

# The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 4,073

**"What Do We Have Left?"** Our readers  
**Something No Critic Can** will be touched  
**Rob Us Of** by the open

letter to the editor on another page, written by our friend, Mrs. Martha H. Wardner. We have read it very carefully twice, and from the bottom of our heart we long to give some words of comfort to all such troubled souls. We have often feared that the writings of some scholars, found in the various denominational papers that come to us, would produce just the effect in many trusting hearts as those described and feared by our friend.

Should our pen be guilty of unnecessarily setting forth thoughts that undermine the hopes of sincere Christian people, we could hardly expect to be forgiven when we meet them in the judgment. We often wish that good men in whom we have utmost confidence and who express views which we can accept for ourselves, would be more careful about their manner of expression which sometimes is sure to be misunderstood. Some things might be properly stated in a certain way before students and scholars prepared to receive and understand them, which might far better be withheld from the popular ear. Much of the fear and unrest among the laity comes from misunderstanding the expressions used by teachers.

But these are matters we can not control, and our hope is that we may be able to give comforting assurances to all who may hold fears in common with Sister Wardner.

We have been deeply impressed with the remarkable *experiences* of this Christian friend. And as we read them one by one and the question was asked: "What do we have left" when our Bible is taken away? the answer would come: "With such an experience as hers, not all the critics in the world can take away our Bible, or undermine our hope. Critics may rob our *friends* of their only anchor, but never can they rob any one of the certainty of a rich experience through years of divine help."

What then do we have left? We have an *experience* left. And if all the world should go back on the Bible for themselves,

they could not take away the memory of such a glorious experience.

Paul had an experience; and when all the philosophers and worldly wise scholars of Athens and Corinth stood strongly against his belief in a divine Savior and in a crucified Christ, he still held fast. Nothing could get him away from his *experience* which came when the Savior found him. Though he was with them in weakness and fear and in much trembling, he determined to know nothing but the divine crucified Christ, and God's grace was sufficient for him. Though the great scholars of his day set at naught the central truths of the Scriptures, and he was unable by his masterly logic to win them to God, still they could not rob Paul of his *experience*; and with that experience God's word stood true for him and for all who believed it. It sustained him through a lifetime of afflictions, in spite of his critics, and in the end he could say: "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 my 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 have loved his appearing."

Dear friend, your faith, you say, saved you. Let that faith save you still. That belief that you "could trust God's word when everything went wrong" will continue to give you strength as long as you cling to it, even though the mountains be removed and cast into the sea.

The Savior who stood by you in your darkest day will not desert you now, any more than he did Paul. The God who has so graciously opened doors for usefulness in affliction will not change so long as you trust him. Poor old Job was sorely afflicted, and beset by critics and objectors, but the God whom he trusted brought him through all the better for his afflictions. This God is still our God no matter how many deny him. He is no respecter of persons, and loves his own as much as ever.

Our Bible has survived more serious days than these of our time. Never has the demand for it been greater, and we will trust the Mighty One who has preserved it in such a marvelous way to still make it the sword of the Spirit.

We will do all we can to save our friends from the loss of hope which you fear for them, and trust our God to do the rest. Though it may seem dark sometimes, we know that he sees all the way through, and will make no mistakes in leading his children home.

When we get home, but possibly not before, we shall be able to see how it was that all things were working together for good; even while they looked so dark to us.

#### **A Surprising Spirit of Treasonable Disloyalty**

We have been deeply impressed of late by the brazen audacity of the outlaw bootlegging fraternity plying the waters between the Bahamas and the Florida coast. They out-rival, if possible, the notorious fleet along the New Jersey shore.

Of course we understand that these matters are greatly exaggerated by the wets, through the daily papers, for the purpose of creating sentiment against prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment. But after all allowance has been made for exaggerations, there is enough outlawry going unpunished, and being winked at by citizens who ought to be loyal, to give rise to serious concern for the future of America.

If one saw nothing but the New York City and the Florida East Coast daily papers, he would certainly find little ground for hope of complete victory for constitutional law. The thing that surprises us and gives much concern is the spirit of treason that prevails in great communities where persistent violators of the Fundamental Law, are not only winked at but are actually aided in secret, underhanded ways that make it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for federal officials to enforce the law!

We have been reading for several days a continued story, pretty well written, in which the bootlegging fleet, plying between the islands and Florida cities, is described at length. The writer tells of the number and size of the boats; of the number of

cases of "good imported whiskey" that these boats land in a month; and describes the methods by which it is distributed. He tells of the bravery of the men who run the risks, as though there were nothing very disloyal about them; and leaves the impression that there is something almost heroic in their defying the nation's laws.

The writer also tells, as "an insider", how the citizens along the coast keep close watch for federal agents or officers sent to enforce the law, and, by signals, keep incoming bootleggers warned of any danger. The writer says that a system of signal-lights is used to keep boats from coming in while the coast is not clear!

Now what is there about this to give alarm for the nation's future? If this story were given in order to expose those guilty of treason against the government, and efforts were made to bring them to justice, the thing would be very different from what it is now. But this is evidently not the purpose of the writer, or the publisher either. So far as one can see, the main effort is to keep them from being caught. It seems more like an effort to give a kind of heroic air to the whole outlaw bootlegging business, and to impress the country with the uselessness of trying to fight it.

Another surprising feature of the matter is, that the newspapers publishing it enter no plea for loyalty to the Constitution, and wherever any editorial sentiment is set forth it seems wet rather than dry.

What chance can United States officials have to carry out the will of the people of America in such treason-cursed sections? What will be the future of America if its citizens continue to have such disloyal educators of public sentiment?

#### **The "Speak Outers" Greatly Needed**

A friend in speaking of the great need of open-hearted loyalty to law on the part of American citizens called our attention to an organization among the women, we think, called the "Speak Outers", or something to that effect. The tendency is so great, among those who are themselves loyal at heart, to keep still and not show their colors when our laws are attacked, or whenever outlawry is being condoned, that these friends of law and order decided to form an organization in which all its members are pledged

to *speak out* every time they hear anything disloyal.

Such a movement well carried out would certainly have a wholesome effect in educating the people for loyal citizenship, and in forming a law-abiding public sentiment.

The non-committal attitude of thousands who believe in law enforcement gives encouragement to outlaws, and becomes a hindrance to the government in its efforts to suppress evils.

If every one opposed to the liquor interests with all their ruinous effects upon society, would "speak out" whenever he hears excuses made for the violation of prohibition laws or pleas for their repeal because these laws are violated, we would soon see different conditions.

Loyal citizens would not think of keeping still if bandits or bank robbers should plead for the repeal of laws against robbery or murder. True friends of the government would not listen in silence to a propaganda in favor of repealing the law against counterfeiting simply because it can not be enforced, or because there are still many violations of that law. The law against carrying concealed weapons is, probably, violated more today than ever before, but that is no reason why that law should be repealed.

Public sentiment is the power behind the throne in law enforcement. And the attitude of the common people settles the question as to what public sentiment shall be. Every one who keeps mum when he finds men plotting treason against our Constitutional Law is helping to undermine government by encouraging criminals and by handicapping officials who would do their duty.

If all who wish to be counted as respectable citizens would cease to wink at the bootlegging outlawry going on before their eyes; if every newspaper would stop encouraging violators of the Fundamental Law of America; if, instead of ridiculing officials who try to enforce that law, they would become out-spoken advocates of law and order, we would soon hear the last of moonshiners, bootleggers and treasonable plottings against the government.

Indeed, nothing is more needed now than a wide-spread organization of loyal "Speak Outers" against treason and in favor of the Constitution.

#### **A Dinner Party at Beautiful Sunset Park**

For the second time this season the editor has enjoyed a pleasant outing at Sunset Park on the Tomoka River. The first was a mid-day picnic of the Sabbath school, with lunches spread on a long table by the river bank, under great spreading moss-draped oaks, and by tall tufted-topped palmetto trees. Those who have enjoyed picnics at this place do not need to be told of its beauty as a pleasure spot in the natural southern forest. Neither do they need to be told of the splendid basket-lunch banquets gotten up by our hospitable Daytona friends.

The second visit to Sunset Park was in the evening. Fourteen good friends from three or four States met there for a dinner and a good social time. Arrangements were made beforehand with the proprietor of the neat rustic bungalow at the park, and several automobiles took the company over the thirteen-mile trip to the Tomoka; some of the way through dense forests where the golden beams of a setting sun were streaming through the trees, making the brilliant hues of tender spring-time leaves brighter than ever. The first half of this excellent road runs between the Halifax River, on our right, and very fine bungalow-homes on our left, to the little town of Ormond. Across the river at this point, illumined by the setting sun stands the great Ormond hotel. Next to this among the trees are the winter homes of the two Rockefellerers. A long bridge connects the two banks here.

We arrived in Sunset Park just in time to see a most beautiful sunset which was enjoyed by all. The park is rightly named. Some of the sunsets in Florida make charming rivals of the famous Egyptian sunsets we saw on the Nile.

We had never been inside the bungalow hotel at the park until now, and we found it a very pleasant place for such an outing. No wonder the Daytona friends enjoy going there now and then for a little rest and an excellent dinner. Upon entering we found a large room some thirty-six feet square, made in a sort of simple rustic style, with a great coquina rock fireplace, in which a bright wood fire was burning. The chilling breath from a northern blizzard made the blaze look good and the warmth was very acceptable—especially in the evening.



Over the fireplace mantle, were draped two flags, the British Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The thrifty family owning the place came from Canada a few years ago, so they kept the flag of their native land joined closely with the flag of the land of their adoption.

While dinner was being prepared, our friends from three or four States formed a large circle in front of the fire-place and enjoyed a happy hour which none of them will soon forget.

Automobiles of tourists have banners on their cars telling what States and places they came from. Around the walls of this room we saw banners from: St. Louis, Mo.; Providence, R. I.; Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Burlington, Vt.; Hartford, Conn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Wakefield, R. I.; Ormond and Daytona, Fla.

When we were invited to dinner we found another large room some thirty-five feet square with tables for several parties. One was a birthday party with a fine birthday cake; all were strangers to us; but they did have a good time. Two smaller companies occupied other tables; but our company of fourteen persons had a table by itself, and enjoyed an excellent dinner.

Both rooms of this bungalow were open to the roof with no ceiling overhead. This added to the pleasant effect of the place.

Of the thirteen-mile ride home, with the light of moon and stars over the forest, and with the glow of electric lights from the great hotel, and from dwellings and streets and bridges reflected on the river, we do not need to write at length. The mere mention of them will stir your imagination until you can see it all.

### WHAT DO I HAVE LEFT?

*An open letter to the editor*

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

With your permission I want to address the readers of the RECORDER on a subject that touches the very center of my being, not for the sake of controversy nor for fear the Bible will fail or the right fail of its ultimate triumph, but because there is pain in my heart, and anxiety for our beloved young people, to some of whom life may be as real as it is to me, or even more so.

I can not write from the standpoint of a scholar in the schools of learning, for

my education was sacrificed on the altar of duty; but I do write from the standpoint of a scholar in the school of experience; both on my own account and on account of others who have committed their experiences to my keeping.

A man once remarked in my presence (following the news of a suicide) that the thought of cowardice would prevent him from ever committing such an act. That was very well said for one who prided himself on his own strength and who had never been severely tried; but in the day when it seems as if everything earthly in which one has trusted is failing, something more stable is needed than the thought of cowardice upon which the soul may poise in security.

During my stay in the sanitarium last winter a lady told me of her experience at the time of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. She was near the fire when it broke out but even as she saw the danger there flashed through her mind the words: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." "From the sense of perfect peace and security that filled my soul," said she, "I know that I can face any experience that may be coming to me without fear."

At the risk of making this article too long, I must record an experience that happened when I was living at LaPorte, Ind. I was passing through a trial which it seemed to me I could bear anything else better than that. One evening I went to a Chautauqua where an expert gave a chalk talk, on San Francisco, before, during, and after the earthquake and fire. In the first picture that appeared on the blackboard was a little rabbit and in the last one there was a large rock that had been cleft, and at the opening stood the little rabbit having come safely through the earthquake and fire, because he had been hidden in the cleft of the rock. As this picture appeared on the blackboard, a double, mixed quartet of colored singers sang with their melodious voices: "And you shall find a resting place when rocks and mountain have fled away." I went to my couch that night rejoicing in the thought that if all I possessed was swept away I would still be safe, because I was hidden in the Rock that had been cleft for me.

Once when entertaining a dinner party in

our home at Milton Junction, Wis., Dr. Wardner told the company of a man who bought a Bible and said when he heard that any passage was disputed he was going to cut it out. The cutting process went on until he had nothing left but the covers. If I follow the trend of "modern thought" I fear that ere long I shall not have the cover left to remind me of the untruthful (?) records they once enclosed, to which I anchored my frail bark in safety while the mountainous billows of life's sea surged over it with relentless fury.

My religious experience rests on the belief that the Bible is the word of God. Remove that idea and I have nothing left but the memories of hallucinations, which if convinced that was a fact would make me doubt my own sanity.

I am the youngest of a family of five children. One brother died when I was seventeen months old, the result of a doctor's carelessness; the other was wrapped in his blanket and buried near Marietta, Ga., where he fell in defense of his country in the Civil War. His death not only destroyed the plans he was making for my future but laid upon me burdens for which my physical strength was insufficient. I had barely passed out of my 'teens when the last sister was removed. Mother lingered a few years in broken health and then quietly closed her eyes in sleep. Father survived her a couple of years, and upon neither occasion would my health permit me to accompany them to their last resting place. Shortly after father's death I underwent a surgical operation which I was told gave me hardly one chance in a thousand for my life. I was confident that God would raise me up and thus expressed myself to the matron of the hospital on the eve preceding the operation. When I was about ready to leave for home, she said to me: "Your faith saved you. You have no idea of the dangers through which you have passed. I have talked this matter over with the nurses, that I might impress the lesson upon their minds, and told them it was your faith that saved you."

Within two years I stood at the marriage altar by the side of Dr. Wardner and took the vow that made me his partner. The memory of our comradeship is too sacred and hallowed for words but our belief that the Bible is the Word of God was the foundation upon which it rested. Hand in

hand and heart to heart we journeyed together for a little more than four years and then on one beautiful spring morning when the sun was flooding the world with the light of a new-born day, while seated at the breakfast table, the Master called, and he embarked upon the silent river bearing in his hand the supposed (?) word of God and passed from my sight. Shortly after this, I again went under the same surgeon's knife who at this time had become the recognized world's surgeon. For thirty-five years and more there have been very few entire days in which I have been free from pain; and of the sorrows that have made the deepest wounds in my heart I can not write. How have I been able to bear this? Because of my belief that the Bible is the word of God and the conscious fellowship of my spirit with the Divine-human Savior revealed therein.

In my sixteenth year, acting on the best light I had received, I became a professed Christian; but for thirteen long weary years I groped my way alone in the dark, trying to find an answer to Job's question: "How should man be just with God?" It was not fiction in my case, it was a real person in anxious search for an answer. But at length the light that streams from the cross pierced the gloom, opened my spiritual sight and I was free.

About this time my attention was called to the Sabbath question and I began an investigation out of curiosity. When to my surprise I found the claims of the Seventh-day Sabbath were valid and the tremendous importance attached thereto, I passed through what I call a life and death struggle. From a human standpoint it seemed impossible for me to keep it and if there had been the slightest doubt in my mind about the Bible being the word of God, I should have remained where I was. The belief that I could trust God's word when everything else seemed to be against it gave me the strength to turn my back on the past and the present, and step out on his promises.

Once in the stress of trial when in the anguish of my soul I cried out, "All these things are against me," like the lightning's flash came the thought, this is a testing time. Do I believe that the Bible is the word of God or have I been merely holding that belief as a theory? If I believe that Romans 8:28 is God's word I can not yield to despair. Had I not been able to appropriate

those words God alone knows what the result would have been, possibly reason would have been dethroned.

Again if the Bible is not true I must renounce the joyous, soulful experiences of my life as delusions: for as paradoxical as it may seem, some of the darkest days through which I have passed have been the brightest because of the conscious presence of my Savior.

And lastly if the Bible is not authentic, if I can not believe the record it gives of the birth, life, death and resurrection of the one who is my only hope of salvation, if I can not believe his words when he says he is coming again I must renounce the joy that has come to me in his service.

I have heard it has been said, "How she is handicapped in her work by her health." But I beg leave to differ from that opinion. While I have been handicapped in certain lines, God has opened to me doors of usefulness through my afflictions that otherwise I could not have entered. The opportunities have come to me in hospitals and sanitariums, in the seclusion of my home, and when that vanished and I was compelled to find refuge in the homes of others, the opportunities for service increased rather than diminished. I must renounce these memories—the memories of seeing souls lifted out of the depths of doubt and sin into the realm of faith and righteousness. I must renounce the memory of souls comforted in affliction, of souls built up in the faith and the testimony of transformed homes. In this work my chief weapon has been "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God". Over and over and over again I have said to despairing souls, "If these were my words they might fail; but God's words can't fail," and, pinning their faith to those words, they have received the life-giving force that comes from believing. Remove from me the belief that the Bible is the word of God—that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and the son of the Virgin Mary, and what do I have left? Absolutely nothing. My work is done and with my allotted time on earth drawing to the end with rapid strides, I stand alone completely enveloped in darkness and with no hope for the future.

Very earnestly yours,

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

202 North Washington Avenue,  
Battle Creek, Mich.,  
March 5, 1923.

### SHILOH LYCEUM ENDS SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The Shiloh Lyceum Association has just closed another successful year. Seven numbers were given, which were well received by packed houses. All the concerts and lectures were of a high order, yet in most of them there was just enough of the humorous to please every one.

In many ways the association is unique. Some sixteen years ago the Christian Endeavor society of the Shiloh Church, aided by the man who was then pastor, Rev. D. B. Coon, took the responsibility of bringing to the community a course of lectures and concerts. Feeling that a larger organization could better serve the community and surrounding communities, after some three or four years the Endeavor society gave up the work and the present association was organized with its own officers. While, for the most part, the numbers have been given in the Academy Hall, the course has never been under the management of the school nor any other organization, the association paying the usual rent charged for local events outside school activities, with a few exceptions when, through the kindness of the School Board of Hopewell Township, cut rates have been made.

The Executive Committee, which does all the business of the association except the election of the officers, is widely distributed, Lower Hopewell, Bowenton, Greenwich, Roadstown, Friesburg, Beebe Run, Marlboro, Bridgeton, Stow Creek and Shiloh being represented. Perhaps out of gratitude to the people of the vicinity of Shiloh for introducing the course, the pastors of the local church have been elected presidents.

Recently the Executive Committee met the representative of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, from which for the past sixteen years the courses have been purchased, and contracted for talent for the season of 1923-1924, consisting of lectures, three concerts and two plays. This selection gives greater variety than usual as most of the courses have consisted of lectures, concerts, impersonations and readings.

The officers for the coming season are: President, Rev. Erlo E. Sutton; vice-president, Rev. James H. Hurley; secretary, Cora Sheppard Lupton; treasurer, Charles F. Holmes; auditor, Leonard M. Smalley.  
—Bridgeton Evening News.

## THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT AND SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION

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

### ANOTHER VISITOR AND AN INTERVIEW

Rev. J. C. Reichert who has preached in our churches at Adams Center and Verona, and who is known to many Seventh Day Baptists in the Central Association, visited the publishing house at Plainfield recently. We enjoyed a brief conference with him on the occasion of his call at the office, and learning that he would be spending some time in the neighboring town of Westfield, invited him to come over to Plainfield to church. He accepted the invitation and was present at the morning service Sabbath Day, March 17. It was a pleasure to have a more extended visit with him in our own home that Sabbath Day.

Mr. Reichert was brought up in the Lutheran faith, and served as a minister of that denomination for a number of years. During these later years he has become much exercised over the Sabbath question. While at present he may not be classed as a Sabbath-keeper, possibly, he is a sincere and devout student of the subject.

Of course the historic position of the Lutheran church is that there is no Sabbath—no sacred time. They meet for worship on Sunday because it is the custom of the majority, and not because any special significance attaches to the day, by the authority either of the Bible or of the church.

The burden therefore of Mr. Reichert's investigation is to determine the character of the Sabbath, and to learn if possible just what place it took in the thought and purpose of the Master, and what is its significance in the life and practice of Christians today.

It is indeed interesting to try to get into the thinking of one who approaches the question from this unusual angle. We expressed so much interest in the matter that Mr. Reichert was willing to write out for us some of his thoughts. These seem to reveal the fact that he has gone a long way

toward a recognition of the Sabbath as a Christian institution vital to the Christian church today.

With the permission of the author we shall share with the readers of the RECORDER next week the article which was prepared in response to the request of the present writer. If perchance out of curiosity one shall turn to this department next week to read the promised article, we have no doubt he will soon become interested in the thought and sentiment of the author. We feel sure he will rise up from his reading refreshed in soul and strengthened in his Sabbath convictions.

Seventh Day Baptists need to rediscover their Sabbath sanctions, and to experience afresh the spiritual value of Sabbath-keeping. The study of one who approaches the subject free from Sabbath traditions should prove refreshing and helpful. Mr. Reichert may be blazing the trail over which many a Sabbathless Christian shall make his way in to Sabbath rest and a richer Christian experience.

### SABBATH HISTORY

For some time I kept in a separate pigeon-hole of my desk letters from certain pastors and college professors containing words of appreciation for my little book, "Sabbath History—I". My purpose was to use them in advertising the book. Modesty and a fear of being misunderstood in the matter prevented their use in the way that was at first contemplated.

More recently I received a letter from Professor B. R. Crandall, of Berkeley, Cal., who is finding the book helpful. I am passing this letter along to SABBATH RECORDER readers, trusting that others may become more interested in the history of the Sabbath and of Seventh Day Baptists.

In regard to the question raised with reference to a second volume, and the desire expressed that one may follow. It is our plan to write a second volume just as soon as time can be found to devote to it. This will mean, of course, weeks of time, uninterrupted by other responsibilities of a major nature.

The facts are, a greater part of my special study for the last several years has been in connection with the period to be covered by the second volume, and much data has been



gathered. What is needed is time and opportunity to select and verify, and to fuse and formulate the data in hand for "Sabbath History—II. Sabbatarian Baptists in England and the American Colonies".

### A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

Rev. A. J. C. Bond,  
Director Forward Movement,  
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR DR. BOND:

It has never been my good fortune to meet you personally. However, I feel that through the pages of the RECORDER and especially by reading your excellent little book, "Sabbath History—I", I am well acquainted with you.

May I take the liberty to commend most heartily the splendid contribution you have made to Seventh Day Baptist literature in the production of that little book. I find it very convenient to slip in my pocket and read on the road. So far as I know it is absolutely correct as to fact; it is broad and scholarly in its treatment of the various topics and splendid in its fair and wise conclusions. It is very fine in its use and style of English and is in all respects a most commendable effort. Sincerely hope that the "I" indicates that there are other volumes to follow.

We are making very good use of the "Sabbath History—I" in our little Seventh Day Baptist group here in Berkeley. After the study of the Sabbath school lesson we have the young folks take turns reading, and we discuss the subject matter as we go along. In this way we study a chapter each Sabbath Day.

This excellent little history of our people should be in every Seventh Day Baptist home. Especially in every L. S. K. home.

Wish some of our group might be in Riverside for the coming association meeting. Will it be possible or convenient for you to visit us in Berkeley while on your western trip?

May God lead and richly bless you in the big task you are carrying.

Most sincerely,

B. R. CRANDALL.

2328 Grove Street,  
Berkeley, Cal.,  
March 9, 1923.

### EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

(Letters received by Ray Thorngate, of North Loup, Neb., and forwarded for publication.)

"Men and women who have accepted Jesus as their personal Savior, who have been baptized and united with some recognized church are going to be a very difficult class to reach with this message with sufficient force and power to bring them to a decision and change of practice in regard to the day.

"On the contrary, real evangelism where the campaigns are carried on in localities where we have no organized bodies, will, when successful, result in a group of converted people ready to be baptized and join some body of Christians.

"Such a group can very easily be organized into a Sabbath-keeping body of baptized believers.

"This proposition is sound and can not be questioned, though some details must be added and others considered.

"Every one knows the *personal* following which every successful evangelist has from the converts in his meetings. Why not organize this following into Seventh Day Baptist churches?

"It will prove quite a bit easier to induce unattached Christians to observe the Sabbath of Jehovah, than to lead those whose present affiliations are all against us, to break away all these ties and accept the Sabbath truth."

"While I am very much interested in gospel missions and the work of the Sabbath reform, the denominational life of Seventh Day Baptists I must confess does not interest me as it does a great many of our people. Denominational lines serve to divide, and subdivide communities religiously when there should be perfect unity in religious effort.

"It matters not what becomes of the denominational name, if God's great plan in saving the world is carried out to a successful issue."

"Instead of pleading for denominational loyalty, why not plead for loyalty to the cause for which the denomination stands?

"There is nothing to be gained in striving to save the life of the denomination. Jesus said, 'For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose

his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it' (Mark 8:35). If this be true of individuals, may it not also be true of denominations?"

"As a people Seventh Day Baptists, should take the position that gospel salvation saves from the sin of Sabbath desecration, just the same as all other sins. The work of Sabbath reform goes hand in hand with the work of evangelism. The first step to be taken in leading men to embrace the Sabbath, is to get them soundly converted. Their hearts must be changed before they are in a condition to accept the Sabbath truth."

"Trying to convert the average church member to the Sabbath in these days, by the methods adopted, is like trying to shape iron or steel before it is heated, and we all know how such a project would turn out, if such a method should be followed."

"When the Pentecostal flame gets into the lives of all our people, it will burn out unnecessary machinery, and other influences, too numerous to mention in this letter, now hindering progress in the work of evangelism, and of Sabbath reform."

"I do not know what we as a denomination can do that we have not been doing for years unless it is to do it more radically and with greater consecration. I can not think the people of other denominations would be any more liable to accept the Sabbath from our telling them that we are not expecting them to unite with us. As long as any church has a majority in it of Sunday-keepers there will be strenuous objections to any one observing the Sabbath among them letting his light shine. And for persons to stay in a Sunday-keeping denomination or church and try to observe the Sabbath is only to put their light under a bushel for they can not talk it as they *must* if they are true followers of the truth. Of course their consistent example might lead others to make some investigation of the subject. However, no family can raise children in such a church and society and hold them to the truth in the matter."

(To be continued)

### SABBATH HISTORY—I

#### QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER 4

What can you say of the peoples and religious practices of those who made up the membership of the early church?

To what extent was the Sabbath known and observed in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea?

To what extent has the Sabbath been observed in Ethiopia—modern Abyssinia?

What evidence do we have that Paul was a strict Sabbath-keeper?

Where and under what circumstances was the first European church organized?

What is the historic Catholic attitude toward the Sabbath and the Sunday?

What can you say of Sabbath-keeping in Scotland and in Ireland?

In what other lands do we find that the Sabbath was kept for centuries or even to the present time?

Memorize the last seven lines of chapter four.

### A THEOLOGICAL SONNET

(BY NEITHER A THEOLOGIAN NOR A SONNETEER)  
"Love frees us from the Law" they say to me  
And smugly turn as if to go—but stay,  
What is this Love, how does it make us free?  
To gain this light what must I do today?

"The ancient kept the Law through Fear, that way  
Debasing God; but we who love him true  
Fear not his Law, but loving, do obey  
And gladly seek his every Will to do."

Through Love—obedience. Better far, the new.  
Who loves—but fails in God's commands, I say  
Is he still free? "Ah no, he loves not true;  
He's under Law, the Law's stern code must pay."

They're right! Obedience through Love is much  
the finer way.  
But to be free from Law, it still remains, one  
must obey.

"The result of the prohibition years is a clear demonstration that both in theory and in fact, it is working well from a university standpoint. The whole problem of discipline has been both simplified and lessened; the morale of student bodies has been improved and the number of men dropped because of misconduct greatly reduced. I am very confident that a large percentage of my colleagues upon the faculty would subscribe to these statements."—Stanley Coulter, Acting Chairman of the Faculty, Purdue University.

## MISSIONS

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

### THE CHURCH AND MISSIONS IN THEIR RELATION TO PROPERTY

#### I

#### THE SITUATION

However verdant a subject property, money, wealth, may be from the standpoint of the world, it is not a popular one for the pulpit. Men do not want any instruction or advice regarding it except how to get it. Yet the truth is that it is vitally connected with the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world and in the human heart. Christ spake three parables on slightly different phases of this subject, and often referred to it in his teachings. If he who spake as never man spake and who saw to the bottom of all things, thought it sufficiently vital to the salvation of the individual soul and the establishment of his kingdom on the earth to utter three of his most marked parables regarding it and to discourse upon it on numerous other occasions, we may safely conclude that it is a matter of vast consequence.

There never before was such a time when wealth played such an important part in the interest of Christ's kingdom as today. Touch humanity where you will,—as a social organization, as a state or as Christians in covenant relations,—and the problems connected with property at once show their unsheathed paws. All the circumstances clustering around the last fifty years make it so. The situation is largely the result of the past, but the opportunities it offers and the problems it presents are for us of the present.

Now while it is true that the money question, wealth or the lack of it, saps the life from the individual Christian and lies like a pall of death over the church, yet it is an indispensable factor to both. Let the individual and the church turn which ever way they may, unless it be heavenward, and the question confronts them. It has to do with every movement, religious and secular, and every movement and every person must have it. It is as much a concern with the peasant as the millionaire. The want of it is one of the most powerful incentives to progress. The savage who is satisfied

with what nature provides remains forever a savage, no progress. It is in the pursuit of it that many of the sterling qualities and characteristics of men are developed. Thrift, frugality, economy, punctuality, and others are largely the result of the property-getting propensity. Our material wants being more urgent, more irresistible, and more constantly before us, impel us on where otherwise slothfulness would blight every prospect.

It is the equivalent of all we eat or wear. It provides the houses which shelter us, the heat which warms us, and the comforts which surround us. By it you provide yourselves with those things which make you independent to go here and there, in the winter to the land of warm and rose-scented breezes, in the summer to those climes where cool zepthers bathe your burning cheeks; it takes you to hear the sweet singer and to listen to the modern Demosthenes; by it books are put out and libraries established; it puts us in possession of the best thoughts of the good of all ages, causing us to know their most delightful joys and to look in upon their holiest emotions, to feel what they felt and to profit by their mistakes, their victories and their defeats; by it the poor and starving are fed, and hospitals, sanitariums, homes for the unfortunate, the aged and children are established and maintained; by it schools, colleges, universities and seminaries are founded where the millions are trained and fitted for the new duties and responsibilities of living; without it the church could not subsist and the extension of the light of Christ to lands where he is not known could not be; yea, more than this: without it Christianity itself would become extinct on the earth, for it is property which dots the land with churches, which supports them, and which makes possible the preaching of the word of truth. How many Bibles would there be in existence without it? You and I would never have seen one, but money has made it possible to literally seed both land and sea with the wonderful words of life. Without it religious services could not be, for it not only furnishes the places of worship but oftentimes the conveyances to and from; often you can not do a more Christ-like act than to furnish some destitute child with sole leather with which to go to church and Bible school. Christianity has always depended upon property. Paul did not make his missionary journeys without its aid. Yet

there never was a time before when all the circumstances combined to link the personal attainment of the individual life and the extension of Christ's kingdom with wealth as this in which we live.

There are two other facts regarding property in its relation to Christianity which must not be overlooked. The first is that wealth is on the increase and that it is increasing at an enormous speed. The industry, the skill and the inventive genius have unlocked the wealth which God has stored up in nature. In 1825 the wealth of the United States was over \$3,000,000,000; in 1850 it was over \$7,000,000,000; in 1860 over \$16,000,000,000; in 1870 it was over \$26,000,000,000; in 1880 over \$43,000,000,000; in 1890 over \$65,000,000,000; in 1900 over \$94,000,000,000; and in 1920 about \$250,000,000,000.

Looking at these figures we say that the world is getting richer. Yes, but whose world? It is our world, our own Christianized country. In 1860 the wealth of England was nearly twice that of the United States. Twenty years later they were about equal in wealth. It is true that our population has increased in a most surprising manner, but it has not kept pace with the increase of wealth. Between 1880 and 1890 the population increased only twenty-four per cent, while the wealth increased fifty per cent. The census tells us that if all the property had been equally divided there would have been for every man, woman, and child in 1860, \$514; in 1870, \$624; in 1880, \$814; in 1890, about \$1,000; in 1900, \$1,200; and in 1920, \$2,500. Thus we see that the wealth per capita has increased five fold in sixty years.

The other important point we must not forget is that Christianity has been the most important factor in leading men to the production of wealth. I do not say all the production of wealth has been incited by Christian motives, far from it, but one effect invariably produced on a people by the introduction of Christianity is the increase of the wealth of that people. The savage comes to the missionary naked and indolent. The missionary leads him to Christ and immediately he wants clothes; soon he wants a house, a stove and other furniture. He goes to work, raises crops, mines the wealth locked up in the earth. Look for a moment at the Hawaiians and the Zulus. Before Christianity was introduced among

them they had no houses and but little clothing, few fields and those only rudely tilled, and no stores of food to keep them from famine. Today they are clad in garments of civilization, live in ceiled houses, have broad and fertile fields cultivated with skill and success, they have barns and the tools of modern husbandry; they produce more than they need and have a surplus for less fruitful seasons. Christianity and missions are not hostile to property; they are and always have been the patrons of property. They not only need property; but they are the fundamental factor in leading nations to its production and increase. The increase of wealth has not taken place in non-Christian nations—not in China, or Turkey, or Persia to any great extent, not among the teeming millions of Africa except where the missionary has carried the gospel.

#### WORD FROM REV. H. EUGENE DAVIS

DEAR RECORDER FRIENDS:

Just a word to let you know that we are nearing the homeland after a rather rough, but otherwise uneventful voyage.

We left Shanghai on February 15 and hoped that we might see Miss Burdick in Japan. Our boat sailed from Yokohama three or four days before hers arrived, so with the exception of faint lights from her boat, "The Nanking", and an answer to a radio which we received, we did not get a glimpse of her. It was a satisfaction to have communication with her, and to know she was getting well on her journey just as we were getting well started.

After a short stay in San Francisco we go to Riverside for a few weeks.

We desire to be of service while in the homeland and trust that our friends will help us to that end.

Sincerely,

H. EUGENE DAVIS.

*In sight of land, San Francisco, Cal.,*

*Sunday, March 11, 11 a. m.*

#### NOTICE

Will all readers of this notice who know of people living in Colorado, outside of Boulder, who are Seventh Day Baptists or who may become interested in Seventh Day Baptists please send to the undersigned their names and addresses that he, as state missionary, may get in touch with them.

D. BURDETT COON.

621 Maxwell Avenue, Boulder, Colo.



### PREACHERS AND EDITORS CREATE "RABID PARTISANSHIP"

In an interview reported in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* Miss Royden lays blame for "rabid partisanship" in religion at the door of the preachers and editors. Somehow when she speaks out one begins to prick up his ears to listen. She said we "were frightfully in earnest".

"Why look at your theological differences, for just one instance," she went on to say. "You seem to be enormously exercised over modernism. There are actually 'fundamentalist movements' organized and seemingly many people are interested' on both sides of the question."

When asked what she conceived to be the reason for this condition she replied without hesitation: "Do you mind if I say that I believe that it is due to your lack of education? It is not that I think you uncivilized; it is just that you are new. You have been so busy building a nation that your people have not had time to become educated in the sense that I mean. You have not had time to think seriously. You read your newspapers and perhaps a magazine or two. But are too busy to think into and through big questions—so you take the opinions of the editors or preachers as your own. Naturally you take rather violent sides.

"And the pitiful part of it is that so much of the battle is over phrases! In my preaching in England I always have a time for answering questions after the sermon and I often have some of the old phraseology hurled at me, but when we dig down and down to the heart of the matter we usually find that the literalist holds almost the identical idea which is mine. It seems to me that a great share of the difficulty is due to the encrustation which has taken place around some of the great theological words or phrases. The terminology has become hardened. We hear it from our childhood and it becomes a part of our thinking until finally we feel that the foundation is removed from under us if any one tampers with this word. Words become of more importance to us than truth.

"I don't want to seem harshly critical, but this intense zeal over your theological divisions here does seem due in great measure to your willingness to be led by your preachers and editors, to your lack of real thought

on the subject—what can well be expressed perhaps as lack of education."

"But that would hardly characterize some preachers who hold a very literalistic view of religion and are tremendously in earnest over the faults of the liberals. Some of them are quite well educated. What about them?" I queried.

"Does it necessarily follow that because they have gone through schools, they think deeply or scientifically?" was her counter question. "I believe that if people took time to think out their problems they would not be so rabidly partisan, one way or the other. Preachers and people, you are frightfully cumbered with things. You have so many things to be done that you have all too little time to think. But you have such a marvelous civilization, one that I sometimes think holds the promise of the future for the world. If only your religious life were thought through to a more mature conclusion."—*The Baptist*.

### BLUEBIRDS

M. E. H. EVERETT

Oh, but the bonny bluebirds will be singing  
When the spring's sunshine fills the world with cheer!

Many will listen to their joyful message  
When I have gone away and can not hear.

They'll build their little nests with carefree  
patience,  
Bring forth their young and teach them life is  
sweet,  
And when hot noontides shimmer o'er the mead-  
ows  
Find in the forest boughs a cool retreat.

Their songs are always full of love and gladness;  
And those who know will watch them many a  
year.

Their love and trust will brighten many faces  
When I have gone away and can not hear.

### A STUDENTS' "BONE DRY" CLUB

"According to the press, students of the University of South Dakota have organized a 'Bone Dry' Club, having for its objective promotion of the enforcement of the Volstead Law. It is said, moreover, that practically every young man on the campus is a member of the club and has pledged himself to aid prohibition officers throughout the State, that an auxiliary society is being formed among the co-eds, and that the movement bids fair to spread to other educational institutions."

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

*Education is the preparation of the individual for the community, and his religious training is the core of that preparation.—H. G. Wells.*

### SOME GLEANINGS BY THE WAY

To one working for his daily bread and, he trusts, for the Kingdom of God, in the business of education, it is always a matter of delight to see how much interest the daily press shows in the philosophy, in the maintenance, in the tools and persons, in the products, and in the future, yes, in the mistakes of the American school and college. From a day's reading of the *New York Times*, I gathered two items which throw a searchlight upon the processes and the possibilities of education.

When I was in the Columbia University Summer Session of 1919, I came to have an entirely new conception of one phase of the service of the American university. Not many years ago a university man thought himself hardly educated unless he had studied in England, or in France, or in Germany. Few laymen realize that the tide of student migration has now definitely turned so that there are more foreigners coming to America now to be educated than there are Americans who are seeking training abroad.

You can see at once that this condition opens up a field of missionary service of which few of the uninformed have dreamed. The Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, peoples from Southern Europe, and South Americans are matriculating at the great universities of the Atlantic seaboard and of the Pacific Coast in increasing numbers. I understand that at Cornell University the Chinese are so numerous that they have their own fraternities. I presume other foreigners are likewise attending other American institutions in sufficient quantities to have their fraternities also. Even the small colleges are getting every year more and more foreign students.

Much of the reconstruction of modern China, I understand, is being brought about

by Chinese trained in American universities. Also I believe I am rightly informed when I say that the growing desire for peace and the decreasing spirit of militarism in Japan is owing to the influence of men who have studied in Occidental universities. I am still quoting from memory when I say that of the twenty-five odd presidents of South American republics, some seventeen are graduates of universities in the United States.

With these facts in mind I was delighted to read some days since in the *Times* that "the International Education Board, founded recently by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as its first official act, has granted \$1,000,000 in ten annual instalments to Teachers' College, Columbia University, for the support and development of its work with the students of education from foreign countries and for the study of educational problems in the countries from which they come.

"Thirty-one countries are represented among the students at Teachers' College. The increase in the number of students from other countries in American institutions is described as one of the most striking educational features of the present day. There are between 20,000 and 30,000 in America, drawn from all lands. Foreign students at Teachers' College number between 250 and 300 a year."

Commenting on this news item, the same issue of the *Times* said editorially, under the caption, "The Pentecost of Education":

"How a 'countless host' of men, of many nations and divers tongues were awakened and transfigured by a common disaster Owen Wister"—just before America entered the Great War—"told in 'The Pentecost of Disaster.' . . . It is the Pentecost of education that must 'gird the countless hosts' of the people of the earth, 'if they are to be made to understand one another in any permanently effectual way. The announcement this morning of the gift of the International Institute of Teachers' College suggests one practical way in which this is to be brought about. . . . An additional million is now given . . . to provide special courses which will interpret American education to those students and give them a knowledge of American institutions and ideals, . . . to promote a better understanding between the countries from which they come and the United States. Such an assembly of students from

thirty or forty nations of the earth is bound to have a mighty internationalizing effect."

Another gleaming from the *Times* pays tribute to a teacher who has served the University of Vermont for fifty-four years. The work of a host of faithful instructors has been planted inconspicuously in the lives of countless men and women. Once in a while a college professor gets himself talked about because of some idiosyncrasy of speech or idea or because of some astounding contribution to humanity; yet, for the most part and rightly, teachers live and work quietly, only a few even of those whom they have served appreciating their work. The letter quoted below, taken from the issue of February 18, 1923, reveals how valuable a job a real teacher may be doing on the quiet.

"Professor Taylor has devoted himself to one branch of study, the Latin language and literature, but together with that he has taught exact thinking, the kind Lincoln meant when he said he was never easy when he was handling a thought till he had 'bounded it north and bounded it south and bounded it east and bounded it west'. This is the sort of thinking Professor Taylor has taught along with Latin, thinking that possesses latitude and longitude; and he has taught also the expression of thought in well-modeled, etymological English, with the finer shades of connotation. Judges, Congressmen, scientists, preachers and writers have gone out from under his instruction, but especially educators in large numbers.

"About a year ago he passed in his resignation, saying that a younger man could take his place with advantage to the college, but the Board of Trustees, nearly all of whom have been his pupils, put it on record that in their opinion he had never done more valuable work in the classroom than at present and persuaded him to withdraw his resignation. So now, in his fifty-fifth year of college teaching, Professor Taylor is still guiding students along the classical road to clear thought and good English."

Then there is one more gleaming—from an entirely different source. A pamphlet came to my desk some days ago entitled, "The New Philosophy", an address given by Prof. Charles S. Slichter—I believe of

the department of Latin of the University of Wisconsin—before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of that university. In an extremely illuminating way Professor Slichter tells the story of the rise of science and human knowledge and how little by little it has given man control over some of the forces of nature. Interestingly he traces the history of the teaching of science in the great universities of the world. In conclusion, by way of summary, he said:

"The first job of the new learning has been the conquest of the world. . . . Three centuries ago man still lived in awe of nature, just as he had been living from the day of his creation. He had been limited and ruled by nature as a slave is limited and ruled—everywhere he stood in dread of nature and without mastery over her. . . . The New Philosophy has brought about a reversal in the relation of man and nature. For the first time in human history, the question is no longer how nature can be prevented from overcoming man; it now is to what lengths man may go in subduing nature. He believes he has won the mastery—not complete, it is true, but with the balance of control in his favor. This consciousness of power has changed human outlook. Man now doubts the necessity of many of the hardships of life formerly regarded as inevitable. It is not enough that the fear of the Black Death, or dread of lightning, or of the peril of the sea, should vanish. It is now believed that many of the common hardships of daily life, the cruel pressure of economic forces, the withholding of freedom and of equal opportunity, are unnecessary. Man now knows that disease may be cured, that life may be prolonged, that much human suffering may be prevented. . . .

"The World War has taught him that the great power over the processes of nature may be used quite as well for his destruction as for his advancement. The New Philosophy that produces a thousand tons of poison gas in a day and tens of thousands of machines and aeroplanes to discharge it, is not a philosophy that of itself will lead men to better things. . . . When millions of lives may be obliterated by a chemical formula, there is required a subjugation of human selfishness, such as never before was demanded. But poison gases are not the only compounds that threaten society. Modern business methods and the

modern system of industrial development, contain poisons and explosives, more destructive, perhaps, than material reagents. If we can establish no control over the selfishness of men, these powers must tend to become more threatening and more ruthless until civilization itself will be in danger.

"An essential truth of the New Philosophy must be this: That the law of the jungle, that the law of the tooth and claw, must be replaced for the human species by a higher law; that humanity can only realize its ideals through the reign of unselfishness. This, of course, is nothing but the fundamental altruism of Christianity, one of the oldest of truths but the hardest to believe. The manner of establishing this axiom in human affairs is still a great task of the future. The power-creating sciences have outrun the power-controlling sciences. The danger lies in the difficulty of stimulating progress in the power-controlling sciences.

"The New Philosophy must be the philosophy of the control of man's power over himself. The issue is for the youth of this and the next generation. I am glad that the outcome seems to be in doubt; for this doubt is needed to tempt the conscience of the world's youth, and to challenge them to prove their worth."

#### ELDER I. N. KRAMER

Isaac N. Kramer, one of the last survivors of early Iowa settlers, died at his home, 501 Ninth Avenue, Marion, Ia., aged 90 years, 9 months, and 12 days. He came to Iowa in 1839 and spent the rest of his life in the country around Marion.

Early in life, in the days when money was scarce on the frontier, Mr. Kramer gratified his admiration for flowers by purchasing three house plants, at 15 cents each, to which he gave great care and in which he took much pleasure. From this humble beginning he grew little by little into the greenhouse business, erecting the first greenhouse in Linn County, and into this chosen business he concentrated his entire energies. Later in life he took his son Judson into partnership and the firm was known as "I. N. Kramer & Son", and operated several greenhouses in Marion and a flower store in Cedar Rapids, five miles distant. The success of the firm is best shown by the gross sales of their business during a recent year, which totaled more than \$46,000; and

from the fact that the business required from 600 to 700 tons of coal each year.

In early life Mr. Kramer was anxious to secure an education and after years of study in the district school he was permitted to attend a school of higher education in New York and continued to be of studious habit during his entire life.

In 1861 Mr. Kramer was united in marriage with Miss Sarah Fleck, of Marion, who died in 1915. This union resulted in the birth of five children, two of whom died in infancy, and Judson three years ago.

Mr. Kramer was a minister of the gospel in the "Church of God" and preached a great deal for that church in Marion, and he was corresponding editor of the *Bible Advocate* of Stanberry, Mo., and was actively engaged in study and in writing during his entire life.

He has for many years maintained a very friendly attitude toward our own denomination, being a subscriber to the *RECORDER* for many years and has entertained in his spacious home a large number of our Seventh Day Baptist people who have been passing through Marion or who came there to attend the "Iowa Annual Meeting", which has convened there on several occasions. He frequently spoke to the writer about the pleasure it gave him in entertaining Brother's Varnum Hull, J. W. Norton, O. U. Whitford, Stephen Burdick, J. T. Davis and others.

It was the writer's privilege to be intimately acquainted with the entire Kramer family for over thirty-four years and during those years to spend many weeks in their hospitable home where he was treated not only as a warm friend but as a trusted confidant. Many are the tender recollections of those pleasant years that crowd upon the mind as this obituary is being written.

Two of Mr. Kramer's daughters survive: Mrs. Ella Lund, of Alexandria, Va., and Adelaide, of Marion; also two sisters, Mrs. S. W. Mentzer and Mrs. Cionk, of Robbins, Ia., and a number of other distant relatives.

Funeral services were conducted at the home on Sabbath afternoon, March 3, by Eld. A. N. Dugger, editor of the *Bible Advocate*, Stanberry, Mo., and the writer, who had been sent for from Garwin.

E. H. SOCWELL.



## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### EASTER GREETING

May the glad dawn of Easter morn  
Bring holy joy to thee!  
May the calm eve of Easter leave  
A peace divine with thee!  
May Easter day to thine heart say,  
"Christ died and rose for thee!"  
May Easter night on thy heart write,  
"O Christ, I live to Thee!"

—Douglas.

### "HE IS NOT DEAD"

While the ship was taking on stores at Derinje I went ashore and was courteously shown over the depot by the local representatives of the Near East Relief. Among the Greek refugees at the depot I was surprised and delighted to meet an old Greek priest whom I had known in previous years and whom I had long ago thought to be dead. His coat, once black, was now green with the rays of many summers, his hands were hard with toil, as were the hands of the Galilean fishermen, for his little flock was poor and he shared their poverty. But his dear old wrinkled face still wore the kindly smile I remembered so well in the long ago.

Reversing the usual procedure he wanted to kiss my hand, for in the East it is customary to kiss the hands of the stewards of the Holy Mysteries, but I would not allow that, and when I had reproved him he told me the story of the years since we had met.

A band of brigands had one day descended on his little village, and after the massacre and outrage usual in such circumstances, he, with the remnant of those whom Christ had committed to his care, had managed to escape. For days they wandered footsore and weary, existing on herbs and the leaves of trees. Some of them perished by the way and were laid to rest with the rites of the church they loved.

At last some of them refused to go on any farther. The old priest tried to reason with them and he told of the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows. But some of them would not be comforted. "There is no

Christ. He is dead. It is better that we, too, die and end all our misery."

Then a wonderful thing happened. By accident the little band of martyrs stumbled on the track of some Near East Relief workers. When they saw the American flag the old priest pointed to it and with the tears streaming down his face he sobbed, "See, my children, it is not true; he is not dead—*Christos anesti*—Christ is risen."

And as they realized what that flag meant they fell on each others' necks and in choking voices cried "*Alethos anesti*—He is risen indeed."

I, who am not an American, can conceive of no greater honor ever being paid to any flag than that cry.—*William A. Lloyd, The New Near East.*

### ANYWHERE IN THE CITY .

He was just a flower-seller, standing on the crowded corner of a city street—a dark, foreign-looking man, who shivered when the keen wind snapped past him, and held his tray of blossoms appealingly in hands that were blue with the cold.

"Vi'lets, nice vi'lets," he kept saying in a curious monotone. "Ver' cheap—ver' pretty! You buy-a de vi'lets?"

His voice held a certain appealing note, but—well, the street was very crowded, indeed, and the corner was a busy one. And the people brushed by, fighting with the wind, absorbed by their own thoughts, unheeding!

I watched the flower-seller. And as I watched him, I could not help noticing the people who passed him by.

There was the Stout Man. He wore a great fur-lined overcoat, and yellow chamois gloves, and expensive, made-to-order looking shoes. His face was red and his eyes were cynical, and when he heard the flower-seller's cry he sneered. When he sneered I felt that I thoroughly disliked the Stout Man. I could almost tell that he was thinking of the expensive orchids that he had bought last night for Marie to wear. I could almost feel him comparing them to the flower-seller's tight little bouquets.

And then there was the Woman with the Sad Eyes and the glossy, shimmering black hair. Long ago, before her eyes were sad she might have come from the flower-seller's own country—where the sun was a glorious

ball of molten gold in the turquoise of the sky, where the breezes were soft, and red roses grew gloriously on the green of the hillside. The Woman with the Sad Eyes hurried by the corner with head averted and mouth drawn. I noticed that there was a bit of rouge on her lips, and that a brilliant blur of carmine stood out from the white of her cheeks.

And then the Mother came. I could tell that she was a mother, for she carried many lumpy packages—packages that bulged and split and fell apart clumsily. One caught a vague glimpse of a tiny jacket, and a pair of stubby-toed little shoes, and a cheap wooden horse. She hesitated as she heard the flower-seller's voice, and her hand went longingly to her shabby black leather purse. Perhaps she was remembering how he had brought her roses once when he came a-courting. He was young then, and smiling, and buoyantly alive. And the violets were wrapped in waxy tissue paper, and tied with a silken cord. The Mother sighed and jerked her hand sharply away from the shabby little purse. A quarter was—a quarter, and the children needed so very many things!

The Business Man walked past, head down, deep in thought. He had just put through a big deal, and he was going to rush up that contract and get it signed before some other fellow. . . . Perhaps the scent of the violets reached out to him; for, just for a moment, his face lost its hard look, and he sniffed the air eagerly, hungrily. And the stuff of dreams crept into his eyes, and one imagined that he might be thinking of her. Perhaps he remembered that her cheeks were tinted with the soft pink of springtime apple-blossoms; that her hair was a golden cloud in the lamp light. But it must have been a very large contract, for of a sudden the Business Man jerked himself away from the corner and walked on briskly. I saw the dream fade out of his eyes, leaving only the hardness.

And the Shopgirl came down the street. She came wearily, and I knew that she must be very tired. Waiting on hard-to-please people is not an easy task, and at the end of the day hearts as well as feet will ache. The Shopgirl walked wearily, but when she saw the tray of purple violets she stopped short, as if the fragrance of them made an invisible wall that blocked her way.

I couldn't help wondering what the blos-

soms made her remember; for on that busy street-corner I had seen the flicker of so many memories! I wondered as I saw her, doubtfully at first, draw a coin from her flat little pocket. That coin, I knew, meant luncheon and perhaps dinner to her. Shop-girls, oftentimes, are not very well paid. As she selected her bunch of flowers I watched her eagerly, and I saw that her pale thin little face looked almost happy—almost pretty. As she turned away from the flower-seller's tray she caught my gaze and, bridging the gap of convention and custom and indifference, we smiled. After a moment, hesitatingly, she stepped over to my side.

"Pretty, ain't they?" she questioned half shyly, the flowers pressed to her thin face. "D'you know what they make me think of?"

"I was just wondering," I answered. "I was just watching you, and wondering."

"I was raised," the Shopgirl told me, "in the country. Back of my house there was a deep meadow all damp and swampy in the springtime. It wasn't much of a field for farming, and my father used to let it run wild.

"There was more violets in that field than in any other part of the town. We children would always go there after school with little baskets, and we'd rake away the dead leaves and the moss and find them hiding away—and we'd fill our baskets with them. . . ." The Shopgirl's voice broke, and her misty eyes gazed away, past the city street, *past the city itself*, to the damp meadow where violets grew in the springtime. "An' we'd take them to the house," she told me, "an' put them in water in mother's old pewter dish, to dress up the dinner table. . . ."

Did I imagine that the Shopgirl's hand trembled as it pressed the violets tight against her face?

"They remind me of home," she said.

Oh, well, he was only a flower-seller on the crowded corner of a street. Only a flower-seller with a meager tray of the blossoms that grow wild, in the springtime, under country skies. Only a flower-seller with an appealing voice, and hands that were quite blue from the cold. . . . One may see just such flower-sellers anywhere in the city—in March!—*Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### BECOMING EDUCATED

MARJORIE J. BURDICK

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
April 14, 1923

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Study nature (Job 26: 1-14)  
Monday—Study the Bible (Acts 17: 10-15)  
Tuesday—Study yourself (Heb. 3: 12-19)  
Wednesday—Practice what you know (Luke 11: 46-54)  
Thursday—Read (Eph. 3: 1-7)  
Friday—Meditate (Ps. 77: 10-20)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, How can we become truly educated? (Prov. 4: 1-9)

The subject is "Becoming Educated". To become educated we must study. But what should we study?

As spring draws near we begin to think of birds and flowers. Nature is common to all; that is, we all have access to it. We should study nature to bring ourselves in closer touch with the Maker of all things.

Our Bibles should bring us in touch with God each day, but they will not through closed covers, or worldly minds. We must study as we read, in order to feel him.

We should study ourselves, to learn how we can better mingle with people of all classes, as did our Master. Our hearts should be free from ill-will, or our study becomes selfish and the result is self-pity.

Here are a few questions to ask yourself:

#### GENERAL

What practical good comes from knowing about many things?

How can education pay in other ways than money?

Do you think education means the study of books, the learning of technical names, etc.; or does it mean the learning of facts that help us to be better Christians?

#### NATURE

How much do you know about the beauty of nature?

Does a glorious sunset bring only a thoughtless remark from you? Should you not feel the hand of God in it, as you watch it, and see the sky turn to its evening colors?

#### BIBLE

Does your Bible ever become dusty from lack of use?

How many verses can you quote from the Book of books? If you have learned them, do you feel God speaking to you through them? Do you live them?

Is at least a tenth of your reading, the study of the Bible?

#### YOURSELF

Do you know yourself as well as your neighbor seems to know you? Did you ever try to get his viewpoint, to see how it differs from your own opinion of yourself?

Would not an unselfish study of ourselves tend to make us more agreeable, more sympathetic, and loving?

How about a good scolding given to ourselves once in awhile. Would it help us to get those qualities just mentioned?

Do we spend enough time studying ourselves, our actions, our words, our deeds, our thoughts, to see how we can better them?

Is not the excuse we make for not doing these things as we should,—"I haven't time"? Life is not worth while, if we do not have time for God, his wonders and beauties, his Book and his people. Money is not essential.

Take time to think of Jesus,  
Meditate on his love,  
Think of his life and passion,  
Think of his prayer above.

Take time to think of others,  
Many your help may need,  
Trouble and care surround them,  
Go be a friend indeed.

Take time to think of heaven,  
Think of the treasures there;  
Think of the rest remaining,  
Think of the joys to share.

Take time to think,  
Take time to pray;  
Ne'er count the cost,  
No time is lost  
Stopping to think of Jesus.

### A "MISSIONARY READING" PLAN FOR JUNIORS

A Junior society in California uses this plan for encouraging the reading of missionary books. "They have a wooden ladder, painted green, and for every missionary book that each Junior reads a little card with his name on it is attached to the

round. The next time he reads a book and reports on it, he goes up a round. The one ladder is used by the entire society." This would also be a good idea for creating enthusiasm in memory work. What society is going to try it and then send in the results? Who'll be the first?

ELISABETH KENYON,  
Junior Superintendent.

### A TALK WITH JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENTS

A Junior superintendent has one of the biggest opportunities to do real, active, Christian work of any Christian worker, for in training the boys and girls into right thinking, Christian service, clean play, Bible study, etc., she is helping to build the future life of the church, the nation and the world. This means study—the Bible, good books, new methods and also the individual life of every child with whom she deals, and thus in itself it is an education for her as well as the Juniors. Her greatest work is that of character building and soul winning. The boys and girls are influenced more by the actions and life of their superintendent than by all she tells them.

It is a necessity, yes, a duty, that she does not permit herself to have a great deal of work besides her Junior work. A really alive Junior superintendent can find enough in her society, no matter how small it may be or how many helpers she may have, to keep her busy the greater part of her spare time.

"Oh!" said a disgusted Junior, once, talking of his superintendent, "she does all the work and all we have to do is to say Amen to it." Is this one of the faults in your society? If so, overcome it at once. Of course it is easier in many ways but it is never best for yourself or for your Juniors. A good motto for every superintendent would read something like this—Never do myself what I can get others to do! First, train a successor—you never know when God will call you to another work; second, train your Junior committee from the Senior society—give them charge of the supervision of the different committees, the memory work, the socials, etc.; third, train your Juniors—let them plan and lead the meetings, conduct the business meetings, plan the socials, and you'll be surprised how many practical suggestions you will receive from them.

Boys and girls are very active, not only in actions, but in thought as well. Always keep something new before them, get them into the habit of doing the same thing in a different way and it will not seem half as monotonous. Don't fail to praise their good deeds, their interest, their work, not only as a society, but individually,—they like to receive letters from their Junior superintendents and many times will keep such a letter as one of their dearest keepsakes. In fact, a great part of the work can more successfully be done if the Juniors are taken in small groups or individually by the superintendent and her helpers.

In closing just let me name a few "Don'ts" for Junior superintendents:

Don't do all the work—let your assistants and Juniors do some.

Don't do all the talking in the meeting—train the Juniors to do it.

Don't plan all the work—let the Juniors work out their own ideas.

Don't be late at the meetings—it sets a bad example.

Don't allow disorder before the meeting and you won't have so much during it.

Don't say all that can be said on the topics—give a few hints and the Juniors will be more ready to take part.

Don't leave the planning of the work to the last minute—it should at least be planned a month in advance and a whole year's temporary program will be invaluable.

Grace Hooper, one of the greatest Junior workers and former National superintendent, sums up the work of a Junior superintendent in this very inspiring paragraph, "A big program? Yes, decidedly so. But it's a big organization with which we are dealing, with big possibilities and a big out reach. We receive from our work just what we put into it. Give of your best 'and the best will come back to you'. Will you be satisfied with good when you may have the best? Do you feel your weakness and insufficiency? Paul said, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,' and again, 'My strength is made perfect in weakness.' . . . It will take time and patience and love and sacrifice. It will mean putting aside some of your own cherished plans perhaps to help in this work, but as you see these boys and girls grow into splendid manhood and womanhood, and come into the leadership of the church and the world and you can feel you had your



part in the training, your heart will shout for joy that you were 'not disobedient to the heavenly vision'. And when that last great day comes when we shall see him 'face to face' and we can bring as the sheaves to lay down at his feet the lives of these same boys and girls—leaders in his Kingdom on earth—we will thank him throughout eternity that he counted us worthy to work with his little ones of whom he said, 'of such is the Kingdom of Heaven'."

ELISABETH KENYON,  
Junior Superintendent.

### A BETTER KNOWLEDGE OF MISSIONS

GLENETA WILLIAMS

(Given at Walworth Quarterly Meeting, January 20, 1923)

Romans 10:11-13, "For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be put to shame. For there is no distinction between Jew and Greek: for the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him; for, whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I have to confess that my previous knowledge of missions is rather scanty, but I became very interested in this subject as I was preparing this paper. In my browsing about for material I came upon a letter written by Dr. Palmborg on October 13, 1922. I read it with keen interest and perhaps there are others of you who have not read it and would like to hear a snatch of it.

#### "DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:

"Having been in America so recently, I am keenly alive to the interest the friends there feel in all that concerns us, so I am going to write another letter to the RECORDER.

"This time it is about one event especially. You all know about the automobile road between here and Shanghai. A good many of our influential Chinese friends here are connected in one way or another with that road, and they conceived the idea of building a 'Hospital Road' connecting that road with our hospital. So quite a group of them contributed the money and built a stone road about eight feet wide, continuing it all along the front of our mission property. When they knew that Dr. Sinclair's going home and my return came so near together, they decided to have a big meeting in honor of the two of us, to welcome me and say good-by to her, and to 'present' the road, with a fine sign reading 'Hospital Road', and a tablet to Dr. Sinclair and one to the hospital, at this meeting. October 4 was the day decided upon. The meeting was held in the grounds of the government school across the road from us (which used to be a temple but now is mostly transformed into

a fine school) because our place was not fitted for it.

"They invited our foreign friends from Shanghai, and some of our school girls to sing, and gave them free transportation by auto to Lieu-oo and back. Only one foreign (American) guest came besides our missionaries. The school grounds were decorated with flags and a large arch at the entrance bore the words, 'Welcome and Good-by Meeting.'

"The program consisted of music by a band from Shanghai, speeches from several of the Chinese hosts in which they praised us to the skies for what we had done for the people here, most of them also having received help at the hospital, and much to my surprise, they also extolled Christianity in a way I had never heard before.

"Then there was playing on the organ by Eling Waung and singing by the girls and speeches by some of the American friends and ourselves. After that we had tea and our pictures taken. Then the audience reassembled for several performances by a theatrical company from Shanghai, lasting almost four hours! Better actors I never saw. The Chinese do certainly take to acting, as a general thing.

"We were pleased over this event, for it is always pleasant to be appreciated, and it gave us more happiness because it came so spontaneously from people not connected with us or the church in any way. The way Christ and Christianity was spoken of showed how the heaven is working; though we as a church may not receive many of them, still many are evidently turning towards Christ."

Better knowledge of missions is essential to our future denominational welfare. A better understanding of missionary problems and needs, and a better solution to these problems, is what is to test the strength of our church. Support comes after knowledge, and it is through this support of our missionaries that the converts are to become useful to the church. Remember a church is like any other organization or organism. A plant can not continue to live on the same food, but must send its roots out farther and farther from it, and deeper and deeper into mother earth to grasp new strength, new life and vitality. A society must secure new members else the programs and business become monotonous and sink gradually deeper into the rut. Each convert, each person revived, brings something new and original with him which adds variety and strength to the church.

It is a challenge to every wide-awake Christian, old or young, to be better informed about missionary work. Especially should the young people be interested and informed for the burden of carrying on our denominational affairs will soon rest upon

them, and with no previous thought, or education for such tasks they will flounder about like a ship without a rudder.

How many times do you think of missions? Once a day, once a week, once a month, or once a year?

As you all know, there are two branches, home and foreign. It is not given to us to judge which is the more important, and which should have predominance over the other one if there is to be any discrimination. Personally I can see no difference. Jesus commands us, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

There are a great many ways in which a Christian Endeavor society may get a better knowledge of missions. The prayer meeting or program committee may arrange to put on a special mission program or prayer meeting. There are missionary plays or pageants which can be acted out. As a denomination one of our chief sources of information is the reading of the SABBATH RECORDER, and I should like to put special stress upon this one fact. A more personal touch may be secured by carrying on a correspondence with some of our missionaries. Then at the holidays send cards and greetings to them. Just as there are Bible study classes in our churches organize a mission study class. The Christian Endeavor might adopt some special work in some special mission field and support it financially and prayerfully. The quarterly meetings, associations, and Conferences should be attended whenever possible. Pray and work for a missionary to come from your own society.

There are books on travel in missionary lands, and stories about missionaries, and books having missionary spirit and background. It might help to create enthusiasm to have the pictures of the missionaries framed and hung in the Christian Endeavor room. A map showing the location of churches, naming their pastors, the location of lone Sabbath-keepers and missionary fields might also be interesting. A series of stereopticon views bring missionary scenes more vividly before us. Books for study might be: "Jungle Tales", by H. W. Musser; "Stories from Foreign Lands", by Pierce and Northrup; "Back to the Long Grass", by Dan Crawford; "The Book of Missionary Heroes", by Basil Matthews.

Three young women, members of the Young People's Board, all living in Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Mrs. Frances Ferrill Babcock and Mrs. Nettie Crandall, have been with great care preparing a sort of history of the missionary work of Seventh Day Baptists in foreign lands. When it is published in book form, our Christian Endeavor societies and individual members may use it for study. The book is in three parts, one on China, one on South America and one on Holland and Java.

I wish to urge every society, and every member of our churches and Christian Endeavor societies to grasp the deeper meaning and the necessity of learning about missions, and supporting them prayerfully and financially.

### SHORT OR LONG SERMONS?

If a short sermon be really instructive and interesting, it is unfortunate that it is not long; and if a long sermon contain neither instruction nor interest it may be rendered very interesting by making it as short as possible.

This axiom suggests that there can be no reliable standard of lineal measurement adopted by clerics for sermons. They must determine the length by the weight,—that is, the weight of the eyelids of their congregation: A high posture of the eyelid denotes a wide-open ear and an awakened and inquisitive mind, inviting a protraction of the sermon, while a drooping eyelid which requires a prop of mental heroism to sustain it, indicates a satiation of that form of gospel pabulum; and the listless ear admonishes the minister that if he will stop right there his salary may still go on.

In a religious sense, people are of a two-fold nature—the extremes being temporal and spiritual. A professor of Christianity endures a perpetual war within himself between these two extremes. "When he would do good, evil is present," because no good thing dwelleth in the flesh (the temporal); but with the mind (the spiritual), he serves the law of God. These warring factions produce all the variations of conduct in the Christian life. At times the law of sin prevails, and at other times the law of God prevails; yet there is no person whose reason is not partially or wholly dethroned,

however much the law of sin may preponderate, who is not subject to the influence of the law of God when that influence is properly directed to his spiritual being, and at the proper time and place. During the greater part of life the temporal law prevails, bringing mankind into captivity to the law of sin and death, but there is sure deliverance from this body of death. The carnal law is too weak of itself to free mankind from the law of sin, but God sent his own son, in the likeness of sinful man, whose spirit, if adopted, will bear witness with the spirit which is in man, and cause him to cry out, after being relieved from the bondage of the carnal law, "Abba Father!"

The grace of God consists in this gift of his Son sent into the world, whose spirit is to bear witness with the spirit of man, and relieve him from the law of sin and the death which it brings. The spirit of the Son of God is manifested in his gospel, which consists in the truth of the history of his immaculate birth, divine life, agonizing death upon the cross, his resurrection and triumph over the sting of death, and victory over the grave, ascension to heaven, and while seated at the right hand of God, sending back to earth the holy comforter, which is the completion of the gospel of grace, the spirit of which has become the power of God unto salvation. It is for the preaching of this gospel unto all nations that ministers are sent into all the world, and woe be unto them if they preach not the gospel.

It was by the preaching of this gospel that Felix, the wicked and cruel procurator of Rome, was made to tremble in his seat of power; it was the preaching of the death and resurrection of the persecuted Son of God that caused King Agrippa, the infidel Jew, to cry out, while writing under conviction: "Paul, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." It was by the preaching of this gospel that has blessed the world, through the life, death and resurrection of the Son of God, that caused the thronging multitude from all nations, on the day of Pentecost, to cry out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And there were three thousand of them in one day who "gladly heard the word", and were added to the church.

No Christian missionary of the gospel was ever sent out by Christ or any of his

apostles to preach any other doctrine than that contained in the gospel of the Son of God, and the record in the history of preaching this gospel illustrates its success everywhere, and that it was gladly received by the "common people", as related in the teachings of Peter, Paul, and all the other preachers.

A gospel sermon preached in the full spirit of the gospel never fails to quicken the spiritual nature of the hearer and enlist his attention and interest, and he never tires of hearing of the beauty of the life of the Savior, and mingling a sympathetic tear with Mary at the cross.

But the cold and formed preaching of temporal matters to a congregation of business and other persons of secular professions, who spend six days in the week with their affairs and go to church on the Sabbath to receive spiritual consolation and encouragement, is apt to be disappointing and paralyzing to all their spiritual aspirations;—and short sermons are a sure remedy to secure relief.—*The Madison Democrat*, clipped by "Uncle Oliver".

#### HARDING REBUFFS PRO-LIQUOR WOMEN

The wets have organized a group of women into a "Molly Pitcher Club" which takes its name from the famous woman hero of Revolutionary times. Recently this organization asked to be received by President Harding—it would give the organization wide publicity, they thought—but the President refused to discuss the dry laws with them. He said:

"Ordinarily I would receive any delegation on your suggestion, and I try to make it a rule to find time for an audience with any delegation whose members desire to present to the President a pressing problem of the government. Frankly, however, I do not believe it would be an opportune time just now to receive a delegation which aims to give expression to its hostility to the eighteenth amendment.

"It is such a futile thing to expect the repeal of the amendment that I doubt the wisdom of giving an interview which can only result in controversial publicity and create a suspicion that the Federal government is not in good faith in endeavoring to enforce the prohibition laws."—*Continent*, by permission.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

RUTH MARION CARPENTER, ALFRED, N. Y.  
Contributing Editor

### HAPPY SABBATH DAYS

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath  
Day, April 7, 1923

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Happy helping (Luke 13: 10-13)  
Monday—Happy worshiping (Ps. 92: 1, 2)  
Tuesday—Happy meditating (Rev. 1: 10)  
Wednesday—Happy resting (Deut. 5: 13-15)  
Thursday—Happy teaching (Acts 16: 13)  
Friday—Happy walking (Mark 2: 23, 28)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, Happy Sabbath Days (Isa. 58: 13, 14)

How often we boys and girls run to mother or father on Sabbath afternoon and ask how soon the sun will be set so we can play games or make things with our new tool chest or play dolls! Did you ever stop and think that we could have a good time on Sabbath Days without these things? Of course we all like to go to church and Sabbath school and Junior with the other boys and girls and yet after we go home we can't find anything to do. But there are a lot of nice things we can do that will make us just as happy and eager for the Sabbath as for other days in the week.

We all like to read. Did you ever read a story that was any more interesting than the one of David killing Goliath? or the one about Moses or Joseph or Ruth or Jesus? Then there are many storybooks that are written about foreign missionaries and foreign boys and girls such as the "Crimson Tree", a story about Chinese boys and girls, which the Battle Creek and Ashaway Juniors are enjoying so much. The Battie Creek Juniors wish there were more chapters and the Ashaway boys and girls can't wait from one week to another to find out what is going to happen next.

Perhaps we like to sing—we might learn some of our Junior memory songs or listen to other people on the Victrola sing hymns for us. Did you ever hear the saying, "If you want to be happy yourself make somebody else happy"? We boys and girls don't realize how happy we can make sick people and shut-ins by visiting them Sabbath after-

noons and reading or singing to them. We might take along some flowers or fruit that they could enjoy after we have gone.

My, but there are lots and lots of things we can do to make ourselves and others happy Sabbath Days if we will just look for them. That's what God intended us to be on Sabbath Days just as much as on other days.

#### QUIET HOUR WORK

##### A Bible Catechism

What did Jesus do for us? (Matt. 20: 28, last part)

Why did he do this? (John 3: 17)

What does Jesus tell us if we would be Christians? (Mark 16: 16)

Where was Jesus born? (Luke 2: 15)

What was his mother's name? (Matt. 2: 11)

Where did he spend his early life? (Luke 4: 16)

By whom was his birth made known to the world? (Luke 2: 17)

Answers to last week's work: God, heaven and earth, a spirit, the Son of God, Savior and Redeemer, to repent and believe and work for him, by obeying his commands.

#### WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY

To see a pussy cat without

A tail is puzzling, no doubt,

But puzzling to me than that

Is why a cattail has no cat!

Once when I saw a butterfly

Upon a cattail light, says I,

"It's wise of you, my dear, to play

With cattails when the cat's away!"

—*Oliver Herford*.

#### WHAT TO DO ON SABBATH AFTERNOON

"Mother," said ten-year-old Rose, wistfully, "Ethel and I have read our Sabbath-school papers all through; now what shall we do?"

"Suppose you ask brother Jack if he can leave his story for a while, and all come to me with your Bibles; I will then show you a new game."

"All right," cried the two girls together, rushing off for Jack and their Bibles.

"Now we are all ready, mother."

"I am going to choose some verse and read it aloud; you must listen very closely for the last word. Then think what its last letter is, then begin to hunt for a verse be-



gunning with that letter. The one who finds the verse first may read it aloud and we will all listen for the last letter again. I shall read Prov. 18:11, 'The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and as an high wall in his own conceit.'

"T," the children cried almost together. Then all was quiet for several moments except for the rustle of thin Bible leaves. Suddenly Ethel almost jumped out of her chair, "I have one, Ps. 14:5, 'There were they in great fear; for God is in his generation of the righteous.'"

"S," said Jack, "That's easy," but it was Rose who was the winner.

"Ps. 90:12," she cried, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom'."

"M," and so the game went on, each eager to be the first to find the verses. R. M. C.

### DOTTY AND THE FLAME BOYS

Outside old North Wind whistled around the corners and blew his cold breath down the chimney into the room where Dotty sat curled up in a big armchair before the fireplace.

"Oh dear! I hate these cold days!" she exclaimed crossly, throwing another log on the fire.

The old log sputtered and cracked, and a queer little elfin hopped out and jumped up and down among the sparks, squealing in a squeaky voice, "Stop staring and help me out of this! Can't you see my whiskers are caught, and I can't move?" And the funny elfin stamped his little red boots.

"How can I?" asked Dotty, jumping up and rubbing her eyes. "I'll burn my hands if I stick them into the blaze!"

"Certainly you will," retorted the elfin. "Take hold of the tongs and pull me loose. Please hurry!"

"How in the world did you get into the fireplace, anyway?" asked Dotty, picking up the tongs and pulling the little elfin away from the log by his coattail. "You might know you'd be scorched."

"Scorched nothing," laughed the elfin, rubbing his chin with his hand. "You can't scorch us Flame Boys. But you threw my log castle in the fireplace yourself, and I was in it, sound asleep."

"Inside of that log!" exclaimed Dotty. "You poor little fellow. I'm dreadfully sorry I threw it on the fire."

"Well, now, you needn't be," laughed the Flame Boy. "I'm very glad you did. We Flame Boys have been asleep for a long, long time and had no idea summer was here."

"Summer!" laughed Dotty. "Why you funny little fellow. Don't you know summer has been gone a long time and winter is here!"

"Just listen to that!" exclaimed the Flame Boy, jumping up and down, pounding the log with his fist. "Come comrades, wake up!"

The side of the great log cracked and out tumbled hundreds and hundreds of tiny elfins, all dressed in red and yellow.

"Wake up, you lazy fellows! Summer is here, and we've overslept," he cried, gayly.

"What's that? What's that?" cried the Flame Boys, blinking their sleepy eyes. "Sure enough! Summer is here!"

"You certainly must still be dreaming, if you think this is summer," retorted Dotty. "Why, it's a cold winter day."

"Listen to her! Isn't she a funny girl to call a nice warm day like this a cold one?" laughed the Flame Boys.

"Indeed, it is winter," pouted Dotty, "and the sidewalks are covered with snow."

"And who ever saw snow?" asked the Flame Boys, looking at each other. "We've never seen snow. What is it, anyway?"

Dotty thought it very funny not to know what snow was; so she ran to the window, opened it, and made a great big snowball which she tossed upon the burning log.

"There's a snowball, made from snow," she laughed as the Flame Boys scampered away from the sputtering snow.

And there's no telling what might have happened if old North Wind hadn't peeked down the chimney just then.

"Here, here, wait a second," he laughed, sliding down into the fireplace. "What's all the rumpus about?"

"This funny girl is trying to tell us this is a winter day," shouted the Flame Boys.

"Every one knows it's winter time, or I wouldn't have a great big fire booming in the fireplace," exclaimed Dotty.

"Tut! Tut!" replied old North Wind. "You are both right; so what's the use of quarreling?"

"How could we both be right?" laughed Dotty, who had forgotten all about her

pout by now. "You never find snow on the ground in summer time."

"Certainly not," replied old North Wind, "but listen and let me explain. You see, the little Flame Elfins are held prisoners in the great log castles until you throw the logs on the fireplace. When the heat unlocks the log castle doors, out jump the little Flame Boys who have been sleeping inside of the logs for a long, long time. So, you see, both of you are right. When it's your winter time, it's summer time in the fireplace for the Flame Boys. After the log castles stop burning the little fellows have to return to another log. But, dear me, I must get out of here, or I'll be turning into a Flame Boy myself," and with a merry laugh old North Wind flew up the chimney and disappeared.

"Isn't it funny I never thought of that," laughed Dotty, "and I might have spoiled your fun with my snowball. I'll keep up a hot fire, so you can have one long summer time."

And when Dotty woke up and saw the logs smoldering and dying in the fireplace, she quickly threw on another log for the Flame Boys.—*Dew Drops.*

### THE IGLOO

He made it for Richard, just five;  
An igloo, sure as you're alive;  
'Twas as tall as brother, and more,  
Real snow, with a little round door.

He heaped it up high and oval  
He packed it hard with his shovel;  
Then he hollowed and dug it out  
And cut and smoothed it all about.

In darted Dick, he couldn't wait  
"It's so high I can stand up straight!"  
Oh, yes, 'twas a wonderful room  
Filled with a curious soft gloom.

As wide as his finger-tips spread  
As high as his curly brown head;  
Mother brought a little warm rug  
To make it all "comfy" and snug.

Then right here our Dicky-boy played,  
Content as long as the snow stayed.  
And many times five will he be  
'Ere it fades from his memory.

—Aunt A.

### NOT WHAT MOTHER MADE

Johnny and his mother were dining with a friend. The first course was chicken soup with macaroni in it. The hostess watched Johnny as he sat quietly gazing into

his plate. Finally she asked, "Why don't you eat your soup, Johnny?" "I don't care for it, please, ma'am." "But your mamma said you liked chicken soup." "I do like mamma's chicken soup, but she doesn't put the windpipes in."—*Junior C. E. World.*

### NO MISTAKE

Hilma was always glad to say her prayers, but she wanted to be sure that she was heard in the heavens above as well as on the earth beneath.

One night, after the usual "Amen", she dropped her head upon her pillow and closed her eyes. After a moment she lifted her hand and, waving it aloft, said, "Oh, Lord, this prayer comes from 203 Selden Avenue."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"No mistake," reminds me of a remark a little ten-year-old friend of mine made once. He and his little brother had gone to bed and were talking about their baby sister who was desperately ill with pneumonia. Robert remarked, "I think we ought to make a special prayer for sister." Brother Lewis agreed and together they slipped out of bed. Father, sitting in the adjoining room, unbeknown to the boys, was deeply touched by the earnest petition which the boys sent up for their sister's recovery but Robert's dramatic ending to his prayer was very amusing. Both boys were back in bed when suddenly Robert tumbled out and rushed to the window. Throwing the sash high, and leaning far out, he called loudly, "God, you heard that didn't you?" Little sister got well.—*R. M. C.*

### A BIT OF LIFE

A maiden sat within the door  
And sang as many times before.  
A man to daily toil passed by,  
No love nor pleasure lit his eye,  
But when he heard the merry song  
He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window wept  
For one who in the churchyard slept,  
But when upon her hearing fell  
That tune she knew and loved so well,  
The flood of burning tears was stayed,  
And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbor heard the tender strain,  
And softly joined the sweet refrain.  
Thus, all day long that one song bore  
Its joyousness from door to door.

—*Clara J. Denton.*

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### WHO AND WHAT IS JESUS THE CHRIST

REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER

(A sermon prepared by Mr. Witter, for the Berlin (N. Y.) Church March 15, 1923.)

In our last two sermons we have tried to consider carefully "The Wonderful Way of Living" and "Is there a God we can be aware of", with a hope that the study of these questions would, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, arouse in the hearts of many, and especially those who have not come into the Christian life, a desire, yea, a purpose, to become aware of God that they might experience this "Wonderful Way of Living".

As a further study along this line we wish to consider thoughtfully, for a time, "Who and what is Jesus the Christ".

In considering the claims of Christianity it is but natural and proper that we should seek to know what we can about its author and founder.

The question of central importance connected with the Christian message is, Who is its author, who is Jesus Christ. History tells us that he was the son of Mary and Joseph of the tribe of Judah. It tells us that he was born in obscurity, in a manger, in a stable at Bethlehem. History tells us that he was "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief". It represents him as a great teacher of ethical truth. If we should follow history through in its expressed thought of Jesus we should come to look upon him as one of the greatest men who have lived upon the earth, and yet history fails to give us a vision of the Christ that will be especially helpful in coming into "The Wonderful Way of Living".

We turn to the record as it is given to us in the Book of Divine Truth and we find manifested there those qualities of mind and soul, the study of which will help us to come to know who Jesus is. He is the Son of God, manifest in the flesh. He is set forth as one possessed of the divine and human nature in a more complete and marked way than has ever been found in any other man. I am mindful of the fact that, in these days, there are many scientists and intellectuals who deny the Virgin

birth and are teaching that Jesus was as truly the product of earthly parents as are we who sit here this morning.

While I can not explain, from a scientific point of view, how it was possible for God, by the Holy Ghost, with Mary, to beget the child Jesus, who was announced by God as his Son, the Savior of men, yet it is possible for me to believe that he who is possessed of all power so that he could speak the worlds into existence, would not find it beyond his power to come into such conjunction with the human as to cause his son to be born into the world in a human, fleshly way, to grow up under the same laws that govern the growth of the children of men. This was one of the conditions necessary, not only that he might become acquainted with the griefs and sorrows to which human flesh is heir, but that in this way he might be so revealed to mankind that they might be the more easily drawn to him, and enabled to understand and comprehend the nature and reach of his teachings.

If we think of Jesus as only human we must allow the possibility of some other human reaching the same, or a higher, degree of perfection and power and so be multiplying those who may be raised to the position of saviors of men. This is unthinkable, for thereby would the plan of salvation revealed in Jesus Christ, the plan in which our hope of redemption is fixed, become null and void.

Not only did Jesus reveal the mind of God in the portrayals he gave of the character and purpose of God, but in his life, in his contact with mankind, he was continually revealing the effect which contact with God, and the incorporating of his principles of life into the thought and soul, would have upon the life and service of man.

It was Christ Jesus who lifted the burden of the heavy laden. It was he who brought joy out of sorrow to the bereaved and mourning of earth. It was he who fed to the full those who were feeling the pangs of hunger. It was he who gave to the darkened souls of earth visions of beauty and experiences of great joy as he restored to them physical and spiritual sight. It was he who filled the distressed and despondent with real exhilaration of body and soul as he healed them of their bodily and spiritual maladies. It was he who gave to all who

would heed, broader visions of life and its meaning when he taught the lessons of the Good Samaritan, and the Pharisee and Publican at prayer. It was Jesus who said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me"—"I and my father are one". It was he who said, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." The supreme desire that Jesus possessed was so to reveal the essential nature of God and his relation to the needs of the human family that they might find in him the full incentive of life that would lead them into a service of supreme helpfulness to their fellow-men in lifting them up into an appreciation of the higher and more perfect life manifest in Christ Jesus.

It is this Jesus of whom Peter is thinking when he breaks out in the words of our text, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

"The unseen but living person of Jesus, claims our love now as it did when he lived in close relations with men in Palestine." This is the thought that should possess our every soul. "More men and women can love, trust and obey the unseen Christ today than would be possible if he were living in Jerusalem at this time." It was surely expedient that Jesus should go away from the earth.

Jesus suffered in obedience to the will of God, the heavenly Father. A study of that suffering does not fail to lead to an appreciation of the sacrifice made in that suffering. Again and again do we hear the query raised, "But how does the suffering of Jesus help me in my reach after, or approach unto, God?" Sometimes there is nothing that will impress upon the consciousness of an individual the real nature of a wrong done, or the blackness of a crime committed, but to behold the suffering of one whom he loves and trusts.

A young man incarcerated in prison under sentence of death because of a murder he had committed was hard and unmoved by all appeals until his father, emaciated

and prematurely bowed with age, came into his cell. Looking into that father's face he cried, "Father, what is it that has wrought this change in you?" The father replied, "It is because of my love for you, my sorrow because of the deed you have committed." Putting his hands to his eyes the young man cried, "O God, is it possible that my crime is so great!" Sinking upon his couch he wept and became subdued under his new consciousness.

A great religious teacher sat in his study when a son, seven years of age, acknowledged that he had lied. So far as the father knew it was the first lie the boy had told. The father was heart broken, so much so that his face became very pallid. He spoke to the child of the enormity of his act, the awfulness of lying. He showed it was the tendency of a false heart; and overcome with grief he bowed his head and wept bitterly. Those heavy sobs, that melting sight of sorrow was not without its effect upon the child. "Awed into shame, silenced by this revelation", of the greatness of the wrong he had done, the child crept to his father's feet and sobbed with him. That lie was his last.

In the same way the suffering of Jesus, when viewed by a sinner with a recognition that such suffering was solely because of the terribleness of the sins he had committed, and that he who suffered is suffering because of his abhorrence of sin, will not fail to bring such an observing heart to a condition of repentance, and enable it to stand up in a new life.

In some way we are brought close to God through the ministry of Christ. Jesus declared that his cross would have supreme attractive power, when he said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Through nearly two thousand years this prophecy has been proving true. "Sin has been put to shame in the presence of the life and death of Jesus Christ", so that in the opening of this twentieth century human hearts can sing as truly and earnestly as ever,

"In the cross of Christ I glory  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy."



May God help us all in the study of the question that is ours today, to find that help which will make Christ dearer and a life of service for him more precious.

### MANUFACTURERS APPROVE PROHIBITION

The following remarkable results were shown by a survey on prohibition made by the *Manufacturers' Record* among hundreds of leading men of affairs:

	Per Cent
For Prohibition in Some Form.....	98.50
Against Prohibition .....	1.50
For Strict Prohibition.....	85.50
For Beer and Wine .....	7.00
Against Volstead Law or Present Regulation .....	1.25
Wants Volstead Law Modified.....	.75
Advocates High License or Government Control .....	1.00
Advocates Dispensary System .....	.25
Undecided or Noncommittal .....	2.75

The following testimonies are taken from this survey:

President North, of the American Soda Fountain Co., of Boston, reports that all "employers, even from a purely economic standpoint, regardless of their personal opinion, will agree that prohibition has been beneficial both to the workmen and business," and he reports that "so far as his observation goes in clubs, hotels and other public places, drunkenness has decreased so far as to be almost negligible."

The Canton Malleable Iron Co., Canton, Ohio., reports that there "is no question that accidents have been reduced in their plant and that they would dread to see the day when liquor of any kind would be put into general use again."

Judge Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation in reply to a questionnaire as to whether he is still opposed to the liquor traffic to the extent that he was when he signed a petition to Congress some years ago, heartily commends prohibition and writes, "Yes, results have fully justified prohibition legislation," and he says that he can see no reason to change his opinions.

In closing his statement Judge Gary adds that drunkenness is not as common at present, so far he can learn, as under the open saloon and free liquor traffic.

General Sales Manager Sibley, of the Birmingham Clay Products Co., a former president of the Birmingham Chamber of

Commerce, basing his statements on thirty years of experience in the mineral regions of Alabama, contrasts "the awful and tragic conditions prevailing in the days of the open saloon, with crime, and poverty and their brood of shame, crime and suffering, inefficiency, ignorance and disease" with the present "living conditions so vastly improved; where peace and happiness prevail as a rule in family life, and the children are enjoying greater and better educational opportunities than ever before. Drunkenness is almost obsolete and would be entirely but for the persistent efforts of the bootleggers. From an industrial standpoint alone the employers of Alabama have found prohibition one of their most valuable assets, as well as a safeguard to property and persons of themselves and of employees."

William U. Follansbee, president of the Follansbee Bros. Co., steel manufacturers, of Pittsburgh, reports that their experience has shown prohibition to be approved by all sections and people in all conditions of life, and adds, "none are more appreciative of the benefits than those who are ordinarily designated as working people."

John C. Haswell, of the Dayton Malleable Iron Co., Dayton, Ohio, says, "drunkenness is not as prevalent as formerly, and there is a decrease in the vast number of absentees from drink since prohibition." He is "opposed to the liquor traffic per se, opposed to it because it is a violation of the laws of the country, and because wherever you find trouble you usually find liquor."

Louis C. Walker, president of the Aermotor Co., manufacturers, of Chicago, Ill., writes that "even partial enforcement of prohibition has demonstrated that a thorough enforcement would bring to the women and children of the land a greater blessing than any other law we have ever enacted," and he adds, "I am unable to understand how any man who will give the subject thorough consideration is willing to jeopardize this blessing to the women and children in order to satisfy his own personal desires for alcoholic stimulants."

R. A. Cochran, treasurer of the Maysville Cotton Mills, Maysville, Kentucky, reports that there "are no longer any blue Mondays in their factory on account of

(Continued on page 416)

## MARRIAGES

KEOWN-BABCOCK.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage in North Loup, Neb., March 3, 1923, by Pastor H. L. Polan, Clyde Keown and Irma Babcock, both of North Loup.

## DEATHS

DAVIS.—Lucinda Davis, wife of S. Orlando Davis, was born February 22, 1849, near Lost Creek, W. Va., and died at their home near Jane Lew, W. Va., January 29, 1923, aged 73 years, 11 months, 7 days.

She was the daughter of Deacon John Jay, and Mary Van Horn. In her childhood she became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Lost Creek.

Her marriage with Brother S. Orlando Davis, son of Rev. Samuel D. Davis, was June 9, 1869, and they celebrated golden wedding three years ago last June. The nearer, surviving relatives are: the husband, the brother, Newton Van Horn and family, two of the three sons, S. Erlow Davis, and Urso Davis and families, and the daughter, Maleta Davis. Mrs. Davis was taken suddenly, while about her domestic cares, with a spell of coughing. From this resulted quickly a stopping of her lungs which took her away within the hour. In a home ever devoted to the Christian faith, she was ever the encouraging and faithful mother to the four children, who were all led to Christian faith and service. She was also interested in the church and community life. She had a quiet, practical way of encouraging the great cause of righteousness.

The obituary service at the Lost Creek Church was with large attendance, under direction of the Pastor M. G. Stillman, assisted by Pastor George B. Shaw, and a quartet from Salem.

M. G. S.

BOND.—Levi D. Bond was born July 28, 1839, and departed this life February 7, 1923, aged 83 years, 6 months and 9 days.

He was the son of Brumfield and Belinda Hoffman Bond, who moved from Lost Creek, Harrison County, to Hacker's Creek, Upshur County, more than ninety years ago where they remained until their death at the ages of eighty and ninety-two respectively. He was the youngest of three children. His brother Boothe Bond was also a life-time resident of Hackers Creek. He died in 1909, aged seventy-six. His sister Tamar Bond Wolfe died less than a year ago, aged 86. All these, with several previous generations, have been Seventh Day Baptists. All the above family belonged to the Lost Creek Church. Our brother Levi was an earnest and consistent Christian. He trained his family in the devout living by precept and example. He maintained family altar wor-

ship during the formative period of his children's lives. The richness of those hours will ever remain a most precious memory to his family.

Brother Bond was twice married. At the age of twenty-four he was married to Victoria Arnold, oldest daughter of Moses and Mary Chidester Arnold, of Peel Tree, Barbour County. To this union were born two sons, Emry H., of Lost Creek, and S. Orestes, President of Salem College. Mrs. Bond died in May, 1886. Nearly four years later Brother Bond married Miss Robirdie M. Queen, of Lorentz. She was the third daughter of Armstead and Julia Sim Queen. Two boys were born to this union, Earle, who died in infancy, and L. Esle, who lived with his parents on the old homestead.

All the years of his long life were spent on the farm where he was born. He bought and sold live stock extensively. He especially admired pure-bred kinds, having owned a dozen different kinds, but had the special service of introducing into this State the Hereford Cattle in 1882.

He was an honored citizen, a devoted, loving husband and father. He will continue to live not only in the hearts of his immediate family, but also in the hearts of many neighbors and friends.

It is justly due to say that the above points have been furnished by the son S. Orestes, of Salem. My own acquaintance began twenty-seven years ago. Many times have I enjoyed the hospitality of that pleasant farm home. He was one of the few men in that vicinity who lived so peaceably with their neighbors that the contending armies of the Civil War left them at their homes. I think that none would complain of them to give them to an enemy. The obituary service and burial were at the Lost Creek church and cemetery, conducted by the Pastor M. G. Stillman.

M. G. S.

CLAWSON.—James, son of Isaac and Ann Titsworth Clawson, was born near New Market, N. J., November 5, 1831, and died at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Asa F. Randolph, 912 West Seventh Street, Plainfield, N. J., February 5, 1923.

Mr. Clawson was brought up under the influence of the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church at New Market, where he was later a member for many years. He brought his membership to the Plainfield Church of the same faith in 1887, and continued in the fellowship and service of that church during the remainder of his life.

He was married to Miss Henrietta Titsworth November 6, 1853. They established their home near New Market where they lived until 1866 when they moved to Farina, Ill. Mr. Clawson engaged in the mercantile business in Farina for ten years. In 1876 they returned East and lived for ten years in Dunellen, N. J., after which they moved to Plainfield, where they have since resided.

Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Clawson. Two little girls, Julia and Anna, all they had at the time, died of diphtheria in 1864. An infant son, Wallace, died in 1871. The surviving children are Marcus L., physician, Luella, wife

of Asa F. Randolph, and Frank T., dentist. All are living in Plainfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Clawson had a very unusual experience in length of life and in the number of years they lived together. In November, 1921, they celebrated their ninetieth birthdays and the sixty-eighth anniversary of their marriage. The sad parting came February 19, 1922, when Mrs. Clawson died. Mr. Clawson longed to go with her at that time, but in the providence of God he lived almost another year, until February 5, 1923. During declining years Mr. and Mrs. Clawson were lovingly cared for in the homes of their children, and for the last several years of their lives at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Asa F. Randolph.

The memory of Mr. Clawson will be cherished, not only by members of his own family and near relatives, but by a multitude of friends who have known him and loved him.

The farewell service was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs at the home of his daughter on Thursday afternoon, February 8, 1923, and the body was laid in the family lot in Hillside Cemetery.

J. L. S.

MAXSON.—Nora Butterfield, daughter of George E. and Katherine Sheen Butterfield, was born June 4, 1869, and was called home February 22, 1923, aged 53 years, 8 months and 18 days.

Mrs. Maxson was one of three children, her sister dying in infancy. Her brother died some years ago.

In August, 1892, she was united in marriage with William S. Maxson. To them were born three children: a son Murray, a daughter who died at the age of two years, and a daughter Barbara.

Sister Maxson is survived by her husband, her son, and daughter, and her aged father, who had his home with her.

In early life she united with the Presbyterian Church at Sacketts Harbor, retaining her membership through life. She was also a loved and esteemed member of the Woman's Auxiliary of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City.

It has been said of Sister Maxson that "she was a home woman." She loved her family and home, and as "the soul of the home" made it a pleasant place. A wide circle of friends have deep sympathy for the bereaved ones, who sorrow but not as those who have no hope.

Farewell services were conducted at the home in Yonkers by Pastor H. R. Crandall, Sabbath afternoon. The body was taken to Adams Center that night, where on Sunday further services were in charge of Pastor L. F. Hurley.

H. R. C.

PLACE.—Frank G. Place was born February 29, 1872, and died January 31, 1923. He was the son of William O. and W. DeEtta Baldwin Place, of Alfred, and this has always been his home.

On February 28, 1900, he was united in marriage to Miss Desdemonia E. Cooper. To them were born three children, Aletha, Gladys and Robert. Besides his wife and three children he is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Ollie Howard,

of Alfred, Mrs. Ada Hakes, of Edelman, Ill., and Mrs. Neva Greene, of Spear, Ill.; one brother, Earl W. Place, of Pittsford, N. Y.; and his mother, who makes her home in Illinois with her two daughters.

He was a man who was interested in the welfare of his community; was a member of the local Seventh Day Baptist church and a veteran of the Spanish American War. The mass of flowers and the large attendance of friends showed the esteem in which he was held.

Funeral services were held at his home, and he was laid to rest in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

A. C. E.

LIVERMORE.—Elida Livermore was born in the town of Andover, N. Y., May 29, 1859, and died of heart trouble at her late home in Independence, N. Y., March 2, 1923, after an illness of about eight weeks.

September 12, 1893, she was married to Deville E. Livermore and they began a happy married life in the home where they have since resided.

## SABBATH HISTORY I.

### BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF MODERN DENOMINATIONS

AVAH JOHN CLARENCE BOND

- CHAPTER ONE  
A Growing Regard for Bible Authority
- CHAPTER TWO  
The Sabbath in the Old Testament
- CHAPTER THREE  
The Sabbath in the Gospels
- CHAPTER FOUR  
The Sabbath in the Early Church
- CHAPTER FIVE  
The No-Sabbath Theory of the Early Reformers
- CHAPTER SIX  
The Sabbath in the Early English Reformation
- CHAPTER SEVEN  
John Trask and the First Sabbatarian Church in England
- CHAPTER EIGHT  
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One daughter Bertha, Mrs. Harold Hardy, of Auburn, N. Y., was born to them. In addition to the husband and daughter, she is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Ina Foster, of Alfred, N. Y., Mrs. Louisa Foster, of Whitesville, N. Y., and Mrs. Addie Greene, of Alfred, N. Y.; and two brothers, Edward Livermore, of Andover, N. Y., and Corell Livermore, of Arkport, N. Y.

In 1881 she professed faith in Christ and was baptized by Rev. I. L. Cottrell who about that time had been holding meetings in Fulmer Valley near her home. October 10, 1885, during the pastorate of Rev. J. E. N. Backus, she united with the Independence Seventh Day Baptist Church of which she has remained a faithful and beloved member until called to the church triumphant. Her life of quiet helpfulness, kindly good-will and self-sacrificing service is too well known to require words of commendation. Recent months and years have emphasized the fact that she has freely given her life for others. The church, community and Ladies' Aid Society, of which she was a member, will keenly feel the loss of her kindly ministrations.

Farewell services were held in the Independence church, March 5, 1923, conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. L. Greene. Interment was at Independence.

W. L. G.

EATON.—Sarah Thomas Eaton was born July 24, 1843, and died at her home in Alfred, January 27, 1923. She was the daughter of Rowland and Ann Crandall Thomas, and was born on a farm near Alfred. With the exception of a few years which were spent in California, she has lived her life at or near Alfred and Alfred Station.

On June 22, 1861, she was married to Horace Eaton. Mr. Eaton died in 1909. In early life

she united with the First Alfred Church, but later she moved her membership to Alfred Station. She was the oldest of six children, and is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Alma E. Palmer, of Riverside, Cal., and Mrs. Minne M. Beckwith, of Alfred; also by several nieces and nephews. For the past eighteen years, her great niece, Gertrude Burgess, has made her home with Mrs. Eaton. In the last years of poor health Gertrude has been faithful and devoted to the care of her aunt.

Funeral services were held in the First Alfred Church, conducted by Pastor A. Clyde Ehret, and burial was in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

A. C. E.

GREEN.—Jesse Saunders Green, son of Duty J. and Mary G. Green, was born in the town of Milton, near Lake Koshkonong, Rock County, Wis., January 20, 1842. He was one of four children, Harriet, Charles, Jesse, and Joseph, the last of whom is still living. He died at Spokane, Wash., February 21, 1923.

He was baptized by Eld. Joshua Clarke, March 10, 1866, and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, and with the exception of a short period when he transferred his membership to the Milton Church, held his membership in that church to the time of his death.

Mr. Green was twenty years old when the Civil War broke out and responded to his country's call by enlisting at Baraboo, Wis., in Co. I, Third Wisconsin Cavalry. After serving one term, he re-enlisted and served to the close of the war. He was honorably discharged as a corporal.

December 5, 1865, he was married to Elmira Haman Burdick who was his faithful companion throughout life and who survives him. To this

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union were born three sons and one daughter,—Wardner, deceased, Mrs. Mary Allen, of Spokane, Wash., Winfred, and Ralph of Minneapolis, Minn.

At the time of his death Mr. Green was being cared for in the home of his daughter at Spokane, Wash., but his body was brought back to Albion and laid to rest in the Evergreen cemetery.

Owing to the illness of the local ministers, Pastor E. D. Van Horn, of Milton Junction, conducted the services in the Albion church, assisted by Rev. S. H. Babcock. A military escort from the American Legion attended the services, giving the military honors by firing the salute over the open grave and sounding taps.

Mr. Green was a man of modest and retiring ways and lived a quiet life of usefulness. He was widely known and respected. A large company of friends and relatives gathered at the farewell services. He is mourned by his widow, two sons, one daughter and many other relatives and friends.

E. D. V. H.

(Continued from page 412)

drinking, as formerly, and that the saloons in their neighborhood have given place to grocery stores, and the boys are growing up without forming the habit of drink."

D. H. Campbell, mining engineer, of Iron River, Mich., reports "a decrease in the number of days of absence from work due to accidents of 68 per cent. Investigation in a large organization near by showed similar results."

H. B. Smith, secretary and treasurer of the McInnes Steel Company, Ltd., Corry, Pa., says: "With the liquor traffic out of existence, the workingman and his family are enjoying to a full extent what the American home stands for. It has bettered the conditions of our employees and we hope never to see the liquor business in service again."

Arthur R. Baxter, of the Keyless Lock Company, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Having to do with the handling of workmen, I can see the wonderful difference now and before prohibition. Monday now is as stable a day with us as any other day in the week. Before prohibition Monday was a day of absenteeism. Besides, our men are happier all the time and I know by careful census that their families are infinitely better situated and happier in every way. They live better, reside in better houses and most of them have a little money in the bank."—National W. C. T. U. Publication.

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Sabbath School. Lesson II.—April 7, 1923

ABRAHAM, THE HERO OF FAITH. Gen. 12: 1—25: 8; Heb. 11: 8-19.

Golden Text.—"Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned unto him for righteousness." Rom. 4: 3.

DAILY READINGS

- Apr. 1—Gen. 12: 1-5. The Call of Abram.
- Apr. 2—Gen. 13: 5-12. Abram and Lot.
- Apr. 3—Gen. 15: 1-6. Abram Justified by Faith.
- Apr. 4—Gen. 17: 1-8. Abram—Abraham.
- Apr. 5—Gen. 22: 3-13. The Trial of Abraham's Faith.
- Apr. 6—Rom. 4: 13-18. The Father of the Faithful.
- Apr. 7—Psalm 40: 1-8. Human Need and Divine Grace.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Spake full well in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.  
—Longfellow.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted and advertisements of a like nature will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

U. S. GOVERNMENT UNDERWEAR—2,500,000 pieces New Government Wool Underwear purchased by us to sell to the public direct at 75c each. Actual retail value \$2.50 each. All sizes. Shirts 34 to 46—Drawers 30 to 44. Send correct sizes. Pay postman on delivery or send us money order. If underwear is not satisfactory, we will refund money promptly upon request. Dept. 24. The Pilgrim Woolen Co., 1476 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 12-4-tf

FOR SALE—Property with all modern improvements centrally located in Ashaway, R. I. Convenient to stores, mills, trolley and good high school. Seventh Day advantages. Full description and information regarding this property will be given upon application. Possession can be given July 1st. Lewis F. Randolph, Ashaway, R. I. 3-26-4w