

The Sabbath Recorder

A PRAYER

"O God of Nations, who through the prophets of old hast foretold the day when the armaments of war shall be beaten into the implements of peace, hasten, we beseech thee, the fulfilment of this thy most sure promise. Quell the haughty cries of the nations; scatter the peoples that delight in war; clothe our nation with wisdom to counsel and courage to lead in paths of unity and peace, and speedily bring us out of our present confusion into the order and righteousness of thy Kingdom; through Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace, our Savior."—Bishop Brent, Chief of the American Chaplains in the Great War.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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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.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 4,061

The Gospel Herald The fourth number of volume nine of this paper came to us recently. Its editor and publisher is Rev. T. L. McKenzie Spencer, B. D., the Seventh Day Baptist missionary at Georgetown, British Guiana, South America.

Besides the items and articles of local interest the paper has special contributions from Sabbath-keepers elsewhere and articles taken from the SABBATH RECORDER and from other Seventh Day Baptist literature.

The value of such a paper to Sabbath-keepers who have but little or no other Seventh Day Baptist literature is great, and it carries large possibilities of good as it enters other homes at the hands of missionaries and colporteurs, and introduces itself as "a Seventh Day Baptist magazine. An Exponent of Bible Truth". A recent number of the paper says, "Since its publication it has gone throughout the colony and the West Indies."

At the beginning of 1922 Brother Spencer was compelled, "owing to financial reasons", to reduce the size of the paper to eight pages, and at the end of the year to issue it quarterly instead of bi-monthly. This is unfortunate.

We do not fully appreciate the value of such papers on our missionary fields when wisely distributed, and how they often open the way for the introduction of the Gospel and Sabbath truths into hearts and homes.

I hope that the time is not far distant when our people will make it possible for Mr. Spencer to issue the paper monthly and double its size. While he has never mentioned this to me I am confident that we would greatly hearten him, and greatly increase his usefulness if we would financially make it possible for him to publish a larger and better paper.

W. D. B.

The Statement by John R. Mott That the Young Men's Christian Association is

offering many advantages to boys and young men is readily seen by those who read the papers or come into closer contact with the work in cities, towns, and the country districts, but probably some who are ignor-

ant of the constitutional requirements of the Association and of its actual work fear that it alienates young men from Bible truths and the church.

The article in this paper by John R. Mott regarding the relation of the Association to the churches will be read with satisfaction by those who realize that the Association is having a large influence, and that its possibilities for good are increasing in this and other lands.

W. D. B.

"Even Unto Bethlehem" The sermon which is published in the SABBATH RECORDER this week appears rather late for a Christmas sermon. However, it is not too late to give RECORDER readers the privilege of enjoying a sermon so beautifully simple in its language, and so tender in its sentiments, as this one taken from the Christmas number of the New York *Christian Advocate*. Its exaltation of home life, though artfully indirect, is fine and wholesome, and its portrayal of the Advent is simple and strong.

Possibly a knowledge of the use made of the sermon by one family on Christmas eve may lead some one to read it who otherwise would not do so. It is with this hope that the following lines are written.

It is the custom of the family referred to above to read and sing and to repeat together the Lord's Prayer when they have been seated at the supper table, and before beginning the evening meal. The reading is not always from the Bible, although it often is; and it is not always a hymn that is sung, although it is usually one of the standard hymns of worship. For several years the song for the Sabbath eve has been two stanzas of "The Church in the Wildwood". Reading, singing and the Lord's Prayer has been the daily program for many years because in such a program of family worship all could join; and supper time has been chosen because all are together then, and there is more time.

At the supper table in this home on Christmas eve it was announced by the head of the household that he had a sermon which he would like for all to hear, and

which he believed they would enjoy. So the reading and the singing were postponed until after supper, at which time a vote was taken as to whether the sermon should be read before the distribution of the presents or afterwards. The chief argument in favor of waiting to have the sermon (which was presented by one of the smaller children), was that all would be so anxious to know what they were going to get that they would have trouble to listen. The chief argument on the other side was that when all had received their presents they would be so occupied with them that they would not want to settle down to listen to a sermon. Then there was the other argument as to the real meaning of Christmas and the duty of putting first things first. When the vote was taken it stood five to two in favor of having the sermon first, with one voting to have it "in the middle". All readily fell into line with the majority vote.

The family assembled in the reception room, forming a semi-circle about the Christmas fire which had been built in the wood-grate of the open fireplace, and with the Christmas tree and its mysterious packages waiting in the shadowy recess of the room. When the reading was finished the interest was such that all sat quietly for a few moments' discussion of the various events that have taken place in Bethlehem. It was the head of the family himself who first suggested that the one selected by vote to distribute the presents might now begin her coveted task.

Only one member of that household knows that this has been written. He would hesitate to relate to unsympathetic strangers the intimate doings of the sacred family circle; but he trusts his motive in this instance may not be misunderstood. This is written to call attention to the Christmas sermon on another page, but it is hoped also that it may encourage other families, many of whom could relate similar happy incidents, to be faithful in their high privilege of promoting religion in the home circle.

A. J. C. B.

No Toy Soldiers A reporter on one of our large American newspapers visited the toy departments of certain large mercantile houses at the opening of the holiday season, and he has made some interesting observations in regard to his findings.

He says that Japan had a wonderful opportunity to capture the toy market of the world, but that she failed to bring the quality of her products along this line up to standard.

The result of Japan's failure is that four years after the war Germany has "come back".

Modern improvements in toy automobiles were noted, and the increase of electrical-operated toys was marked. Christmas tree ornaments are still made in Germany as they seem to be no where else. But the most interesting item in this report of a tour of toy-land is contained in the following paragraph.

"Among all the radio toys and structural steel toys, dolls and rocking horses, games and toy furniture, fire engines and automobiles, there are few toy soldiers. Big wooden soldiers, perhaps—obviously musical comedy sort of nursery characters in white trousers, blue coats and red caps—but no files of sinister looking fellows in 'field-grau', sewed in place on big cards until some baby general shall direct their ranks in battle. No cannon threaten the peace of the toy counters. No battleships loom gray and silent in the big tank where fat rubber seals, sailboats and smart ocean liners crowd one another to the delight of small bystanders. These munitions of war, at least, Germany no longer exports."

It is a matter for curious speculation as to whether this absence of the soldier is due to a changed mind on the part of the makers of toys in Germany, or whether an altered American sentiment has closed the market against the war-suggestive toy. Doubtless both conclusions have some foundation in fact; which makes the future look a bit brighter for those who are working for a warless world.

Certainly war is no longer glorified in American homes, and doubtless the spirit of the German people is changing since her young men no longer have to spring to their feet with unquestioned deference, and crack their heels together in instant recognition of some army officer who happens to strut into their presence, no matter what the occasion.

There is no greater travesty of the Christmas spirit and message than the mimicry in children's play of the hateful maneuvers of war. As we go out into the New Year,

from a Christmas free from military toys, may it be in the spirit of the Prince of Peace which alone will make all future war forever impossible.

A. J. C. B.

THE RELATION OF THE Y. M. C. A. TO THE CHURCHES

Statement About the Action Taken by the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations at Atlantic City, November 14-19, 1922.

Contrary to the headlines in the newspapers which in certain cases conveyed an impression the very opposite of the report given to the press and therefore contrary to the facts, the Young Men's Christian Association at its recent International Convention at Atlantic City has not broken with the evangelical churches, but rather strengthened its relation to them. In all the long chain of forty-one International Conventions it may be questioned whether the Association has ever rung more true on this fundamental point than it did at its recent Convention.

1. The Atlantic City Convention took no action requiring any Association now on the historic Portland Basis of active membership to make any change therein. No Association which already has that Basis is disturbed.

2. The Atlantic City Convention aligned itself as never before with the evangelical churches of today in that it adopted by practically unanimous vote, as an alternate plan, the provision that active membership in the Association shall be held to include those who are members in any church which is eligible for membership in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

3. The Convention allowed any Association to admit to its Managing Board on the vote of the Board, ninety per cent of whom must be members of evangelical churches, men not to exceed in number ten per cent who are members of the Association but not members of churches included in the foregoing provisions, provided such men personally accept the Paris Basis as a statement of their personal purpose. This Basis, which unites all of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the world, and which as a matter of fact is today accepted

by nearly every national group of Associations, reads as follows: "The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Savior, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be his disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of his kingdom amongst young men."

4. The convention by unanimous vote renewed its declaration of loyalty to the evangelical churches.

5. The action taken by the convention at the request of the Student Associations will also result, it is believed, in strengthening the relation between the Associations and the churches. The splendid statement of purpose adopted for Student Associations not only gives greater reality and vitality to the Student Association membership, but also magnifies the place of church membership and service in the work and leadership of these Associations. According to this statement of purpose, one of the obligations of the Student Association membership is, "to lead students into the membership and service of the Christian Church." The action of the convention does not change the present requirements for elective officers and delegates from Student Associations to the convention.

Finally, the convention accepted unanimously the report of the Commission on Approach to the Churches, of which Dr. William Horace Day was chairman and the membership of which includes recognized and trusted ministerial leaders of nearly all of the principal evangelical churches. The findings and recommendations of this report constitute the most statesmanlike and satisfactory statement of the relationships which should exist between the Associations and the churches that has ever been prepared. The fact that its constructive proposals were adopted with such conviction is most reassuring. These include a request that each denomination appoint officially a Young Men's Christian Association committee to further the closest and most helpful relations, and a proposal that the Association Movement in turn form a Counselling Commission composed of one representative from each denomination.

It should be pointed out that the convention was composed of some sixteen hundred voting delegates, all of whom are members

of evangelical churches. When Dr. Robert E. Speer, chairman of the Federal Council, suggested that those delegates who are officers, teachers, and committee workers in their respective churches stand, nearly three-fourths of the entire number stood. Facts like these should serve to dispel any doubt or misapprehension which may exist in any quarter as to the unswerving loyalty of the Young Men's Christian Association to the evangelical churches of the United States and Canada.

JOHN R. MOTT.

December 5, 1922.

REVIVAL AT ADAMS CENTER

The recent revival at Adams Center was a genuine blessing to the community. There were no startling results. However, the spirit of evangelism came into the hearts of many who were not doing active service for the Master, and prayer and personal work came to be much more general. And when folks begin to pray and do personal work, results follow.

It was a cause for regret on the part of the writer, and of many others, as well, that the speaker, Rev. W. L. Burdick, could not be with us longer. We had expected him to begin on November 10, but circumstances over which he had no control detained him, and he was not able to begin the meetings until November 17. Then, because of the pressure of work which seemed to increase while he was here, he was compelled to leave earlier than we had planned, preaching his last sermon on December 3. But in these few days he had endeared himself to many, and had awakened such an interest in the gospel that it seemed best to continue the meetings for a week after he left. His quiet, thoughtful sermons, free as they were from all sensationalism and emotionalism, led people to feel that the religion of the Lord Jesus was worthy, not alone of their thought and consideration, but also of their consecration, their love and their life.

As is always the case in a meeting of this kind the results can not be tabulated. We expect four new members to be added to the Seventh Day Baptist Church, and we hope that Pastor Aldrich of the First Day Baptist Church may have the joy of receiving into church membership several

more, as there were some from Sunday-keeping homes that professed conversion. Then the interest of the Christians in the community was awakened in the winning of lost men to Jesus. The willingness to do active, personal work for the Master has increased in many, especially among our younger people, and that means more results in the future. And the writer would gladly testify to his own blessing and help coming from the opportunity of serving in company with Brother Burdick, and for the joy of having him in our home where he manifested so well the spirit of the Savior we worship and serve. May not our churches everywhere increase their definite efforts to point men to Christ! "Neither is there salvation in any other."

L. F. HURLEY.

REV. D. B. COON AT STANBERRY, MO.

The Stanberry Church has been enjoying a series of able sermons, delivered by Elder Burdett Coon of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, which closed Tuesday evening. Elder J. S. Jellisin has been assisting with the service. Brother Coon spoke at the church each evening for just one week and our brethren have been benefited and have much enjoyed each discourse. Elder Coon is chairman of the committee appointed by his church to meet a like committee from the Church of God with a view of uniting the two churches. The two committees will likely not be able to meet until next summer just before, or after the General Conferences of the two bodies. The Seventh Day Baptist brethren will hold their Conference at North Loup, Neb., about the time our meeting will convene at Stanberry, and the committees can then arrange to get together with but little extra cost. We hope that we may sometime have the pleasure of another visit by Elder Coon, and unite in wishing him God's choicest blessings to follow in his good work.—*The Bible Advocate*.

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN CHANGES PASTORATE

Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn has resigned the pastorate of the Milton Junction, Wis., Church, and has accepted a call to the church at White Cloud, Mich., to take effect April 1.

THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT AND SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION

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

LET'S GO

The future's looking mighty bright,
Let's go!
Things are working out all right,
Let's go!
Wheels are turning, smokestacks show
Fires are blazing high below,
Traffic signal's green, and so
Let's go!
Hard times? They are in the past.
Let's go!
Setbacks came but couldn't last,
Let's go!
Gloom has held its last parade,
Grab the hammer, grab the spade,
There's a fortune to be made,
Let's go!
Skies are clear that once were dark,
Let's go!
Everybody on the mark,
Let's go!
We have done with frown and whine,
Get set now and on the line,
Everything is looking fine,
Let's go!
We're a nation, free from hate,
Let's go!
We can keep it strong and great,
Let's go!
Land of freedom, land of mirth,
Happiest land upon the earth,
Let us show her what we're worth,
Let's go!

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE COMMISSION MEETS AT PITTSBURGH

At Conference time there was some talk of calling the next meeting of the Commission at one of our churches. Experience has seemed to demonstrate the wisdom, however, of calling the autumn two-day meeting of the Commission at some central and convenient city, where every moment of the time can be given to the matters in hand.

The meeting this year, called for December 27 and 28, was held at Hotel Henry, Pittsburgh. But one night was spent at the hotel and probably that extra expense was taken care of in the saving of the extra railroad fare which it would have cost to bring all members together at one of our churches.

These are always two full days, with morning, afternoon and evening sessions, the evening session usually running late into the night. Some of the subjects for consideration may be learned from the following brief communication sent by the Forward Movement director to the members of the Commission some days before the meeting.

To the Members of the Commission of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.

DEAR BRETHREN:

On the eve of your departure for our meeting at Pittsburgh, Pa., it may be helpful to have indicated to you some matters that will likely be considered at that meeting.

The list of things which I herewith present are merely suggestive. Of course every member has a right to bring up any matter which he thinks should be considered. Some of the committees will make important reports.

The meeting will be largely a forward-looking meeting, since it is the first regular session for the present Conference year.

Among the subjects that will likely claim some attention, I name the following for your thought as you head toward Pittsburgh.

1. A special season for deepening the devotional life and for evangelism.
2. A magazine for our young people and children, or an enlarged SABBATH RECORDER, with a special department editor.
3. A possible six months' extension of the Forward Movement period.
4. The division of time and labor of the Forward Movement director, under the joint direction of the Commission and the Tract Society.
5. A possible debt raising campaign for the Forward Movement.
6. A possible increase in the subscription price of the SABBATH RECORDER.
7. Consideration of the method of formulating a future program and budget.

A. J. C. BOND.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion. It is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the great man is he, who in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson*.

FROM THE CUMBERLAND CHURCH

Five members of the Cumberland Seventh Day Baptist Church held a short service Sabbath afternoon, November 11, at the home of Rev. D. N. Newton and sisters, Hope Mills, N. C., and received into its membership a humble Christian young man, Joseph N. Rogers, who is thoroughly convinced that the Seventh Day is the sabbath and has been keeping it for several months. His simple childlike faith and his willingness to take part, as he is able, in the monthly Sabbath services of the church which were resumed the day he united with us, will, we feel assured, be a help and an encouragement to each member of the church. He is a grandson of Rev. Reuben Newton, (deceased) first pastor, and a great grandson of George Newton, first deacon of the Cumberland Church. Perhaps some of the readers of the RECORDER will be interested to know that the mother and grandmother of the young man (both Baptists) united with the church during revival meetings held with it in 1889 by Elder S. D. Davis of precious memory. The new member also comes from the Baptists. His brother, older than himself, commenced keeping the Sabbath about ten years ago and was immersed and received into the membership of the church. The father and sister remain with the Baptists and do not keep the Sabbath. A peaceable, affectionate family, this separation in church fellowship is a trial to both sides. The two brothers aged, respectively 28 and 29, are now the youngest members of the church. When the church was organized in 1887 the youngest member (myself) was 37. Some years afterwards there were eight or more members under 30 years.

Rev. D. N. Newton and sisters are so very feeble they are barely able to take part in the service held in their own home. Because of their physical inability to make suitable preparation for entertaining brethren who might have been willing to stop off with them at this town when going north or south on the Atlantic Coast Line, they have failed to invite such to visit them. They would have been especially glad to have met Editor Gardiner and President Davis if they passed through here on their trip to Florida.

We were truly sorry to learn of the ill-

ness of Dr. Gardiner and hope and pray for his recovery if it is the Lord's will.

EMILY P. NEWTON.

Hope Mills, N. C., Dec 19, 1922.

POLITICAL PRISONERS

The matter of release of political prisoners still drags. During the summer the President told a representative committee of citizens who called on him concerning this matter that he expected to have all the data necessary to a disposition of the remaining cases in his hands within sixty days. It appears that there was a misunderstanding in governing circles in regard to the time limit and a recent report from the Department of Justice indicated that the necessary summaries of the evidence in many of the cases had not been completed.

A resolution urging action in this matter was passed by the Conference of Progressives held in Washington, December 2, under the auspices of the People's Legislative Service. In the aggregate a great deal has been said and done in the interest of the men who remain in jail because of their opposition to the war. The effort has apparently not been organized in such a way as to impress Washington. The following editorial from the New York *Evening Post* for December 20 seems to summarize the real sentiment on this question:

"The fourth Christmas since the close of the war might well be made the occasion for release of the sixty-two men still held in prison under the espionage law. These men have already been confined longer than those who were convicted of plotting against the government or of being German spies. All of the European countries have long since freed the prisoners detained under their war-time laws. In England the sentences for such offenses did not exceed six months; in the other Allied nations amnesty was declared within fourteen months after the armistice. None of our prisoners is being punished for an act of violence. Their offense was an expression of opinion in violation of an emergency law which now has been obsolete for the length of a full Presidential term. Some of these men, in the words of an army officer, were 'convicted in a wave of hysteria'. They were opposed to the war. Their opposition was limited to an expression of opinion. The war is over. Let them go."

MISSIONS

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

NOTES FROM THE SOUTHWEST

It has been many weeks, possibly months, since the missionary on this field has furnished RECORDER readers an account of his wanderings. It is not because he has been idle. There have been no thrilling experiences to relate, however, and no marked interest to tell you about, and he wonders if you do not sometimes weary of hearing the "commonplace".

Since submitting the last notes to the RECORDER, the writer has visited the Little Prairie Church, remaining two Sabbaths. He also spent ten days at Fouke assisting Pastor Beebe in evangelistic meetings. You will remember that correspondents from both these places have already mentioned this work so his account of it would be a repetition.

The monthly visits to Belzoni, Okla., while not being characterized by any striking increase of interest, yet we believe the cause of righteousness is gradually being strengthened.

The group of Sabbath-keepers at Lonoke, Ark., was also visited in November and their expressions of appreciation for the privilege of listening to another sermon by a Seventh Day Baptist minister show that they do enjoy these visits. There have been repeated invitations for the missionary to hold a series of meetings in their community, but as yet we have not agreed on a time suitable to all concerned; it is possible that we may arrange for such a meeting this winter.

While not otherwise engaged, the writer finds opportunities to labor for the Master in and around Gentry. He gave a talk on Thanksgiving morning in a country schoolhouse (Trammel School) and also gave the message at the union Thanksgiving service in Gentry in the evening.

The interest at Gentry is about as usual; the attendance at all the services, including the Sabbath eve prayer meeting, is very commendable considering our small numbers.

The Sabbath school is planning for a tree and Christmas entertainment to be given at the home of the superintendent, but we will tell you about that later.

ROLLA J. SEVERANCE;

Missionary for the Southwest.

Gentry, Ark.

MY CREED

I believe that the Creator of the universe of worlds, who made the heavens, and who made the earth for us, has in store for us a home as beautiful and as good as our present home—if ever we become fit to live in it.

I believe that his relation to us is as our Father, and that he inspired Jesus to help all who have lost their way, to get into the path that leads to him and to that future home.

I also believe that it is possible for a thoughtful person so to trust him, and to his guidance, that a large part of one's worries shall be forgotten; and we may live glad lives even here.

More: I believe that I have heard the call "Come", and that when, sometime, he shall say, "Come in", the invitation will not need be repeated.

A. S. BABCOCK.

Rockville, R. I.

FROM EDITOR GARDINER

Friends in Plainfield of Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner, Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, received the following message from him Sabbath morning, December 30:

"Out of hospital after seventeen days. Back in Hotel Arthur. Making daily visits to the clinic. Weak but gaining slowly. Don't know how long they will keep me. Thank all the good friends for kind messages and flowers. Am anxious to get home."
"THEODORE."

I know some people who will not take front seats in church because it makes them conspicuous, but I believe they make themselves more conspicuous by occupying back seats. If they were to occupy front seats no one would think about it unless it were to commend them, but when they occupy back seats many wonder why they do so.—*Rude (Rood) Sayings, from the North Loup Loyalist.*

TRAINING OUR CHILDREN FOR LIVES OF SERVICE

MRS. M. R. SANFORD

(Read at Southeastern Association)

A few months ago a young fellow lay in a hospital at the point of death. The call came for a volunteer to give a certain number of ounces of his own blood in order that the unfortunate sick one might have sufficient amount of the life-giving blood to be restored to health. The call received response from several, but the one chosen was a young man from one of our own Seventh Day Baptist homes. It took years of clean, wholesome habits of living to produce the right specimen. It takes years of the best training in Christian homes of this nation to produce the right specimen of manhood and womanhood to be of true service—young men and women who are able to lift the fallen, discouraged, or ignorant neighbors, whether in this land or some foreign shore, and share with them the life-giving message of Jesus Christ.

I remember walking one hot August day through one of the most crowded, dirty, ill-scented sections of New York City. Out where the little foreign children are self-reliant from birth, where there is no time for coddling babies, where they learn to shift for themselves while mother works. Out among the horses and motors they go. If they are hungry, the garbage can on the curb offers food. Soon we find them toddling out on the street with bundles of papers to do business, accurately counting their pennies, shouting the affairs of the world, its horrors and tragedies, their thoughts ever upon the future of which father and mother talk all the time, when their pockets shall bulge with money and they shall be rich.

Should we follow the course of these same little fellows, we find that their rapid development soon stops, there are no roots. The brain grows sluggish, vigor is lost, craftiness follows. Something for nothing becomes their ambition. Yellow journals and that kind of literature play their part, and what have we as a result? Individuals seeking individual ends.

Contrast such homes with the one first mentioned, and let us ask ourselves the question, "Has one any relation whatsoever with the other?" Often have I thought of this

scene and wondered when the time would come, when more of our young people from Christian homes of America would respond to the call and share with them the life-giving message of Jesus Christ. They, with millions of others, are dying without hope and will continue unless this new generation of boys and girls can be trained for active Christian service.

This is the burden of my message today, "*How can our boy or girl be trained differently than we ourselves were trained?*" Perhaps we ourselves feel that we have had the best of early training, but possibly even with us from Christian homes, some one phase of religious training was not emphasized as it should have been to develop the highest *ideals* a young person can possess—that of *service*.

A long avenue leads to the door of service. It is the avenue of preparation. Christ set the example by spending thirty years in preparation for three and one half years of service. He was early impressed with the importance of "his Father's business". The prevailing passion of his life was a preparation for the exalted work for which the Father had sent him to this world. On the human side, he must have received his earliest impressions for good and incentives to service from his mother. The Christian influence of the parent counts mightily for God in the early years of the child.

We recall how in our own childhood experience we have felt that whatever mother did or said was just right. We have with us at present two little Jewish girls of ten and twelve. They have come with a group of fresh-air children from New York City. They refused to remain at the table during our morning devotions, and when Sabbath came refused to attend a Christian church. Today I had the opportunity of having a long talk with them concerning their belief and our own. I gathered from their conversation that the younger generation seldom attend the synagogue, that one is a good Jew if he or she refrains from eating certain foods, and from sewing, tearing, or writing on the Sabbath, and of course must never hear the name of "Jesus". Ignorance concerning the Old Testament was astonishing. When I tried to tell them something of our belief, and question the older one, the answer was always, "I don't

know nothing about it 'cept what my mother says, and *she* knows."

Such is the attitude of all children, "*Mother knows.*" The earliest training of these girls has been along the lines of what they must not do to be a good Jew, while we want our boys and girls to grasp the idea of what they must do in order to be serving Christians.

As I said before, "*Mother knows.*" The question is, Does mother put into practice what she knows? Is she placing before her child the very best kind of literature? "Act is the blossom of thought," and our trend of thought is influenced by what we read. Robert Moffat was early impressed with missionary service by hearing his mother read stories of Greenland and Labrador missionaries. When a mere child Adoniram Judson's favorite hymn was, "Go Preach My Gospel, saith the Lord." David Livingstone was strongly impressed to give his life to foreign mission service by reading the life of Henry Martyn, and other missionary books. It is instinctive with youth to look abroad. Curiosity about foreign things and people is a natural tendency. Combine this curiosity with idealism, also natural to the boy and girl, and you have a force which finds its sphere of action in the foreign mission field. I have been thinking of one Christian mother who always made it a point to have just such literature on her young son's desk in his own room, and upon special occasions, other books (as gifts) were added to this inspiring library. This has been her practice since his early boyhood, carefully to select such literature as would meet his desires and demands at each advancing stage, but it was nearly always along some line of "service".

Outside the Bible, there is no class of literature so educating as the lives and adventures of our hero missionaries. It forms a background for geography, history, science, economics, and other subjects which the child finds useful as he goes through school.

I once listened to a splendid lecturer, who held her audience "spellbound", who testified to the fact that the reading of such literature had been practically her only means of education, outside a few years of early school training.

We have spoken of *reading*, but what does the child *hear*? What are the subjects

of our conversations, especially our table conversations? Do they center about money or service? What does your child feel that you are most interested in, for what that may be his tastes will lie in the same direction, for "*Mother knows*", and it may be father, too, in most cases.

But child life calls for action. It must not all be hearing and seeing or reading. If he becomes interested in missionary work, he will want to give—give, because he wants to feel that he, too, has a part to play in this great world's work. Encourage this giving spirit, if only the smallest sum may be given. Let it be given systematically and with prayerful thought. Usually when a child first begins to earn a little, his impulse is to give. This is the very moment when a *tenth* box should be provided and explained. Some of our greatest business men have been of untold value in a philanthropic way because they began to give to the Lord while mere children.

Oh, what an influence the home has in shaping the future ideals. It is the part of parents to consecrate their children to the service of God, to relate to them the mighty work wrought through his servants, and by the singing of inspiring songs, the furnishing of soul-gripping books, and encouraging their spirit of giving, to direct them toward their "*Father's Business*".

Not the home alone may influence the child. The Sabbath school is for many the only means of getting this needed instruction. Therefore, I believe that we should have a more thorough missionary course in our Sabbath schools, either directed by a missionary superintendent to give or provide short talks (possibly on current missionary topics) for all the school, or definite class instruction. I believe also that many of our libraries might be of far greater value could they contain more of this class of literature.

Perhaps we are just beginning to find the formula to be able to supply the food that will nourish and build up the tissue of mind and soul. But here, too, the formula would be incomplete without activity. A certain young man, intelligent, full of energy, beginning to drift away from church, to shrug his shoulders at Sabbath school, to spend his evenings in a purely social way, turned around completely when given charge of a boy's club.

As I look back upon the activities of our little group of Juniors at Fouke, I feel certain that much good will result from them, and if "mother knows" best she will keep on encouraging them in their regular attendance and work.

So much can be accomplished by keeping in touch with other societies. I hope that the convention at Hot Springs this summer has caused more enthusiasm on the part of the young people of the Southwest. We simply can not measure the influence and inspiration which the young receive in attending such meetings. I believe our own Conferences are a mighty factor toward inspiring our young people to lives of greater service. As I hear of and see the young and old preparing to attend Conference this year, a deep longing to be among them creeps into mind, but I pause a moment and give thanks that it was through my parents and a great sacrifice upon their parts that I was able to attend my first Conference which I remember, even now, so very distinctly. Encouragement upon the part of parents will form the habit and desire to attend such gatherings whenever possible. My hope is, that some of our Fouke young people may be permitted to attend when the Conference comes West.

Recently two young men from our Christian Endeavor society were sent as delegates to our State Convention. Yes, it cost each one of us something, but nothing compared to the joy we felt when they returned to give their reports, so full of life and enthusiasm. The idea of service is gained through contact with others.

But now there comes a change in the program. The budding young man or woman must leave the parental roof. The time has come for the college to supplement the training of the home and public school. This is the crucial or psychological moment. Often he is confronted with the question, "What is to be my life's work?" Here we find the Christian associations and conferences of young college students helping to stimulate thought along lines of Christian service. Should our own Seventh Day Baptist young people have any inclination this way, parents, encourage it. I know of three college boys who would have been glad to enter the ministry. All testified to the fact that the question of finances was not holding them back, but criticism—

that spirit of criticism which we find all too frequently in our various churches. We must not expect boys and girls coming from our homes to desire to prepare for the ministry or mission fields if they hear from our lips words of harsh criticism.

Again, I say, "If mother knows," she will be constantly directing her boy or girl from early childhood to that period when he or she must decide upon life's work—directing them in thought and action along lines of definite Christian service. It is a fact that all too many parents measure success in dollars and cents, and are utterly indifferent to the world's greatest need. Why this indifference at an age when the very term "missionary" has for us a far different meaning from that which it conveyed years ago. We are no longer asked to sympathize with these scattered, isolated groups in the great stretches of heathen countries; we are faced with one of the broadest international movements of human advancement in all history. Young men and women students of America are faced with unequalled possibilities of making the movements of this generation count as among the decisive movements of the world's history. Good business, good politics, good health, good education is the result of missionary efforts wherever the gospel is spread.

A few years ago, to give up a son or daughter to aid in the World War, was considered noble and honorable. The spirit of unselfishness and loyalty should be just as great in giving up a son or daughter to follow the Master's business, which is the world's call today. You say you desire your son or daughter to take up some line of service, for example, a Christian lawyer, a Christian doctor, or educator. But is there any profession of more value than the Christian ministry, the organizer and inspirer of all business men? Face to face with these facts, why should we be so indifferent to this important phase of the child's early training? Let us make the remaining years of our own lives count, by training our boys and girls to become that true specimen of manhood and womanhood—fitted to lift the fallen, discouraged, or ignorant neighbor whether in this fair land of ours or some foreign shore, and share with them the life-giving message of Jesus Christ. Let "Training for Service" be the motto of every Seventh Day Baptist home.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

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

SALEM SUBJECTS

Some weeks ago the editor of the Educational page asked for some account of the activities of Salem College. Soon after that a Conference paper appeared which had been prepared by the president. It was thus thought best to delay this write-up until now.

The college is having many things to encourage it this year. The attendance is unusually large for a fall semester. There are more than three hundred and twenty-five students regularly enrolled. There are about thirty doing some work by correspondence under the direction of various teachers. Although the college does not encourage this work it does help some of the better students to continue their work while they are compelled to be out of school. In addition there are more than one hundred students in extension classes at Clarksburg and other nearby towns. The college has not encouraged the formation of such classes, but has yielded to demands for them on the part of teachers and others interested in furthering their education. These classes usually meet one night a week only.

Recently the college secured the services of the noted Y. M. C. A. college evangelist, J. Stitt Wilson, who remained one day giving three addresses during the time. Seldom have our students accepted any speaker so whole heartedly as they accepted him. This was followed by a series of religious addresses or sermons given by Rev. George E. Fifield, of Battle Creek, Mich. Brother Fifield spoke at the chapel hour every morning and at a special service every evening. His messages were of the sort to make permanent impressions upon young lives. The attendance of the evening services was not as good as it should have been but prac-

tically every student heard the messages at the chapel hour. All of these messages dealt with the fundamental principles of Christian living. We trust that their teaching may bear a large harvest in the future.

There has been an unusual number of college activities during this semester. The athletic accomplishments during the football season as well as the initiation of the basketball season have been very gratifying. Only three football games were lost during the season, all to college teams of much higher rating athletically than Salem. There have never been so many men competing for places on the basketball team. The initial game try-out, December 13, against a strong independent team was easily won by a score of 41-13. The college has a rather heavy basketball schedule with which Coach Casey and his men expect to bring honor to the Green and White.

The Science societies have been showing to the college some excellent moving picture films with their new machine. For the commercial films a small admission is charged. For the films received from the State Department of Agriculture admission is free. Various other organizations of the school are active in their respective field.

The Year Book staff under the efficient management of Harley D. Bond, Hurley S. Warren, E. Lowther, and Bryan Carder, is hard at work.

On Friday morning, December fifteenth, the college senior class of which Edward Davis is president, gave a most inspiring program at the chapel hour. The following is the program given:

- Devotion Edward Davis
- Music Class Male Quartet
- Why Colleges Need Traditions Edith Smith
- Traditions of Other Colleges John Frum
- Traditions of Salem College Duane Ogden
- Why Salem College Needs Traditions Maybelle Sutton
- Presentation of Class Resolutions
- Relative to Traditions Edward Davis
- Piano Solo Marcella Randolph

This program brought back to mind many customs which began in the early years of the college.

The college closed for the Christmas holidays on Wednesday, December the twentieth.

An article relative to college finance must soon appear in the RECORDER unless the friends of the institution remember it in a part of their Christmas giving. *

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society of New Jersey, met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, December 10, 1922, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Willard D. Burdick, Frank J. Hubbard, William M. Stillman, Esle F. Randolph, Iseus F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Irving A. Hunting, Jacob Bakker, Edward E. Whitford, James L. Skaggs, Otis B. Whitford, Henry D. Babcock, Ahva J. C. Bond, William L. Burdick, Arthur L. Titsworth and Business Manager Lucius P. Burch.

Visitors: Mrs. Willard D. Burdick, Mrs. David E. Titsworth.

Prayer was offered by Rev. William L. Burdick, D. D.

Minutes of last meeting were read. At the opening of the meeting a telegram was read from Editor Theodore L. Gardiner from Rochester, Minn., where he went for treatment by the Mayo Brothers, stating that preliminary examinations had been made, resulting in a decision to perform an operation on Monday, December 11. In view of this serious information, President Randolph asked the Board to rise and join in prayer with Rev. James L. Skaggs, who offered a most fervent and beseeching prayer for the recovery of Dr. Gardiner.

By vote the Recording Secretary was requested to send a telegraphic message to Editor Gardiner expressing the sympathy of the Board, and their prayerful interest in his speedy recovery.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported requests for literature cared for as usual. From November 11 to December 8, nineteen new subscriptions were received for the SABBATH RECORDER.

Correspondence was received from Mr. Dahlbach, and by vote Corresponding Secretary Burdick was requested to keep in touch with the Missionary Society relating

to the communication, and especially the request for literature.

The Committee on Italian Mission reported that means had been taken to protect the property at New Era. Report approved, and bill of expense ordered paid on approval of the Committee.

The Committee to assist Director Bond in locating here, reported that he had moved, is here, and settled. The Committee also reported that Mrs. Seward will continue for a time, her work on the denominational files. Report received, and the Committee discharged with the thanks of the Board.

Director Bond expressed his appreciation of the work of the Committee in planning and arranging for his change of residence.

Corresponding Secretary Burdick noted several matters of interest in connection with his work, requiring no special action.

President Randolph noted his visit of three days recently at Adams Center, N. Y., where he was pleased to represent the Board and its work.

Secretary William L. Burdick of the Missionary Society being present, noted especially this era of changed conditions, and exhorted the Board and our people to take their place in the world's work as it now exists, meeting the new conditions. He expressed his pleasure in being here today, and assured the Board of his earnest spirit of co-operation in the work of the Board, and all the interests of our denomination in its varied departments.

The question of sending the SABBATH RECORDER to Angeline Abbey was referred to the Committee on Distribution of Literature with power.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

NOTICE

In behalf of the visiting delegates to the Southeastern Association, who ordered a picture of the association group and of the delegates, the pictures will be mailed to all parties in a few days.

Owing to the fact that the man who took the picture is a fruit grower as many of you learned, it took him some time to market the large fruit crop, so just be patient a little longer.

C. C. WOLFE.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"The New Year comes in the Old Year's place,
With noiseless footfall and veiled face.
Her wings are folded, her garments white;
Before her the day, behind her the night.

"Fear her not, she is sent by love,
And her hands are full of treasure-trove.
Sealed are the gifts she holds for thee;
Thine they are, as thy need shall be.

"And she brings thee a book without a stain;
Write thou therein thy good and thy bane.
Welcome her gladly, she comes from above,
A messenger straight from the God of Love."

Begin the year with God, my friend;
Begin with him the year.
Step boldly out in untried ways
With courage and good cheer.
He sees the way, he knows the path
O'er mountain-top or vale.
He'll lead thee with his own right hand,
With him thou canst not fail!
A glad New Year, if here or there,
This year to thee shall be,
So free from every anxious care,
If he but leadeth thee.

—Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.

"GRATEFUL"

Early dusk in New England. Snow and a fast-fading light in the western sky. Stark, thorny bushes, and a fir tree or two outlined against the horizon. And, the very keynote of the picture, a small gray girl-figure, wrapped in a great cloak of homespun, battling with the wind.

Grateful Penrose was a Puritan child. Her mother had come over the seas in search of a new land—her few small belongings, the bare necessities of life, in a battered wooden chest. Grateful's mother had not brought any luxuries from the old country; she had left comfort and plenty behind her, gladly, in the young zeal of her faith.

"Freedom to worship God!" she had said as they caught their first glimpse (a barren outlook!) of the new land. "That is worth everything!"

The father of Grateful was an earnest young man, with a high purpose and many ideals. He had scarcely noticed Grateful's

mother until he saw her, her very soul in her eyes, gazing on the new land.

"What a beautiful face!" he had thought. "How the sunset light touches her hair!" For Grateful's father had laid aside an artist's palette when he embraced the new religion. The Pilgrims were too sober-minded to enjoy art.

They were married during that dreadful first winter, the mother and father of Grateful. How they managed to struggle through the terrible hardships no one knew, for the woman was delicate and the man impractical. But they won out, and when the spring came they planted a little garden patch with hardy vegetable seed brought from England. There were a few flowers in the garden—Grateful's mother never quite understood who had planted them there.

And then came autumn. And with the autumn came harvest—a harvest of gold and red and russet brown. And the settlers, seeing a happier winter before them, decided to make a great feast of thanksgiving to God. And the housewives baked and roasted and brewed in preparation.

It was on the morning of the feast day that Grateful was born. They named her Grateful because they were glad that their garden had prospered, that their grain was harvested, and because, above all, they were glad to have her. "I hope that she will love beauty," said her father when he first saw her small puckered face. "I hope that she will love God!" said Grateful's mother softly. There was a note of reproof in her tone.

So was Grateful born on Thanksgiving day—born with a heritage of faith and hope and high purpose, and with a latent talent at the tips of her small fingers.

Her father died in the midst of that second winter when she was still a small baby, and the mother seeing his death as only another sacrifice, tried to smile.

"It is God's will," she said. "He could never—exactly—have been one of us." And quite absently she thought of the spot of color that the vagrant flowers had made as they bloomed in her garden.

Small Grateful grew fast. Children do grow fast in a land where there is little time for play, and a vague fear, always of death at the hands of a famine ghost

or a live redskin. Grateful grew fast, and as she grew she learned to spin and cook and keep the house clean. And yet, sometimes, as she paused in her workaday tasks, she was struck by the beauty all around her.

"Mother," she said one day, "Why don't you ever look at the sea? It is as blue—as heaven."

"Grateful!" The mother's voice was shocked. "Thou art scarcely reverent!"

"Mother," she said another time when they were spinning, "my cloak that we will make—may we not dye it red with berry-stain? I am weary of gray—"

But the mother had paused in her task and she answered sternly,

"Thou art worldly, Grateful! And gay colors are sinful!" Even as she said it she remembered the words that her husband had said as he gazed, for the first time, on his small daughter.

But it was when the mother, inviting an elder to dine with them, came home unexpectedly and found Grateful drawing pictures on the hearth with a bit of charcoal while the table lay all unset, that she really began to worry about the state of her daughter's soul. She turned to the elder and pointed tragically at the child who was so absorbed in her work.

"It is a devil in her—it is vanity!" said the mother.

"It must be crushed out of her," said the elder. "Art is for unbelievers." And so Grateful was sent to bed, supperless, and prayed over. The next Sunday she was made the subject of a fiery sermon as she sat, an uncomfortable but unrepentant little sinner, on the hard bench that had been assigned to her. But despite criticism, despite the religion of the Puritans, it was neither vanity nor the devil that had prompted Grateful to draw pictures on the hearthstone. It was the spirit of her artist father speaking to her through a gift of God.

Grateful, for a while, suffered a mild form of social ostracism. But the winter was just coming, and the Indians were muttering vague threats; so she was able, before long, to sink back into obscurity. Elders and worried matrons began to talk of provisions and blockades instead of pictures and bright colors. And so Grateful, unable to do her loved work at home, would often steal away into the woods. No one

knew that she crushed wild flowers and herbs and berries into red and green and purple inks. Nobody knew that she still dreamed of pictures, and red coats, and the sunlight on the sea.

Early dusk in New England. November, and snow, and fir trees outlined starkly against the sky. And Grateful, a small girl-figure wrapped in a great gray coat, battling against the wind.

The child's heart was heavy as she felt the keenness of that wind. She did not fear the winter for its own sake, but she knew that soon the drifting snow would make it impossible for her to go to the woods and mix colors and dab gloriously at flat stones and sunken logs. Well, she would paint one more picture—a picture to last for all the months that she would have to be spinning. She would not wash it away, as she had washed away the pictures that she made on the stones and sunken trees. She would let God's own snow and rain erase it in his own time. She would paint it on—what? Oh, how she longed, with an unformulated desire, for one of the canvases that her father had painted on!

The elders had said that Grateful was ungodly. But God answered her prayer—even though it was an unformulated prayer. Straight and proud and tall, palid beside the dark fir trees, stood a white birch. As Grateful coming slowly through the woods, looked at it she could see pictures on it—the pictures that she would paint. She hurried to the place where she kept her colors hidden and hurried back. And there, in the growing dusk of November, she began to fashion pictures.

Perhaps it was the dancing shadows of the dusk that put such fantastic notions into the little girl's head. Perhaps it was her vivid imagination. Perhaps it was just—God. But at any rate the pictures that she drew—rude drawings though they were—showed Indians, many of them, and tall-hatted Pilgrims building blockades. And then she drew muskets, large ones—a whole girdle of them around the tree. "For," she thought, "the steel gray has such a pretty look against the white!" And then, remembering that her birthday—Thanksgiving—was soon to come, she drew pictures of steaming cakes and a huge turkey. And a Pilgrim father carving it. And because the

Pilgrim father made her think wistfully of the father she had never known, she drew a picture of the only tangible thing he had left behind him—a huge Indian pipe. And then, because it was very dark, she signed the little masterpiece with a waveringly written "Grateful", and hid her colors away for the last time, and went home. And I think she sobbed a bit as she trudged through the snow.

Thanksgiving preparations—and blockades—grew apace in the Pilgrim settlement. Indians had been seen, daubed with war-paint, skulking along the fences and through the cornfields. The younger men thrilled at the dream of battle, but the older men shook their gray heads as they bent over their muskets. They knew that they were weak, and the Indians strong, and that the day of miracles was past. And then one night a friendly savage crept in to warm himself, and told them that an attack had been planned.

"Many red men," he told them, "come from far. They creep up—on feast night. Arrow shoot. More arrows. Fire—burn house." He stopped. And the Pilgrims knew that the date of a massacre was set for Thanksgiving.

"God," says the hymn, "moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." It was God who sent the scouting party of Indians past Grateful's birch tree as they crept stealthily through the forest, and stopped, an excited group, around the marvelous trunk.

The pictures on the tree-trunk were crude pictures—the errant fancies of a child's brain. But the Indians, naturally superstitious, read meaning into them. They saw themselves creeping against mighty stockades, wounded by a myriad of pieces of wood that spit fire. They saw themselves vanquished, crawling away to die. And there, underneath, painted in scarlet and purple and green, they saw the alternative—a feast and a great pipe of peace.

Thanksgiving afternoon in New England. The late sun slanting redly across the snow. The log church—quiet outside—crowded inside with a frightened group of people, waiting—waiting. A mother with her arm about a little girl huddled up in a gray coat. And then a knock on the door. . . .

The oldest man in the community opened the door. The sunlight blazed across the threshold as he peered out.

"What," he quavered, "in God's name?" It was the friendly Indian. In his hand he bore a pipe, strangely fashioned. Behind him stood other Indians, the war-paint washed from their bronze expressionless faces. The friendly Indian seemed strangely eager as he extended his pipe to the oldest Pilgrim.

"Thanksgiving," said the friendly Indian, "and peace. White man and red—brothers. Feast—smoke."

Later in the evening, after the feast was over, the Pilgrims heard the story of the Great Spirit's warning. And because God and the Great Spirit are one and the same, they knelt down reverently and thanked him. But the day after, when the settlement, as a body, went out to view the marvelous birch tree, they thanked a little girl. For God's message, in a wavering, childish script, was signed "Grateful".—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the *Christian Herald*.

HOME NEWS

BOULDER, COLO.—The Boulder Church has cause for rejoicing. Rev. Burdett Coon arrived in the city October 19 and spent six and a half weeks with the church.

The first part of his visit was spent in meeting the church people and becoming acquainted with them in their homes. He occupied the pulpit each Sabbath morning, giving inspiring, helpful sermons. November 13 he went to Denver where he spent a week with the Seventh Day Baptists in that city. Sunday afternoon, November 19, he returned to Boulder in time for the "Get-Together Social" that evening held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Saunders. The house was well filled and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all. The especial treat of the evening was the Hawaiian guitar music furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Benner, who came here a few months ago from Nortonville, Kan.

The church, having expressed a desire for special meetings, the services began Monday evening, November 20, and lasted for two weeks. The attendance was good and much interest shown. The plain, practical talks by Mr. Coon were of help to

one and all and while there were no conversions, the meetings resulted in the return of several who had drifted away, and in the decision of several to unite with the church by letter. They also resulted in a general awakening of the church members, a greater feeling of responsibility, of fellowship and love toward one another.

On December the second was held the regular communion service and covenant meeting of the church. Deacon and Mrs. J. W. Crosby (formerly of New Auburn, Minn., but now of Arvada, Colo.), Mrs. Lura Benner, Mrs. Ruth Vars, and Miss Daisy Furrow were received into the church by letter, and Miss Pearl Armitage by verbal testimony. Brother Coon, by vote of the church, extended the right hand of fellowship to these, including Brother Erfort Sweet who was received into the church by baptism several weeks ago. The two ex-pastors of the church, Elder Wing and Elder Wheeler, administered the Lord's Supper after the covenant meeting. It was a tender, consecrated service and the spirit of it still remains.

Services were held that evening and the next, and Tuesday morning, December 5, Brother Coon left for Nortonville, carrying with him the love, respect and best wishes of the Boulder Church.

After correspondence with Secretary W. L. Burdick it was voted at a special business meeting of the church held November 12, to hire a pastor for nine months in the year, leaving him free for the remaining three months, for field work under the direction of the Missionary Board who will be responsible for his salary during the time.

This plan which seems to have the full approval of the board, will give a man a living wage and promises to be a practical solution of the Boulder problem.

At another church meeting called for December 3, it was voted that a unanimous call be extended to Rev. Burdett Coon to become the pastor of the Boulder Church and a field worker under the direction of the Missionary Board. At the same meeting Brother Frank Saunders was called to the deaconship of the church and Deacon Crosby was asked to serve as deacon.

The church has, as yet, received no word from Brother Coon as to his plans. But it is the general desire and hope that he will

see fit to accept the call and take up the work on this field.

An automobile accident just at the opening of the church service last Sabbath morning resulted in the breaking of a leg of the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Erfort Sweet. Mr. Newell Sweet, son Erfort and his wife were also in the car which went over the embankment into Boulder Creek, near the church, pinning the occupants beneath. It was a miracle indeed that all were not killed outright. But aside from bruises and effects of the shock the three adults escaped uninjured. The love and sympathy of the entire church go out to this dear family in their trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Sweet lost their two younger children within two weeks just a year ago, and this dear little lad is all that is left to them. The accident might have been so much more serious that there is abundant cause for praise and thanksgiving.

At the same service came the word of the death at Tulsa, Okla., of Dr. Jesse Burdick, the eldest son of the late Dr. F. O. Burdick and wife. Mrs. Burdick is spending the winter with relatives in Milton Junction, Wis., and the sympathy of the church reaches out to her and her children in this second bereavement within the year. A telegram of condolence was sent to her by vote of the church.

Sunday morning came the word of the death, at Mrs. Lynn Brown's in Chicago, of Mrs. Hakes, mother of Mrs. Brown and of Mrs. Paul Hummel, of Boulder. Mrs. Hummel had recently returned from a stay of several weeks with her mother and sister. She left for Chicago this morning.

Sabbath Day was the fourth anniversary of the burial of Mrs. Loretta Wing Lombard, whose memory is still fresh and green with her family and her friends.

And so, in the midst of rejoicing, comes a feeling of sadness because of the sorrow of all these dear ones.

L. R. W.

Boulder, Colo.,
December 11, 1922.

Thoughts become acts,
Acts become habits,
Habits form character,
Character forms life,
Life becomes destiny.

—Spurgeon.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

THE GUIDE BOARD PSALM

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 6, 1923

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—"Blessed" (Ps. 32: 1-6)
Monday—Bad advice (Prov. 10: 7-14)
Tuesday—Love of the Word (Ps. 119: 41-48)
Wednesday—The fruitful life (John 15: 1-8)
Thursday—The fate of the wicked (Jude 8-19)
Friday—Religion pays (Prov. 3: 13-36)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Lessons from the Psalms.
1. The Guide Board Psalm (Ps. 1: 1-6) (Consecration meeting)

THE WORD OF GOD

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 13, 1923

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Power of the Word (Heb. 4: 12, 13)
Monday—Prophecy proves it (Jer. 36: 1-8)
Tuesday—Jesus believed it (John 5: 37-47)
Wednesday—Testimony of the writers (Rev. 1: 1-3)
Thursday—Character of the word (Rom. 15: 4, 5)
Friday—Experience proves it (Matt. 5: 18-20)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Why do you think the Bible is the Word of God? (2 Tim. 3: 14-17)

A NOTE OF THANKS AND OF ANTICIPATION

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

In this New Year's issue of the RECORDER, I wish to express my thanks to all those who have so kindly contributed to this department during the past year, and to urge your continued and increased co-operation.

From the replies to the questions sent out a few months ago, it seems that most of you would like to have more society news and committee plans published in the department. Some societies have already appointed a reporter to see that such items are sent in regularly. I have enjoyed the results and I know the rest of you have too. Would it not be well for all societies to follow that plan?

We all hope to see the Young People's department increase in helpfulness, but a

few can not do it. All must co-operate. May we not hear from your society?

Yours for a "Better" year,
RUBY COON BABCOCK.

COMMITTEE HELPS

A Finance Committee Plan from the Pawcattuck Society

DEAR ENDEAVORERS:

When we had paid our society's subscriptions to various funds of the denomination for the past year, we found our treasury inconveniently low for the new year's demands. Hoping to collect more money than a social would raise, we set out, equipped with tape measures and tiny apron pockets, each containing a short printed verse proclaiming its purpose, to solicit our neighbors for a few cents each. The idea was not new—it has been used as an entrance fee to C. E. socials,—but every one seemed willing to pay the penny for each inch of waist measure which the uncompromising tape measure stipulated. At the end of the week, when we gathered to count the contents of the bulging apron pockets, we were agreeably surprised to learn that a sum of \$55.00 had been raised. This amount was clear profit and had caused no one any tiring labor or responsibility.

Could not this plan be profitably tried by other societies in similar financial need.

Yours very truly,
BETTY WHITFORD.

NEWS NOTES FROM RIVERSIDE SOCIETY

Missionary Tour.—Sunday night, December 3, members of the Riverside society met at the home of the missionary chairman, Miss Bernice Brewer, for a missionary journey. The house was decorated in red, white and blue, representing America. From there we went to China, the home of William Dodson, where we were met by a nurse in uniform. She invited us in to sit on the floor and listen to an account of her work. After questions were asked and answered, a letter from Dr. Grace I. Crandall, written especially for the occasion, was read. The nurse was Alice Baker. We next visited India, the home of Lucile Hurley. Here we heard of the missionary work and customs of this field. Our next stop was South America, the home of Mrs. Pullen. A

tableau showing a Catholic woman counting her beads and the light of the Gospel given to her by a missionary, which threw off her dark robe, was presented. Then a letter from Mrs. Robinson, who so recently went to Argentina, was read. The party then returned to "America" where Pastor Ballenger told us of the needs of the home field and urged every one to be a soul-winner. After this, simple but appetizing refreshments of fudge and apples were served by the social committee. The affair was planned by the missionary and social committees together and was interesting and instructive.

Thanksgiving meeting.—Our society had charge of the Thanksgiving meeting at the county hospital this year. In spite of late dinners we managed to scrape up a crowd of fifteen. A program of solos, duets, marimbaphone and saxophone numbers, Bible verses and testimonies, was arranged. After the program treats of fruit and nuts were distributed by the county hospital superintendent.

Interest in Fouke.—Last Sabbath morning, December 16, Pastor Ballenger turned the services over to the Endeavorers to present the importance and needs of Fouke. After the usual opening exercises four short talks presented the case. Pastor Ballenger told of general educational conditions in the south. Then Ethelyn Davis told of Fouke as she saw it several years ago and compared it to today, telling of the importance of the school. Mr. J. T. Davis followed with remarks on Fouke and the school, and then Bernice Brewer, chairman of the missionary committee, presented ways in which we can help. A collection amounting to about \$35.00 was taken to be used in whatever way the teachers think best. Plans are for a "shower" soon to collect pictures, books, etc. We believe this is one of our most important activities.

Trip to "Mountain Heights."—Last Sabbath afternoon at Endeavor Mrs. G. E. Osborn, an honorary member, took us on a trip to "Mountain Heights". Time table was as follows:

- 3.00 Praise Station (Song service)
- 3.10 Power House (Prayer by several honorary members)
- 3.15 Bible View (Scripture lesson read and explained)

At this station tickets were col-

lected. They were cards with Bible references written on them. As the "conductor" collected the tickets, the "passengers" repeated the verses, and the tickets were punched.

- 3.25 Refreshment Depot (Special music)
- 3.30 Observation Point (Leader's remarks)
- 3.35 Testimony Tavern (General participation)
- 3.50 Inspiration Point (Sentence prayers)
- 3.55 Lookout Mountain (Announcements)
- 4.00 Parting Signal (Mizpah)

The meeting was novel and every one present took some part.

Contest.—We are sorry to have to report that our society stands fourth in the county contest. After Christmas, however, we will all have more time and expect to move up.

Publicity Superintendent Ill.—We will all be glad when our publicity superintendent, Neil Moore, is able to be with us again. He has been shut in with appendicitis for several weeks.

Howdy.—Mighty glad to hear of the new societies. And also glad to see news from the old ones.

L. G. O.

THE FORWARD LOOK

(Sermon preached at Northwestern Association, White Cloud, Mich., September, 1922, by Rev. G. E. Fifield, Battle Creek, Mich.)

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3: 13-14.

Throughout all the centuries of the past the great majority of the people have had the backward look. They have ever talked longingly of "the good old days", and have sung songs of a "Golden Age" that existed at least in the land of their dreams. Only the few comparatively have had the forward look, and this because the golden age in which they believed was yet future; but these few have ever been the ones "of whom the world was not worthy", who, by their faith and their hope have helped lift the world, and so to bring a little nearer the golden age to be.

There is a natural law which in most cases

controls in this matter of the forward, or the backward look; and where it does not control, it is, as we shall see, because a higher law intervenes.

In childhood and youth we all have the forward look, and the reason is because the larger life of which we dream is still before us. Memory is nothing, hope and expectation, everything. How we envy those of maturer years, and wish the days and months might fly and bring us to this land of fuller realization. Even the present we see in the rosy hue of the dawning future.

And the days and months that in our eagerness seem to linger, at last have gone, and we find ourselves men, and women, at the very top of life's rounded arc, its cares, its responsibilities, and its joys ours. Many of the dreams of our youth have not been realized, and we are coming to see that perhaps they will not be realized. Our minds come to be quite equally divided between memory of the past, and hope for the future. Often the cares and worries of this mature life seem to outweigh the joys, and we look longingly backward to our care-free childhood. In the stress and the strain of life's conflict, we may be excused if sometimes in weariness we pray the prayer:

"Backward, turn backward, O, Time in your flight.

Make me a child again just for tonight.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Rock me to sleep again just as of yore."

But Time, relentless Time turns not backward, heeding not our prayers. The current flows steadily onward. And as old age approaches, men live more and more in the past, and less and less in the future. The forward look of youth gives place to the backward look of old age. Memory is everything now. Hope and expectation approach the vanishing point.

In childhood and youth we long to be thought older than we are. In middle age we hide our years, and are complimented when thought younger than we are. But now in old age we boast of our years. The conversation is of other days, historical, biographical, and especially autobiographical. The perishing memories of later years seem to uncover and freshen up those farther back till the man who can not remember where he ate dinner yesterday can tell you all the details of experiences in his earlier years. This is a scientific fact. There is

preserved a record of a man born in France, living there until he was seven years of age, and learning the French language with other boys of his age. Then he removed to Germany, living there till thirty years of age, using only the German language, and forgetting entirely the French. Then he came to the United States, married, raised a family, and lived to be over eighty years of age. For the last forty years only the American language was spoken, and German and French both were forgotten. Nevertheless, in his last lingering sickness he gradually and unconsciously began to speak to his nurse in German until that language was almost entirely substituted for the English; then, just before his death, he was heard to say his prayers in French.

Thus it would seem that by a strange psychological law old people are almost compelled to take the backward look. This fact makes all the more wonderful the exception, which is that some old people, with all the eager enthusiasm of childhood and youth retain the forward look to the very last.

Paul was one of these exceptions to the law. From the language of my text one would suppose the author to be a young man in all the eager enthusiasm of youth. "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

And yet, Paul, when he wrote these words was not only an old man, but he was a prisoner at Rome, soon to appear before the infamous Nero, in whose clemency there was no hope. Not only was he an old man, and a prisoner hopeless of mercy, or even of justice here, but he was an old man whose whole earthly history up to date was such as to lead us to expect him to be a disappointed and embittered old man,—a pessimist with an exaggerated case of the backward look.

From all we know of Paul's early life it must have been a happy one. He had the great advantage for the time of having been born a free Roman citizen. There must have been some wealth in the family, for Paul was given the best of educations, a lawyer graduated at the school of Gamaliel, "a lawyer held in repute by all the people". His very name "Saul", meant

"sought after", "asked after". Every one expected much of this popular young man. He expected much of himself. In the pursuit of his ambitions, to make him still more popular with the leaders of his people he was going to Damascus to persecute the Christians there. But Christ Jesus met him on that Damascus road, and said unto him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Saul recognized his Master's voice, and knew it for the same voice that in the silence of his soul had all along been seeking to make itself heard, condemning his persecuting course.

Then and there Saul, the popular hero, the one "sought after", "asked after", became "Paul" the "little", the "humble". He let the old life go, with all of its hopes and ambitions. He gave himself fully to the cause of the persecuted and crucified Christ. And what did he get as his earthly reward?

Listen. "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and in thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that . . . come upon me daily, the care of all the churches." Paul loved his own people, and although sent as a missionary to the Gentiles, everywhere he went he worked also most lovingly for the Jews. And everywhere his own people disowned him, maligned, misrepresented and persecuted him, dogged his steps, driving him from one city to another, compelling him to leave secretly and in the night in order to save his life. And now at last they seem triumphant over him. They have checked his missionary crusade. They have him in prison awaiting his sentence and his doom. He can no longer go preaching the beloved gospel where he will. It would seem from every human standpoint of reasoning that they have crippled his usefulness and broken his heart. Who could blame him now if he yielded utterly to discouragement

concerning the future, and forsaking the forward look, should look lovingly and longingly on the happy days of his childhood.

And yet it is just here that the unconquerable Paul gives us this wonderful statement expressive of his still youthful mind, and his forward look. He refers to those early joys and successes in which he once might have boasted, but to disown them, and to declare that he counts them as nothing, and as less than nothing in comparison to what he has yet before him, that he might win Christ, and come to know the fellowship of his suffering, and the power of his resurrection, that he might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. For this he forgets all that is behind,—the joys and the sorrows, and retaining the forward look, with renewed eagerness, and even more than boyish enthusiasm, he "reaches forth", and "presses toward the prize", which he still sees on the glowing horizon of the future.

What is the secret of this amazing youthfulness, courage and hopefulness, and of this still forward look, of the old man, Paul? What is the higher spiritual law, that in such cases transcends the law of the backward look of old age?

In order to look forward we must have something to look forward to; and in order to retain the youthful enthusiasm with the forward look, we must really feel that our larger life, and our most glorious work is yet before us.

What did God send his Son into the world for? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That this is not merely a promise for the future but for the here and now, the last verse of this chapter tells us. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

Again: "And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

"Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death to life."

This truth which remains an ill under-

stood theory to most of us, had become a reality, a realized fact to Paul as it should be to us. Christ came to give us eternal life here and now. The Christian does not belong to time merely, but to eternity. Why should we separate in our thinking between this life, and the so-called future life more than between today and tomorrow. Paul did not, and God does not. Paul said, "Our citizenship is in heaven." What an eternal, unfailing splendor comes to life here when we really grasp this thought! We get glimpses out of life's windows, and see it stretching away into the infinite distances. There is no work too great to begin here. We have eternity for a work day. There is no study we should hesitate to start now. This is but the preparatory school to life's great university. We have eternity for our school day.

Everlasting life here and now! How shall we even begin to express it, with this poor temporal, human language of ours! It is not so much the mere endlessness of it, but the quality of it, that makes it eternal. The sinful life of the mere worldling is chaotic, discordant, and has in it the elements of its own inevitable destruction. But Christ creates us anew, from darkness to light, from discord to concord, from chaos to cosmos, from death to life in ever higher forms and manifestations, and from fruitless anxious toil, to peace and Sabbath rest in God. We are by this at-one-ment, made at one with our best selves, at one with Christ, and at one with the Father. Life having now no destructive elements, but only those that "can not be shaken", but pertain to the eternal kingdom, and so can pass over, is even now the "everlasting life".

Life! even the life we see all around us in plants and animals, as well as in men, has never been adequately defined. It eludes definition. The best definitions reach only to the higher manifestations of life, perhaps, and not to the life itself. Perhaps the most helpful of definitions for our purpose is that given by Herbert Spencer. He said, "Life is correspondence with environment."

In order to present to you most forcibly the meaning of this definition of life, I am going to try to present to you a picture, which I ask you to seek to visualize.

Here is a stream of water flowing by us.

You may hear the rippling music of its song. By it, bathing its base in the water, is a rock. On this rock sits a man, and by the rock there grows a tree. High up in the branches of the tree a bird is singing its song.

Now this rock has absolutely no correspondence with its environment. The waters sing to it, the winds whisper to it, the leaves above rustle to it, all in vain. Summer or winter, day or night, cold or heat are all the same to it. It responds to none of these things. The rock we say, is dead. It has no life.

When we contemplate the tree we immediately see a difference. The roots of the tree correspond with the soil to hold the tree erect. The ten thousand little rootlets of the tree are so many microscopic living sponges, corresponding with the moisture in the earth, to absorb it and send it up through the tree trunk to the leaves. The leaves of the tree are in correspondence with the air, receiving from it, through their millions of stomates, or breathing pores, what the tree needs from the air, combining it with the elements brought up from the earth, and forming the cellulose to supply the growth of the tree. In fact the tree is a bundle of correspondences with its environment, and we say the tree is alive, and its continued life and existence depends upon all these correspondences.

When we think of the bird we see at once that it has a more numerous, and a more complex correspondence with its environment than has the tree. The lungs of the bird correspond with the air for breath, the vocal chords correspond with the air for making music, the wings of the bird correspond with the air for flight. The feathers, eyes, ears, stomach, legs, toes, and beak of the bird are all of them the basis for a wondrously complex correspondence with the environment. We see at once that the bird is not only alive, but that it has a higher, a more complex life than the tree.

Now we come to the contemplation of this man; and at first, if you will, you may think of this man as an unlearned man, and as not a Christian. And yet, even thus, we see at once how almost infinitely more complex and multitudinous are his correspondences than are those of the bird.

Not to speak of his physical correspondences, which are very numerous, we think

at once of his mental correspondences in the flashes of wit and repartee, and of his heart correspondences in his emotional reactions of love, hate, hope, fear, joy, sorrow, disappointment, and countless other reactions to his environment. In fact we see at once that the man is almost infinitely more alive, gifted with a higher life than that of the tree or the bird.

But is this man all alive? wholly alive? alive to all that is possible for him?

The answer is "No", for he is an unlearned man. We send him to school, and ultimately to college to broaden and deepen and enrich his life. Every science, and every language he masters opens up to him a whole new realm of correspondences. This is why education in itself, apart from all utilitarian motives, is so grandly worth while. It multiplies our correspondence with our surroundings, increases our points of contact, and so enlarges, and enriches our life. When we *know* a thing it becomes a part of us, one of the very elements of identity, and therefore an enlargement, and enrichment of personality.

But what is the trouble with all this so far? The answer is that the environment of which we have spoken is a temporal environment only. "Passing away" is written on all the things we see, touch, taste, and handle about us. Every flower that makes glad the summer fields, is first a bud, then a flower, then for a little while in full blooming beauty we admire it, and linger lovingly over it, and then it fades and falls, and is gone. Every leaf that flaunts its banner in the summer air is first a bud, then a half grown leaf, then in full grown beauty it lasts its little day, is touched with the hectic dying beauty of the autumn frost, and then is gone to come no more. Even the trees, those monarchs of the forest that grow great and strong for a hundred years, have still their time to decay and to fall. Who of us at some time, on some autumn day, amid the falling leaves, and withering flowers, has not seated himself on the fallen decaying remains of some forest giant of other days, and mused on the passing of all things material and temporal? Even the mountains had their time when they were thrust up from the sea level, and now they slowly crumble back, and are washed down to their base. "Even the earth waxeth old

as doth a garment, and as a vesture thou shall change it, and it shall be changed."

And if the environment be thus temporal and passing away, what shall be said of our power to correspond with it? It is even more fleeting. The eye that today flashes appreciation to a thousand beauties of nature and of art, tomorrow may be dim. The ear that thrills to a thousand harmonies today, tomorrow may be dull and unresponsive forever more.

This you see, therefore, is but a temporary correspondence, with a temporary environment, and so is but a temporary, and not an eternal life.

And God made man on the plan of eternity, and put in him a touch of the infinite, which with all his striving he can not quite get into the finite. Give a horse or a dog food and warmth, and friends, and he is quite content. Not so with a man. Supply his every physical need, and the mental hunger will still assert itself. Give him all his life for a school day, and still he can never find complete contentment there. The mountain of knowledge, though having its base on earth, hath its summit in heaven only. Satisfy the physical, and satisfy the mental as far as you can here, and the spiritual nature is higher yet, and still remains unsatisfied. God made us thus, and put these necessities in us to lead us ever upward to himself.

Is there then, possible for man even here, a higher correspondence with a higher and eternal environment?

"Lord thou hast been our *dwelling place* in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth or the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

Above the mineral kingdom, and the vegetable kingdom, and the animal kingdom, there is still the spiritual kingdom; and God is waiting even now to translate us, mind and heart, and soul, into this "kingdom of his dear Son". And God, in "dealing to all men the measure of faith" has given us all the power of correspondence with this eternal and unchanging environment. He has given us our five senses, and what these are to the physical realm, this, all of it, faith is to the spiritual realm. By faith we see "him who is invisible". By faith "we feel after him and find him, though he be not far from any one of us". By faith

"we taste and see that God is good". And by faith we hear his still small voice speaking to us in the silence of our own souls. "Thine ear shall hear a voice behind the saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."

The things that are only seen physically are temporal, but the things that are unseen, or seen by faith, are eternal. God "inhabiteh eternity", and is "from everlasting to everlasting". "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever." The whole spiritual realm, the glories of which transcend our dreaming here, is unchanging and eternal.

Without faith a man is undeveloped, atrophied, and blind and deaf spiritually. By faith we come into correspondence with this eternal unchanging environment. In other words, "By faith we know", and "*This is eternal life that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.*"

As more and more by faith, we live, and dwell in this unchanging, eternal spiritual realm, until God, and Christ, and all the eternal joys and possibilities become more and more realities to us, the unworthy and evil correspondences of earth begin to drop off; and so we become "*dead to sin, and alive to God through Jesus Christ our Lord.*"

And now we can begin to see clearly that spiritual law, which transcends the law of the backward look of old age, and makes it possible for us to retain the forward look, even unto death. For it was our Father's loving intention that as we advance in years, and the physical and temporal joys and possibilities are more and more behind us, this spiritual correspondence with the eternal environment should increase, and become more and more our real life, while comparatively even many of the innocent correspondences of earth should seem of less importance, or drop off entirely, so that the real life, the real hopes and joys, the real things for which we live shall still be before us beckoning us on. And this does not mean that this sort of old age will lose its sympathy with childhood and youth, or with manhood in the conflicts and struggles of life. No one else ever came so lovingly and sympathetically near to childhood, youth, and manhood as did Christ Jesus, and no one ever lived so fully in the consciousness of the eternal and the spirit-

ual realm. We all have seen some old people who seemed to live on the very borders of the eternal world, and yet whose hearts were in sympathetic tune with all humanity from childhood to old age. The more the eternal life with its infinite and soul-satisfying joys becomes a present reality to us, the more our hearts go out in loving, longing sympathy for those who yet know it not, but who are still seeking to satisfy an infinite thirst with only the finite waters of earth. (See John 4: 13-14.)

And if we enter more and more by faith into this correspondence with the infinite and the eternal, learning to live the eternal life here and now, God in his own good time will give us spiritual and eternal bodies to live it in forever more.

Paul knew this when he wrote, as the grand conclusion of the chapter from which my text was taken, "For our conversation, our manner of life, our citizenship, (various translations) *is in heaven*, from whence we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall *fashion anew this body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory*, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself." To say "our conversation", "our citizenship", "our manner of life" is in heaven, is only another way of saying "our real correspondence is over there with the eternal and spiritual environment, and so we are *living here and now*" the eternal life.

Again Paul says, "*For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. . . . Now he that hath wrought us for this self-same thing is God, who also hath given us the earnest of the spirit.*" That is, God made us not merely for this transient and earthly body, but he made us chiefly for the heavenly, and eternal body, and in giving us his eternal spirit he gives us the pledge or earnest of this fact.

Now if any one still doubts that this law of the eternal and spiritual correspondence, —this living the eternal life here and now, is the secret of Paul's forward look, we need only to refer again to his own words. In the chapter from which we have taken our text, he refers to the experiences of his early life but to contrast them as nothing compared to the eternal and spiritual corres-

pendences of the "high calling of God in Christ Jesus" to the attainment of which he now devotes his life.

Again I hear him saying: "Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, *that the life of Jesus might be made manifest in our body*; For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, *that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh*. For our light afflictions, which are *but for a moment*, worketh for us a *far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*; While we look *not at the things that are seen*, but *at the things that are unseen*; for the things that are seen are *temporal*, but the things that are unseen are *eternal*."

Of these unseen and eternal glories Paul tells us: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit, for the spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the *earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the Sons of God*." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that hath loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

And Paul kept this sublime assurance, this burning enthusiasm, and this forward look of old age to the very last; for I hear him saying: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me *at that day*; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." And he says, "Looking for that *blessed hope*, and the glorious appear-

ing of the great God, and our Savior Jesus Christ."

Not only was this correspondence by faith with the spiritual environment,—this eternal life lived here and now, the secret of Paul's forward look; it was the same with all the heroes of faith.

"By faith Abraham when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed, and went out not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country. *For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God*. Through faith also Sarah received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age. Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars in the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable."

These all died in faith *not having received the promises*, but *having seen them afar off*, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth.

For they that say such things declare plainly that *they seek a country*. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from which they came out, they might have had opportunity of returning. (That is, they might have taken the backward look, but they deliberately refused to do so.) But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: *Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city*."

"And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell, of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthæ, of David also, and of Samuel, and the prophets, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of the fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in the fight, and put to flight the armies of the aliens. . . . *Of whom the world was not worthy*. These all having obtained a good report through faith *received not the promise*; God having provided some better thing for us, *that they without us should not be made perfect*." . . . "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great

a cloud of witnesses,—witnesses to the power of the forward look of faith,—let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, *Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith*."

Job, through all of his trials, kept the forward look, and he tells us how and why. "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin and even this body is destroyed, yet in my flesh I shall see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me." Or as one translation puts it, "Though I die with longing for that day, and it come not."

David, shepherd boy, victorious soldier, musician to the king, poet writing psalms to inspire and direct the devotion of all coming ages, king of Israel, carrying that kingdom to the utmost height of its glory, making it a type of the future kingdom of Christ, unsatisfied still, holding still the forward look, I hear him saying, "*I shall be satisfied when I wake in thy likeness*."

Isaiah, looking forward, foretold the day when "violence shall no more be heard in the earth, wasting nor destruction within thy borders, for they shall call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise. Thy people also, shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hand, that I may be glorified."

And, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Jeremiah, sometimes called the gloomy prophet, still kept the forward look, and foretold the time when "they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, 'Know the Lord,' for they shall all know me from the least to the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and remember their sin no more."

Amid the wickedness and the destruction of Babylon, Daniel, in captivity, longing for home, praying three times a day with his face toward Jerusalem, kept still the forward look, and foretold that "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the

people of the saints of the most high, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him."

The Bible pictures to us many, and varied characters, some of them very imperfect, but it never tells us of a *Man of God* who was a grumbler, a pessimist, or who persistently held the backward look; and for the good reason that, "There isn't any such animal."

Elijah and the other prophets who denounced sin, and gave warning of its inevitable consequences, all believed in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness.

Peter preached at Jerusalem, saying, "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out *when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord*. And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: Whom the heavens must receive until *the times of the restitution of all things of which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began*."

More than any human being, O yes, a million times more than any human being, God has been lied about, misunderstood, and misrepresented; and he is patiently waiting through the centuries, for the love to conquer hate, and truth to conquer falsehood, so that he can be understood and vindicated. And when God is understood and vindicated, his eternal kingdom of love will then have been set up in the hearts of all his creatures.

If God waits and is patient, can not we also wait with him, and be patient, and so keep the forward look?

Not to believe in the ultimate triumph of truth and love, and righteousness, is not to believe in God, and "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

It is difficult to be always true to ourselves, to be always what we wish to be, what we feel we ought to be. As long as we feel that, as long as we do not surrender the ideal of our life, all is right. Our aspirations represent the true nature of our soul much more than our everyday life.—Muller.

"Cheer up! When you're knocked it's for a reason, and they never knock a dead one!"

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE SERMON FOR CHILDREN—CHRISANTHEMUMS

Call them "mums" for short if you like, but these latest flowers of the season are specially welcome. They come as others are leaving and instead of saying to them: "Better late than never," we feel like saying, "Loveliest because last."

I have read a pretty legend about the "mum" which makes a good Christmas story.

In the long, long ago a woodman went into the forest one Christmas day to engage in his daily task of cutting down trees.

During the day, as he went through the woods, he saw a beautiful boy who seemed to be lost and to have no home. The man was the father of a large family and was very poor; but when the day's work was done he took the lost boy home.

The children were greatly excited when they heard their father's story, and gave the little stranger a glad welcome.

After supper, they played their Christmas games in which the little boy heartily took part. Then stillness and sleep soon settled over the woodman's dwelling.

Early next morning the mother of the family was busy preparing breakfast. The children were called and soon appeared, but the strange boy did not come. Mother went upstairs to give him a special call, but imagine her surprise to find the boy was not there! His disappearance caused more excitement among the children of the woodman's home than had his coming the evening before. Nobody could fathom the mystery, and all were very troubled and very sorry.

The woodman went sadly to his work that day, and wonder filled his heart; but coming to the place where he had found the boy, there he saw a plot of lovelier flowers than he had ever seen before. He gathered some of them and hurried home. What could it mean? Mother had the explanation. "The Christ child has visited us and stayed in our home; these golden flowers are Christ's flowers—Chrysanthemums."

May it not be that as the boys and girls

who read this are taking their gifts of food and fruit to the children of the poor, they will find across their pathway, "the flowers of Christ"? For he has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—*Rev. T. E. Holling in the Christian Work.*

MRS. WARDNER C. TITSWORTH

A Tribute from a friend of thirty-four years

Isabelle Heritage Glaspey was born in Shiloh, N. J., January 19, 1858. She was the fifth child of Henry and Sarah Ayars Glaspey. When she was eleven years old, with her parents, she moved to Walworth, Wis. In June, 1871, having been converted under the preaching of Rev. James Bailey and Rev. A. Hakes, she was baptized and joined the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Later the family moved to Farina, Ill., where she grew to womanhood. In 1876, she in company with her brother Edward, came to Alfred and entered the university, remaining two years until she felt that she was needed at home.

In 1879 she was married to Rev. Wardner C. Titsworth, who was then pastor of the Farina Church. Two years later Mr. Titsworth was called to the pastorate of the First Hopkinton Church of Ashaway, R. I. There two children, Paul E. and Robert G., were born to them, Robert living only a short time.

In 1883, Mr. Titsworth accepted a call to Alfred. The happiest years of Mrs. Titsworth's life were spent as the busy wife of the much loved pastor of the First Alfred Church, years when together they faced soberly and joyfully the exacting problems of church and parish. While living in Alfred two other children, Helen A. and Harold S., were born to them. Harold died in 1889 in Sisco, Fla., where the family had gone in search of health for Mr. Titsworth. In the spring of 1892 they returned north, where Mr. Titsworth died at the home of his father, in Dunellen, N. J., April 24.

The following June Mrs. Titsworth, with her remaining children, Paul and Helen, returned to Alfred to make their home. Only those who have been left to make a home and educate two children, know how much strength and courage are necessary to succeed. Mrs. Titsworth not only had great

courage, but implicit faith in God. She was an ideal home-maker. She was father, mother and comrade to her children. She always knew where they were and with whom they associated, taught them that while amusements and play were a part of living, the larger share of their time should be spent in work, study or something else of value. This was her ideal of life. Home was the dearest place to them all. One always received a hearty welcome there.

Of the last years of her life, she spent two in Battle Creek, Mich., and nine with her daughter in Chicago, returning to Alfred in April, 1921. She was very happy to return to live among the old friends and neighbors and to enjoy the home of her son and the three grandchildren there.

She entered into the activities of the church and community, especially the work of the Evangelical society, with great enthusiasm. She accomplished a wonderful amount of work in a short time. She was busy to the last. She passed away December 10, 1922, after an illness of two days. Her going was so sudden, so quiet that seemingly she has just stepped into "The Other Room". We love to think of her again united with her loved husband, of blessed memory, and her precious babes "Over There".

While she was very modest of her personal ability, she gave herself freely to the work at hand, and those who knew her feel that her life has been a success in the highest sense. She has left a blessed influence, which will be an inspiration and sacred memory to all. The best tribute we can offer will be to bear onward the torches she has lighted.

Funeral services were conducted at the home of her son Dean Paul E. Titsworth, by her pastor, assisted by President Davis, and she was taken to Plainfield for burial.

M. V. K.

THE AMPLER PURITANISM

The men who sailed in the *Mayflower* were more interested in finding room for a type of life than in molding the world after the fashion of their ideals. They thought more of escape than of conquest, though doubtless many of them realized that if the life which they cherished could be kept in the world, it would have a career of triumph at last. It is already possible to real-

ize that the outstanding note of the twentieth century is its consciousness of the unity of the life of the world. True it is that more than a century ago the missionary enterprise began. But today the world sees the meaning of all its subtle connections as it has never seen them before. The world can not continue part slave and part free. The life of the world must be organized for international safety and obedience to the behests of international law. The questions of economics and industry must be solved by a world organized to deal with them. The great questions must all be seen in the light of the necessities of the whole of humanity. This does not mean a repudiation of national ties. It does mean that patriotism is a living part of a larger consciousness which apprehends the whole human problem. Already it is clear that the man of the Puritan tradition is ready and eager to make his own this new world-consciousness. With wistful eyes he looks over the torn and bewildered world which the war has left behind, and beyond it all he sees his vision of a world finding unity in the new life in Christ. That life for which the Pilgrims braved the sea is to relate itself to every human problem, and is to be the most defining element among the forces which will make the world one at last.—*The Christian Century.*

SOMETIME

Sometime we will go, we say,
Where the old true friends await,
Hopeful that some happy day
They will meet us at the gate;
Future whispers soft and low:
"Sometime—sometime—we shall go!"

Sometime we will speak, we say,
Little words we left unsaid,
That may brighten some one's way—
Some one's way that's dark instead,
Some kind word to help the weak,
Sometime—sometime—we shall speak.

Sometime we will do, we say,
Something we have left undone—
Small and petty in its way,
Save to some poor burdened one;
This we promise fair and true
Sometime—sometime—we shall do.

Sometime we will wake and know
Opportunity has fled,
Gone the friends of long ago—
Needless are the words unsaid,
For, as Time computes his sums,
Sometimes sometime never comes!
—*Delineator.*

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

"EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM"

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.—
Luke 2: 15.

'Tis a dear, familiar invitation echoing across the centuries. Very personal and circumscribed in its original address, of course. Yet I make sure that the original issuers of it would, if they are aware, be glad to have us join them in their tender pilgrimage. I move, therefore, that we accept the invitation and bear the shepherd's company, "even unto Bethlehem". Normally, it would *not* have been *Bethlehem*, as the small qualifying adverb implies. The place of the nativity was small, inconspicuous, "little among the thousands of Judah", as Micah confesses in his ascription, and yet startlingly rich in sweet memories. Apart from its crowning honor, Bethlehem is well worthy of a visit, for the beauty of its traditions. Like many another village, geographically unimportant, as Erfurt, Weimar, Epworth, Ayrshire, it has immortal rank. Through this little hamlet set among the Judean hills ran the human line of Jesus. Without including Bethlehem you can not write his ancestral story. And considering that story, I can not think of another place so suitable as Bethlehem to be his birthplace. Shall I refresh in memory, the story?

BETHLEHEM AND JACOB

It was near Bethlehem that Jacob lost Rachel when Benjamin was born. Within plain sight of its walls the hour of a woman's anguish fell; an hour of mortal agony for Jacob's tenderly loved wife. You can hardly read the story without a sudden clutching at the heart: it is all so human—and withal so dignified and restrained in the recital. And the new baby was born, and his mother's life paid the price. And the father never forgot. Long, long afterward, as Jacob himself lay dying, and Rachel's other child, Joseph, stood by to receive a last benediction, Jacob lived over again the fearful hours of that fateful day in the neighborhood of Bethlehem. "As for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died

by me. . . . when there was still some way to come unto [Bethlehem], and I buried her there."

Sweet, long, deathless memory! The world is not apt to forget a grief like that. Say that Jacob had many loves; Jacob had, nevertheless, just *one love*; and he held that close to his heart to the end. "I buried *her* there," he said, dreaming backward to Bethlehem. What he really meant was that he buried there part of himself.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
And the light of the whole world dies,
When love is done.

Of course he built her a monument. The record says: "And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave." But the real memorial was the memory he kept till memory itself went out with the tide of life at evening. Not far from the village, on the main road to Hebron from Bethel, you may visit still, if chance ever is yours, a small domed building. It is the world's perpetuation of the memory that Jacob carried to his own grave. For, all the world loves *that* kind of a lover, and claims him for husband or brother or friend. Bethlehem is a big place when it shrines a love like that. And London or Paris would be a mere hamlet lacking that sort of love. And it seems to me that Bethlehem was a little more fit to be the human birth-place of the Son of God, since it held, among its immortal annals, the story and the visible memorial of such a love.

BETHLEHEM AND RUTH

But the scene changes, and we hurry over the centuries. And again it is Bethlehem. And again it is love that sanctifies the place. Everybody knows the story. At least, everybody ought to know it. Ruth was not born in Bethlehem. It was her husband's hailing place. And after he died in the land in which they married, she migrated to Bethlehem with Naomi, her mother-in-law, also widowed. Naomi's heart was crying toward home. You can stand a foreign land while you have company for your heart. You can make home of any place when you can pick your company. Miles do not count: you can naturalize yourself anywhere when your heart is glad. But when your friend or mate dies and leaves you elsewhere than at home, that "elsewhere" is a foreign land. And how one longs to get home! Of course

home will never be the same with the old faces missing, yet how one yearns to be there. It was so with Naomi. Husband gone, her heart asked for Bethlehem.

And Ruth could not bear any longer the homesick look in the elder woman's eyes. So Ruth went with her to Bethlehem in the hills. Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law: let all stupid jests hold their silly tongues in the presence of this exquisite record. More beautiful confession of unselfish love the world does not know. So far as she could foresee, Ruth had everything to lose and naught to gain; yet here is what she said: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God: where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." That in the event Ruth gained far more than she gave up takes no flash from the splendor of her renunciation. It was to unfamiliar skies and poverty and a foreign tongue she went—with a smile and song. And then, by one of those swift, half incredible reversals with which God keeps life piquant, Bethlehem became home to her also. And the child that God laid in her arms became the grandfather of David, and so the forbear of "that Man" whose advent was morning to men everywhere.

BETHLEHEM AND DAVID

But again Bethlehem: this time as the city of Ruth's great-grandson. It was David, you recall, who first made Bethlehem famous. He was her boy; a ruddy faced lad as the Record says; used to the wind and the stars and the broad day. I suppose that everybody in Bethlehem loved Jesse's youngest son, and was proud of his strength and his gifts. You could not help loving David—even in his sins. For even his sins were the sins of a boy; and when he sinned he grieved his heart out with sorrow and shame—like a boy. And when he got to be king, Bethlehem held her head exceedingly high, and called herself by his name: "the city of David". And Bethlehem remembered affectionately everything about him; the pranks he played, and the wonderful songs he sang, and his chivalry and his modesty: just as the little island of Corsica remembered Napoleon, and Erfurt remembered Luther, and Concord remembers Emerson. 'Tis a pretty way towns have when their sons are grown famous.

And David remembered everything about Bethlehem. Sometimes I think you can take the grade of a man by the way his memory works toward his birth-place. Something radical ails the man who outgrows the scenes of his boyhood and his playmates. The growing-up and growing-famous business is fraught with many a peril to the heart of a man. And when his heart cries wildly, sometimes, for a sight of the old apple trees, and the dear sound of a voice that is still, I take fresh joy in him. Never shall I forget the look in the eyes of my brilliant friend when he told me he had bought the old farm on which he was raised; how he had mended the gate, and put fresh gravel on the walk, and re-rigged the bucket in the well. And I traveled several hundred miles for the sheer delight of watching his happiness puttering about the old place.

David was like that. I suppose there were moments when he forgot Bethlehem; but there were tense moments in which he remembered her hungrily. How do I know? Well, take this for sample: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." David was hard pressed that day. He had learned by bitter experience the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown. He had come to one of those blighting moments in which he doubted the value of the things he had gained. Some of you know precisely how he felt. He would have been glad to lay aside all the trappings and honors of royalty for the simple, unharassed life of the village in which he was born. Then his heart broke loose in fevered, passionate cry for a drink from the old well by the gate. Everybody knows the graphic sequel; how three of his captains took their lives in their hands, and burst through the enemy's lines, and got the water to cool the fever of their idolized chieftain's heart, and how David himself choked at the very thought of drinking water that had been like to cost so dear, and poured it out on the ground as an oblation to God.

BETHLEHEM AND MICAH

But I must hurry with my annals. Again the centuries slip by, and again we hear of Bethlehem. This time it is a voice from afar that speaks the word. Days were dark for the whole land. Commercialism had eaten into the vitals of the nation. You

could buy anything—except peace and love—in Israel. Then, suddenly, from across the watershed of Judea, comes this confident cry: "Thou, Bethlehem, . . . which art little to be among the thousands of Judah, out of thee shall one come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." What the prophet knew that we do not know, I can not say. How far he really glimpsed the Christ of Bethlehem I do not undertake to guess. His description does not seem to fit the Man who came by the way of Mary's arms, to redeem his people. What impresses me most is that Micah had stumbled upon a way of God in human affairs. Out of an inconspicuous village of a decadent people, the light of the world was to shine. Morning for humanity was to come from behind the modest hills where Bethlehem lay nestled. Thank God we can not pick, beforehand, the winners and the famous places of earth. God has a wonderful fashion of surprise. From the backwoods he calls a Lincoln; from the Connecticut hills a Beecher; from servant quarters a Charles Lamb; from a brewer's home an Oliver Cromwell; and so on through a brilliant list. He is constantly choosing the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty. Until he has actually *done* it we never can guess what God *can* do; and we ought not to dare to say what he can not do. He picked Bethlehem "the little" for an honor too great for a world to contain.

BETHLEHEM AND JESUS

Again the centuries, and again Bethlehem. I do not know how to tell *this* part of the story adequately. It is too big for my pen and my heart. Some men have said it is too big to be true. The grave-place of Rachel; the marriage-place of Ruth, the birth-place of David, singled out now to be the cradle of the world's supreme hope. Meantime the whole land had gone dark. Bethlehem seemed only a trifle more forgotten than Jerusalem and Samaria. The heel of the conqueror was upon the neck of a proud race. Then the almost incredible thing happened. And it happened at Bethlehem. Humanly speaking, there was almost no conceivable reason for its happening there. Mary belonged to Nazareth. I do not know that she had been in Bethlehem before. And of all times for a woman to be away from home!

So the glory came at Bethlehem when a

new-born Boy lay in his mother's fond arms. Perhaps there were other ways for the surpassing glory to come. Certain it is that our brothers and sisters of the long ago were not expecting it to come in that fashion.

They all were looking for a King
To slay their foes and lift them high:
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

Nor have we of the later day gotten used to such a mode of Advent. We do not yet know all that God can do by a man. We have not yet learned that all the things he needs to have done on earth must be done by men and women. Jesus deserves his name because, for one thing, he saves us from the sin of undervaluing manhood and womanhood and childhood. Let us go back to Bethlehem and learn *that*. Bethlehem has done better than to give us a King. Bethlehem has given us a *Man* to show us what a man can be. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass."—*Rev. George Clarke Peck, D. D., in the Christian Advocate.*

Sabbath School. Lesson II.—January 13, 1923

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY. LUKE 14

Golden Text.—"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." 1 Peter 5: 5.

DAILY READINGS

Jan. 7—Luke 14: 7-14. The Stepping-stone to Honor.
Jan. 8—James 4: 1-10. Humility before Promotion
Jan. 9—Prov. 16: 18-23. Pride Dangerous.
Jan. 10—Matt. 8: 5-13. A Humble Officer.
Jan. 11—1 Pet. 5: 1-11. Church Leaders Girded with Humility.
Jan. 12—Phil. 2: 5-11. The Humility of Christ.
Jan. 13—Psalm 15: 1-5. A Humble and Upright Man.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

It is by no means enough to *set out* cheerfully with your God on any venture of faith. Tear into smallest pieces any itinerary for the journey which your imagination may have drawn up.

Your guide will keep no beaten path. He will lead you by a way such as you never dreamed your eyes would open upon.

He knows no fear, and he expects you to fear nothing while he is with you.

A true walk with God will do more to awaken awe, wonder and amazement in your soul than would a century of travel through the sights of earth.—*F. B. Meyer.*

MARRIAGES

CARTER-LANGWORTHY.—At the home of the bride's parents, Deacon and Mrs. W. H. Langworthy, of Alfred Station, N. Y., by Pastor William M. Simpson, Miss Dorothy Langworthy and Mr. Milton Carter.

DEATHS

TITSWORTH.—Isabelle Heritage Glaspey Titworth, in Alfred, N. Y., December 10, 1922. Extended obituary on another page.

RANDOLPH.—Scott F. Randolph at his home in McMechen, W. Va., on Dec. 6, 1922, in the fifty-first year of his age.

He was the son of John F. and Melissa Davis Randolph and was born near Salem, W. Va., February 6, 1872.

In early life Scott Randolph became a Christian and school teacher. He taught school for thirteen years, much of this time at Lost Creek, W. Va. In 1903 he married Della Rowand. Mr. Randolph's failing health suggested to his family a removal to California. For three years they lived at Long Beach, Cal. Since returning to West Virginia the family has lived near Wheeling where Mr. Randolph has had work in connection with coal mining. Mr. Randolph's church membership has been at Salem, Lost Creek, Long Beach and now for some years at Salem. Mrs. Randolph and the three older young people are members of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church. Mr. Randolph made a long valiant fight against the disease that took his life. He leaves a devoted wife, two daughters and five sons. He is also survived by four brothers and one sister. His funeral was conducted by his pastor, Rev. George B. Shaw, and burial was at McMechen. G. B. S.

DAVIS.—Lewis Townsend Davis at his home in West Union, Doddridge County, W. Va., on December 8, 1922, in the ninetieth year of his age.

L. Townsend Davis was the son of John S., son of Nathan, son of Nathan, son of William, son of John, son of William Davis. See *History of Seventh Day Baptists in West Virginia* by Corliss F. Randolph, page 402 and elsewhere. His mother was Esther Randolph. He was born January 10, 1833. In 1860 he married Atha Burnworth who died March 4, 1910. The surviving members of his immediate family are a son, John H. Davis, a grandson, James D. Foley, both of West Union, and a granddaughter, Mrs. Eulalia Davis Pass, of Washington, D. C. For a number of years Brother Davis has been in very feeble health and has been tenderly cared

for by his son and his grandson. He was a loyal and interested member of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church. He had been an extensive traveler and a careful observer. Before the Civil War Mr. Davis was captain of the West Union company of Virginia State Militia. He refused a commission when the war broke out. He has been mayor of the city, a member of the county court, and held other public office.

He and his father's family have been associated with every change and all progress in the history of West Union and Doddridge County. His death removes a real landmark. His funeral and burial, the minutest detail arranged by himself, was very impressive. Text, 2 Timothy 4: 6, 7, 8. G. B. S.

Failure is often that early morning hour of darkness which precedes the dawning of the day of success.—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges.*

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Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
What are you weaving?
Labor and sorrow?
Look to your loom again,
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life's in the loom!
Room for it—
Room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Lighten the labor,
And sweeten the sorrow.
Now—while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster,
Up and be at it,
At work with the Master,
He stands at your loom;
Room for Him—
Room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow.
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster,
Turn it, and—lo,
The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom;
Room for Him—
Room!

—Mary A. Lathbury.

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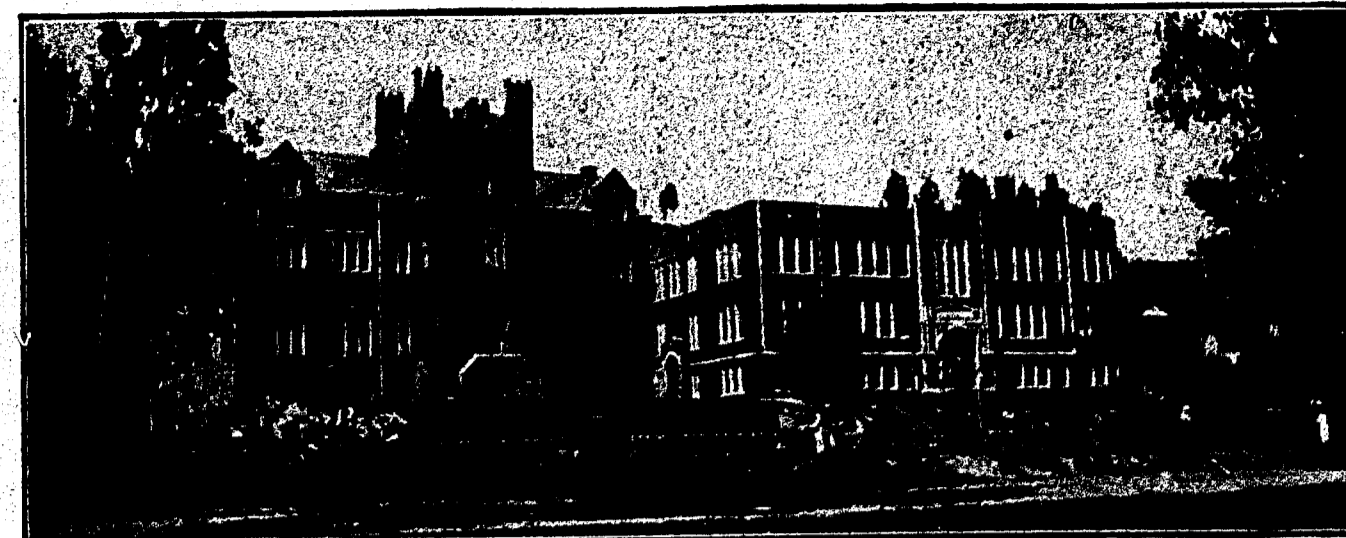
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"O powerful Goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continued favors."

—Benjamin Franklin.

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