

# The Sabbath Recorder

(If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars)

## THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, 1919

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers  
And, but for you, possess the field."

MILTON, WISCONSIN, 1924

(And, but for you, possess the field)

Running like a gulf-stream through the sea of time, comes the affirmation that God has manifested himself to man, and the best men have affirmed it most persistently. Wherever this affirmation has made its way, the icebergs of skepticism have disappeared; the temperature of virtue has risen, and the sweet fruits of charity have ripened. If the belief be false, then a lie has blessed the world; and the soul is so organized that it reaches its highest state of development in an atmosphere of deception; for it is a fact that man is purest and woman most virtuous where belief in God's manifestations is most intense and real.

—O. P. Gifford.

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

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Alfred, N. Y.

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

# The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 96, No. 14

PLAINFIELD, N. J., APRIL 7, 1924

WHOLE No. 4,127

**An Appealing Letter About Salem College** On another page of this RECORDER our readers will find a letter from President S. Orestes Bond regarding the serious financial condition of Salem College. Every heart will be touched when it learns all about this matter, and we believe that throughout the entire denomination there will be a ready response to President Bond's pathetic appeal.

The college board is greatly discouraged over the present year's deficit; and after the noble struggle of years made by the people of Salem, and in view of the splendid record made, and of the unprecedented growth of that school, we can not believe that our people can have a heart to turn Salem College down now.

The heroic move for endowment is making good headway in West Virginia with promise of great results; but the present indebtedness must be met now, and it is for meeting this that President Bond pours out his soul in this letter. Salem's distress should arouse greatest concern with us just now.

**Anonymous, But Good** Our readers understand that the editor, as a rule, takes no notice of anonymous communications. He is glad to be able to say that unsigned missives have been very few and far between, during all his RECORDER years. Furthermore, the personal letters of approval—always signed—running up into the hundreds, have been a great source of cheer and helpfulness.

As a rule, there is seldom any good cheer in communications which the senders do not sign. But last week the mail brought the SABBATH RECORDER a long envelope, addressed in a disguised hand—letters printed one by one as a child might print—and when the editor's misgivings were sufficiently subdued, he ventured to open it. There he found two sheets of fine white paper, neatly folded, without even the mark of a pen on either of them!

You may imagine the thrill that came when the unfolding disclosed a bright, clean,

new, twenty-dollar gold bearing United States certificate! There was no way of telling whose hands placed it there. No one could guess who printed the words: "S-A-B-B-A-T-H R-E-C-O-R-D-E-R." But one thing is sure beyond a doubt; that pen was a friendly pen; those hands were kind hands, prompted by a generous and sympathetic heart, and we were very glad to receive such a message as was implied by that twenty-dollar bill.

It went right into the RECORDER fund, and will send the paper to eight good people who love the RECORDER and who can ill-afford to pay for it.

**Life-Long Love For the Recorder** The mother of Rev. Claud Hill, of North Loup, Neb., sends words of good cheer about the "dear old RECORDER," which we feel justified in giving a wider reading. There are many hearts that will respond approvingly to what she writes here:

I am going to say a few words before putting my two dollars and a half in here to pay for the dear old RECORDER.

When I was a child the RECORDER was a large sheet like the daily papers. As children in the home we thought it a wonderful paper. Every copy was saved, and when we moved to Nebraska it was a real grief to leave the large stock of dear old RECORDERS behind. It seemed like starting out west without bringing all of the family. I wish I had them all now and could place them in our room of old relics at the church.

But I have learned that what can not be cured must be endured. We still have the RECORDER, and look forward every week for its arrival. So now I am sending you my share toward keeping it going. . . . May God bless you and spare you to the denomination until you get old.

It is worth while now and then to hear a word from those who for more than half a century have been loyal to their denominational paper. It has meant much to them and to our good cause. As our families have taken the western trail to distant states and established new church centers, remote from each other and far from their old homes in the East, the "dear old RECORDER" has been a bond of union making us one, and has served as a family letter, week by

week, to strengthen the love-ties between those children and their dear ones left behind.

**"A Golden Rule House"** This is the title of a neat little folder sent out by a large business house in one of America's great cities. As we read its attractive statement we could but feel a hopeful uplift in view of the fact that the great business world is coming more and more to recognize the value of Christian principles as a means of success. Many great business firms have ceased to act upon the principle: "Business is business and religion is religion," but their motto is: "Religion in business proves to be the best policy."

Recognizing the divine principle that "we are our brother's keeper" the firm in question emphasizes the Golden Rule as the true business way. Its members promise to do unto all who deal with them and to all with whom they deal just as they would like to be treated if circumstances were reversed. They express the desire to share the burdens of others so far as they are able, and to encourage and help all with whom they deal.

If all business firms in America would recognize the Golden Rule as their guide and live up to its teachings, our country would soon be a paradise. We wish every business house would keep before the eyes of its managers and of its employees these closing words of the folder that started the pen to writing these lines.

Here they are: "The curse of this world is selfishness. It is at the bottom of all industrial and social trouble.

"If men can be brought to regard other men as brothers, if they can be induced to love their neighbors as themselves, if men would do unto others as they would be done by, there would be no trouble between capital and labor. Social strife and international conflicts would cease.

"We, therefore, individually and as a corporation, advocate the Golden Rule with all of our power, as an aid to 'peace and goodwill among men.'"

**Please Excuse the Editor For a Few Days** This is Sabbath night, March 29; and tomorrow morning we must start for Milton, Wis., to be gone a few days. Some of our readers have heard of the very cri-

tical illness of Pastor Henry N. Jordan of the Milton Church. For nearly three weeks he has been in the hospital at Janesville, Wis., suffering from blood poison, and we fear the worst in his case. Mrs. Jordan is the editor's youngest sister, and we feel justified in asking permission to leave the RECORDER office for a few days—especially since Rev. A. J. C. Bond and Rev. Willard D. Burdick will gladly lend a helping hand in the work there.

**A Correction** In the article by Corliss F. Randolph, "Concerning the Early History of the Sabbath," etc., on page 356 of the RECORDER for March 24, the first word of the second paragraph is not correct. Mr. Randolph's word was "Predicating" instead of "Predicting" as found in the RECORDER. There is a great difference in the meaning of the expressions: "predicting his arguments" and "predicating his arguments." It is very seldom that the omission of one letter will so completely change the meaning of a statement as does the omission of the letter "a" in this case.

Let those who desire to keep these interesting historical articles make the correction in their RECORDER.

**Don't Miss A Good Thing** On another page of this RECORDER is an article from the *Continent*, to which the editor calls special attention. It is too good to miss and we hope every one, old or young, will read it carefully. "Senescence" means growing old, and many of us will find the article very appropriate and decidedly helpful.

### FROM A GRATEFUL DAUGHTER

Rev. T. L. Gardiner,  
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I was looking over an old book of mine a day or so ago, where I jot down the poems which have been especially helpful and I ran across this poem which my father wrote and sent me about a year ago, while he was convalescing from a very serious attack of influenza. I was wondering why it could not be put in the RECORDER where the readers could all enjoy it as I have. Why withhold the appreciation of the works of

others until they have passed on to the other shore? It reminds me of a very dear little poem which I value very much which runs something like this:

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him, ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.  
Why should good words ne'er be said  
Of a friend, till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
Sung by any child of song,  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long.  
Why should one who thrills your heart  
Lack the joy you may impart?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,  
All enriching as you go.  
Leave them—trust the harvest Giver—  
He will make each seed to grow.  
So, until its happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a Friend.

I believe every word of it, don't you,  
Brother Gardiner?

I have a little book in which I am copying down a number of beautiful poems. I will send them to you some of these days, and if you see any you think would be helpful to RECORDER readers, and have the room, you may run them in any time you think best.

May God bless you and give you strength, both physical and spiritual, to carry on his blessed work.

Yours in the Master's service,  
MRS. ARTHUR H. ATKINS.

Oxford, Wis.,  
March 20, 1924.

Here follows the poem, mentioned above, from the writer's father.

I am sitting in the corner  
Where I really don't belong,  
But my soul is filled with music,  
And my heart is filled with song.

When the poet went to supper,  
I sat down to rest and think.  
As the air seemed full of voices,  
I just dipped the pen in ink.

While the words continued coming  
With an accent clear and strong,  
I wrote them as I heard them,  
Whether they are right or wrong.

And now, my dearest children,  
I am sending them to you.  
Scatter joy and sunshine,  
Whatever else you do.

Lead others to the fountain  
From whence all blessings flow,  
Take the name of Jesus  
Wherever you may go.

Bind up the broken hearted,  
And drive away dull care,  
For there's music and there's gladness  
And there's sunshine everywhere.

Yes, there's sunshine and there's gladness  
Wherever we may look,  
Whether on the sunlit hill-top  
Or within the shady nook.

There is music and there's laughter,  
All around us day by day;  
If you listen for it, brother,  
It will cheer your lonely way.

In the latter part of winter,  
While the snow is on the ground,  
Sights both wonderful and glorious  
Can usually be found.

See that tree, low bending earthward,  
Decked with jewels rich and rare,  
Pearls and diamonds, oh, such diamonds,  
That would make Utopians stare!

In the east the sky is red'ning,  
Soon it will be all aglow,  
Just like children's happy faces,  
As they wait the coming show.

Morn again, the sun is shining,  
What a fascinating sight!  
Strands of pearls and ropes of diamonds,  
Every one as pure as light!

How they scintillate and sparkle  
As they hang upon the trees!  
Swaying gently, oh, so gently,  
In the early morning breeze.

Hear the music, soft sweet music,  
As of little silver bells,  
Tinkling, tinkling, louder, louder,  
As the morning breezes swell.

One by one like votive offering,  
Gems, high held against the sky,  
Fall to earth like melting silver,  
Stars of heaven on earth to lie.

Now they're falling faster, faster,  
Thousand times ten thousand score;  
Though so many now are falling,  
Yet there are as many more.

Slowly now and still more slowly,  
Till at last, they, one and all,  
Rest upon the snow white blanket,  
Spread to catch them as they fall.

There's a lesson in the story  
Of the morning's scene as given—  
If God's footstool is so glorious,  
What *must* be his throne in heaven?

Jackson Center, Ohio.

W. D. T.

**THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT**  
AND  
**SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION**

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

**ANNUAL CONFERENCE ON PROMOTIONAL WORK**

The setting up of a special organization to promote the whole program of the denomination is a new feature of modern church life. Perhaps this is one of the most valuable things salvaged from the ill-fated Inter-Church World Movement. To my mind it is not the only important contribution of the Inter-Church to the religious life and work of the present.

The history of the development of a program of work is very much the same in all Protestant denominations of America. In the earlier years as a particular group of people became interested in a definite phase of religious work, or became acquainted with the opportunities for Christian service in a certain field, these same people organized for the purpose of carrying on that work. Another group in some other section of the denomination saw an opportunity in some other line of service, and organized for work in that field. As time went on, another, and another, society was formed, each making its appeal to all the churches for support. Thus it came about that in every denomination there were found many boards, each working more or less independently of all the others.

During the last five years there has been a movement in all these denominations to co-ordinate the work of their various boards, and to present their claims for support in one appeal. This is the day of the denominational budget.

This method of conducting the work of the church is so new that it has been for all the denominations something of an experiment. It is interesting to note just how much these denominations have in common in this promotional work, and how strangely similar are the modifications that are in contemplation as they prepare to launch their new programs.

The Federal Council of the Churches of

Christ in America has convened annually for several years, a conference of the representatives of the promotional agencies of the churches. The first meeting, which is the only one it has been my privilege to attend, was held in New York City early in November, 1920. I was especially desirous of attending the meeting this year, because for most of the denominations it marks the close of a five-year program. In the new program about to be formulated, each is endeavoring to profit by the past experience of all. The methods pursued during the last five years will undergo some modification in every denomination. It is a time, therefore, for comparing notes.

While I did not feel justified at this time in incurring the necessary expense to attend the meeting recently held in Dayton, Ohio, I have been provided with the usual digest of the sessions, prepared by the convenor and guiding spirit of these meetings, Secretary Samuel McCrea Cavert of the Federal Council.

It is my plan to pass on to readers of the SABBATH RECORDER some of the discussion at the Dayton meeting, believing that it will be helpful to those who are concerned with the matter of working out a future program for Seventh Day Baptists. And this is a question which should receive some attention at the hands of every reader of the RECORDER, and of every loyal member of the denomination.

**CONFERENCE ON THE LOCAL CHURCH AND PROMOTIONAL WORK**

A conference on, "The Relation of the Local Church and the National Promotional Agency," was held at Dayton, Ohio, under the auspices of the Federal Council of the Churches and the Dayton Council of Churches, February 17-19. The conference was attended by thirty-six representatives of the promotional departments of fifteen denominations and by upwards of one hundred fifty pastors of Dayton and vicinity.

On Sunday, February 17, a large number of the pulpits in Dayton and vicinity were occupied by representatives of the national organizations, speaking upon the general theme, "The Church—A World Force."

At the session on Monday morning, February 18, in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A., an opening devotional service was

led by Rev. G. B. Batdorf, pastor of the First Church of the United Brethren, Dayton. The opening address was given by Rev. Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches, on the theme, "What the Church is Trying to Do in the World." The function of the Church was described under the following four heads:

1. A ministry of worship,—of keeping alive the consciousness of God.
2. A ministry of evangelism,—of winning men to personal discipleship to Jesus Christ.
3. A ministry of teaching,—of training children and youth in the Christian way of life.
4. A ministry of social rebuilding,—of fashioning all phases of human life according to the mind of Christ.

This four-fold ministry was presented as a world-wide ministry, committing the Church to a missionary enterprise as wide as mankind and demanding from all members of the Church the acceptance of the ideal of stewardship of life and possessions.

I. The first general topic for conference between pastors and national secretaries was, "What Place Should the Denominational Program Have in the Program of the Local Church?" Dr. W. R. Patterson, of the Presbyterian New Era Movement acting as chairman of the discussion. The subject was opened by an address by Rev. Charles W. Brashares, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, Dayton, who spoke in substance as follows:

In spite of much critical talk among pastors because of what they call the "handed-down" program of the promotional agencies, there is a loyal co-operation between the boards and the local church. This co-operation must be maintained and deepened. The following suggestions are made, from the pastor's standpoint, looking toward this end:

1. Put into the denominational program the elements that will minister to the development of the spiritual life of the local church. This means, on the one hand, that no promotional agency should think of itself simply in terms of getting money. On the other hand, the pastor should realize that a world-wide benevolent and missionary program is indispensable to the devotional and spiritual life of his people. The local

church needs the benevolent program even more than the benevolent program needs the local church. The very salvation of the local church depends on its being a part of a world plan.

2. Get all parts of the work of the denomination into one comprehensive plan. All parts—foreign missions, home missions, hospitals, religious education, colleges, everything, and something in addition for emergencies. The pastor and his people are needlessly confused when they discover that after having raised what they supposed to be the full budget they are called upon for extra-budget items.

3. Use every possible means to educate the people to understand and appreciate the program. Put it in a book so that it can be studied. Interpret it in institutes, camp meetings, and other gatherings.

4. Give the local church full freedom to designate what parts of the program it wants to support. Only thus will you secure an intelligent interest and a sustained support. In a word, change from a handed-down system, with emphasis on a quota, to an educational program which trains the people to understand just what their own money is doing and what concrete tasks they are carrying on. This will minister to the spiritual life of the people at the same time that it secures the needed money. The financial program of the church will no longer rest on motives of pride or fear about meeting a quota, but will be a devotional business of positive religious value.

This will also provide for democratic control of the benevolent program. The local church can not make the denominational program as a whole; a few people must do this. But every local church can decide for itself what parts of the program it most believes in and desires to support. And when the local church has designated what phases of the program it will carry, knows what it is, has direct contacts with the missionaries that its own money supports, then the feeling of responsibility on the part of the local church will be far greater.

The ensuing discussion centered largely around the practicability of allowing complete freedom of designation. Some felt that this would result in leaving certain important but less dramatic and popular phases of the denominational program un-

provided for. Others felt that by proper educational methods the denominational agency could see that a balanced budget was raised and no parts of it overlooked.

Dayton, Ohio,  
February 17-19, 1924.

### REGIONAL DIRECTORS OF THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT

In keeping with our promise made last week, we are presenting in this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER another picture which will recall the early days of the Forward Movement. Mr. Ingham, whose picture appeared last week, along with the members of the commission, appointed nine "Regional Directors" to each of whom was given the responsibility of organizing a group of churches. These business and professional men brought to the task ability and devotion, and the fruits of their labor still abide.

Following are the names of these men whose faces are shown on another page: (1) Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.; (2) Rev. Alva L. Davis, Ashaway, R. I., (then of North Loup, Neb.); (3) Prof. Benjamin R. Crandall, Berkeley, Cal.; (4) D. J. Frair, Brookfield, N. Y.; (5) William C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.; (6) Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.; (7) Dr. A. L. Burdick, Milton, Wis. (8) L. D. Lowther, Salem, W. Va.; (9) E. E. Tappan, Battle Creek, Mich.

### HELPFUL THOUGHTS ON LIFE'S CHANGES

MRS. ORRA L. BOND

The Bible tells us that "man is as grass, or as the flowers of the field, he flourishes for a while and then is cut down." And, dear friends, this has been sadly proved to us here in Dodge Center, and especially so in this church and society, which only a few years ago could almost boast of its many worthy members and large congregation. But now as our eyes behold the empty pews and the many vacant places, we may fully comprehend the reality and truthfulness of the Bible which tells us that it will be thus. Many have done their good deeds, left us their good example, and passed on to reap the harvest of the good seed sown through their lives; and thus it is shown to us so plainly that this "Change" awaits each and every one of us, and so

you will please listen to a few lines on the subject, "Change."

Life seems a problem hard to solve,  
Wrought full of scenes of change;  
And why 'tis thus and why 'tis so,  
It oft-times seems so strange.  
We scarce can see one day ahead;  
The path o'er which we go  
Seems blinded by the mist of change;  
And this o'erwhelms us so!

Those childhood days of long ago,  
They flew so quickly past;  
Each winter with its ice and snow  
Seemed happier than the last.  
But with the changing scenes that came  
Those childhood days slipped by,  
And years flew by so quickly;  
Today we think, and sigh.

But through it all if by our faith  
We look beyond this veil;  
And in the distance trust to him  
Who ne'er was known to fail,  
We thus may pass earth's chasms deep  
The mists will disappear,  
And trials which seem mountain high  
Will "phase" us naught while here.

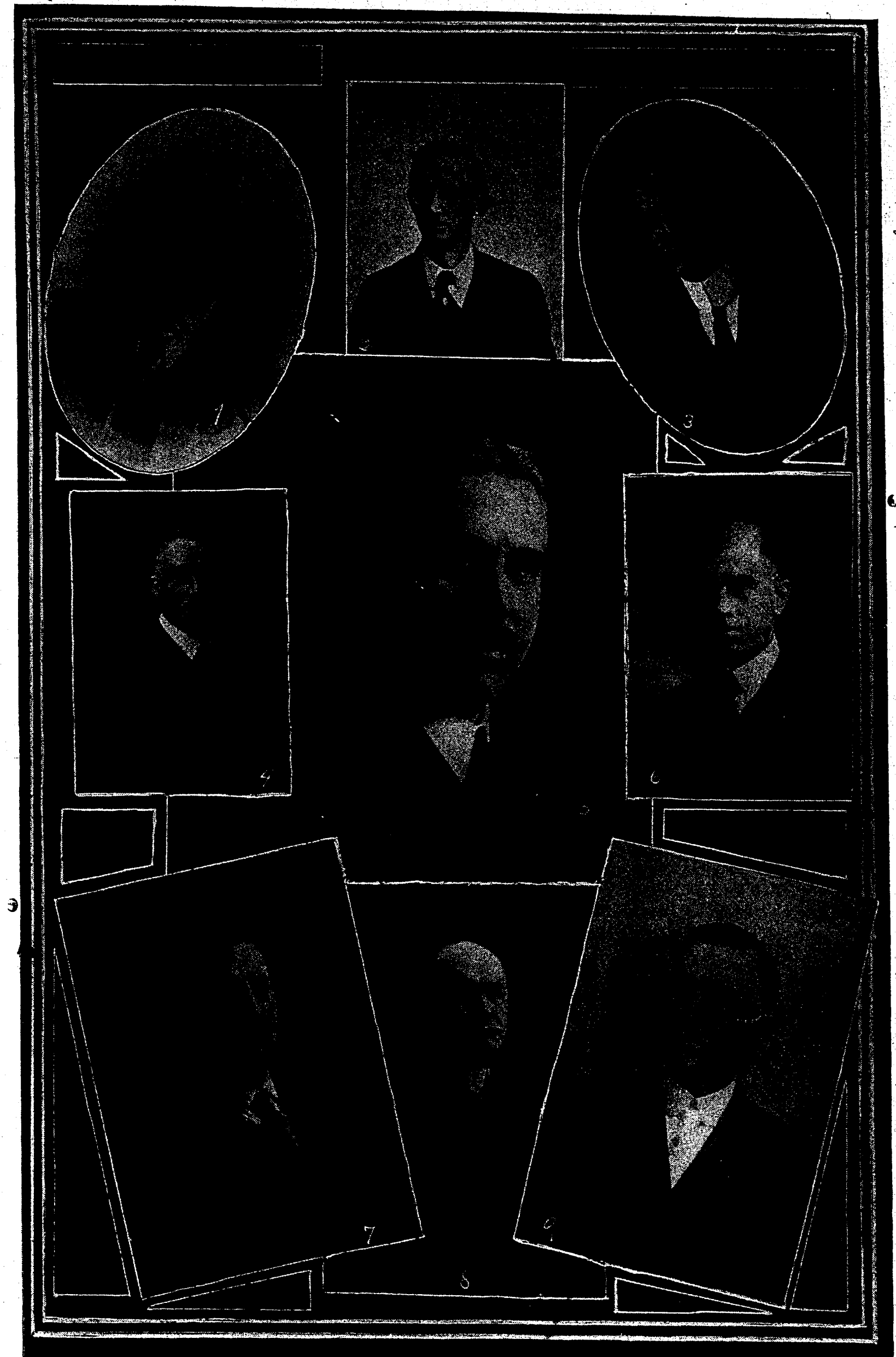
We then may see mid life's dark clouds  
The sun beams gleaming through;  
By faith we see the shadows fall;  
'Tis best for me and you  
To gaze beyond life's clouded sky  
To brighter realms above,  
Where all is glorious sunshine  
And peace and joy and love.

So in this changeful journey of life we must have faith in God, as our friend to sustain and help us in all our trials, and the Bible points us especially to that Friend, and through the eye of faith we may behold him. A few scattered thoughts along the line of a "Friend Through Faith" will not be out of place perhaps.

There is a Friend, a well known Friend,  
He goes where'er we go,  
He holds our lives within his hand,  
His presence we may know.  
We see his power in every breeze,  
He speaks to us through flowers and trees.  
He holds our lives within his hand,  
Who caused the rushing waves to stand.

He is our Friend in joy or pain,  
In sorrow he is near,  
In sickness he is standing by,  
Through faith we have no fear.  
He leads us through a vale of tears  
And holds us by his hand.  
Without his presence in our hearts  
We ne'er could walk nor stand.

Then as we journey on through life,  
We all this Friend may know;  
We all may feel his helpful hand  
To guide us as we go.  
His silent-watch is o'er us all,



'Tis said he knows the sparrow's fall,  
He counts the hairs upon our head,  
By him each human soul is fed.

Then we should trust this friend so true  
As on through life we go;  
Although on beds of sickness,  
This Friend can help us so.  
And when the days of life are past  
This Friend will take us home at last,  
And we may see those gone before  
Where we may meet to part no more.

Death has been the reaper which has most thinned our ranks, but as we glance about us, we miss a few dear, young faces, who have gradually been tempted and tried and have fallen by the way. They are present in our minds, though absent from our view. How the temptations of this world try us all, so we must not forget that the good Book tells us that "Charity suffereth long and is kind," and so I have composed the following verses:

#### IF WE KNEW

If we knew each other better,  
If we only understood  
All the heartaches of our brother,  
We might count each other good.  
If we could draw back the curtain,  
See the inner heart of man;  
We could know the heart's true motive,  
Which, without, we never can.

If we knew each other better,  
If we only understood  
Half the motives of each other,  
See the bad within and good,  
We'd begin to love the sinner  
While we'd loathe and hate the sin;  
Then upon life's storm tossed ocean  
Life's real joy would thus begin.

If we knew the cares and trials  
Heaped upon our friend by fate,  
We would lend a hand to help him  
E'er it be forever late.  
Could we know his struggling effort,  
Which he made so long in vain,  
We would help where now we hinder  
And would pity where we blame.

We would judge him not so roughly  
When we know not life's rude force  
Or how came the fount of action  
Or how came sin's fountain source,  
We would see then through the evil  
Many golden grains of good;  
We'd have mercy for our brother  
If we only understood.

There are many close about us  
Who the help of some one need;  
Some whose lives could be made brighter  
By a kindly word or deed;  
Some whose feet are slowly straying  
From the path they know is right,  
Can we let them still stray onward  
Into darkness 'stead of light?

Since upon life's storm tossed ocean  
Hangs the destiny of man;  
We should not be quick to judge him  
But should help him if we can.  
Charity along life's pathway  
Will relief to others give,  
And will keep us feeling happy  
Helping others while we live.

We hear a whole lot said about "foreign missions" and the Bible speaks plainly about going into all the world and preaching the gospel, but if one can not do this, it seems that there is still plenty of missionary work to be done right here at home, and also many and various ways in which we may, if we will, do this work.

It seems to me, that one of the first and most essential ways of doing good in the world, is to begin right at home and deal honestly and fairly with our neighbor and fellow-man. Let him see that our religion is based on the *right foundation* and that we truly and firmly believe that "Honesty is the best policy."

This mission work is the stepping stone to much greater work of this kind and sheds a great influence for good on all with whom we come in contact. How often we hear this remark: "That is a man who does not make a great show about his religion, but he would not cheat a person out of one penny, and his word and influence are always on the side of right." This is certainly one way to preach the gospel. The Bible tells us that "the tongue is an unruly member" and tells us that we must "bridle it." This must mean that we must be very careful what we say about one another. If we only can keep these things in mind, then:

We can pass through life so sweetly  
Doing good along the way.  
We in this way help each other,  
Being careful what we say,  
Oft a word in harshness spoken  
Causes lots of grief and pain,  
And by this a soul has fallen  
Sometimes, ne'er to rise again.

Something said about another  
In a Christian, friendly way;  
Oft will lift life's motives higher  
And will be a shield and stay;  
And some soul, oppressed, o'ershadowed,  
Rises to a higher sphere;  
And our lives are filled with sunshine  
Doing good while we are here.

*Dodge Center, Minn.*

"Give us a religion that will help us to live—we can die without assistance."

## MISSIONS

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

### A VISIT TO GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA

For sometime many have thought a visit to Georgetown was desirable, and last fall the Georgetown Committee of the Missionary Board came to feel that such a visit should not be delayed, and that the work could no longer be intelligently directed unless some one, connected with the board, should look over the field and situation and report first hand knowledge. Several things enter into the demands for a visit to Georgetown.

Requests have come that the work in British Guiana be enlarged, that additional workers be employed and other stations established. This is what any field should look forward to, but it can not be done intelligently till the field has been visited.

Sometime ago the board purchased a lot on which to build a church. Last summer the workers in Georgetown thought a church could be purchased and moved on to the lot much cheaper than a new building could be erected. A church, together with the lot on which it stood, was bought, giving the board two pieces of real estate. The moving of the building has been delayed and a financial complication has appeared on the horizon. Under these circumstances the Missionary Board has not felt it could advise regarding the financial problems involved till one of its members had looked over the situation and needs.

The Georgetown Church is far removed from other Seventh Day Baptist churches and never has the privilege of meeting with them in associations and conferences. One remedy for this great loss is an occasional visit from some of our workers in the United States. Ten years ago Secretary E. B. Saunders, together with his family, visited Georgetown, and since then no one representing our churches and boards has been sent to our brethren in the tropics. From this point of view a personal visit has been postponed too long already. Close contact is essential to wise supervision, as

it also is to a healthy growth on the field. Our missionary in British Guiana, Elder T. L. M. Spencer, has been asking that the secretary come to Georgetown and hold some meetings; and a visit opens the way for a series of sermons and addresses that should be of far reaching and lasting influence.

It was first planned that the visit to Georgetown be joined with the mission to Jamaica; and the Tract Society, which is helping to support the work in British Guiana, voted to share in the expense; but it was found that there is no direct communication between Jamaica and British Guiana, and that when all the items are taken into consideration, it is less expensive and requires less time and exposure to return to the states and go direct to Georgetown. The secretary had hoped that after the vigorous experiences in Jamaica during November and December, he might be spared the extra stress and strain of a mission to Georgetown; but the situation demanded an immediate visit, and he sailed from New York on the S. S. *Maraval*, Trinidad Line, February 23.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY

##### ANOTHER WORLD

It was a beautiful day, February 23. Good-byes had been said, the S. S. *Maraval* had been pushed out into the Hudson River and started on her way to Grenada, Trinidad, and British Guiana. When notes to friends had been hastily penned and sent back by the pilot, the next thing was to nurse the loneliness of the situation and size up the fellow passengers.

It is strange how different people are. Here were people as different from those with whom I had been associating as white is from black. There were men and women who drank and gambled. Those who did not indulge in these things were the exceptions. Dinner came at 6.30; and what was my surprise when the meal was finished to see the cigarettes passed and women as well as men sit around the table and smoke. Could I imagine my mother, my ideal of beautiful and lovely womanhood, doing such a thing? My surprise was not so great to see intoxicating liquors served and to discover that some of the men were spending much of their time in gambling.

This was a different world. I had wit-

nessed drinking, gambling and swearing since a lad; but I was impressed as never before that we live in different worlds. We may be on board the same ship or live in the same house and still be in different worlds, the world of a clean, godly life, or the world of cigarettes, drinking, gambling, and lust. We make our own worlds. We make our own worlds now and hereafter. Because we live with that which is good is no proof that we and our worlds are good; because we live with that which is bad is no proof that we and our worlds are bad.

#### A WRECK

On board the *S. S. Maraval* was a cocoa king. He had made and lost many hundred thousands, perhaps millions of dollars. By nature he would attract attention; but he was soon attracting attention by things that were not natural, by being drunk. It was pitiful to see a man who might have been a fine specimen of humanity making a simpleton of himself, the laughing stock of his companions in dissipation. We were passing over a sea upon which thousands of vessels had been wrecked; but here was something much worse and more to be dreaded, a human wreck. To save men from such a fate as this, Christ came to earth and established his Church.

On board was a young man returning to his home in Georgetown. He was quiet, clean, intelligent, companionable, and aspiring. How different in the eyes of the passengers, and God as well, was this young man from the human wreck, the cocoa king!

#### A CARNIVAL

Six days out and we sighted the first land after leaving the vicinity of New York. It was Sombrero Island, a rock with an area of not more than five or six acres. It is important as it marks the entrance into the Caribbean Sea, and on it is a lighthouse announcing the fact to all who pass that way. From Sombrero to Grenada is about eighteen hours run, and soon Trinidad loomed up in sight sixty miles in the distance. At Trinidad we made a three days' stop to unload and to take on cargo.

We went ashore. All was confusion and uproar. They were having a carnival. The last two days before Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent, are spent in all sorts of fantastic performances and the wildest kind of liberties. People, masked, take this

time to revenge wrongs, real or supposed, to satisfy their desire for crazy pleasure, their thirst for drink, and to gratify their lust. The dance, to be sure, is a prominent feature of the celebration. One-half day in the city was enough to make me sick at heart, but others from our ship stayed till the last. One woman, a passenger to Georgetown, who is making the trip with her husband and daughter and who smokes and advocates the use of alcoholic beverages, came back to the boat the second afternoon and said she would not allow her daughter, a young woman, to attend another dance there, nor to witness the orgies of the second and last night.

This is done throughout the West Indies the two days before the Lenten season. But what a preparation for Lent! The practice of irreverence in connection with that which is religious and sacred is prevalent among all sects, but this preparation for Lent reaches the limit and should put us all to shame for our irreverence and misuse of sacred services.

#### THE STARS AND STRIPES

A squadron of the United States navy planned to reach Trinidad the night before the carnival, but their visit, upon request, was delayed till after it was over. By this arrangement the fleet came into the bay the morning before we left, and how my heart thrilled on that beautiful morning as I again beheld the stars and stripes floating in the breeze. I appreciated the blessing of being a citizen of the United States as never before, and a prayer of gratitude went up to the Almighty Father for the priceless privilege of being an American citizen.

But our free government is threatened by many things and our President and many other leading statesmen have come to see that the greatest need in these days is a more complete application of the Christian religion.

#### HOW DIFFERENT

As we passed out of the bay, leaving Trinidad for Georgetown, I stood by the side of two brothers who were returning to their home in Georgetown after spending nine months in England and the United States. We had been together eleven days and they had been my principal associates. It was the last stage of their journey; forty hours more and they would be home. Theirs

were the joys of going home. How different mine! I was going farther away from home and to excessive work and perplexing problems. But my lot was not without its joy, though chastened by the loneliness of separation and the burden of responsibility. Though I would have given much had that been the beginning of the homeward journey for me, yet mine was the joy that I was trying in Christ's name to serve others, although it was costing no small stress and struggle. And after all, the joy of trying to serve others in humility and love is one of the greatest joys of earth.

*S. S. Maraval, Nearing Georgetown,  
March 6, 1924.*

#### CHARLES ERNEST SCOTT, MISSIONARY, CRITICISES POPULAR AMERICAN MAGAZINE SENTIMENT

Charles Ernest Scott, D. D., eminent Presbyterian missionary, Princeton lecturer, and author, speaking before Moody Bible Institute students, where he was a guest, enroute to San Francisco to embark for China on the Steamship *President Cleveland*, April 1, said he was returning to his work in that country because of its "worthwhileness." He has had seventeen years there, and has recently been under specialists' care in Philadelphia because of having contracted some virulent intestinal bacilli in his famine relief work the last two years, when eating Chinese food, on trips to the interior.

Summarizing China's needs, Dr. Scott asserts that stable Christian character will make these people idealists and patriots. General Feng, chief of police of the Metropolitan province of Peking, and George Washington, are the great heroes of the Chinese high school student today.

Dr. Scott is personally acquainted with the eminent Christian military leader, General Feng, and was present on the sensational occasion of the gracious rainfall which saved the Honan province from continued famine in answer to public prayers of the general and his Christian army.

Dr. Scott has in the last few days seen two magazine articles of a popular kind which suggest the effrontery of the missionary enterprise—"the foisting of another religion upon a people satisfied with their own." He said: "As Andrew Carnegie

puts it in his biography, so interesting otherwise, but pitiful in its religious aspect: 'Brahmanism has been ordained for the Hindu, Confucianism for the Chinese, etc. Why disturb them?' Such sentiment abroad in our land," continued Dr. Scott, "makes one burn with indignation at the outrage upon the Deity and power of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"If heathenism were less appalling," he further said, "or if some of its aspects were less terrible, I would speak about the elaborate and interesting social conditions of the Chinese. Does it not engage one's interest to recall that China was a contemporary with Egypt, Assyria, and Chaldea? She saw Babylon rise; as a pageant she saw the glory that was Greece's and the grandeur that was Rome's. We who believe in God, all-loving and all-wise, must believe that the Almighty has some great purpose in sparing these people when other nations have gone into oblivion."

#### EDUCATION OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHILDREN

##### I

HERMAN D. CLARKE

There are many textbooks in religious education, far better than I can write, among which might be mentioned *Religious Education in the Family*, by Cope; *Guide Book to Childhood*, by Forbush; *The School in the Home*, by Dinsmore, and many others by eminent authors which I have not had the time to read, but find them highly recommended. These, however, are not within reach of many of our Seventh Day Baptist families unless they live near some public library, and even then, they are too bulky for most people. I am indebted to the first named book for some excellent thoughts. I might add that I had quite an opportunity to judge of many things when I was placing children in homes years ago, having had intimate relations with over twelve hundred homes where children were placed and which I visited many times. It would not be personal and out of place for me to also add that my observations in many Sabbath-keeping homes enable me to say some things I intend to say in these articles, with permission of the editor. I have no means of knowing how many sermons have been preached or talks given on this subject by

our pastors. I have heard but few in my life time, though there have been quite a good many articles in our denominational papers. I have, perhaps unjustly, judged that many care not to treat this theme, who have had unruly children in their families, and such as have had no children of their own and no experience.

With this introduction, I desire to write, if possible, from my heart yearning for the youth who some day will advance or injure our cause, and cause us to fail in our special mission as Seventh Day Baptists.

With one or two exceptions, our Sabbath-keeping homes are no different from other homes. There are the same temptations, and concerning Sabbath keepers, there are many more. We are exposed to the same commercial spirit, the same materialism, irreverence and decadence of old type home life. We see in too many homes self-indulgence, self-centered individuals, social disorder. Some of our young people may, like others, marry for lust and be divorced for further lust. In some there may be no religious motive, insufficient domestic motive, or no recognition of social obligations. Our own children of today are fundamental to the social and religious welfare of tomorrow. What we as parents owe to the world or church or schools we must pay through our children, mostly. The home is an institution with a religious purpose to give to the world and church efficient and well developed children who are spiritual products. It is not simply to breed the species. In fact, if we can not turn out spiritual products and efficient children, we better not have anything to do with breeding the species. If our young people have in mind, marriage only for social standing, selfish interests, and the like, and have no partnership with our Creator in the establishment of homes, they have failed. If we do not take the far look to the "third and fourth generation" and build homes with that in view, we have made a mistake.

To be sure the ideal home is very costly, as well as other homes. Only it is a different kind of outlay. To have high ideals in a home—love, honor, spirituality—costs us many pleasures the human being greatly desires. It costs us much time that might otherwise be used to commercial advantage.

It costs labor, thought, investigation, study. To be sure there must be training in business principles, in the arts, sciences perhaps, but even that has a great religious significance, and it pays a big dividend.

It might be well to add that all this training and the product depend much on where we live. It may not be where we can live with the least money, or the greatest convenience in housekeeping, though that is quite important to many families who have a struggle to "make both ends to meet." Many choose to live in that modern abomination called the "apartment," with no shade trees, lawns, or play yards, where there can scarcely be one's own circle of activities, and in a few cases, perhaps, where one does not have his own table and fire-side, where even a certain amount of coveted music must be denied. What child can "pound the piano" with its joy, where only a wall separates from another family; keep a cat as a pet, or a dog, or even birds? And yet privacy becomes too costly for many, under city conditions. If a home is only a sleeping place, eating place, with no family intercourse and unity, it becomes the more difficult to train the children for future usefulness and spiritual functions. It is sad to see homes where the father and husband has only the dinner hour and a part of an evening with his family; and even then the children are too often on the street or at the "movie" or social party. No method or plan for spending even this much of time together for the evening daily and the magazine and the novel are too prominent for child training and intercourse and pleasure. While not in themselves always an evil, the ball game, the "movie," lectures, concerts, lyceum, theatre, and many other attractions somehow take a vast deal of time away from home influence and training. Even the restaurant has taken the place of the family table and one of the most sacred hours and places for family intercourse and social and spiritual development. The lodge even, though possibly necessary for certain interests, takes the place of church or home activities.

Surely there are great problems which this article can not settle and which even statesmen seem to be unable to solve; but the home *must* nevertheless be the one great problem each family must, above all others, study and solve.

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH,  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,  
Contributing Editor

The small Christian college is the hope of America. Character is essential to statesmanship and these colleges are vital factors in the development of sterling character.—*James J. Hill, Railroad magnate.*

### PROFESSOR WHITFORD DIES HERE AGED NINETY-ONE

Albert Whitford, M. A., professor emeritus of mathematics of Milton College, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Crandall, Tuesday morning, March 18, at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

Professor Whitford was the father of Alfred E. Whitford, president of Milton College, and was the brother of William C. Whitford, first president of Milton College, and was himself acting president of the college in the absence of his brother during the latter's terms as state superintendent of schools. He came to Milton in 1854 and became an instructor in Milton Academy. Except for a few years spent in school completing his education, and teaching in other educational institutions, Professor Whitford spent the greater part of the remaining years of his life in Milton as professor of mathematics, until his retirement to private life in 1910.

Professor Whitford was born at Plainfield, near Leonardsville, N. Y., May 28, 1832, the son of Captain Samuel and Sophia Clarke Whitford. He came from a long line of English ancestors. He received his early education in Brookfield Academy, and later after having taught district school several terms, entered DeRuyter Institute. Still later he entered Alfred Academy for a period of study, and after coming to Milton, he again entered school, this time Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., from which he was graduated with the degree of Master of Arts.

He was a man of the highest character and beloved by those who knew him. He

was a profound scholar and as a man was a real Christian gentleman. Services will be held in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Friday afternoon, March 21, conducted by Dr. Edwin Shaw, professor of philosophy and religion in Milton College.—*Milton College Review.*

### A TRIBUTE TO PROF. ALBERT WHITFORD

When tidings of this day shall have gone out to the world, it will bring to many, many people, recollections, fond recollections, of former days; and heads will be bowed in grateful meditation, and hearts will be quickened in loving reverence, as memory recalls and brings into conscious thought the quiet influences of the person-



ality of Professor Albert Whitford; for in thousands of places scattered all over this land, from North to South and from East to West, and in other lands far across the seas, men and women will pause in the busy activities of their lives, unconsciously perhaps, but for that very reason with a greater significance, and pay a tribute of respect and honor, and be thankful in their inmost souls—thankful that they are better people because they have known Professor Albert.

They will be thankful that, because of his ideals so clearly shown in his life and words, their own ideals have been enlarged and exalted; they will be thankful that, be-



cause of his example of humility in service, they themselves have been less vain and self-centered in their work in the world; they will be thankful that, because of his clear thinking presented so graciously, their own thoughts in life have been less confused; they will be thankful that, because of his unerring fairness and justice in dealing with them, they themselves have learned the better how to be fair and just with others; they will be thankful, because by his gently firm manner and methods, he gave them guidance into ways of conduct and into views of life that have kept them from many ills which otherwise must have met them; they will be thankful that by his noble personality he interpreted to them in an attractive appealing way those things which they have discovered are the very best things, the most valuable things, the most worth-while things in all the world.

Although it has been quite a dozen years since he has been able to take a definite and active part in the affairs of the community, yet at this hour business is suspended and the doors of industry are closed, as mute unspoken tokens of the respect that is felt for him in his home town, where for seventy years, most of the time since 1854, and continuously since 1872, his life has been a moulding, directing, sustaining factor in the life of the community; and the *Janesville Daily Gazette* with its wide circulation honors itself and its constituency by devoting the leading editorial of its issue of day before yesterday to a recognition of the worth and value and influence of such a character, such a personality, such a scholar, such a Christian gentleman as Professor Whitford.

It is vain for me to attempt to express in words a description or an analysis of those characteristics which made him an educator and a teacher of such remarkable force and power. He seemed to take it for granted that his students could and would perform their tasks. I had been in Milton only a few weeks when he employed me to help in his garden work one Sunday, and at the noon hour he insisted that I go to the house and have dinner with Mrs. Whitford, the children, and himself. As we sat down at the table he turned quietly towards me and asked me to say grace. I had never done such a thing away from my home, nor since childhood, and I was a green boy just

from the prairies of Minnesota, but his attitude towards the matter, an attitude of entire confidence in me, I know not what misgivings he may have had deep down in his mind, but his attitude of complete confidence in me was most reassuring. And I think that element was a prime factor in his influence as a teacher. He did not help his students by supporting and holding them up, and prompting them, and making suggestions, and interference. He let them stand alone by themselves, while he stood near by and provided an atmosphere of interested confidence and sympathetic composure; and even when he spoke those words, as he so often did, and all of us have heard, "please repeat," which always meant that some sort of mistake was being made, he spoke them always with no air of criticism or opposition or argument, but merely as an inquiry, a sort of kindly invitation to go over the matter again for the sake of clearness.

It would likewise be idle for me to attempt to portray those qualities of character which made him such a respected citizen, fully trusted in the community, such an accommodating neighbor, such an honored and efficient member of society, such a beloved brother in the church of his choice, such a friend to everybody, and such an exemplary husband and father in his own home.

We have met here today for our last view of his mortal form, and to pay our tributes to his memory. We all knew him but to love and trust him. We honored and regarded his opinions, and his views had great weight with us, even when they were at variance with our views, because we somehow felt and knew that he was not swayed by prejudice, he was not influenced by self-interest, that he was thorough-going in his inquiries and that his judgments were founded on well-balanced, careful judicious thinking.

Not three score years and ten, the allotted span of human life, but four score years and almost twelve have been his, and like a shock of corn in its season or a golden sheaf of fully ripened grain he has been garnered into the harvest of eternity; but his influence yet lives, for "he being dead, yet speaketh."—*Dr. Edwin Shaw, in Milton College Review.*

### "PROF. AL"

Personality is the center of life's activity, built up by years of living, hammered out on the anvil of difficulties and disappointments, fashioned by the blows of comrades and of rivals alike, personality at last draws to itself its own appropriate circle of habits and of ideas, and at length rises into achievement. We bow before a good man's character, not slavishly imitating his external characteristics, but honoring the vigor and the virtues that made him what he was.

Yet externals have their place too. They mark his individuality; they are the friendly signs of his local habitation. Twenty-two years ago and a thousand miles from Milton, I first heard Professor Albert mentioned. Two years later, I was in his class in geometry struggling to memorize, to understand, and to demonstrate those propositions which have been alike the bane and the fascination of pupils from Euclid's day to the present moment.

The long, gray Prince Albert coat, the derby hat, the cane—the tall figure standing by the desk, watching every detail from the enunciation of a proposition to the Q. E. D.—the low, distinct voice, the air of absolute authority, complete dignity, yet full of friendliness and sympathy—all these stand out in the memory of the scholars of "Prof. Al."

Plato died writing when an old man. Petrarch died in his study amid his books. Likewise, under the shadow of the school in which he had taught for eight and forty years, died this hero and soldier of true thoughts and honest teaching. His service here is ended and he has earned his rest.

"May peace and he fill up one monument."—*Prof. John, in Milton College Review.*

What are you to be? An idler all of your days? One given to vicious thoughts and feelings, without character, worth, or influence? Or, are you to be one honored, respected, and loved? You can choose for yourself. According to your decision, under God, so you will become. The years can be relied upon to do their part; they shall never fail you. Inevitably they will lift you up to higher worth and honor, or drag you down to deeper depths of ignominy and shame.—*Selected.*

"I have been young and now I am old.  
I am neither abandoned of God nor forsaken  
of men.  
I have passed through the springtime of life.  
I have endured the heat of the summers.  
I have culled the fruit of its autumns.  
At no distant day, I shall see the dawn of  
an eternal springtime.  
It comes to meet me.  
I run to embrace it." —*Adam Clark.*

### THE VICTORY OF SENESCENCE

HAROLD L. BOWMAN

There are in the Bible two contrasting ideas of old age. Being a living book, like life itself, it places its contrasts side by side without any attempt at harmony. On the one hand we find in the Bible depressing pictures of old age, describing it like Shakespeare's seventh age:

"Second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

The beautiful description in the book of Ecclesiastes, while it possesses striking imagery, is, nevertheless, a picture of defeat and comes to its conclusion, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." In this same tone are the familiar words of the ninetieth psalm, which we often read as though they were God's final word regarding age. How often do we freight our tributes to the aged with these words: "For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we bring our years to an end as a sigh. The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years; yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away."

But those are not God's final words regarding the aged life. Their depressing picture of weary, worn-out defeat, while all too often verified in individual experience, must yield to a finer picture which also is not without its vivid realization in experience. In another psalm we are assured that the righteous shall flourish like a palm tree; that they shall bring forth fruit in old age! Among the Proverbs is this assurance: "The hoary head is a crown of glory; it shall be found in the way of righteousness."

Indeed, as one seeks among the people who inhabit the sacred pages, many are found whose long lives, haloed at the last with silvered hair, flash out in a blaze of glory. Aged Enoch walked with God!

Blind and aged Isaac blessed his sons! We read of the effectual prayers of bearded Samuel; of Elijah and the fiery chariot that swung low to carry him home; of the aged seer, John, on Patmos, seeing into the eternal; of Paul, the aged, writing at the last, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness!" That is not defeat. These men did have frail and failing bodies. Their limbs were decrepit, their eyes were failing. John at the last had to be carried through the streets of Ephesus, and Paul's scarred body shivered in the prison at Rome, but defeat? despair? disillusionment? hopelessness? gloom? Never once!

Do not think that the psalmist's gloomy picture of threescore years and ten, or the preacher's vivid portrait of the wheel broken at the cistern is the last word regarding the aged. God has something better than that for us. For the Christian senescence, whatever limitation, whatever weakness it may hold for these fleshly houses we live in, may be, indeed, should be a victory which sheds its joy upon all those that gather around. How well is this thought symbolized in the picture which the writer to the Hebrews gives among his portraits of hero souls. He pictures the ancient Jacob, happy in his reunited family, giving his paternal blessing to the sons of Joseph. Aged? Yes, but that very age a blessing in his home. "By faith," we read, "Jacob worshiped, leaning on the top of his staff." So frail he was that he had to lean upon his staff, yet in the very weakness of his age, he worshiped still; he was still a blessing to the lives that gathered round his bed. Jacob, full of years, frail, yet devoutly worshiping still, and by that very faith of his able to bless the lives that cared for him, is a type of that victorious conclusion to which every Christian life should come!

Age has its own temptations and its own problems to face, temptations and problems which are peculiar to itself, and ones which must be clearly recognized if they are adequately to be met and solved. The temptations of age are peculiarly those of the spirit. As a rule the temptations of the flesh lose their lure, but suddenly there creep upon one other temptations to which has never yielded, and because these temp-

tations are so new one does not recognize them for what they are, and thereby yields to their mastery. They are perilous, for they are the elements which rob age of its victory, and make one see it only as a defeat.

One temptation is the despair that results from hampered physical activity. There comes a moment in one's life when he discovers that he can no longer do what one day he was able to do. It is a startling and devastating moment; that moment life is trembling in the balance between happiness or gloom. Will that weakened power rankle till it gives birth to despair, or will it be recognized, placed in its proper perspective, so that one can pass on to a peaceful and victorious life within the new limitations—a life that rises the higher because it can not go so far? Failing eyesight, impaired hearing, weakened body are not the unknown companions of long life. One or another of them is almost sure to come and walk along beside the aged person. And the coming of each one of these drab friends brings a temptation. It says, "I come to spoil your life, I come to hinder you, to rob you of joy, to hem you in, to hedge you about. I come to crown your effort with despair." But each, when that time comes, must decide whether that physical limitation is to bring dismay and defeat or whether he will say: "Yes, my body is wearing out, my strength is not what once it was, I recognize that. But faith and inner joy and blessing abide, why should I despair?"

John Quincy Adams at the age of eighty was walking down the streets of Boston one day when he met an old friend who shook his trembling hand, and said, "Good morning, how is John Quincy Adams today?" "Thank you," was the ex-President's answer, "John Quincy Adams is quite well, quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, quite well."

Another temptation of old age is discontent, resulting from the fact that leader-

ship has passed to other hands. It is not easy, we may recognize, for one who has been active, who has invested his life in the work of the world, to lay down the reins of leadership. This was the leading thought in Rostand's play, "Chanticleer." Chanticleer, the cock, firmly believed that the day could only be begun by his clarion call, and the tragedy of the play was his discovery that the sun would rise without him. It is inevitable that an active life should cherish the privilege of activity and feel an honest regret when that activity must cease. But the place where that natural regret passes over into temptation and evil is at the point where it breeds discontent and resentment; the place where the necessary surrender of one's own leadership produces as it not infrequently does a resentment against the leadership which takes its place. One can honorably regret that he no longer can publicly serve as once he could, but he must determine whether or not he is to be embittered by the fact that the work is carried on without him, or to rejoice that the work which he began finds other hands to carry it to completion.

Another temptation which very often comes in age is a sense of disillusionment. Youth starts out with high hopes and great expectations. Some of them are fulfilled, but many of them are not. As the years pass by, hope is often dissipated, life brings hardship which masters courage. Friends often prove false, the "excelsior" motive is lost, weakened powers bring idleness, so that when age comes there are many who say, "Well, what has been the use of it all? Our hopes were idle dreams. 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' At last I am disillusioned, I see life as it really is, a dull, repulsive, ugly thing." And one says, as Mark Twain said: "Age creeps on and infirmities follow, shame and humiliation bring down pride and vanity, loved ones are taken, joy is turned to aching grief, the burden of pain, care and misery grow heavier, year by year. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them, and they vanish from the world where they were of no consequence, where they achieved nothing, where they were a mistake, a failure and a foolishness. Who would do it over again if he had the chance?"

Put that over against the statement of Adam Clark, quoted at the head of this arti-

cle and made at the age of eighty. Gather it up by saying that the instinct of self-interest which is not unknown in any life is apt to express itself in its own peculiar way when age comes on. It reveals itself in a growing sensitiveness, in impatience, in censoriousness and often in a false pride. Indeed, it is apt to take a most unusual and paradoxical form. Not infrequently in a home there is an aged mother who has cared for others all her life and has gloried in that fact. Indeed, it has become a form of pride with her. The time has come when those for whom she has cared, find it a blessed privilege to care for her, giving back gladly in loving ministry the care which she had given them. It is not uncommon that that aged person, instead of accepting the love which is so gladly given as a filial privilege, resents the care and by her very pride constitutes herself into a difficult problem. It takes grace to be willing to be cared for, real grace to let others do for us the things that in gratitude they long to do!

The mentioning of these facts is not an arraignment of those whose lives are drawing to a close, or the result of any lack of respect for gray hairs. They are simply the elements which mar the perfection of age. They are the flaws in what can be for any one of us a radiant and peaceful autumn. They are all rooted in the confessed psychology and senescence. But the mention of these temptations which tend to bring age down into defeat can inspire us the better to enter into the victory of senescence.

How many aged lives there are whose faith is radiant, whose friendship is a joy, whose companionship with the Master is so real that we feel his presence when we are with them! Even though in their frailty we must care for their bodily needs, yet so glorious is the touch of their souls, so tender is their sympathy, so marvelous is their patience, so surpassing is their thoughtfulness, that all we can do for them is but a tithe of the gratitude we feel for the benediction of their lives! How can that be the experience of every Christian when the autumn of life comes?

It would be well to suggest the frank recognition that age has its physical limitations. Of course one should keep himself young. Keeping muscles strong and joints limber, keeping bodies up to their best that

one may be active as long as possible, is the proper thing. Certainly a proper care of the body will prolong the years of activity and lessen the years of senescence. But that is a very different thing from the dyed hair and the rouged cheeks of some wrinkled mother in Israel who seeks to avoid maturity with deceptive, pharmaceutical youth. That attitude only leads to a discontent when real infirmity does come. Rather, having kept ourselves up to our best through our years of activity, when age does come let us recognize its physical limitations, and within the walls which they form, let us cultivate a garden of beauty for which we have no time when we travel far abroad.

One may also seek to retain the youthful spirit to the very end, the cherishing of hope, the forward look. Despairing age always looks backward, victorious age always looks forward. Keep up your interest in people and in life! A dear old lady ninety-five years of age once commented on the style of necktie which her great-grandson was wearing, stating that it was the style that all young men were wearing. That is the interest in life which keeps one's spirit young at ninety-five, which keeps one alert, interested in one's environment and redeems old age from that self-absorption which so robs it of blessing.

Recalling the experience of Jacob it becomes clear that the victory of senescence is rooted in that faith which even through physical infirmity is devout, which worships even though leaning on a cane! When age comes, the faith—somewhat tenuous—of youth has been tested, the fires of activity have burned away the dross, the closing years of life should see the peace of perfect trust. At eventide it should be light.

What a blessed function the aged have in the world! What blessings they shed upon our lives! How rich in worth is the "last of life for which the first was made!" What one of us that knows the tender, sweet blessing of an aged mother, what one that feels a very sacrament in the loving ministry of such a one, what person that feels the fountains of tenderness and devotion opened within his life would surrender that benediction at any cost? Yet many of us have left gratitude for that blessing unexpressed. In the tumult of activity we who are younger forget the tender word, the

gentle caress, the little thoughtful gift that so brightens and cheers the home-bound life. Let us love them more, nor let our affections drift into neglect, for we, too, are drawing nearer to those days.

The autumn is ahead of us. Many of us are still in the days of summer, but when the days begin to shorten and the leaves of life to fall, shall we be able to bring to those days a living faith that has been tested, a trust in the loving Father's care, a fellowship with Christ that will radiate from our lives because they so fully possess us? Shall age for us be disillusioned defeat, or shall it issue in a victory which prefaces the victory eternal?

For our inspiration we look to the silver crowned Christians about us. The strain is almost over, the din of battle is growing dim in their ears, their sweetness is our joy, their faith is our stimulus, they are victors in the struggle which still is ours. One day there comes a bugle call from the Captain they have served, their weary souls will lay down their arms—these earthly implements which they have used and honored in their use—and they will pass on, not from life to death, but from life to life, not from autumn into winter but into an eternal spring, not from evening into nighttime but into a dawn where no night shall come. And the joyful cry with which they shall pass from the blessed senescence of earth to the life eternal with the Father will be: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."  
—*The Continent, by permission.*

There was an old teacher who was living such a beautiful life that the students wondered how he managed to do it. He had a wonderful influence among the students. And so, one day, the boys said, "Now we are going to find out the secret of this man's wonderful religion. We will hide in his room tonight and watch him." It was nine o'clock that night when the professor came home. He opened the Bible and read, then he closed it lovingly and patted it and knelt down and prayed, and finally he got up and patted the Bible and said, "Well, Lord Jesus, we are on the same old terms, aren't we?" And so the boys saw what was the secret of this man's wonderful life.—*Mrs. E. E. Andress.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### MISSIONS AND LIFE SERVICE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
April 26, 1924

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—The need of the world (John 3: 16-21)  
Monday—Paul's opportunities (Acts 26: 13-19)  
Tuesday—To save a nation (Exod. 3: 1-10)  
Wednesday—To fellowship with God (1 Sam. 3: 1-10)  
Thursday—To be a leader (Deut. 31: 14-23)  
Friday—To smite oppression (Judges 6: 1-16)  
Sabbath Day—What opportunities do missions offer for life service? (Acts 13: 1-3; 16: 9, 10; Mark 6: 7-13)

### A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

Who should offer himself for life service? The Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." If one wishes to become a missionary there are two qualifications which he must have in order that he be successful in his work. He must be called. This does not mean simply that he must be called by the Missionary Board, for if that were true many people would not answer the call. He must be called by God. He must feel in his heart that God is speaking to him in this way, and this feeling should be so strong that he can not rest until he is willing to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me." No one should enter the mission field unless he feels that he has been called.

We sometimes wonder why God calls people, who, in the eyes of man, seem to be incapable of doing the work. But we are told that man looks at the outward appearance and not at the heart, and then we criticize.

The person who is called to the mission field must be separated from his friends and loved ones. He must be willing to leave them and go to the foreign field, and often this is a great sacrifice. But is any sacrifice any too great for our Master, who sacrificed his life for us?

Young people, the "Macedonian call" is coming to us, and we can not reject it. New fields are constantly opening for us; the fields are white. Let us "pray the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest," and let us be willing to answer the call.

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

### INTERMEDIATE TOPIC FOR APRIL 26, 1924

What opportunities do missions offer for life service? (Acts 13: 1-3; 16: 9, 10; Mark 6: 7-13).

### JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

The following songs taken from the *California Endeavorer* are splendid to teach the juniors as memory songs:

#### JUNIOR ENDEAVOR

(Tune: "More About Jesus")

We are the Junior C. E. band,  
Following Christ our leader grand,  
Learning the things that we must know  
If we would serve him here below.

Chorus—

Be true to Endeavor,  
To Junior Endeavor,  
Following Jesus all the way,  
Serving him truly, day by day.

Junior endeavorers are we,  
Striving each day and hour to be  
Earnest and loving, kind and true,  
Faithful in all we try to do.

Swiftly the years are speeding by,  
Swiftly the time is drawing nigh  
When as the leaders of C. E.  
All will depend on you and me.

So every one must do his part,  
Serving our Lord in mind and heart  
Loving him better every day,  
Doing his will in work and play.

#### JUNIORS

(Tune: "Jewels")

We are juniors, happy juniors,  
With hearts gay and light;  
We are working, we are praying  
For God and the right.

Chorus—

We are juniors, happy juniors,  
We are (California) juniors,  
And for Jesus, our Captain,  
We work and we pray.

In the morning, in the evening,  
We seek him in prayer

From our Bibles we are learning  
His love and his care.

Whatsoever he would have us  
We strive to do daily,  
Without murmuring or repining  
But gladly and gaily.

### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NEWS NOTES

#### DETROIT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IS ACTIVE

The Social Committee, under the leadership of Miss Ethel St. Clair, put on the two new standard socials—the Washington's Birthday and St. Patrick's—both of which were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

The society is keeping up its good attendance record at the monthly convention, being first with 100 per cent at the Trumbull Presbyterian in January, in February, and first with 93 per cent at the Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church in March.

The RECORDER Reading Contest is going ahead with a good percentage of interested readers.

MAE BISHOP,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

#### LOST CREEK HAS A NEW CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

The newly organized Christian Endeavor society at Lost Creek is holding meetings once a month and is planning to have meetings each week after April 1.

### A MEETING WITH THE RIVERSIDE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

Since we are so far away that most of you know us only as you read of us, let us welcome you to one of our meetings and get better acquainted.

You know last summer we gave up four of our strong leaders, and you have them now in Milton and Alfred. While we miss them very much, we are glad to share their enthusiasm and loyalty with you for a short time, but remember we claim them as ours, just the same.

Because of this knowledge of ownership we had asked Miss Bertrice Baxter to prepare the lesson for March 8, "Dangers of Trifling." Bertrice sent a splendid plan which was well developed and dealt with the deep things of life and thought. After the opening song service and lesson, the questions sent were freely discussed by the society.

Following this, we spent the remainder of the hour with Mrs. Myrtle B. Hawley, who had been invited to talk on some of the social problems of the young people of today. Mrs. Hawley is our woman police of Riverside—a lady of wide experience and deep sympathy with young people.

At the close of the service, it was voted to have her address sent to the Young People's Page of the RECORDER, that others may profit as well as we.

The following is the address:

As we go about our tasks and pleasures, we little realize the great forces that are at work. It is the obedience to God's laws that holds our planet in its place, it is the exactness of revolution that causes the morning to follow the night. When God created the earth and the planets about it, he divined the Great Law, knowing that only through exactness of obedience could his creation be perfect.

Likewise he placed the vegetation here, some to grow on mountain tops, some in the valley, some in sunny places, and others in darkened corners; yet each must be true to a law, or it will die and not bear its blossom or have its seed time. Just as truly, the Great Law Maker has a set of laws for us to obey. They are simple and always kind. One set is for our physical self, this law we commonly call Nature, and another for our spiritual self, or the care of the soul. Nature is a wonderful builder. She starts with the smallest embryo and builds a life that in time may reproduce its kind; but Nature's laws must be obeyed, or her gift will not be perfect. It is the disobedience to Nature's laws, to the Great God Plan, that brings all the sorrow into the world.

Secretly we may be offending one of Nature's laws. We may feel sure no one will ever know our breach of trust. It may seem to make little difference, for everything goes on about the same; but the reckoning time comes, there is a halt in either our physical or mental development. Nature has tried hard to overcome our fault and finally is exhausted and cries out. Many a youth has heard the family physician pronounce self-abuse as the cause of his nervous, pallid condition, and lack of interest in things about him; and has sunk into the corner ashamed and afraid.

You young people, with the treasures of life all about you, with the wonderful school system, the bountiful religious instruction, have no excuse for any offense of Nature's and God's laws.

I consider it a privilege to be a police woman. In few positions is there a bigger opportunity to serve humanity. Every community needs the police mother to keep the children out of the court; and that is what a good police woman can do. She need not handle a gun, that is not her mission. Her mission is to try to keep morally fit, the young people in the community.

To me the most beautiful thing in the world is youth full of vigor and promise, and the most pitiful thing is youth blasted and soiled.

In our work we come into contact with the soiled youth, who fills his mind with vulgar stories, who lets the poisonous nicotine seep through his system, who allows drink to stunt his brain; then he becomes calloused and hardened to the point of lies; and then in a mistaken effort to square himself, is led into other delinquencies: stealing, forgery; and he may become so degenerated he will kill—all in disobedience to law. We can never right a wrong by another wrong. This is one of the first things I try to impress on children who come under my supervision. The only way to start building upward is to leave all ugliness behind; even if the scars remain, they are more clean than an open sore.

All the laws of our government, state, city, are founded on the Great God Plan. There are only a few laws after all; but because men have made so many excuses to avoid and evade these laws, many details have been woven in and elaborated upon to cover the field. Hence they sound complicated, but are not.

Let me here quote from Edward Burke:

"I must fairly tell you that so far as my principles are concerned, I have no idea of liberty unconnected with honesty and justice. Man is born to be governed by law, and he that will substitute will in the place of it is an enemy to God."

I believe that we are all born with a conscience, that *something* which tells us right from wrong. The trouble is we do not listen to the little voice inside, and we substitute something we really want to do.

The body is the expression of the soul—the God part of us, which no one ever sees, yet knows and feels its presence. Our thoughts are things. If we think right, we do right. If we do right, we need not tell our neighbors; it shines out in our eyes; our whole face radiates happiness; we are welcomed everywhere, for we bring peace and happiness. We are in harmony with God and the universe.

It is during the years of adolescence when a great many of our habits are formed. It is during these years when the nervous system is going through a change, when even delight can be afforded by pulling one's own hair, or sticking a pin into the skin, when the whole system is at an unrest, when the whole body craves, that our young people are most likely to become delinquent. If all the harm done were to one's own self, then each one would bear the fruit of his own misdoings; but this is not so. The youth who sows wild oats hands down a weakened heritage, and so often a terrible social disease for some innocent person to battle with their whole life.

The social diseases weaken both body and intellect; and low intelligence breeds rebels against society. Take a man with low intellect and keep him in his own community where everyone makes allowances for him, and he manages very nicely; place him among strangers, and he becomes rebellious and, with others of his misunderstanding, forms groups, as "Red's" and "I. W. W.'s," working against a government they do not understand.

The scientists tell us that heredity, prenatal influence, physical weakness, abnormalities of any kind, bear witness in our children. Surely if for no other reason than this—To look into the

eyes of our little one and know that we have given them strong clean bodies, and minds untouched by sin and drugs—should we be willing to obey the laws of the body and the spirit that the Great Law Maker has provided for us.

Mrs. Myrtle B. Hawley,  
*Christian Endeavor, Seventh Day Baptist Church,*  
March 8th, 1924.

### AN APPEALING LETTER

DEAR SABBATH RECORDER READERS:

During the five years that I have been connected with Salem College I have, just once before, addressed you thus personally. Only the most imperative need leads me to do so again at a time when other needs are being so strongly emphasized by the leaders of the denomination. Those alone, who have known intimately the problems of the past, can interpret, at all adequately, the present problem with which the Board of Directors has been wrestling incessantly for many weeks past. Perhaps he, whose cause we all attempt to serve, will help you to read between the lines what is but partially expressed in this message.

Salem College, as you doubtless know, has projected an Endowment Drive for five hundred thousand dollars. It is because of this, but not on behalf of it, that I wish to write you. Large yearly deficits, and many unpaid pledges due to wartime economic changes have caused the accumulation of debts that are seriously embarrassing the Board of Directors. Any further increase of the debt will cripple the work of securing endowment, and any intensive campaign to raise the year's deficit will do the same thing. We are, indeed, between two fires. We have resolved on this method of escape: We shall fully explain the matter to our intimate friends and they will help us once again. You can easily see that we count you who read this letter among our intimate friends. Please send us at once a check that may go to help pay the most insistent creditors.

The deficit for the year will be approximately ten thousand dollars, but since there is assuredly relief in the endowment which will be worked as rapidly as possible, the board has reduced this sum to six thousand five hundred dollars as the minimum which must be raised within the next few weeks if the credit of the college is to be maintained. If our friends in the denomination,

outside of West Virginia, will pay two thousand dollars, the friends within the state will be able to pay the remaining four thousand five hundred without hindering the main program which is Endowment. Many times in the past thirty years you have responded to our appeals when our needs were very great; certainly you will not fail us now when there is at stake a big program which will put the college on a self-supporting basis.

Since this is being written to those who feel an intense interest in the future of the college, it is a pleasure to report as most satisfactory, the progress of the Endowment Drive which is yet in the hands of the alumni. Not one among those solicited has turned the proposition down. Only three have shown what might be termed mediocre interest. All others are very enthusiastic. The Alumni Board having this matter in charge, set a goal of fifty thousand dollars for the first of April. There are only two solicitors giving time to the work but it is confidently expected that the goal will be reached by that time.

Other plans are now under advisement by a large committee made up of representatives from the College Board of Directors, the College Aid, the Alumni Board, and the College Faculty, with Mr. T. Edward Davis as chairman.

Permit me to say in closing that you should not expect the other fellow to send his check unless you are willing to send yours. Remember this year's deficit must be cared for if the Endowment Program is to go forward unimpeded. No representative of the college can possibly be spared now to present this matter to you in person. We confidently await your check.

Most sincerely yours,

S. ORESTES BOND.

Salem, W. Va.,  
March 24, 1924.

### LETTER FROM FOUKE, ARK.

What has become of the Fouke Ladies' Aid society? Are they asleep at the post? Nay, the Press Committee has failed to do her part and was brought to the realization of it a few weeks ago when the Fouke people failed to receive the SABBATH RECORDER; one and all were wondering what could have happened. All are interested in the editorials; yes, all the different departments. The Christian Endeavor

lesson, especially, was missed, as the *Christian Endeavor World* had not arrived and no topic cards. (We have the topic cards ordered now.)

Then I thought how I had neglected letting the RECORDER readers know of the faithful workers in our Aid society and what had been accomplished.

Each year we have our Thanksgiving dinner out in the woods, but this year the weather drove us indoors. Fifty-three were present, dinner was served in cafeteria style. After dinner an impromptu program was given and a collection taken.

Then our labor began. Meeting with Mrs. Nancy Smith, her home being more central and convenient for all, we tacked twelve large comforters and two small ones, completing the work in time to prepare for the holidays and arrange for the annual church dinner, an account of which you have seen on the pages of another RECORDER.

On the second Thursday of January we met with Mrs. Longino and sister.

Mrs. Ada Sanders quilted a quilt and held a combined business meeting of the Ladies' Aid and W. C. T. U. Reports of various meetings and programs were given. The hostess served wafers and cocoa, and all enjoyed a social time. Three other quilts and five comforters have been completed.

The president, Mrs. S. J. Davis, surprised the ladies by serving sandwiches, cocoa, and cake, in honor of Mrs. Smith's birthday. It also was our first president's birthday, February 22.

Miss Elva Scouten and Laverne Pierce at another meeting, served roast peanuts and home made chocolate candy.

Mrs. S. M. Babcock, of Humbolt, Neb., who has been spending the winter here, has been a faithful member, and we enjoy Pastor Allen's being with us when her school work will permit. We sent a birthday card shower to one of our members, Mrs. C. G. Beard in South Carolina.

Yours in the work,

MRS. J. N. PIERCE.

March 13, 1924.

Too small a proportion of college women marry. Twenty-five years ago the sort of women who went to college were not the most attractive physically, however they may have been mentally, but now all is changed.—*Dr. C. W. Eliot.*

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### JESUS IS ALIVE

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
April 19, 1924

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Jesus on the throne (Heb. 2: 9)

Monday—Jesus ascends to heaven (Acts 1: 9-11)

Tuesday—Jesus intercedes for us (1 John 2: 1, 2)

Wednesday—Jesus dwells in us (Gal. 2: 20)

Thursday—Jesus strengthens us (Phil. 4: 13)

Friday—Risen with Jesus (Col. 3: 1-4)

Sabbath Day—Topic: Jesus is alive—to help me  
(Rom. 6: 9, 10; Heb. 7: 25)—(Easter meeting)

"Oh, mother," cried twelve-year-old Harold as he ran ahead of the rest into the house from church and Sabbath school, "you just missed it by not being able to go to church today, Pastor—"

"Yes, mother, it was fine," piped up ten-year-old Mable, "but let's wait until after dinner, Harold, to tell her all about it."

Father decided this would be the better way and after promising not to tell one word they all sat down quietly to dinner, while mother lay on the sofa watching their radiant faces. After they had finished, father pulled up his easy chair and Harold and Mable sat on two pillows by the sofa. It was arranged that Mable should tell the first half and Harold the last.

"There were just lots and lots of beautiful white Easter lilies on the pulpit and Pastor Smith with his snow-white hair standing up to preach made me think of some pictures in my story books. He told the older people that Miss Brown, their Junior superintendent, had asked if he would talk to the boys and girls this morning and he had consented, but he thought the older ones would gain some lessons also. He told us about the birth of Jesus, the unselfish life he lived while he was on earth, and then his cruel death on the cross. After three days he arose again—"

"Oh, you left out part of it," put in Harold, "Jesus died on the cross to save boys and girls, men and women, from their sins."

"Go on, brother, you are older and can tell it better than I."

"All right, sis, and we must hurry too, so as not to be late for Junior, for Miss Brown asked me to tell the sermon at the meeting, as many of the juniors weren't at church."

"Jesus rose after three days, a victor over sin and death, and a short time after, he ascended into heaven where he is living now and interceding with God for us. Then he showed us some pictures: the first one was a pretty green caterpillar eating milkweed leaves; the next was a green chrysalis which the caterpillar had spun around himself; and the last one was a beautiful big butterfly. Our pastor then told us that we are like the caterpillar and butterfly. All boys and girls who try to be good and do as father and mother tell them are living good lives; but after we have given our hearts to Jesus, our lives grow more beautiful as we grow older and spread his love about us, just as the butterfly was more beautiful than the pretty green worm.

"Then he spoke about our Junior topic for this afternoon, 'Jesus is Alive to Help Us.' After we've given our hearts to him, he doesn't leave us alone to try to overcome temptation and sin; but he is in heaven acting as our intercessor and guide to help us over all obstacles."

"And, mother," Mable interrupted, "Harold and I have decided that we want to live for Jesus, too, and we're going to tell Miss Brown so for she has talked to us about it real often."

There were happy tears in mother's eyes as she kissed them before they left for Junior. She felt so glad that they had the privilege of going to church, Sabbath school, and Junior and seemed to enjoy it so much.

### FORE-WARNED IS FORE-ARMED

RUTH MARION CARPENTER

Fifteen-year-old Lucile had been to spend the afternoon with an older girl friend with whom she had become quite intimate during the last few months. On her way home she was almost heartbroken; heartbroken because this girl, whom she adored, had failed to come up to her ideals. Lucile had been reared in a Christian home with fond parents, who for fifteen years had filled her heart with right thoughts and aspirations,

and had implanted therein an inherent horror of things impure and unclean.

As Lucile went into her own house, supper was just being served; she sat down with the family; but her mind was so full of her grief and disappointment that she could not eat much, so little, in fact, that Aunt Adelaide noticed it. It was Lucile's turn to do the dishes, and she made short work of it, being anxious to get to her own room to think things out. She hadn't been in her room very long when there was a gentle tap on the door.

"Come in, Aunt Adelaide," Lucile said, for Aunt Adelaide's tap was distinguishable from anyone else's. Seating herself in front of the cozy fire and drawing Lucile to the hassock at her feet, Aunt Adelaide said,

"Now, tell me all about it, dear."

"Oh, Aunt Adelaide, may I? But how did you know there was anything the matter?"

"I know something must be wrong when my girl's usual jokes and smiles and jollity are put away somewhere, and silence and soberness take their place. Now tell me."

"Aunt Adelaide," Lucile began falteringly, "I don't know what to do about it. I've found out for sure that Sylvia is not a nice girl. I have thought maybe-so for quite a while, but I didn't want to believe it and I tried to make myself think I was mistaken, but today I know. Oh, Auntie, I have loved her so, and I thought she was wonderful. It was wonderful for her to like me, when she is so much older than I am, and has so many friends. She has had me up to her house so many times and even included me in one or two of her grown-up parties, and I thought she was lovely. But, now!" and Lucile almost sobbed under her breath.

"Begin back, honey, and tell me what made you think she was not nice in the first place, and then tell me about today," Aunt Adelaide suggested.

"Well, the first I noticed was when she used some slang. I use slang, Auntie, you know I do; but mother has been very particular that I shouldn't use the vulgar kind; and Sylvia did, anyway I thought it was vulgar; but I told myself that probably it was all right for a girl as old as she. Then next, she used some words that I *knew* were vulgar, I couldn't fool myself about

them. And another day she got mad at her big sister and swore at her. I felt awfully bad about that; it most made me sick. But the next time I was there, she was so sweet to me and to her sister too, that I almost forgot about the other time. But, today; oh, what do you think she did, Aunt Adelaide?"

"I can't imagine, Lucile."

"After I had been there a little while and we had had a lovely talk about her life before she came here to live, she went to her desk drawer and brought out a box of cigarettes. She showed it to me, and I joked her a little about taking them from some beau; she laughed and laid the box on the table. After a while a couple of her girl friends came in, and when they saw the box, they helped themselves and began to smoke. I was terribly shocked, but when Sylvia took one and lighted it, then I knew the box was hers all the time. I didn't feel like being nice or pleasant or anything after that. The girls tried to make me smoke, too, and laughed at me, but I wouldn't do it; why, I think it is terrible and what would mother and daddy say if I did!"

"I am very glad you refused, Lucile, but go on."

"I guess she didn't mean to do the next thing before me, but those other girls made her. They told her to get out something, I don't know the name of. Sylvia said she hadn't any, but they just laughed and said they could find it themselves. They went to a cunning little closet and brought a bottle and some tiny little glass cups, and they all had some. Of course, I said 'no,' and as soon as I could I came home. Auntie, it's awful!" and Lucile was ready to cry again.

"Yes, dear, it is awful, but what are you going to do about it?"

"That is just the trouble, Aunt Adelaide. I know that if I tell mother or daddy about it they will forbid me to have anything more to do with Sylvia, but I don't want to do that. I love her and I want her to be a nice girl, but what can a little girl like me do? She would just laugh at anything I say, and I know she will try to get me to do those disgusting things, too. What can I do, Aunt Adelaide?"

"May I tell you a story, Lucile?"

"Oh, please do, Aunt Adelaide."

"Once upon a time," Aunt Adelaide be-

gan, "way out in California, there grew a very beautiful shrub. It grew considerably high and had exquisite rose-like blossoms on it. The bush was never without its blooms and never without its fruit, for it was one of those plants which grow continuously, blossoming and fruiting at the same time. But, beautiful as this bush was, there was one serious drawback to the enjoyment of it. The stalks and branches were thickly covered with thorns, some little and some bigger. It was absolutely impossible to gather any of the blossoms or fruit without getting pricked with the thorns. The little thorns were like needle pricks and wherever one pricked the flesh of a human being, a little sore would result—something like a big mosquito bite. But if one was pricked by the larger thorns, those growing nearer the center of the plant, the sting made a deeper sore, one that took much longer to heal.

"The fruit of this plant was perfectly delicious; it was sort of a cross between a peach and an orange, extremely juicy and delicate in flavor. People were very, very fond of it, and would endure the pricks and bites of the thorns in order to get this rare fruit. But, the fruit, too, had its sting. It was very poisonous, but so insidious was its venom that for a long time people were not aware that it was this fruit which was poisoning them. The juice of the fruit poisoned the whole system and, instead of causing the death of the one who ate of it, it produced life-long sores on the face and body. Just so long as a person lived, just so long did he have to fight those terrible sores.

"When it finally became known that it was the fruit of this beautiful plant that caused all this trouble, of course, most people let the thing alone, but there were others who still believed that 'it wouldn't hurt them,' but we know that poison always harms no matter how strong a person may be.

"There was in this Golden State an old gardener who had performed some very successful experiments with different plants. One day he conceived the idea of purifying the plant, that is, taking away its poison. His first move was to protect his arms and hands and face very carefully, so that he would not be pricked by the thorns. It was a long, tedious job, taking many long days

of hard work; but in the course of time he finished—not a thorn remained to prick him. Then he picked the fruit, still being well protected, of course; he took the fruit to his chemical laboratory and analyzed its juices. From this analysis he knew just what ingredient it was that was poisonous; he also knew from his knowledge of chemistry, just what chemical property would neutralize the poison and make the fruit safe for people to eat. With this much of the problem solved, he set to work to feed that plant with the neutralizing agent; he dug deep around the roots, getting as close as he could to the heart of the plant. At first he fed the shrub small doses, and then larger doses, as the plant was able to stand it, until he was sure it had had enough. In the meantime, nature was helping the bush to absorb this purifying medicine, sending it to the very farthest point of every branch and leaf. In the course of time, a very long time necessarily, the plant became pure, all of the poisonous substance was neutralized and the fruit was considered safe to eat."

As Aunt Adelaide finished her story, Lucile leaned back against her aunt's knee and was silent a long time. At last she spoke.

"Aunt Adelaide, am I to be the gardener? Is that what you mean?"

"I thought so, dear."

"But how can I? I don't know how?" she queried.

"How did the gardener know what was needed?" Aunt Adelaide asked.

"Why, I suppose he had been to college and learned all about chemistry and such things."

"Very true, and you have been to a school which has taught you to know the great Neutralizing Agent for evil and sin, have you not?"

"Do you mean Jesus?" Lucile asked.

"Yes, I mean Jesus and his love. Little by little as you are with Sylvia, you must give her the love of Jesus; get into her heart as the gardener got into the heart of the plant and give her that which is so great as to crowd out the evil and the bad."

"But do you think I am strong enough to do that, Auntie?"

"You will remember the gardener protected himself all the time he was working with the poisonous plant. So you will have to put on 'the whole armour of God—gird

your loins with truth, put on the breast-plate of righteousness, take the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God, and do not forget that the 'prayer of a righteous man availeth much,' " Aunt Adelaide finished, and kissing Lucile good-night, left the room.

See Mary, and Johnnie, and Frankie, and Ella, And each of them carries a big black umbrella, See Bessie, and Minnie, and Annie, and Fred, With each an umbrella held over his head; Now what is the reason, I wonder, that they All carry umbrellas this sunshiny day; Why, it's because April is here once again, And they are afraid that it's going to rain.  
—Normal Instructor—Primary Plans.

DEAR JUNIOR BOYS AND GIRLS:

If you did not notice the contest described in last week's RECORDER on the Children's Page, find the RECORDER and read it. You will still have time to compete before May 5.

Your friend,  
RUTH MARION CARPENTER.

#### A FEW POSERS

What is it which will be yesterday and was tomorrow? Today.

What is the best way of making a coat last? Make the pants and vest first.

To what question must you answer yes? What does y-e-s spell?

When you fall in the water, what is the first thing you do? Get wet.

Why do we buy clothes? Because we can not get them for nothing.

Why is a dog's tail a great curiosity? Because no one ever saw it before.

What do you expect at a hotel? Inattention.—Selected.

First Sailor: "How do you like the life in the navy? Quite a few turns for a fellow to get used to, aren't there?"

Second Sailor: "You bet. At night you turn in and, just as you are about to turn over, somebody turns up and says, 'Turn out!'"

#### THIS MADE GRANDAD LAUGH

"One New Year's Day a porter was proudly carrying through the diner a roast turkey on a large china platter. He stumbled and fell. The fall caused the downfall of Africa, the breaking up of China, the spilling of Greece, and the ruin of Turkey."

## ECHOES FROM THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE CONVENTION

REV. A. L. DAVIS

### VIII

In the progress of these reports we have come to the last night of the convention, the best of the feast. It was a great meeting, with addresses by Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, Hon. William Jennings Bryan, and Hon. Frank B. Willis, U. S. senator from Ohio.

Governor Pinchot made a drastic arraignment of our present policy of law-enforcement. While by some of the Anti-Saloon League officials his address was considered too pessimistic, and while he told of conditions (real facts) that others thought best to "cover up," I consider his address was, by far, the most constructive address of the convention. The cheers, the thunderous applause, that greeted him again and again gave unmistakable evidence that the people agreed with him. He placed his finger upon the sore spots in our national policy, or possibly, lack of policy, and dared to lay bare some of our most flagrant sins.

He declared that when the Anti-Saloon League met two years ago, arrests from drunkenness were declining; fewer were in jail, and that withdrawals of whiskey from warehouses was steadily decreasing. "But," said he, "today the situation is reversed. Arrests for drunkenness have enormously increased, the population in the jails is rising, and the illegal withdrawals of whiskey have increased. Most significant of all is the fact that withdrawal of alcohol to be denatured has nearly trebled in two years. It has jumped from 38,000,000 proof gallons to over 105,000,000 proof gallons, an increase of 67,000,000 gallons in two years." And as he pointed out, this is the great source of the bootlegger's supply.

"The greatest breeder of crime and criminals in America is our failure to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment," he declared. "Out of this knowledge that the bars are down, grows murder, brigandage, piracy, poisoning, and a multitude of other crimes, in addition to the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment." "This dangerous situation in which we find ourselves," said he, "is due to one main cause, and one only—the failure of the United States government to do its plain and simple duty

under the law. . . . Immunity for crimes against the Eighteenth Amendment has caused other crimes until today we face a situation in which not only the criminal classes, but a great army of honest citizens, are firmly convinced that the government does not really intend to enforce the law."

After this drastic arraignment, he turned his address toward a constructive program. Said he: "The way to end the present disgraceful situation, if not easy, is simple and plain." He suggested a five-fold program: 1. Take the enforcement service wholly out of politics. 2. Revise present regulations so that enforcement of law is made easy rather than hard, and so that the benefit of every doubt goes to the government. 3. Make full and intelligent use of the powers under the permit system to check the flood of illegal beer and alcohol at its source. 4. Introduce modern methods. 5. Put enforcement of the law in the hands of a personnel completely in sympathy with the law—instead of largely out of sympathy, as at present—and free from connection with the liquor business.

He said he knew of no scandal to compare with the liquor scandal. He declared: "A scandal in any other department of the government of half these proportions would lead to a Congressional investigation." And when he said: "In the name of the citizens of this country who believe in its Constitution and laws, and who propose to support and enforce them, I voice the general demand for such an investigation," the audience stood *en masse* and cheered him to the echo.

He closed, however, by declaring, that while lawlessness is contagious so is obedience to law. Then he said: "Pennsylvania is going to be cleaned up, and after Pennsylvania other wet states also. The road ahead of us may be long and rough, but the end is absolutely sure. A year from now there will be many thousands of people ashamed of what they are doing today, just as there are many thousands who are ashamed of what they were doing last year. No moral was ever ultimately decided wrong in America."

At the close of his address the people stood and cheered him again and again, shouting their approval, and pledging their support. When their enthusiasm had about spent itself, William Jennings Byran was

discovered coming down the aisle toward the platform, and the audience broke forth again, cheering him till he took his place on the platform. Then as Governor Pinchot and Mr. Byran stood side by side on the platform—two great and good men, of opposite political faith, but engaged in a common task of fighting a common foe,—the audience gave them a wonderful ovation. But I must close. Of Mr. Byran's address I will write next time.

## THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIBLE CONFERENCE

CHARLES F. SAUNDERS

The conference met in Denver, Colo., March 4 with the Federal Boulevard United Presbyterian Church at West Lake Place, Rev. Henry G. Dietz, pastor.

The conference members came from many different churches. It was a raw day for sunny Colorado, the sky spitting snow at intervals, but the comfortable brick church sheltered a warm-hearted Bible loving congregation.

The meeting opened at 3 o'clock p. m., with a praise and prayer service. The music was strictly scriptural, the song books containing only Bible Psalms. A piano led the singing.

At 3.30 an address was given by Rev. Aaron Schlessman. His subject was, "The Lordship of Christ and Nature." Christ is Creator and Master of all things, material as well as spiritual. Even today many of the demons in the minds of deluded people who have dabbled in spiritism can be healed by Christian physicians. As to miracles; why are they discredited by so many? Just as if the Creator of all things couldn't create so small a thing as a miracle!

At 4.15 p. m., an address was given by Rev. Joshua Grevett. Subject, "God's Sovereignty in Grace." God, through grace chose Abraham in spite of his sins, to be a leader of the Hebrews, who were to usher in the Christ, to rescue a sin-sick world. This unmerited love and favor of Christ is a free gift to sinners who are willing to turn away from their sins. Mr. Grevett was at one time a fellow-worker with Dwight L. Moody.

At 5 o'clock there was an intermission. A basket supper, with tea and social fellowship was held in the church parlor.

At 7 p. m., praise and prayer service.

At 7.30 p. m., address by Rev. Mr. Baldwin. His subject was, "The Lord's Coming." Mr. Baldwin illustrated his theme by a time chart hung on the wall, back of the pulpit, showing the little part of eternity from Genesis to Revelations, with divisions and sub-divisions. Christ is to come again as he went from the earth (Acts 1: 11), and there is a blessing promised to those who shall be watching for his coming (Matt. 24: 46 and Luke 12: 37). Judging from the signs of the times, we seem to be near the last days of earth's history.

At 8.15 came the valedictory address by "Jim" Goodheart, as he is familiarly known, leader of the Sunshine Mission for rescuing the down and out humanity of Denver. His subject was, "A Present-day Message from the Epistle of John." His text was from John 14, Mrs. Jonathan Allen's favorite Bible chapter. He emphasized the personality of the Holy Ghost, which can teach all things, testifies of Christ, was sent in the Father's name, and was to precede the Comforter which was to come.

In speaking of temptation he mentioned an incident that bordered on humor. A mother told her little girl that when she was tempted to get into the cooky and jam jars to say, "Get thee behind me Satan." The small daughter answered, after another pantry failure, "Mamma, I did tell Satan to get behind me, and he pushed me right into the cooky jar. I couldn't help it."

"And Peter took him [Jesus] and began to rebuke him. But he turning about, and seeing his disciples, rebuked Peter, and saith, Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou mindest not the things of God, but the things of men."

### MRS. W. L. BURDICK

REV. A. L. DAVIS

Flora Greenman Burdick, daughter of William Remington and Harriet Lent Greenman, was born at Hebron, Pa., September 26, 1864, and died at her home in Ashaway, R. I., Sabbath morning, March 8, 1924.

Her early education was in the public schools of Hebron and the academy at Coudersport, Pa. At the age of fifteen she taught her first school, and after further study in Coudersport Academy, she entered

Alfred University, matriculating in the autumn of 1881. After nearly two years' study in the university she returned to Coudersport and taught one year in the academy with the late John R. Groves as principal. On July 31, 1888, she was married to William L. Burdick. After their marriage they both continued their work in the university and were graduated together in the class of 1890.

After Mr. Burdick had completed the theological course at Alfred and had studied one year in the University of Chicago, they moved to Lost Creek, W. Va., where Mr. Burdick entered upon the work of his first pastorate. Serving this church for two years, they accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Independence, N. Y. In 1904 he came to Ashaway, R. I., as the pastor of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton. Here they lived and enjoyed a most happy pastorate for seven years, when he resigned to accept the call of the First Alfred Church. In all the work of these various pastorates, Mrs. Burdick shared in the joys and hardships of her husband, ever giving of herself to the people, and, in turn, loved and respected by them. In December, 1922, Mr. Burdick having been made corresponding secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, they moved to Ashaway, again making their home in the village and among friends of former days.

Mrs. Burdick was always active, not only in the work of the church, but in all movements for the betterment of society and the uplift of the community. While at Lost Creek she was engaged one year as a regular contributor to the Young People's Department of the SABBATH RECORDER, and was editor of the W. C. T. U. Column in one of the papers published in the city at Clarksburg, W. Va.

The circumstances surrounding Mrs. Burdick's death were peculiarly sad. Mr. Burdick was in Georgetown, South America, at the time, on a missionary trip. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Paul Saunders, who with her three children had spent the winter at the home of her parents, was in New York City, where her little daughter was confined in a hospital for a mastoid operation. Mrs. Burdick seemed in her usual health on Sabbath morning, and after helping with some of the morning work was

making preparation to attend the Sabbath morning service, when she was stricken and died almost instantly.

Besides her husband, she is survived by her two daughters, Mrs. Paul C. Saunders of Ashaway and Miss Edith Burdick of New York City; by her son, Lewis, of Essington, Pa.; by one brother, Orlando Greenman of Oswayo, Pa., and by three grandchildren. And a large circle of friends, in many places, will mourn her loss, and sorrow with the family.

Funeral services were held at the home in Ashaway, Tuesday afternoon, March 11, conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. L. Davis, assisted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick of Westerly, and the body was placed in the receiving vault in River Bend Cemetery, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Burdick from South America.

On March 25, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the body was placed in its final resting place, in the First Hopkinton Cemetery, in the circle reserved for the pastors and ex-pastors, and their wives, of the First Hopkinton Church.

### HOME NEWS

FARINA, ILL.—I have already waited too long before writing of the work at Farina, but I hope that it will not have lost any of its interest to the "Home News" readers by the delay.

On Sabbath evening, February 15, we began a series of evangelistic meetings which continued until March 1. Rev. E. E. Sutton of Milton Junction was with us. It was a pleasant experience for both of us to be united again in such work after our happy experiences together in south Jersey. We had to work against the hindrance of bad roads and stormy weather which so often greet us at this time of year. But the attendance was good and a great deal of interest was shown, as Mr. Sutton's sermons were truly evangelistic, filled with the good news of salvation, and they were delivered with convincing power. Another characteristic of the sermons was that of a broadness of view and a liberality of spirit which sought to bring all people together in a united effort to overthrow the strongholds of sin. It was our privilege to see five of our boys and girls giving their hearts to Christ as most of the church pledged

themselves to deeper consecration to the Master's work. Three of these have made their requests for church membership, and two others have asked for membership by letter, and there are still others whom we hope to see uniting with us.

Baptismal services have not been held, due to the serious illness of one of the pastor's daughters, who has been in a critical condition with an infection in the middle ear. For over five weeks she has been confined to the bed, three of which were in a hospital at Mount Vernon, under the care of a noted specialist. It has been a time of great anxiety for the pastor's family and our many friends. It has also caused us to realize more deeply than ever before, the need and value of prayer and the help and sympathy of loving friends who have shown their sympathy in so many ways which have made our burdens lighter and our love stronger.

During the last few days we have had the great privilege of having with us the Milton College Glee Club of twenty members under the capable direction of Professor Leman H. Stringer. They were with us over the week end and gave a splendid concert in the theater building which was greatly appreciated by a large audience. They also assisted in the church services. The Glee Club furnished the music at the Sabbath morning service and one of the boys who is a Methodist minister, preached. Another Methodist minister preached at the Methodist church and a quartet sang. On Sunday night the club gave a sacred concert at a union service and one of the men preached. Two of the men are students of the ministry among our people: Oscar Babcock, who took charge of the meeting Sabbath evening, and Carroll Hill, who spoke to the men during the Sabbath school hour. Several others were called upon at this service.

It was a great treat to have these splendid young men with us and the college spirit of dear old Milton and the inspiration of their songs will long be remembered. We believe that their visit will attract some of the young people to Milton. J. E. H.

Oh that the mischief-making crew  
Were all reduced to one or two,  
And they were painted red or blue,  
That every one might know them!

—Holmes.



## DEATHS

**BOND.**—At the home of her parents in Salem, W. Va., on March 28, 1924, Rachel Eleanor Bond, in the eighth year of her age.

She was born May 22, 1916, and was the daughter of Simeon and Sallie Williams Bond. Eleanor was an unusually winsome child and her sudden death was a great shock to the entire city, and an all but crushing blow to the family. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

G. B. S.

**DAVIS.**—At his home in Salem, W. Va., on Sabbath morning, March 23, 1924, Deacon Theodore Davis, in the 93rd year of his age.

Theodore Davis was born February 5, 1831, on "Buckeye" in what was then Harrison County, Va., but what is now Doddridge County, W. Va. He was the son of Absalom and Polina Davis. On his father's side he was the grandson of Elder Peter Davis.

He was baptized by his grandfather on February 2, 1845, and joined the Salem Church seventy-nine years ago.

He became a member of the Greenbrier Church, probably upon its organization. Upon the organization of the Black Lick Church in 1894, he was transferred to that church where he was ordained deacon on July 21.

When the Black Lick Church went out of existence he again became a member of the Greenbrier Church. Seventy years ago he was the leader of the singing in the Salem Church. For some time he was chorister at Greenbrier.

In 1852 he married Rachel A. Waller. To this union were born nine children who grew to maturity. After the death of his wife he married Marvel Clarke, daughter of Jesse Clarke, of Greenbrier. This was in 1889.

He is survived by his wife, by two brothers, Elkanah and Sylvanus, both of Clarksburg, W. Va., and by six children, twenty-six grandchildren, and thirty-six great grandchildren. In all 68 living descendants.

The record of his children is as follows: Sarah, wife of Lloyd Cottrille; Norah, wife of George Marshalls; Charles C., not living; Robert L.; John J.; Melinda, wife of L. E. Williams, not living; Ira S., not living; Early; and Lewis.

Deacon Theodore Davis may not have been classed as a great man, but he was a good man

and a valuable man. His long and useful life is now finished. The last twelve years were spent in the city of Salem waiting for the end to come.

The funeral, which was largely attended, was conducted by Pastor G. H. F. Randolph, assisted by Rev. D. W. Cunningham of the United Brethren Church and by the pastor and choir of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church. Burial at Greenbrier.

G. B. S.

**SMITH.**—Oliver Lynes Smith was born in Walworth township, Wis., January 12, 1857, and died in Walworth, February 20, 1924.

He was the son of James E. and Sarah Smith. His early years were spent on the home farm near Walworth.

About 1878 he entered the employment of the American Express Company in Chicago. March 15, 1884 he was united in marriage to Miss Nettie M. Humason. To this union were born three children: Clarence Edward, Eloise Humason, and Raymond Herbert. Mrs. Smith died at Dodge Center, Minn., in the year 1899.

In 1908 Mr. Smith returned to Walworth and was married to Miss Josephine Higbee in June, 1908. She preceded Mr. Smith in death in January, 1921.

Mr. Smith was a public spirited man. He always had the confidence of his fellow citizens. He was a member of the Modern Woodmen and the Royal Neighbors.

He leaves to mourn their loss: an aged mother living at Big Foot, Ill., one brother, James E., of Big Foot, Ill., also his three children: Clarence Edward of St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Eloise Haugen of Beloit, Wis., and Raymond Herbert of Chicago, Ill. Many friends regret the passing of Mr. Smith.

Funeral services were held at 11 o'clock Sabbath morning, February 23 at the Seventh Day Baptist church. J. F. Corpe of the Congregational Church officiated. Interment at Walworth cemetery.

D. G. H.

**BURDICK.**—Flora Greenman Burdick, daughter of William Remington and Harriet Lent Greenman, was born at Hebron, Pa., September 26, 1864, and died at her home in Ashaway, R. I., Sabbath morning, March 8, 1924.

See obituary notice elsewhere.

A. L. D.

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.

—Rev. T. T. Munger.



### VICTIMIZING THE FARMER

For many years the farmer has been the sole big producer who has not had a voice in determining the sale value of his product, points out Senator Arthur Capper, in *The Forum*. He is the only man in business in this country today who must accept what is offered him for his products while compelled to pay what others ask him for their products. As an inevitable result, prices received by the farmer for his products are entirely out of balance with the price of practically everything he must buy. When the farmer takes his dollar to town to buy the few things his restricted income permits, he finds it worth but seventy-five cents in terms of other commodities. If business is to prosper normally, year in and year out, the buying power of the farmer must be restored and our immediate purpose must be to find means to restore a price equation that will make the farmer's dollar worth as much as the other fellow's dollar.

I do not anticipate an elaborate farm program in this Congress. While I believe the farm situation should have first consideration, I am not saying and I have never said, that Congress alone can solve all the farmer's problems or put an end to all his troubles. Congress can not repeal or amend economic laws. There are no miracle-work-

ers in Washington. None the less, it is up to Congress to give its immediate attention and its best efforts to the problems of agriculture.

Farmers are not asking the government to make good their losses, or to subsidize the industry, or to fix an arbitrary price for farm products. The farmer is not asking more credit to continue his operations at a loss. He is head-over-heels in debt now. More credit would simply make his load heavier. What he wants and must have is a market for his crops at a price that will give him cost of production and a fair profit.

We need a government marketing corporation to find an outlet for our surplus farm commodities and stabilize the price of wheat and other agricultural products along sound and business-like lines.—*Alfred Sun*.

We are on the brink of a vast ocean of undiscovered truth. We have just had a striking example of this in wireless telegraphy.—*Dr. C. W. Eliot*.

"Bicycling is the most popular form of locomotion in France. Recent tax returns showed that there are more than five million bicycles in the country—many more than there were in any earlier year."

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## SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.  
FRANK J. HUBBARD, *Treasurer*, Plainfield, N. J.

The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society will be glad to receive contributions for the work of Miss Marie Jansz, of Java, to be sent to her quarterly by the treasurer, S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 1427 W. Colvin St. Syracuse. Phone James 1082-W. Mrs. Edith Spaide, church clerk, 1100 Cumberland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in Hall 601, Capitol Building (formerly Masonic Temple), corner of State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Rev. C. A. Hansen, pastor, 1152 W. Sixtieth Street.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42nd Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath morning. Preaching at 11 o'clock, followed by the Sabbath school. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, 264 W. 42nd Street

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. E. S. Ballenger, Pastor, 438 Denton St., Riverside, Cal.

Minneapolis Seventh Day Baptists meet regularly each Sabbath at 10 a. m., at the homes. Mr. Lloyd Burdick, 1810 West 49th Street, Phone "Walnut 1319," Superintendent of the Sabbath school; Mrs. William A. Saunders, Robbinsdale, Phone "Hyland 4220," assistant. Visitors cordially welcomed.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ holds regular Sabbath services at 2.30 p. m., in Room 402, Y. M. C. A. Building, Fourth Floor (elevator), Adams and Witherell Streets. For information concerning Christian Endeavor and other services, call Pastor R. B. St. Clair, 3446 Mack Avenue, phone, Melrose 0414. A cordial welcome to all.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 10.30 a. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Avenue.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London, holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Argyle Hall, 105 Seven Sisters' Road. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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## Sabbath School. Lesson III.—April 19, 1924

ELISHA: TEACHER AND STATESMAN. 1 Kings 19: 15-21; 2 Kings, chaps. 2-10; 13: 14-21.

*Golden Text*.—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Rom. 12: 21.

## DAILY READINGS

Apr. 13—Answering the Call. 1 Kings 19: 15-21.

Apr. 14—Elisha Heals Naaman. 2 Kings 5: 1-14.

Apr. 15—A Teacher and his Students. 2 Kings 6: 1-7.

Apr. 16—Elisha Serves his Nation. 2 Kings 6: 8-13.

Apr. 17—The Prophet's Mercy. 2 Kings 6: 14-23.

Apr. 18—"The arrow of victory." 2 Kings 13: 14-19.

Apr. 19—Jehovah our Deliverer. Psalm 34: 1-8.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Christ will be the supreme teacher. The Church of the future will have more reverence for the personality of Jesus. It will prefer liberty to authority. It will see neither deities nor demons in the forces and processes of nature. It will rob death of its terrors. It will dwell on goodness, life and truth. The brotherhood of men will be its outcome.—*Dr. C. W. Eliot.*

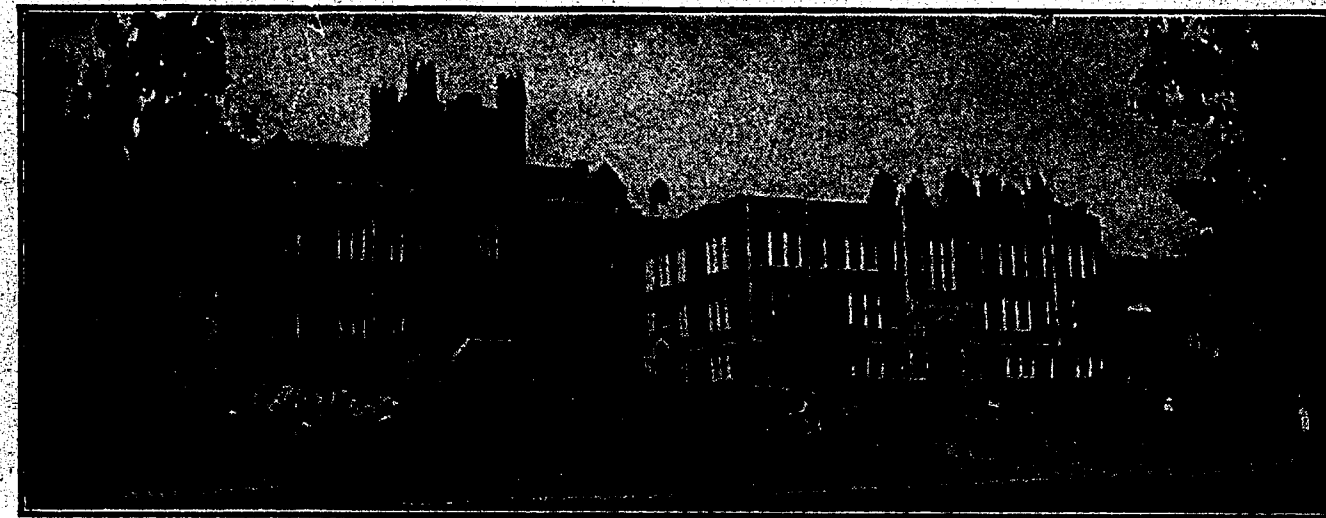
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### The First Table of the Law

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—First Commandment.

Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart.—Words of Jesus.

Thou shalt not make for thyself any graven image.—Second Commandment.

They that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.—Words of Jesus.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.—Third Commandment.

Swear not at all.—Words of Jesus.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Fourth Commandment.

The Sabbath was made for man.—Words of Jesus.

Parents, I urge you to make the Bible the sweetest, the dearest book to your children; not by compelling them to read so many chapters every day, which will have the effect of making them hate the Bible, but by reading its pages with them, and by your tender, parental love, so showing them the beauty of its wondrous incidents, from the story of Adam and Eve to the story of Bethlehem and of Calvary, that no book in the home will be so dear to your children as the Bible. Thus you will be strengthening their minds with the sublimest truths, storing their hearts with the purest love, and sinking deep in their souls solid principles of righteousness, that no waves of temptation can destroy. —A. E. Kittredge.

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