daisy chain for each of the twins, that's two, and I will make this picture scrap book of cloth for the baby, and a batch of fudge for Tommy, and papa said he would buy shoes for the two older ones and mama thought she could fix over a couple of our dresses for the two older girls and grandma and auntie spoke of something for the father and mother, so, you see, it can be done as easily as anything."

"Oh, goody, I just can't wait, and won't they be surprised for I just know that Santa Claus won't stop at their house this year, because they have just moved here, and he won't know anything about it."

"Could you hear them, too, Santa?" asked Martha as she turned away from the telescope.

"Yes, and if that is a fair sample of those two girls, I do not wonder the neighbors have been telephoning me. You see the neighbors have known about them for a long time and they were afraid I would treat them just as ordinary children. But, I am not just sure what I shall do yet."

"Now," continued Santa Claus, "I am going to connect up with that new family and see who they are. There I see them; it is just before bedtime. There are two big boys about fourteen and twelve I should think, and a jolly girl of eleven, and what looks like a pair of twins, both girls, too, about nine, and another little chap of seven and a baby in arms."

"But mother, I want a sled so much," Santa Claus heard the oldest boy say, "you know the coasting is much better than we ever had in New Jersey."

"Well, I think John, you will have to earn it," replied the mother, "you see, as I have said before, it costs so very much to move here that we haven't any money now to spend for fun, but as soon as father gets started in his new business it will be easier; but for this one Christmas we will just be happy and thankful that we are all together and that father has a good job. We will hang our stockings as usual and each one plan a good joke for someone else and then we will have an extra good dinner and after that perhaps father will hitch up Old Deborah in the sleigh and we will all go for a long ride. Now how many will agree to do his and her part toward making this queer Christmas a happy one? Do it for father's sake!"

"Good," shouted Santa Claus as he turned away from the telescope and heerophone.

"What is it," Mrs. Santa Claus eagerly asked because she had not had the benefit of the telescope and had only heard the conversation.

"Why, every hand went up enthusiastically, and their faces are just shining with the joy they are to make for each other. Well, well, I am glad I saw that little scene. I believe this world isn't quite all bad yet. There are two happy homes anyway. I must do something. I think I will do some telephoning now, Martha, if you will get me a good hot supper for I must be off directly on some delayed business."

Mrs. Santa Claus bustled off in her motherly fashion eager to do her part in spreading the Christmas joy.

Mr. Santa Claus sat down at his desk to telephone and to think. What should he do

for those two little girls who were so busily making *white* gifts! Santa Claus scratched his head some time. "Dear me," he groaned, "it is easy enough to plan for the new family, just empty one of my packs down their chimney and they will be sure to be suited; but I musn't do that for the girls. Their good deeds musn't be 'payed for'—that would encourage a wrong motive. Oh dear, where is my thinker," and he buried his hands in his palms again.

"I have it, I have it," he shouted and jumped up so quickly that poor Tabby fled to the kitchen for refuge and Mrs. Santa Claus rushed in to see what *had* happened.

"Oh, nothing serious, my dear, only that I have solved my problem for the little girls. I shall telephone at once to Cuba for a certain magic plant, or rather its seed, which I saw when I was on my annual trip last year, and have it sent up tonight by the Christmas express. That will give plenty of time to prepare the package before leaving on my rounds." Santa was so pleased with his idea that he ate a very hearty supper and started out in the best of spirits.

It was five o'clock Christmas morning; Santa Claus had just returned from his trip, almost too tired to eat the nice breakfast, but he looked at his watch and called Mrs. Santa Claus. "Please bring me my telescope and heerophone, I shall not be fully satisfied until I see how those girls like their plants. There, thank you. Yes I am in time, they haven't been to their stockings yet. They have worked so hard for Christmas that they must be tired."

"Ah, ah, here they come, the dears, and what do you think, Martha, Eunice came in from out doors; I heard that she was sleeping out of doors to earn a Campfire honor, but it does beat all in this weather too, I give up! And then what's more, that little Jean has slept away up on the third floor *alone* all the fall. I call that brave for only eleven years. Oh, Martha, come peek, they are having the greatest time exploring the treasures of those black caves. Oh, look, Jean has discovered it. Listen!"

"Eunice, look at this, did you ever see such a queer thing. Just a tiny something done up in this little box, what can it be?"

"Well, I have one too, Jean, just identi-

cally like it. Are they jokes or are they something real?"

"Oh, oh, oh, here is a letter from Santa Claus," they heard Jean exclaim, "I thought there wasn't any real Santa, but this is truly from him. Hurry, Eunice, and see if you have one. I won't open mine until you look."

"I can't find any, so I guess it is all yours, open it and see."

"Oh my, it is for us both," said Jean. "Listen!"

DEAR EUNICE AND JEAN:—

The little brown thing in the box is the seed of a most beautiful plant, a magic plant. You must plant them in large flower pots and care for them every day. They are very sensitive and you must give them constant care. They must be watered with pleasant words and fed or nourished with kind deeds, Nurture them faithfully, and watch closely.

Your old friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

P. S. Mrs. Santa sends love.

"Well did you ever in your life have such a queer gift?" asked Eunice. "Come, let's go get daddy to plant them for us."

"But, Eunice," Santa heard Jean hesitate, "Santa said for *us* to do it; I think we better do it all alone. It might break the charm to have someone else do it, you know Santa said it was magic."

"I guess you are right, Jean, but we will ask him to show us how. Come, hurry."

Santa Claus dropped his instruments with a chuckle. "They're the stuff all right, but they won't be surprised at all. Oh, no. Wheee."

"Tell me about it, Santa, I do not understand."

"So you don't Martha. Well, it is like this. Those girls will plant their seeds pretty quick, I reckon, and before tomorrow morning, it will be a full grown plant and for every pleasant word they say a beautiful blossom will appear in all colors; and every kind deed will cause a handsome fruit to form. Both the flowers and fruit are exquisite; far more beautiful than any they ever dreamed of. But whenever an unkind word is said one of the blossoms will lose its color and hang wilted. And if an unkind deed is done a fruit will wither and hang lifeless. The magic works just as well when the girls are away as when at home. And next year I shall take pains to ex-

amine their plants and thus determine what to do for them. If I am any judge, they will not be very long in discovering the magic powers of the plants."

"You are a dear, good man, Santa Claus, and I do not wonder all the children love you. But come to your breakfast now and you will soon feel rested."

SAVOR OF SCANDAL ON PROHIBITION

Let men who are rending the moral fiber of the Republic through easy contempt for the prohibition law, because they think it restricts their personal liberty, remember that they set the example and breed a contempt for law which will ultimately destroy the Republic.

Constitutional prohibition has been adopted by the nation. It is the supreme law of the land. In plain speaking there are conditions relating to its enforcement which savor of nation-wide scandal. It is the most demoralizing factor in our public life.

Most of our people assume that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment meant the elimination of the question from our politics. On the contrary, it has been so intensified as an issue, that many voters are disposed to make all political decisions with reference to this single question. It is distracting the public mind and prejudicing the judgment of the electorate.

The day is unlikely to come when the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed. The fact may as well be recognized and our course adapted accordingly. If the statutory provisions for its enforcement are contrary to deliberate public opinion, which I do not believe, the rigorous and literal enforcement will concentrate public attention on any requisite modification. Such a course conforms with the law and saves the humiliation of the government and the humiliation of our people before the world, and challenges the destructive forces engaged in wide-spread violation, official corruption, and individual demoralization.

The Eighteenth Amendment involves the concurrent authority of State and Federal Governments for the enforcement of the policy it defines. A certain lack of definiteness, through division of responsibility, is thus introduced. In order to bring about a full understanding of duties and responsibilities as thus distributed, I purpose to in-

vite the Governors of the States and territories, at an early opportunity, to a conference with the Federal executive authority. Out of the full and free considerations which will thus be possible, it is confidently believed, will emerge a more adequate comprehension of the whole problem, and definite policies of national and State co-operation in administering the laws.—*From President Harding's recent message to Congress.*

"Difficulty is the very atmosphere of miracle—it is miracle in its first stage. If it is to be a great miracle, the condition is not difficulty but impossibility. Do not balk at difficulty if you believe in God—he deals in miracles!"

SABBATH HISTORY I.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF MODERN DENOMINATIONS

AHVA JOHN CLARENCE BOND

- CHAPTER ONE
A Growing Regard for Bible Authority
- CHAPTER TWO
The Sabbath in the Old Testament
- CHAPTER THREE
The Sabbath in the Gospels
- CHAPTER FOUR
The Sabbath in the Early Church
- CHAPTER FIVE
The No-Sabbath Theory of the Early Reformers
- CHAPTER SIX
The Sabbath in the Early English Reformation
- CHAPTER SEVEN
John Trask and the First Sabbatarian Church in England
- CHAPTER EIGHT
Theophilus Bourne an Able Exponent of Sabbath Truth
- CHAPTER NINE
A Sabbath Creed of the Seventeenth Century

Sabbath History I is a neat volume, 5x7½ inches in size, containing 64 pages printed in clear type, and with an attractive green cover. Very appropriate for a Christmas present.

This book of nine chapters is recommended by the Young People's Board for use in this year's study classes. Five copies will be sent post paid to one address for \$2.00. Send for five copies, sell four at the regular price, and get your copy free. Address: The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

ANNUAL MESSAGE TO L. S. K'S

DEAR LONE SABBATH KEEPERS:

We desire to talk to you a few moments about the King's business.

We appeal to you who are loyal to the King of kings, living the Christian life and keeping God's commands.

We appeal to some of you, who, though you have not entirely forsaken your first love, yet may have become negligent as to your duties as a subject of the Lord of lords and King of kings.

We appeal to a few who may read these lines who have wandered into some by-path of strange doctrine or of doubt, or of sin, while still believing in your innermost heart that Jesus is Lord, and that his commandments are right and should be kept.

There was never a greater opportunity, or so much to be done, than in this time of stress and turmoil. Men hardly know what to believe, or why professing Christians (the great mass of church members) believe as they do.

It is a time to get back to God, and back to the Bible. We who have a reason for the hope that is within us can help as no others can. Will we do it?

The Lord has the greatest work to be done, backed by the greatest plan for its execution that was ever conceived. He needs you, and you, and you! Shall we not arise from our selfishness and our indifference and our negligence, make an inventory of our lives, seek forgiveness, and reconsecrate ourselves, asking: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" When the task is made known to us, shall we not go about its accomplishment cheerfully,—doing it the very best we can for Jesus' sake?

Jesus is not here in the flesh, but he is depending upon each of us to do his bidding. If he is King his will is absolute. What would he do if he were living where I live, and had the same opportunities and heard the same calls? We can only decide what he would do by studying our Bibles to learn what he did do, and by praying for the Holy Spirit to enlighten us as to what we ought to do.

The leaders in our denomination are praying and toiling in a conscientious effort to carry forward the King's business. Let us all do what we can to encourage and help. Sometimes men spend sleepless nights, and weary days, in anxiety about their own affairs. How many spend many days and sleepless nights in prayer and study about the King's business as these men, (our leaders), have?

Let us all help, and not hinder. I would that every family had the RECORDER. The publishing house needs the money to make the paper a paying proposition, and we all need the RECORDER. If you do not take it, why not send for it for your family for Christmas?

The slogan for this Conference year is "Better". Shall we not each, dear L. S. K's, pledge God and ourselves to do better and more work for our Lord and King? If we do, and keep the pledge, the work will move forward. Many will be converted to God, and will begin to keep his commandments. Those who have been holding from God his just due,—robbing him of tithes and offerings,—will loosen up the purse strings and make restitution.

Let no one limit himself to paying a tithe. Let us do more than that. I know of some who count out a fifth of their income, and are happy to do it. Shall we not deny ourselves and take up our crosses daily, whatever they may be, and follow him who is well deserving of our allegiance? Let us honor him with our substance,—with the first fruits of our increase, (we shall not starve), and let us give our whole lives to him to be guided and directed by him, faithfully doing the task he gives, doing better and doing more for King Jesus than we have ever done. By his power, and by his strength and wisdom and love we can if we will.

Let us do better work than we've done heretofore,

Do more for our Lord than ever before. He deserves of our best, he deserves of our all. My brother, my sister, pray heed his clear call.

Do we know in our souls what we might do for him?

Has our walk been lagging and lacking in vim? Are we anxious to serve, and know not the way? Let us tell him about it; he'll instruct us straightway.

The fields are waiting; the workers are few? There's a place for me and a place for you

Which none else can fill as our Lord designed;
Let us seek at once that place to find.

There's so much of turmoil and so much of
strife,

There's so much of sorrow and pain in each life!
The world needs the wisdom and peace he can
give,

His comfort and healing to help them to live.

Oh, let us surrender our wills to the King,
Ourselves and our all an offering bring;
'Tis the only life worth living, my friend,
Giving joy supernal which never shall end.

Yours for the coming kingdom,

ANGELINE ABBEY,

Director.

1601 Third Avenue, S.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

G. M. COTTRELL,

Secretary.

504 Columbian Building,

Topeka, Kan.

ECHOES FROM MASSACHUSETTS

LOIS R. FAY

Civilization has progressed as usual during the months since any echoes from this section have been re-echoed in the RECORDER. A great hum of industry, and pleasure-seeking, science and education, rises daily from this section. As one views the rush from a distance, the words of the Psalmist come to mind: "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand, did seek God." Among those who did not recognize God, the Psalmist found "none that doeth good, no not one". So today in the circles of infidelity, they are all gone aside, they are corrupt, but in unobserved corners, two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, and he is there also, in the midst of them.

During the past year, eight isolated Sabbath-keepers have come to my knowledge, all relics of Seventh Day Adventist excitement over a quarter of a century ago. The excitement has vanished, there is now no church of that denomination in the vicinity, of that former excitement, but these few have lived their faith as best they could—alone. Another one, still more isolated, an aged lady, has passed away, with this reputation to live after her. "She was a woman of estimable character—always kept Satur-

day instead of Sunday". Just a few, unheralded and unfamed, living the truth!

I was sitting, one summer afternoon, by a flower-bed, with my hands at work and thoughts comparing these few isolated Sabbath-keepers, with the 10,000 persons on the mailing list of a large city's Protestant Cathedral, and as often occurs when pomp and humility are compared, the tempter suggested, "You are foolish to ally yourself with these few individuals of no distinction. Just join this rich urban church that has such gifted preachers, grand edifice, inspiring services, wonderful music, and opportunities for usefulness in its social service among the poor."

The suggestion was a tempting one, and the environment like that of Eve's temptation in some of its features—a garden, solitude, and an alluring voice offering greater freedom from restraint. Just when the pressure of deceptive persuasion seemed almost overwhelming there was a peculiar stir among the flowers, and a close look to see why the blossoms moved their individual heads so surprisingly, revealed the tiniest, but most beautiful humming-bird I ever saw, flitting from flower to flower so swiftly the sight could barely follow its flight, on wings that were almost invisible in their magical vibrations. Stealthily moving closer to scan its flickering shape, I secured only a few rapid glances at the delightful colors adorning this marvelously tiny insect-like bird, before it became aware of my presence, and obedient to the innate shy instincts of humming-birds, darted away toward the woodland.

I sat still a few moments, thrilled with the impression of that tiny creature, so beautifully and perfectly equipped, when my eye caught sight of one of the large hawks, or small eagles, which nest on the mountain near by, and frequently soar majestically over our heads, as they seek prey from the neighboring poultry flocks; and as I compared the relative merits of the two creatures, the great majestic hawk and the tiny humming bird, I could not help but realize the little creature was the more delightful friend, and the safer associate.

The recent temptation to choose the friendship of a great, majestic organization in preference to a humble un-noticed group, no longer had any weight whatever. As

often, now, as the ambition arises to become allied with a great worldly power, to the neglect of a small humble minority who are on the side of right, I think of the humming bird. It is better to have humble associates divinely endowed, than to be allied with majestic greatness which is merely of this present world.

The position of Sabbath-keepers in this present generation is far from impressive greatness, but need we be ashamed of the day of small things? "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Every time the tempter taunts us with our littleness, let us remember one with God is a majority, and that he looks toward the humble and contrite ones. As I read church history and national history, I am convinced the manifold temptations that beset us indicate how zealously Satan is working to defeat God's will for humanity. There are traps, and deceptions, complications and diversions, besides severe persecutions; all designed to undermine and pervert and destroy the Kingdom of God. During the hours of trial it is almost impossible to see the glory that shall be in the end. Let us be devoted in our service, in our seed-sowing, in our prayers for divine help, till victory crowns our labors.

A CREED FOR CHRISTIAN STEWARDS

What do we need? Not more collections. Not fewer collections. We need a generation of Christian men who will understand the plain truth about the stewardship of money. What is this truth? We might put it into a creed for Christian stewards.

I BELIEVE

1. My money is mine only in trust. It belongs to God, just as I do.
2. This money is not filthy lucre. It is not the devil's coin. It is stored-up human power. It is so much of myself which I can set at work in China or India or New York or Colorado.
3. God is counting upon this money for his work. It is to build his churches and preach his gospel, train his workers and send them out, teach and heal and save his children, and help bring in a new kingdom of righteousness and brotherhood and peace.
4. To spend my income rightly is one of my first tasks as a Christian. Until I settle

this, my prayers and confessions will be like saying, "Lord, Lord", and not doing the will of my Father.

5. I should set aside a definite proportion of my income for the church and the service of others. I do this in acknowledgment of God's sovereignty over *all* of my material possessions. I do this to guard against my own selfishness. I do this because it is businesslike. Giving by impulse and without system does not accord with the importance of this work.

6. The proportion to be set aside for these purposes should not be less than one tenth of my income. The Old Testament enjoined the Tithe in ancient Israel, and surely I am receiving far more from God than did the men of any former generation. Nevertheless one tenth is not to be the limit of my giving. I should not begin with less than one tenth. I ought to give more if I am able.

7. I should invest this money for God as carefully as in my temporal business, and keep strict account of this fund. I should study the church and its work that I may give wisely. I should give systematically. I should pray with my giving.—*Selected.*

URGE INTERNATIONAL PARTICIPATION OF UNITED STATES

The American Association for International Co-operation, to crystalize sentiment throughout the country in behalf of larger American participation in international affairs, is being organized, with George W. Wickersham, United States attorney general under President Roosevelt, as chairman, and Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, general secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, as secretary-treasurer. Its national council, in process of formation, will include "eminent persons selected as representative friends and supporters of our cause in every state in the Union", according to a letter from headquarters of the association.

Church leaders are taking an important part in the new organization, and associated with them is a non-partisan group of prominent citizens from various walks of life.—*Selected.*

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

DEATHS

MAXSON.—Mrs. Lucy L. Stillman Maxson, the daughter of Robert and Phylura Main Stillman, was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., June 8, 1841, and died at the County Home at Oskaloosa, Kan., December 5, 1922, aged 81 years, 5 months and 27 days.

When fifteen years of age, she moved with her parents to West Hallock, Ill., where she was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of that place. On November 22, 1862, she was married to Norman Maxson, who died about 1896.

They moved from West Hallock, Ill., to Farina, Ill., in 1866 and she removed her church membership to the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church. After living fourteen years at Farina, they moved to Nortonville, Kan., and she united with the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church of which church she remained a member until her death.

One sister, Mrs. Julia Barber, of Little Geneese, N. Y., two half-sisters, Delia Maxson, of Trumble, Neb., and Mrs. D. C. Coon, of Nortonville, Kan., and two daughters, Mrs. Addie M. Babcock, of Nortonville, Kan., and Minnie Maxson, of Oskaloosa, Kan., still survive her.

A short time before her death, she was heard saying, "Peace, peace, perfect peace." Just before she died, she said to her daughter Minnie, "Are you still a Seventh Day Baptist?" When told that she was, she replied, "So am I." This

showed that in her closing moments, her thoughts were upon the things of God and her faith was lifting the shadows from the valley of death.

The funeral services, conducted by her pastor, Herbert L. Cottrell, were held at the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Nortonville Wednesday afternoon, December 6, 1922, and the body was laid to rest in the Nortonville cemetery. H. L. C.

DAVIS.—Sarah J. Davis was born September 22, 1840, and died November 15, 1922, aged 82 years, 1 month and 23 days.

She was the only daughter of George and Virginia Rymer. On September 27, 1860, she was married to Levi B. Davis, of Lost Creek, W. Va., and to this union were born two sons and six daughters. The youngest child died April 15, 1881. Her husband died June 4, 1912. The seven children surviving were with her in her last hours. There are ten grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

In early girlhood she was converted, and united with the Methodists. When the question of marriage with one of another faith was to be settled she agreed to take the Bible authority on the Sabbath. She proved a true convert and her children have faithfully followed the example of the parents. This can be thankfully said, and the reason was in their faith that the Bible ought to be the authority, and because the parents were faithfully active for the church cause and winning in the spirit and manner of their home life. They were among the most faithful and encouraging co-workers in the Master's cause. The attendance at the obituary service was much larger than the capacity of the church. M. G. S.

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(SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST)

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KENYON.—Phebe Elizabeth Kenyon was born January 13, 1832, and died at Rockville, R. I., November 5, 1922, aged 90 years, 9 months, 23 days.

She was a daughter of William C. Crandall and Phebe Burdick Crandall. At the age of fourteen she was baptized by Elder Alfred B. Burdick and united with the Rockville Seventh Day Baptist Church, in September, 1846. She was married November 19, 1853, to Benjamin Kenyon, and in 1903 they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Three children were born to them, Clarence E., who died June 24, 1872, and Elmer E., and Byron L., who survive her. One grandson, Clarence B. Kenyon also remains.

Her life of quiet friendliness was such as to bless the community and the home in which she lived for so many years. Farewell services were held at the home, Pastor Burdick officiating, and the body was laid at rest in the Rockville cemetery. P. S. B.

ELLIS.—Marie Wells Ellis was born at Ashaway, R. I., and died at her home at Alfred, N. Y., September 25, 1922.

She was the daughter of Peter Clarke and Eliza Stillman Wells. She was married to Samuel Ellis, of Alfred, where she afterwards made her home. In early life she united with the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church. After her marriage she transferred her membership to Alfred, where she remained a member until her death.

She is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Harriet W. Clarke, Mrs. John C. Barbour and Miss Emelyn Wells; and one brother, Oscar I. Wells, all of Ashaway; and by two sons and four daughters, Oscar W., of Bound Brook, N. J., Charles B., of Stephentown, N. Y., Mrs. Robert L. Coon,

of Ashaway, R. I., Miss Adalyn, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Misses Loula and Iva Ellis, of Alfred, N. Y., also by five grandchildren.

Just twelve years from the day of the burial of her husband Mrs. Ellis passed from this life. She was a devoted wife and mother, a kind and helpful neighbor, and was always happy and cheerful. In her last years she was cared for by her daughter who returned to her the same kind and thoughtful care that she always gave to others.

Funeral services were conducted from her home by her pastor and she was laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery. A. C. E.

CLARKE.—Jane Lillian Clarke was born May 28, 1861, in ReRuyter, N. Y., and passed away Sunday, November 19, 1922.

She was one of three children born to Dr. Silas Spencer and Mary Jane Champlain Clarke. Early in life she gave her heart to Jesus and was baptized by her uncle Rev. Joshua Clarke and joined the Seventh Day Baptist church of DeRuyter, N. Y. She was for many years one of the main workers in the choir and Sabbath school, faithful in her church attendance and at weekly prayer meeting.

She is survived by her sister Mariah Clarke, a niece Mrs. Katherine Clarke Hill, and a nephew Champlain Clarke. Her brother Dr. Frank Clarke died several years ago.

She was highly respected and loved by all who knew her and will be missed by her many friends and neighbors. L. D. B.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

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METHODIST TEMPERANCE BOARD ADOPTS RESOLUTION RESPECTING BEER ATTITUDE OF SENATOR-ELECT COPELAND OF NEW YORK

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its regular annual meeting at its headquarters in Washington, December 5, 1922:

WHEREAS, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, once a member of the General Conference and now an official member of one of the leading Methodist Episcopal Churches in New York City, United States Senator-elect from the State of New York, publicly accepted personally the beer nullification plank forced upon the Democratic party by Tammany and its nominee for governor which reads as follows:

"Recognizing that the interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment to the federal constitution expressed in the Volstead Act has resulted in widespread contempt and violation of the law, in illegal traffic in liquors, and in official corruption we insist upon Congress enacting such modification of the Volstead Act as shall legalize, subject to the approval of the State of New York, the use of beer and light wines under such careful restrictions as were imposed by the law passed in New York in 1920."

Therefore, be it Resolved by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church that it deplors the seeming alignment of a distinguished citizen, honored by his church, with the liquor traffic, the enemy of every church and of righteousness, in defiance of the solemn action of that church through its General Conference; and that we respectfully request the Senator-elect from New York State to seek to make such adjustment of his political obligations that they will not conflict with his obligations to the cause of fundamental righteousness and to a church which has stood before the world as a leader in the outlawing of the liquor traffic to the return of which he seems to be committed by the platform of his party and his public statements in connection therewith.

WHAT I MEAN IS THIS

You have seen him haven't you? Or if you haven't seen him you have had letters from him. Or you have heard others tell about him. He is the man that tells you all about something. Or he asks you to do something. Or he makes a suggestion. Or he wishes to remind you of something. Or he wants to tell you what he believes. And when he is all through, or you think he is through, he seems to feel that you have not quite grasped his meaning. Or he doubts the keenness of your intellect. Or he thinks of a better way of stating the matter.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Or he is not quite ready to stop talking.

So he says, "What I mean is this,—" and he proceeds to tell the thing all over again. Perhaps twice over. In this repeating he may state things in a clearer manner. He may use fewer words. He may arrive at the point in a more direct way.

And all the time you are thinking, "Why didn't he say so before?" or, "I knew what he meant," but you smile and say, "O, yes, I see," or if not so polite you say, "I get you," which leads him on to make still farther explanations.

All the time you are wishing he would get through knocking fouls, make a clean hit, and give you a chance at the bat.

What I mean is this,—that it would save time and space if we would learn how to state a matter clearly and kindly on first trial and trust to the intelligence of the other fellow to get our meaning. That's all.

—Gene S. Nabur.

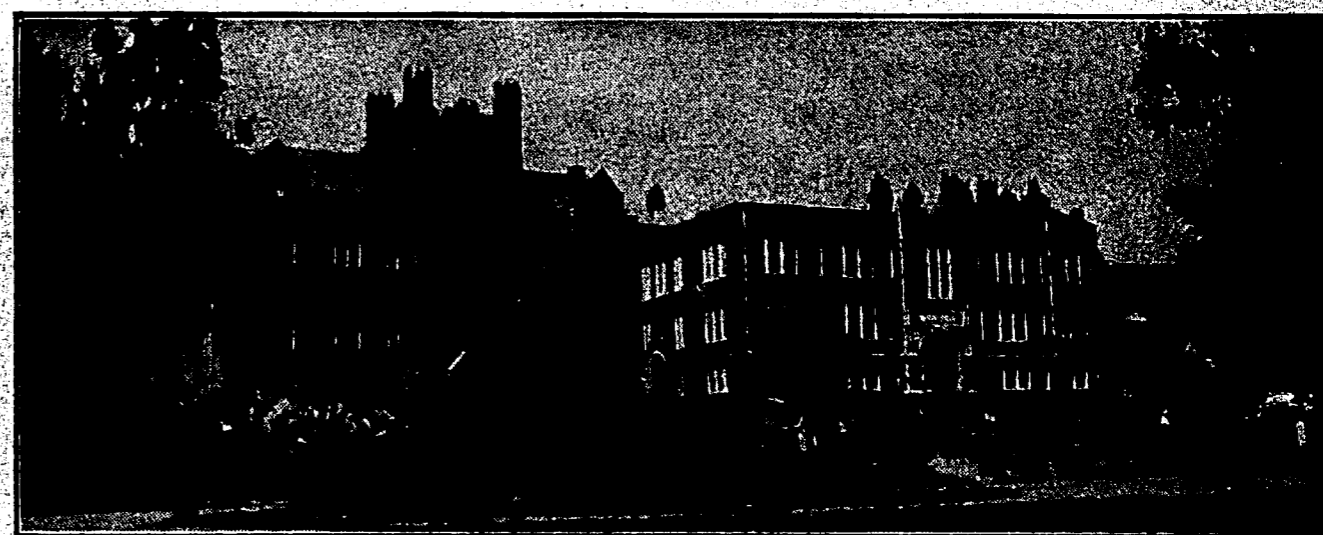
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