

The Sabbath Recorder

"A Sabbath Catechism"

QUESTION 84

Why should all Christians keep the Sabbath?

- Because God Blessed and sanctified it.
- Because God rested on that day.
- Because He Commanded it to be kept.
- Because Jesus kept the Sabbath.
- Because the apostles, whom Jesus taught, kept the Sabbath.
- Because God only can change His laws, and He has never commanded His followers to keep any other day as a Sabbath.
- Because His law is everlasting.
- Because if we love Him we will obey Him.
- Because we need the Sabbath.

IN MEMORIUM

George I. Sill

How soon the weird, uncanny wind of death
Doth blow our souls away,
And we are gone.

Wilson: His noble life is done;
A heart of high ideals,
That once beat strong
In aspiration for the human race,
Is stilled.

And now, America, while for a season free
From petty partisan,
The passing bell, the dirge,
Are to thy inner, better self attuned,
In sorrow's gloom.

He loved his country;
And constant, with a giant's strength,
He strove in vain for lasting peace
For her, and all the world:
This is his monument.

In strife for peace he died;
Today we mourn:
But blazoned bright on Hist'ry's scroll
His name shall live;
And Mem'ry in her casket ever keep
The jewels of his deeds.

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Paul's Great Theme "Christ and Him Crucified"

Early in my ministry the words of Paul: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified," found a very warm place in my heart. In all my pastorates, 1 Corinthians 2:2 has been my first text as an introduction to my work with each church. I wanted it understood that I regarded the cross of Christ, or that for which it stands, as "the power of God," and that the gospel Paul preached is always the "power of God unto salvation."

During all the years of my preaching work this text of the crucified One, and that of Christ at the door, have been most precious to me, and I have found them, in revival times, especially effective in reaching human hearts. If I were to choose the text I would like to make my last on earth, I can think of none better than this.

If our world today could be made to feel the full import of the gospel of the uplifted Christ, and of the ever present Savior who promised to be with his disciples always even unto the end of the world, knocking at the heart's door for admittance, we would see such a revival as the world has never known since that day when tongues of fire filled the hearts of the disciples and set them to proclaiming the life-giving message of a crucified and risen Christ.

Not Paul's Only Theme But His Principal One

We do not suppose that Paul determined to preach on no other subject than that of the cross; for he did preach very clearly on righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come. He had something to say about the eternal God-head, the relations of parents and children, faith and works, justification by faith, cultivating the best gifts, the grace of liberality, and of love as the greatest thing. He must have meant that the great central truth of the Bible should take the first place in his preaching, and that, no matter what his particular subject might be, the spirit of the crucified

Christ should pervade all his teaching and give coloring to every effort.

He wrote of his work in Corinth, the seat of science and of philosophy, noted for its scholars of worldly wisdom, for its many gods and its spirit of worldliness. Corinth was a great educational center, noted for worldly philosophy, for the "disputer of this world," and for those who regarded preaching as "foolishness." Paul lived in an age of doubt. The great men of his time looked down on the followers of Christ as those who were carried away with the teachings of one who had been condemned and crucified.

Paul himself had experienced in his own life the power of the risen Christ, and face to face with the skeptical conditions in Corinth he determined to exalt the marvelous truths of Christ crucified and to go forth for the conquest of the world under the banner of the cross.

In Corinth Paul did not dwell so much upon the marvelous birth of Jesus or upon his miracles, as he did upon the principles of love he represented and upon the wonderful death and resurrection of his blessed Lord. Upon these truths the great apostle was willing to stake everything. After his experience, when as a disbeliever he was smitten by the Lord himself before Damascus, no man could make Paul doubt the resurrection of Christ; and no one could rob him of the blessed assurance that Jesus' promise to be with his disciples in their preaching was constantly being fulfilled in his own case. This is what gave Paul his power as a missionary of the cross.

Why I Too Would Magnify Paul's Main Theme

Human needs today are much the same as in the days of Paul. There is the same need of magnifying the death and resurrection of Christ as the Gibraltar of the Christian's faith and hope. The words of Jesus: "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me," are as true today as in the day when his wonderful death on the cross compelled the Roman soldiers

to say: "Truly this was the Son of God."

I would magnify the theme of Christ crucified because the cross on Calvary stands as the central figure in the Bible. From the day when the sword and cherubim appeared at the gate of Eden to "keep the way of the tree of life," the ever-brightening signs of the coming "seed of the woman" to bruise the serpent's head ran like golden threads through all the Book. The lamb of sacrifice on every altar from Abraham's lamb and Moses' paschal lamb were pointing the way to the offering of the "Lamb of God" on Calvary's altar-cross which Paul loved so much to magnify in his mission work.

Had Christ stopped short of the cross, he would have taken a place among many other good men who died for the truths they cherished, and his own claim of being the Son of God would not have been proved beyond controversy. It seems to me that Paul must have gloried in the cross, not merely because it stood for the *death* of Jesus; but because the cross was the seal of all Christ did and all he claimed to be, as the Son of God and the Savior of men.

In every sympathetic work of the Master; in every touch of healing; in every word of consolation; in every burden borne for sinful men; in every self-sacrificing service to reveal the Father's love, Jesus Christ was giving up his life for the salvation of the world. The Cross in which Paul gloried stands for it all.

Again, the sacrificial death on Calvary reveals the heart of the great God of love as nothing else does. There are many, many things about us that reveal the matchless love of our God; but nowhere in all the earth has the heart-yearning Father-love been so forcibly revealed as in the life of him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, even to the giving up of his life in sacrificial offering.

Then I suppose Paul must have seen in the cross a constant reminder of the *evil nature of sin* which made such a sacrifice necessary in order to turn sinful men from the road to ruin.

The death and resurrection of Christ gives the only satisfactory answer to the question of the future life. Human philosophy has never found a satisfactory solution of the problem. But Jesus drew aside the veil that hides the next world

from this, and gave us glimpses of his Father's house, as a place he was going to prepare for the future home of his own, and by parable and preaching described the conditions awaiting them in the kingdom of his Father.

Had he remained in the tomb, these teachings would very likely have come to naught, and men might have thought that the grave was the end of all. But when he actually triumphed over the grave, and, having gained the victory over death, ascended on high, an unmistakable seal was placed upon his teachings and upon his life work as the Savior of men—able to save to the uttermost. How gloriously has his resurrection and ascension illumined the way from earth to heaven, and removed from death its sting.

Pastor Alva L. Davis On another page **On the Great Convention** our readers will find number one of a brief series of articles by Rev. Alva L. Davis, pastor of the First Hopkinton Church, at Ashaway, R. I., in which he will give the best things of the great Anti-Saloon League convention in Washington, D. C.

These excellent reports have been delayed on account of the illness of Brother Davis. We are glad he is able to take up his work again.

Efforts to Improve Services In these times of hustle and rush in almost every line of work, most pastors are finding it difficult to keep up an interest in their church prayer meetings. Various devices have been tried, hoping to remedy the evident decline in spirituality, and the reluctance of church members to take any active part in prayer meeting service. Nothing is more disheartening than a cold, dead prayer meeting; for it always suggests a low state of spiritual life in the church.

We notice that some of our pastors are trying to increase interest by publishing a monthly program both for prayer meetings and for the Sabbath morning worship. Sometimes the young people are given charge both morning and evening. Subjects and scripture lessons are announced four weeks in advance, and in some cases the leaders are appointed for each week in the month.

It is a hard thing for a pastor to arouse

enthusiasm in a cold, dull prayer meeting. Some pastors do not have the particular gift essential for such a work. We are always sorry for such. But we must remember that all does not depend upon the pastor. The laity are usually quite as much at fault as the pastor.

A GOOD LETTER FROM MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

DEAR RECORDER FAMILY:

How rapidly time flies. Here it is more than seven months since we reached Milton Junction just at the setting of the sun, and found some of the people waiting to welcome the new pastor and his family. So busy have we been with getting acquainted with new friends and the work, that it seems but a few weeks, at most, since we said "good-bye" to the friends of the east and set our faces toward the middle west.

The journey from Shiloh, with a few days in Washington, and two weeks at the homes of our birth in West Virginia, were pleasant indeed; yet, in some ways it seemed to us that we were a family without a home, as it was the first time there had ever been three weeks even, since entering the pastorate that we were without a church; and this came about by our choosing to take a little vacation between pastorates.

I would like to tell you all about our visit to Salem, including the church and college, the visit to my home at Ritchie and of the people and work there, of reunion at my father's, when the five boys, with all the in-laws but one, and all the grandchildren but one, were together and ate such a dinner as only a West Virginia mother and her daughters-in-law can prepare. But I am sure that you are wondering how Sutton and his family are getting along at the Junction. Well, I can tell you frankly that the Suttons are getting along nicely and have almost, if not quite, fallen in love with the people here. They seem very much like other Seventh Day Baptists, wholehearted, earnest people, ready to do their part in the work of the Master. As to just how the people are getting along with the new pastor and his family you will have to ask them.

The world is small after all, for we have

found many people here whom we have known in other places: New York, Rhode Island, New Jersey, West Virginia, Ohio and other places.

The attendance at the church services has been much larger than we expected to find, knowing that the church was not one of our large churches. Yet we must remember that it has been a church that did things. Two of our present missionaries in China went from this church, and it is hoped none of the missionary spirit has been lost.

A considerable number of permanent improvements have recently been made in the parsonage, and more is planned for the church properties during the year. Even the pastor has a new "Ford sedan" with which to do calling.

The annual business meeting of the church and society was held on Sunday, January 7. The reports showed a good degree of interest, and plans were made for the local and denominational work for the coming year. The budget for local and denominational work totals \$4,986. Much to the surprise and pleasure of the pastor and family, the salary was increased \$200. At noon a bountiful dinner was served to about one hundred people, although the mercury hovered around twenty below zero.

Beginning on the evening of December 28, and continuing over the second Sabbath, special meetings were held. Although much of the time it was below zero, the attendance was fair. While the results cannot be tabulated, there seems to have been some good accomplished, if nothing more than to help the people and pastor get closer together.

The "quarterly meeting" of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches was held with us January 18-20. The program was of deep spirituality throughout. One of the features was the pageant, "The Light Hath Shined," given by the women of the entertaining church.

Of course we are sorry to lose Brother E. M. Holston and family but our loss is Dodge Center's gain, and we are sure his work there will be crowned with success.

Well Dr. Gardiner, if this does not reach the scrap basket we may come again.

ERLO E. SUTTON.

February 10, 1924.

THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT
AND
SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION

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

**"THE LIGHT HATH SHINED"—SHALL IT
CONTINUE TO SHINE?**

Four times I have witnessed the presentation of the pageant, "The Light Hath Shined," and on each occasion I have wished that every Seventh Day Baptist might see it presented as a group of Seventh Day Baptist women and girls can render it, whether these same good people are from Rhode Island, New York, Wisconsin, or Nebraska.

There is one passage in this production which came to me with new emphasis, and in a somewhat different way than it had ever done before, as I heard it recently, and for the fourth time, at Milton Junction, Wis. The lines referred to run something like this: "There was a time when Seventh Day Baptists prayed for open doors; now the doors are open and our prayers should be for laborers to enter the doors that are already open." As these words were uttered by the "Spirit of Missions" on that Sabbath eve at Milton Junction, I said in my heart: "Yes, here are the open doors, and the calls are coming from many lands. But here, too, are the laborers, for young men and young women are ready to go."

What then is the need of the hour for Seventh Day Baptists? For what shall we now pray earnestly and unitedly? Upon what does a larger program of service and a wider ministry wait? Is not the word "Stewardship" the one to be under-scored in our spiritual, as well as our denominational vocabulary? Our most earnest prayers should be for the complete consecration of heart and life and possessions on the part of all the people. This is the need in order that the support shall be forth-coming which will send workers into the harvest fields.

There often comes up before me a dramatic picture of Miss Susie Burdick, of Shanghai, China, on a particular occasion while she was at home on furlough. It

was a year ago last June at the Western Association held at Andover, N. Y. Miss Burdick was speaking from the pulpit of the Andover church when she paused in the midst of her address, and with manifest emotion said: "I dare not picture without reserve the opportunities before us in the mission fields, for fear some of our young people will come forward and present themselves with a full surrender and devotion, only to find that the denomination is not ready to back them." The thoughts and emotions of that moment have remained with me. This is due partly perhaps to the fact that I know our young people well enough to appreciate the situation which Miss Burdick was able to see.

What then shall be the burden of our prayer? We shall continue to pray for open doors. At least we shall ask to be kept from the mistake of overlooking our opportunities and of shifting our responsibilities. God forbid that we shall ever say, "We would have plenty of money to maintain the local church and its work if we did not support the work of the denomination." May we be kept from the soul-destroying sentiment, "There are plenty of calls near home, and why should we send our money away to other lands?" We shall pray the Lord of the harvest for more laborers. But shall we not pray that the number of God's stewards shall be many times multiplied.

What will be the record of our Forward Movement as it passes into history the thirtieth day of next June? How will fare the Parallel Program? These calls place the denomination, and every church, and every Seventh Day Baptist, on trial. A larger future lies before Seventh Day Baptists if they can arise to the opportunities of these passing days. A larger life will be ours if we seek to do the larger service in the name of our Master.

Such thoughts as these come to one as he witnesses the missionary pageant, "The Light Hath Shined," and such are his fears and longings and hopes.

Our Lord and Master
When he departed, left us in will,
As our best legacy on earth, the poor!
These we have always with us; had we not,
Our hearts would grow as hard as are these
stones.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

**ECHOES FROM THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE
CONVENTION**

A. L. DAVIS

I

The Thirty Year Jubilee Convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America was held in Washington, D. C., January 12-16, 1924. It was my great privilege to attend this convention of more than thirteen hundred registered delegates—a privilege made possible by the good people of the church and community. So far as I was able to learn there were but four Seventh Day Baptists at this convention—three from Salem, W. Va., and myself.

The convention proper did not begin until January 14. And the days were crowded full, opening each day at 9 o'clock and closing about 10 o'clock at night or later, with about one hour and a half out, for dinner and a like time for supper. Thus some nine or ten hours daily were devoted to addresses, save on two or three occasions, broken only by devotions and music. It is my purpose in a series of short articles to give to the RECORDER readers just a few snatches from the great addresses of this convention.

The meetings were held in the First Congregational church, the church home of President Coolidge. Sitting on the platform when the meeting opened, with several other prominent men, was Rev. H. H. Russell, the father of the Anti-Saloon League.

Bishop William Frazer McDowell, of Washington, D. C. brought the opening greeting. He said it was more than forty years since he and Mr. Russell had entered the temperance field; that they had passed through many seasons of confusion and uncertainty. "But," said he, "today we know where we are and where we are headed for." "The one great challenging task today," he declared, "is enforcement of law." With telling force he declared that *attitude* toward law is more important than law itself; that it is our duty to make law-breaking unprofitable; that if the rest of the world does not like our ideas of prohibition, we have a right to say to them we do not like your ideas of lawlessness. "Nations cannot live together half drunk and half sober. They will live together, and they will be sober."

Bishop Thomas Nicholson, president of the Anti-Saloon League, made a very fitting response. He paid a tribute to Mayor Dever of Chicago for his stand on law-enforcement, quoting the mayor as saying that there is no more difficulty in enforcing the prohibition law than any other law, and that he repudiated the idea that law-breakers are bigger than law-abiding citizens. He spoke touchingly of Frances E. Willard, the first woman to be accorded a place in the Hall of Fame at Washington; and paid an eloquent tribute to the three hundred and sixty-three law-enforcement men who have been killed at their posts of duty. "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends."

Rabbi Abram Simon, of Washington, made thrust after thrust with telling effect. He said that the rank and file of the American people are back of the prohibition movement; they say to you, "Go ahead, God bless you, we are with you." We are not to judge the conscience of the American people by the whiskey breath of the rabble. Personal liberty is one thing, but the happiness of the nation is a bigger thing. Personal liberty is one thing, but the integrity of the nation is infinitely a bigger thing. The Eighteenth Amendment is as sacred as any other part of the Constitution. We must tell the American people that the Eighteenth Amendment is not an appendix, and they shall not treat it as such.

United States Senator Fess, of Ohio, followed. He declared that he was not a convert to prohibition; that he had been with it all his life, and that he had never seen a moment when he felt he needed to apologize for it. He said he knew of no bigger sin than the complacency with which we look upon the breaking of the law; that nothing was so pitiable as the ridicule of our own laws which we have made. In closing he said: "I am not concerned about the repeal of the Volstead Law—that will not be done, absolutely not, by this Congress. I am not concerned about the Eighteenth Amendment—that is there to stay. As a legislator, my concern is for respect for law. Not to drive out the saloon, but to compel respect for law—that is your task. Go to it; God bless you in it; and call upon us on the 'Hill' (Capitol) if you need help."

MISSIONS

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

A WEEK OF PRAYER FOR MISSIONS

Friday, March 7, has been adopted as a "Day of Prayer for Missions." This day has been selected by the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, an organization that represents the Missionary Board of North America.

It is hoped that all churches and all who love Christ and desire the extension of his kingdom over all the earth will make this a day for especial prayer for missions.

This date coming on Friday, the day at the close of which most of our churches hold their weekly prayer meetings, is particularly convenient for Seventh Day Baptists.

Next week more space and more definite plans will be given in this department, but the matter is mentioned now that those interested may begin to plan for it.

FROM THE WORKERS ON THE FIELD

(Gleaned From Quarterly Reports)

E. R. LEWIS
Stonefort, Ill.

We are glad to report nice progress of the construction of the meeting house; we are waiting for the plaster to dry before going farther with the work.

You might be interested to know that we have been using the basement as a meeting place for some time. On Sunday evening, December 30, we gave a community Christmas pageant, in which seventy-two persons took part (mostly young folks). Though the roads were bad and the weather unfavorable, we were not able to accommodate the people who attended. The success of the pageant was due to the hearty co-operation of all people, special thanks being due to our young folks.

L. J. BRANCH
White Cloud, Mich.

I have made several calls upon those who seem very much interested in our work in and around White Cloud, and on

several occasions have attended the church and listened with interest to our pastor. The work which has been commenced in the country should by all means be continued as soon as the weather and roads will permit, and possibly be extended a little farther. There were some calls for baptism, but circumstances did not permit; sickness and other problems confronted us, but it seems very probable that it will be made possible in the spring. We shall work and pray for such. If it pleases the Missionary Society I should like to continue this field of labor and any other that may open the door for the truth on subjects which we hold dear as a people.

C. C. VAN HORN
Little Prairie, Ark.

Through our influence four families have begun tithing, and this money, save two and a half dollars, has been sent to the Forward Movement.

Mrs. Van Horn and I, at different times, have made a good many calls, but having to spend most of my time at manual labors, I have not tried to keep account of the few calls I have been able to make. The interest in the work still holds good.

The children are earning money to put in the Chinese shoe.

R. J. SEVERANCE
Gentry, Ark.

This has been a very quiet quarter. Weather conditions have prevented me from making two of my trips to Belzoni. I visited several Sabbath keepers, members of the Rock Creek Church, now living in Texas. I also visited a new field in Durant, Okla., where I found four adults now observing the Sabbath and several others interested. One young man has the ministry in view and hopes to be able to attend school in Fouke next year. The roads were impassible when I was there, so I could not see all who are considering the Sabbath question.

I just returned from making my regular visit to Belzoni, (the Rock Creek Church). The weather was very cold and blustery but I had three preaching appointments aside from our Sabbath service. Our largest family has moved to Texas, temporarily, and severe sickness in another family prevented them from attending, so the congregations were small.

I notice by the RECORDER that the Sabbath School Board has recommended that Secretary Holston visit the Southwest this winter or spring, so I suppose we may expect him soon.

The people at Little Prairie have been urging me to hold some special meetings there this winter, but weather conditions have not been favorable.

T. L. M. SPENCER
Georgetown, S. A.

Enclosed you will find my quarterly report. I know it will be late, but there was no way of sending it before now. Our mail opportunities are very limited to New York. Trust you had a fine time in Jamaica. I am acquainted with Elder Mignott, as I was there in 1907. I am anxious to know of your success in Jamaica.

The work here is progressing. The beginning of last month I baptized another class of seven. We had placed our goal at fifty Sabbath converts for 1923, but we are thankful for half that number. We have set the same goal for 1924. The heavy weather seems to be abating, and I will soon be on the reconstruction of the building. I would be glad if the board could send me a little help early, for the funds available may not carry me through.

D. BURDETT COON
Boulder, Colo.

Acting upon the valued suggestions of the Missionary Committee of the Boulder Church, I completed the three months' work I was expected to do under the direction of the Missionary Board this year during the first three weeks in October. It was well that we planned this way, for the fourth week in October we had a heavy fall of snow in these parts.

We followed the general plan suggested to you in my last report. Mrs. Coon and I left home October 1, in the "Ford," going northward and eastward from here, visiting people in Loveland, Fort Collins and four miles beyond Log Cabin; and in Eaton and Greeley, this state; and Cheyenne, Wyoming, all before Friday of that week.

This first week proved to be the roughest and hardest one we have put in on this field. It was rain, rain, rain; and mud, mud, mud, accompanied with dreary cold. When in the neighborhood of Log

Cabin we were among the mountains, more than eight thousand feet above sea level. There were long steep grades to climb. Roads were very slippery. Sometimes Mrs. Coon had to get out of the car and into the mud, and help push the car up the grade. Darkness overtook us while up there. We might have remained there overnight. But we dared not, lest a deep snow might come before morning, and we might be obliged to remain longer than any one would wish. So we traveled for some time back through the rain, and the mud, and the darkness to the plains where we found a hotel at "The Forks."

Yes, we took our camping outfit with us. But camping out under such circumstances was not to be thought of in our line of business. The outfit was not removed from the car till our return home. In Cheyenne the streets everywhere were one mess of mud pudding from side to side and end to end. Except when in the neighborhood of Log Cabin we were on the plains during these weeks. And after the first week weather and roads were fine.

We reached Denver on Friday where we spent the rest of the time, except two days spent in visiting the families of Shirley Van Horn and Lyle Maxson at Matheson, ninety miles southeast of Denver. There are twelve members in these two families; good folks, loyal and true to our faith and cause.

One Sabbath morning we attended the service of one of the Seventh Day Adventist churches in Denver. I was very cordially received by the pastor and asked to speak a few minutes. In introducing me he suggested the many things their denomination and ours hold in common, and finally said, "We are really twins." That gave me a good opportunity, which I used, for commending their zeal in advocating our common principles, and also for stating that while we had so many common beliefs, their pastor had gotten mixed a little on our relationship. That we are not twins. But that the Seventh Day Baptist Church is the mother of the Sabbath-keeping principles found all over the world today among Seventh Day Adventists. That we gave them the Sabbath of the Bible. The pastor said to me at the close of the service he had read the same in the history of his people.

We had busy days all the way through,

details of which I must not give you now. Each Sabbath afternoon we held a service at the home of William M. Jeffrey, 49 South Clarkson Street. Some of our Boulder people traveled the thirty miles and back in order to attend these services.

Weather and roads permitting I am expected to conduct a service the second Sabbath of each month at 2.30 p. m., at the home of Brother Jeffrey till other arrangements are made. Our Seventh Day Adventist brethren have eight organized churches in Denver with about eight hundred members. We should have at least one church there. There is no reason why we should not take this matter seriously and plan and work with God for such an end.

NOTES FROM THE SOUTHWEST

R. J. SEVERANCE

The excessive rainfall in the Southwest has hindered the plans of the missionary on this field. Especially is this true as regards the monthly appointments with the Rock Creek Church at Belzoni, Okla.

Returning from the association at Attalla in September, I stopped at Antlers where I usually take the mail stage for the twelve mile ride to Belzoni. There I was informed that the "Ford" had been discarded several days before and the mail-carrier had been making the trip on horse back. That day, however, he had not even attempted that. The next train carried me to Gentry.

In December I visited a family near Cooper, Tex. These people are members of the Rock Creek Church but are temporarily located in Texas. They had written asking me to come at this time to spend the Sabbath with them. From Cooper I went to Durant, Okla., to visit a Sabbath convert with whom I have been in correspondence for some time. This brother came to the Sabbath over a year ago, through the Adventists; but he could not accept their doctrine. He wrote to Senator Kapper, of Kansas, requesting information concerning Sabbath-keeping Baptists, and was referred to Plainfield, N. J. This resulted in a correspondence with W. D. Burdick, of the Tract Board, and later with the missionary of the Southwest. I was not disappointed in Mr. Miller, and

found, on visiting his home, that his mother and also an elder brother, are observing the Sabbath. They live on a farm four miles from town. In the city of Durant I found a man and his son, friends of Mr. Miller, who are also observing the Sabbath. Others near there are thought to be interested in the Sabbath question, but owing to the bad roads it was impossible to visit them at this time.

On my return trip I expected to go to Belzoni, but again was informed at Antlers that the mail stage was not running and had not been in for several days. Not wishing to miss my appointment with the Rock Creek Church the second time, I determined to walk to Belzoni. After traveling about two miles I came to a stream and discovered that the water was several feet over the bridge. Not having a boat, I turned back and took the next train for home.

I expected to go to Little Prairie early in January but was advised by Mr. Van-Horn to wait until the roads there were in a better condition. However, I was able to reach Belzoni this month. I found mud in plenty, and, as the train was late, the mail stage had gone; but I walked several miles, then borrowed a mule and made the trip in safety.

The little church at Belzoni is somewhat discouraged as the largest family of whom I have spoken, is away, and the superintendent of the Sabbath school has been sick for several weeks.

While there I took dinner and spent the afternoon at the home of one of the leaders of the Christian Church—a "Campbellite," as we call them down here. I am often entertained in the homes of these people, and though these "Southern Campbellites" are considered very narrow in their views, and inclined to be uncharitable, I find a warm welcome among most of them. Many of them attend our services and who can tell what the result may be. Our business is to save men, soul and body. Jesus drew lovingly near to humanity. We may need to enlarge our program for saving souls. There is no outside work for the children of God. All is interior, vital, religious. Our Lord turned with infinite compassion to the multitude. He has sent forth his disciples on the errand of saving the lost. Let us not depart from our mis-

sion. "The hopeful and satisfying measure of my days is in the measure of my progress toward the best I know."

"Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am." Ps. 39: 4. *Gentry, Ark.*

THE ALFRED COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

WRITE-UPS OF THE 1922-1923 COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Thirteen concerts were held in New York State and in New Jersey.

Through Mr. William C. Hubbard, the Alfred College Glee Club received a request to broadcast its program from the W E A F Wireless Broadcasting Station in New York.

The members of the Glee Club wish to thank Mr. Hubbard for this courtesy and also to thank Mr. S. L. Ross, director of programs at W E A F for his kindness to them while at the broadcasting station.

A letter from Mr. Hubbard says:

"I take pleasure in enclosing herewith a letter received from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company which is very complimentary in its character, and I am therefore sending the original to you.

"Personally, I, too, am very gratified to hear these expressions of commendation, and I would like to add my work of appreciation for the hard work which you and the club did in preparing for this concert.

"You made good so splendidly that the comments received since must be pleasant to you indeed.

"Present my compliment and very best wishes to every member of the club."

Mr. Ross, director of programs at W E A F, writes:

"I wish to send our sincere thanks to you and the members of the Alfred College Glee Club for having sung on one of our recent programs broadcast from this station. Their work was enthusiastically received by a large radio audience and we feel they have made many new friends.

"Very favorable comments have been received from nearby and distant points. One listener in New York said, 'Please extend our thanks to the Alfred University Glee Club for their excellent concert and to their president for his instructive talk.'

"Another listener in Long Island said: 'May I express my appreciation of the concert by the Alfred University Club rendered through your station Saturday evening. All the numbers were enjoyable. Hope we will have the pleasure of enjoying their highly profitable entertainment again.'

"Another listener in Connecticut said: 'Derived great pleasure in listening to the Alfred University concert. Everyone who took part deserves praise. They were fine.'

"I wish you and the members of the Alfred University Club to know that we deeply appreciate the co-operation extended in presenting a high grade program to the radio audience."

A letter direct to Professor Wingate says:

"Your program was received very clearly at our home in Rutherford, N. J. I could have heard your selections no plainer had I been present at the concert. Professor Wingate's solo was especially clear—could understand every word."

While the Glee Club was in Waverly their program was presented in part at the Rotary Club luncheon in Athens, Pa., and the *Sayre Times* says:

"One of the best musical programs given in Athens in some time, was given at the regular Rotary Club luncheon at noon yesterday, by the Alfred College Glee Club. Every number was roundly applauded and they were obliged to respond to many encores. Their group singing was wonderful, and all their work speaks volumes for the ability of their leader, Professor Ray W. Wingate.

"One particular number that the Rotarians enjoyed was the violin solos by Benjamin Volk, and his work stamped him as an artist, and he was given much applause.

"I. A. Conroe gave two readings that were original, well rendered, and clever to say the least. Every man in the club deserves great credit for his work, for it is safe to say that it was one of the best musical organizations heard here in a long time, and the Rotarians are to be congratulated on having had an opportunity of hearing them."

The number of people who heard the Glee Club last year in eighteen concerts is estimated to be 508,450.

The itinerary of the 1923-24 Glee Club
(Continued on page 206)

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.*

MODERNISM IN SCIENCE

In these days of sometimes acrimonious discussion about fundamentalism and modernism in theology, it may be of some comfort to know that something of the same battle is being waged in science.

Below I am glad to reprint part of a paper read by Professor Joseph Seidlin before the Alfred University faculty meeting in January on "Modernism in Science."

About the middle of last century the main lines of everything were settled; the chief features of the universe were known. There were established matter and energy and the ether, astronomical and geological scales, evolution via amoeba—ape—man. Here and there a few details were missing, but then something had to be left for the future ages to fill in. The universe was a large and grand affair, mankind was enjoying its best days, the undertaking business was now and then given a bit of free advertising by casual predictions of the world's end, musical genius was composing funeral dirges on the death of the earth and the extinction of mankind. It was a universe which held no great surprises.

You are all familiar, more or less intimately, with the different spirit that is abroad today. At the present time the general consciousness seems to hold that almost anything is possible. Not a theory or law is accepted as the last word. Not an axiom, postulate, or hypothesis rules any longer by any divine right whatever.

To illustrate this contrast let me cite two cases that are perhaps familiar to you: An element used to be defined as a sub-

stance which cannot be broken up into more elementary substances; today we define an element as a substance which as yet has not been broken up, etc. Or, an atom used to be defined as the indivisible, structureless, smallest unit of matter. Today we have the electron which is very much smaller than the atom, yet in defining the electron we are very careful not to say the smallest unit.

It is very hard to point to any one theory or discovery which is exclusively responsible for the change in the scientific spirit. But a good share of that responsibility certainly rests with the electron theory.

That matter could be electrified was easily granted; so, too, the fact that the ultimate particles of matter were smaller than a hydrogen atom; so, too, after a bit of coaxing, that each of these articles possessed an electric charge. But that these particles consisted of nothing but an electric charge was a different matter. An electric charge apart from matter was as difficult to conceive of as motion without anything which moved. After awhile, however, ether came to the rescue. We gave it a degree of substantiality for which it kindly endowed a chair of distortion. Barriers were broken, and the hypothesis that matter was in some way built up out of this distortion in the ether has gained a certain amount of responsibility even with the Old Guard. Physics and metaphysics buried the hatchet and articles appeared from combined sources showing that matter was really immaterial, and materialism, in general, received a bad electric shock.

The mind had barely become accustomed to the new assumptions before a theory, perhaps still more disturbing, was invented to explain certain radiation phenomena. I am now referring to Planck's Quantum Theory. The briefest way in which I can state this theory is that energy is atomic. That is, the energy of a given system can increase or decrease only in leaps and bounds and not gradually, continuously, and respectably as hitherto supposed. For a moment scientists lost their mental balance, and while in this unstable condition they were subjected to a hypodermic injection of the Generalized Theory of Relativity. Words fail me to describe the confusion among the craft. In rapid succession went the old ideas of matter, energy, space, and

time. Assumptions had to be revised, assumptions so deep-rooted that we were for the most part, unconscious of them.

I believe that one thousand years from now, in the book of centuries, the twentieth will be prominent, partly because of the slaughter of mankind, but mostly because of the slaughter of axioms, postulates, and theories.

If I were to write a book on Modern Concepts in the Exact Sciences. I should emphasize nothing else so much as this hypercritical attitude of the scientific investigator of today toward the so-called established fundamentals. The time when the authority of a name was sufficient to establish an assumption as a permanent scientific institution has, I believe, passed forever; likewise the time when groups of otherwise rational scientists could rise to defend old assumptions and theories by irrational addenda or modifications. You are probably familiar with the phlogiston case . . . I believe that never again will the history of science be shamed by a similar incident.

Science is becoming more and at the same time less the exclusive affair of specialists. For while the course in its advanced branches is receding further and further from the comprehension of the average intelligent person, the totality and the peaks of the scientist's researches are becoming more and more a genuine concern of the man of culture. The line of demarcation between the arts and the sciences is becoming less and less distinct. Lately I have come across a classification of primary and secondary arts that even to so liberal-minded a person as myself was a bit shocking, though very gratifying. Mathematics and music were among the primary arts, physics and literature among the secondary. And in general, there seems to be an ever-growing number of intelligent people realizing that a great science, such as physics, may offer objects for contemplation which are as delicate, as subtle, as exquisitely harmonious, as the dream of Plato—and much better founded.

Modern scientific literature is brimful of romance and daring. It is refreshing to turn from the stale and disillusioning writing of our poets and men of letters to say, *Space, Time, Matter* of Hermann Weyl, if

only for the fervor, the immense enthusiasm with which that great mathematician writes. It is a *Treasure Island* that is "Space and Time"; it is a Columbus that is Einstein. Lewis writes a treatise on the structure of the atom and produces a work of literary art both captivating and elegant. Or, let me quote to you a passage from a very technical book on Pure Mathematics: "Remote from human passions, remote even from the pitiful facts of nature, the generations have gradually created an ordered cosmos, where pure thought can dwell as in its natural home, and where one, at least, of our nobler impulses can escape from the dreary exile of the actual world." Rather romantic eloquence, isn't it, coming, as it does, from the pen of a great mathematician.

And lastly a word on how scientists feel about certain types of science popularization:

"...much of the so-called popularization of science is vicious, relieving the ignorant of their modesty without relieving them of their ignorance, equipping them with the vocabulary of knowledge without its content and so fostering not only a vain and empty conceit, but a certain facility of speech that's seemly, impressive, and valuable only when, as is too seldom the case it is accompanied by solid attainments."

On the other hand it is generally conceded that almost on par with the genius of the discoverer is the genius of the expositor. Both the specialists and the laymen hope that he will succeed somehow to fill the ever-widening gap between specialized science and general intelligence.

PATIENT ALL DAY

Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends!
For once in my life has a day
Passed over my head and out of my sight,
And my soul has naught to unsay.
No querulous word to the fair little child
Who drew me from study to play;
No fretful reply to the hundred and one
Who question me, gravely and gay;
No word to the beggar I fain would take back;
No word to the debtor at bay;
No angry retorts to those who misjudge,
And desire not a nay, but a yea;
No word, though I know I remember them all,
Which I would, if I could, e'er unsay.
Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends,
For the patience that lasted all day!

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

FAITHFUL UNDER TRIALS

SUSIE M. BURDICK

When I first came to China I found Doctor Ella Swinney very much interested in a Mrs. Tsu and her daughter a young woman well over twenty years of age. They were often here and we were in their fine home. They had the proud distinction of being called "The Half-City Tsus" because the family had at one time owned half of the city of Shanghai.

Mrs. Tsu's husband was one of three brothers, and when we knew them their fortunes were already waning. Dr. Swinney used to say that Miss Tsu's father was one of the two men she had known during her lifetime who had absolutely no occupation and who did nothing. Miss Tsu has told of the one-time effort to get the brothers to take up mercantile life. Each one, in turn, went into a store but couldn't endure even the little required of them and gave it up.

There was a beautiful friendship between the mother and daughter. Both of them could read and were reading the Bible and other books Doctor Swinney had put in their hands. On one occasion the mother was very ill and the daughter was greatly moved by the Chinese superstition that in case of a parent being ill, a portion of flesh from the body of a son or daughter was sure to be efficacious. She came to ask Doctor Swinney about cutting some flesh from her arm for her mother. She was persuaded that there were other and better ways of helping her mother as well as of showing her filial spirit.

We were convinced that both Mrs. Tsu and the daughter believed the gospel but they were most timid about declaring themselves; and the mother finally died before they had done so; but, later, the daughter was baptized and joined the church.

It has never been my lot to be at so remarkable a funeral as that of Mrs. Tsu. She had come into the Tsu family from a

wealthy home, and for her burial she was arrayed in several garments gorgeously embroidered red satin, and there was much pomp and circumstance. She had brought with her from her home quite a dowry of pearls and other valuable things which she had never allowed the Tsu family to know about. These were left to the daughter; and Doctor Swinney, and, in her turn, Doctor Palmberg as well as others of the mission, were at various times custodians of some of the treasures.

Mrs. Tsu was a wine-drinker; and as has been said, doing nothing to better their fortunes, the time came when the home had to be sold. The brothers separated, Miss Tsu and her father went to live in rented rooms.

After the death of her father Miss Tsu was very lonely. Doubtless the sufficiency in each other of the mother and daughter accounts for the fact that Miss Tsu had never been betrothed. There was still considerable property left, some land and jewels and a pearl or two could at any time be sold for ready money. A few years later she was married to a minister in a neighboring mission, a man who proved to be a renegade. He was untrue in every way. He exhausted everything she had, even to the clothing she was wearing, finally turning her out of the house. Later he died. Of course she was left destitute.

For several years she was sent to the Woman's Bible School in a neighboring city; but she has not the personality which fits her to become either a Bible woman or a teacher. She is one of our problems.

What has led to this reminiscence and history? This poor woman has been here for a long call this afternoon. Her troubles are not at an end. An adopted son of her husband has shown her some kindness but now he has married him a wife and has withdrawn the little stipend he was allowing her a month.

The remarkable thing is that with all this trouble she has never blamed the church nor Christianity. She must be under terrible pressure from her many non-Christian relatives. One of these relatives allows her a corner in her house. This home is so far from us that she almost never attends church with us. There is an Adventist church near her, "And," she says, "they also keep the Sabbath." She

goes there quite regularly. She is no longer a young woman. We long for something, suited to her strength and ability, for her to do. How many such needy women and perplexing questions there are!

January 17, 1924.

THE SPIRIT OF POWER

Selections from the program for a day of prayer for missions prepared by the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions.

THE SPIRIT OF POWER

"O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray."

After singing and scripture reading comes this:

Prayer—(By the leader).

"Our heavenly Father, we come to thee with grateful hearts for the goodness and loving kindness with which thou hast crowned our days. We ask thee to forgive our sins and limitations for the sake of thy dear Son, our Savior. Strengthen us by thy power; grant us an outpouring of thy Holy Spirit. Hear our prayer and make us conscious of thy presence. Guide us and give the wisdom to follow thee. Inspire the plans of thy Church that it may bring the saving knowledge of thee to all men. Bless thy servants who have gone forth to do thy will, that all the world may know thy power and thy love. Encourage them by touching the hearts of their hearers and by revealing thyself to them at all times. In Jesus' name, we ask it." Amen.

Thought

God's goodness hath been great to thee. Let never day nor night unhallowed pass, but still remember what the Lord hath done.—*Shakespeare*.

Then follow songs and scripture recitations which we omit here for want of space, and give our readers several important items of the program.

Verse—(To be read or recited by one person)

"He is counting on you
On a love that will share
In his burden of prayer
For the souls he has bought
With his life-blood, and sought
Through his sorrow and vain
To win "Home" yet again.
He is counting on you;
If you fail him—
What then?"

Prayer—(In unison).

O Merciful God, be thou now unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat thee. Give me grace to await thy leisure, and patiently to

bear what thou doest unto me nothing doubting or mistrusting thy goodness toward me; for thou knowest what is good for me better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things what thou wilt; only arm me, I beseech thee, with thine armor, that I may stand fast; above all things, taking to me the shield of faith, praying always that I may refer myself wholly to thy will abiding thy pleasure and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me, and I am assuredly persuaded that all thou doest can not but be well; and unto thee be all honor and glory. Amen.

—*Lady Jane Grey* (1537-1554).

Silent Prayer—(Intercession).

Thought

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our fev'rish ways;
Clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper rev'rence, praise.

In simple trust, like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee."

Offering—(To be read by the leader, describing objects briefly).

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts: gold and frankincense and myrrh. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

The interdenominational objects for this offering are:

Christian Literature for Women and Children in Foreign Fields.

Women's Union Christian Colleges of the Orient. Work among Farm and Cannery Migrants.

Prayer—(Read by one person).

"Lord, in the midst of thine abundant graces
We would not merely pray for ourselves alone;
But we remember dark and needy places
Where heroes of the sacred cross have gone.
O Father, bless thy word that shall be spoken;
Bring wandering hearts from darkness into light.
Grant to thy servants everywhere this token—
Lives changing through thy wondrous love and might."

Thought

Exceeding gifts from God are not blessings, they are duties. They do not always increase happiness; they always increase responsibilities.
—*Charles Kingsley*.

Prayer—(In unison).

Almighty God, from whom proceedeth all life, we thank thee for thy gift to the world of him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. We bless and praise thee for the multitudes, through many ages, who have found in him the Light of Life, have followed in his footsteps, and have passed from earth in his faith. We would be like him in love and charity, in reverence for truth and duty, and in the spirit of helpfulness

which made him the servant of all. We pray that all nations may turn toward Christ, as the Light and Life of men; that envy and strife, rancor and bitterness between nations may cease; that the spirit of goodwill may prevail, and that from the Prince of Peace we may learn those lessons which shall make for universal peace and the establishment of the kingdom of God and his righteousness upon the earth. For Christ's sake, we ask these things. *Amen—W. J. Dawson (abridged).*

Thought

"Though he is so bright, and we are so dim,
We are made in his image to witness him."

Scripture—Our Marching Orders—(To be read by the leader).

As thou didst send me into the world, even so send I them into the world. (John 17: 18.)

But the eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted. And Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. (Matthew 28: 16-20.)

If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them. (John 13: 17.)

We cannot believe in God for ourselves without believing in Him for the world.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Prayer—(Selections may be assigned to various persons).

For America—

Pray for the work and workers among the Indians, Negroes, Spanish-speaking people in the United States, Filipinos, Alaskans, and in all places where false ideas of God prevail.

Pray for the hospitals, schools, and other institutions in the various fields.

For the Rest of the World—

Pray for the teachers, scholars, doctors, nurses, patients, schools, and hospitals in China, Japan, Chosen, India, Siam, Burma, Arabia, Persia, Africa, South America, the Islands of the Sea, Europe, and the Near East.

Pray for peace and the spirit of understanding and brotherhood among all nations.

Hymn

Tune, *Webb*

Ye heralds of salvation,
In homeland or abroad,
To every tribe and nation,
Ambassadors of God,
Proclaim the message glorious,
His mighty power to save,
Who rose o'er death victorious;
Triumphant from the grave!

From lowlands and from highlands,
O'er prairie, steppe, and plain,
To earth's remotest islands,
Extends our Lord's domain;

Until, in time appointed
His ransomed home to bring,
Shall come the Lord's anointed,
Our Councillor and King!
—*Missionary Review of the World.*

Prayer—(In unison).

Almighty God, who has commanded us to go forth into all the world, preaching the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ, grant that we may be obedient to thy word. Bless those who have gone forth to labor in thy name, and be pleased so to awaken the conscience of the Church that both those who go and those who remain at home may be partners together in bringing the world to faith in Jesus Christ. *Amen.—Book of Common Prayer.*

Thought

Reflect that life, like every other blessing, derives its value from its use alone; not for itself, but for a noble end, the Eternal gave it. —*Samuel Johnson.*

SUGGESTIONS

That for observance of the Service of Prayer and Praise choice is recommended of the following hours to be determined by local conditions: 10 a. m.—12.30 p. m.; 2—4.30 p. m.; 7.30—9.30 p. m.

That the Women's Church and Missionary Federation or Interdenominational Committee invite all missionary societies of the town to meet in some central place for the service; if there is no such organization, that the women of the churches meet together informally or hold separate meetings.

That there be one leader for the entire meeting, with sub-leaders for various sections of the program, if desired. If more than one session, there may be one leader for each session.

That missionaries who may be available be given a brief time to present the needs of their fields, for which special prayer should then be made.

These complete programs may be secured from the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, No. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price 2 cents each or \$1.50 per hundred.

(Continued from page 201)

will be entirely in Western New York and Ohio, between such points as Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Salamanca and Alfred.

Alumni and friends of Alfred in the above districts desirous of having the Glee Club give a concert in their locality please communicate with Director Ray W. Wingate as soon as possible.—*The Alfred Bulletin.*

"Self-love never has occasion to complain that it is not reciprocated."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

JESUS AND HAPPINESS

E. BEATRICE WOOD

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
March 1, 1924

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Joy in discovered truth (Matt. 13: 18-23, 44)

Monday—Joy of the faithful (Luke 12: 33-40)

Tuesday—Joy of the obedient (John 13: 6-17)

Wednesday—Joy of the giver (Acts 20: 35)

Thursday—Joy of salvation (Luke 15: 11-24)

Friday—Joy of heaven (Matt. 25: 31-40)

Sabbath Day—Topic, In his steps. III. What Jesus said about happiness (Matt. 5: 1-12; John 15: 11) (Consecration meeting.)

Jesus the giver, is the one and only source from which true happiness can be obtained. Seeking happiness without Christ can be likened to a group of hungry Russians, who are invited to a feast where a great banquet is expected but only a few crusts of bread are given. Thus it is with those who desire to get along without the friendship of Jesus—always, always, chasing happiness, which like the mirage in the desert, seems close at hand, but is always just out of reach.

To the true Christian, happiness and Jesus go hand in hand. Why?

1. Because, he, their friend, gave his life for them, although they, as did Peter of old, denied their Lord. Because, though crucified by them often, yet he forgives and loves them still.

2. Because he has taught them the joy of giving—the only true way of happiness.

3. Because he has promised eternal life to those who do his will, and his will is for the good of humanity.

4. Because the Christian knows that no matter where he turns, he will find evidence of God's grace and loving care for him, for unlike many of our earthly friends Jesus knows and understands, and can help us in our time of trouble.

Where the man of the world has no one to look to when the clouds of misfortune hang thick around him, the Christian has

the knowledge that one who is much stronger, understands, and will help carry him through, for Jesus too, once lived on earth and was tempted in all things as we, and he is willing and able to help us.

Being a Christian does not mean being an exile from the pleasures of this world, for Jesus himself went to the house of merry-making, as well as to the house of sorrow. He was not merely an onlooker, but a participant in the joys of the feast.

Christ was not a sad faced man who never smiled, but a man who could feel the joys as well as the sorrows of life. His whole aim in coming into the world was, not to bring sadness, but to bring joy—by showing the folly of sin as a source of happiness.

It is true that Christ was called a man of sorrows; but did you ever ask yourself why? It was because he came to remove the sorrows of the world by taking them upon himself, and leaving in their stead joy and happiness.

And so when troubles beset us, and everything looks dark, let us as the naughty Pandora of old, lift the covers of the beautiful box and release our spirit of happiness. The box?—the box is the Bible, and the spirit of happiness for us, is Christ's promise when he said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Battle Creek, Mich.

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

"A little word of kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

We cannot know the whole value of a kind word. Nor can we know how much happiness it has brought to the one who hears it. To the life which is sad with the trials and burdens of the world, it is like a sunbeam shining through the clouds on a stormy day. To such a person it brings hope and cheer, and makes him feel that life is worth living. All of us have had experiences where we have been helped by a kind word or a kind deed, and we know the meaning of this statement: "Kind words cost us nothing, yet they may be as priceless jewels to the one who hears them."

GREETINGS TO OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN OF THE ASHAWAY SOCIETY

INES E. JORDAN, PRESIDENT

TO THE VICE PRESIDENT:

Your duties are neither strange nor new,
For you've been "It" before.
We're glad however, you're back again
With plans and plans galore.
So here's for a wonderful New Year
With a happy hundred more.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:

Our corresponding secretary
Is mighty hard to beat.
She writes all of our letters
In a way that's nice and neat.
So we're very glad she's with us again,
With her paper, bottle of ink, and pen.
Then we'll know what's what with other folks,
And they'll know what's what with us.

TO THE RECORDING SECRETARY:

Here's a "New Year's" greeting, friend, to you.
May you do the work that is yours to do,
With an earnestness of purpose, ever new,
And a love for your work that is fond and true.

TO THE PRAYER MEETING COMMITTEE:

We're glad you're right back on the job,
Dear madam chairman,
For yours is a work that is well worth while.
An we're very sure you can
Do very much for our C. E.
By planning every meeting
And holding little "get-to-gethers"
That are always worth repeating.
In June, be able to face this quiz:
"Have you made things go with a whiz?
"Did you hold three meetings with your workers?
"Did you meet with your leaders so they'd not
be shirkers?
"Was your pre-prayer service good or bad?
"Have you done as well as you wish you had?"

TO THE MUSIC COMMITTEE:

We have a fine committee
Of musicians great and small;
Some of them are famous,
And some of them not at all.
Before next June
Will you please see
If you've done all the work
That was supposed to be.
Three "get-to-gethers"
You should hold,
To select your leaders
Who will be bold
To do their duty,
And not be late
To C. E. meetings
And make us wait.
Show a written report
Of all you do.
And make it interesting
And new. For C. E.

TO THE LOOKOUT COMMITTEE:

Lighthouse keepers you must be,
On the watch for our C. E.
Whenever we fall a step behind
You must let us know in a way that's kind.
Know all your points on the chart,
And work at them with all your heart.
Then do your best
To beat the rest,
And you'll be ready to meet your test
In June.

TO THE GOOD LITERATURE COMMITTEE:

If we would well our faculties use
The best of literature we must choose.
If we would enlighten our eager minds
We must read many books of various kinds.
So we've chosen you to be our guide
And from a field both long and wide
To choose the best and to ever plan
To become a better woman or man.

TO THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE:

Social committee, we welcome you
To a task that needs stout hearts and true.
To keep your credits on the chart
You must work together, not apart.
And in order to help you do your best,
In June, be ready to meet this test:
Three committee meetings you must hold.
(The value of these is more than gold.)
Know the points for which you must work,
Nor from this duty may you shirk.
Do each part of your work right well,
Then in your report you can tell
Of work that you've earnestly, faithfully done,
And the number of points that you have won
For C. E.

TO THE INFORMATION COMMITTEE:

To keep us well informed
We're glad we've chosen you,
To bring us the newsiest news,
And never make us blue.
And, in order to help you do your best,
In June, be able to meet this test:
First, keep a record of what you do,
As every week goes by,
Note what you tell, and who has told,
And how, and when and why.
Put the news about us in a book,
And see how very well they'll look
All pasted together so lovely and nice,
They will surely "cut some ice,"
At Conference next year.

TO THE JUNIOR COMMITTEE:

Best wishes for our Junior workers,
The best in all the land.
Never can we call you shirkers,
You're with us heart and hand.
Three meetings you must hold
And plan your work with care,
Be sure your superintendent knows
What you want to do and dare.
Then have a fine report
At every business meeting,
It may be long or it may be short,
But will receive our hearty greeting.

TO THE TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE:

Welcome C. E. jitney-men,
We know you one and all,
For responsible bus-drivers
Who come at any call
To take the people out to church,
Or to help out at C. E.
But it's up to you to find the folks
And bring them in, you see.
And in order to help you do your best,
In June, be able to meet this test:
Present a record of all you've done,
Of every person you've taken
To Sabbath services in your church,
And not to pieces shaken.

TO THE MISSIONARY COMMITTEE:

To the missionary committee,
With a future bright and fair,
We need not advise you what to do,
For you've always been right there.
When others were tired and thoughtless,
And ready to quit,
You've held on to the job,
Till you were sure of it.
Our heathen neighbor is now our friend,
Our love for him will know no end.
Our service we are glad to give
So that he may know how to live.
Whatever we can help you do,
To save another one,
We'll do our work most gladly,
And count our work well done.
So here's health and wealth,
And glad good cheer,
To our missionary committee
For another new year.

TO THE FINANCE COMMITTEE:

"A penny, a nickel, a dime,
More and more each time.
The more we give,
The better we'll live."
So says this little rhyme:
So work and work some more,
As did our fathers of yore.
Go, more money get,
So our bills will be met,
And no collector will be at our door.

TO THE JUNIORS:

"A happy New Year" to the juniors,
To the superintendent, too.
May this year be your very best
For C. E. strong and true.
We're sure you'll do your very best,
Because you always will,
And that's the kind of a C. E. friend,
We'll help on the way up hill.
So count on us for all you need,
For any kind of aid.
You'll find us ready and willing
To keep the promise we've made.

"If religion is a fundamental part of human life it should no more be left out than the multiplication table."

DEACON OSMAN WINSLOW BABCOCK

Osman Winslow Babcock, who died at his home in Nortonville, December 11, 1923, was the son of Samuel and Almyra Babcock. He was born at Adams Center, N. Y., December 30, 1839. He attended public school at Adams Center and later taught school for his board and seventeen dollars per month which he gave to his father until he was twenty-one years old.

He was married November 8, 1866 to Harriet Arminda Lanphear at Nile, N. Y. Immediately he moved to Albion, Wis., where he entered into partnership with Oliver Davis, operating a small country store and postoffice.

In 1873 his wife went East to visit home folks while Mr. Babcock and Mr. Davis started out in search of a homeland somewhere in the great Southwest. They drove to Kansas in a prairie schooner coming by way of West Hallock, Ill., where Mrs. Cornelia Spicer, a sister of Mr. Babcock, lived at that time. From there they journeyed westward arriving at the Missouri river just across from Atchison August 8, 1873. There was no bridge at that time and as the ferry had just left they ate dinner on the east bank of the river, Mr. Davis doing the cooking while Mr. Babcock cared for the team. They spent their first night in Kansas in their wagon in the door yard of Rev. S. R. Wheeler who lived on the Seventh Day Lane. At that time J. H. Titsworth lived on the east end of the lane, Joshua Wheeler on the west end, the Griffins a mile north and Gene Burdick a mile south.

After looking at the country several days they decided to visit an uncle of Mrs. Davis who lived at Baldwin, Kan.

On reaching Baldwin they became more and more impressed with the country around Nortonville to which place they returned buying three quarter sections of land adjoining Nortonville on the north.

Mr. Babcock slept his first night in Nortonville on the floor of the depot, just built at that time. The Davis house was built first, where they lived the first winter. The Babcock house was built the next summer, a small story and a half structure. Ten years later Mr. Babcock built the home as it now stands, J. L. Stillman being the carpenter.

The Babcock and Davis partnership continued until the death of Mr. Davis, March 1, 1908. Theirs was an unusual as well

as life partnership, and as the years advanced they became more like brothers than business partners, each relying upon the integrity of the other, a confidence never violated.

Mr. Babcock loved farm life and during his early life at Nortonville he operated a hay-press. It was all open prairie around Nortonville at that time and the hay was free to anyone who would put it up. He enjoyed the rigors of pioneer life and met the hardships without fear or complaint. Nothing daunted him or lessened his faith in God and his fellow men. So uncomplaining was he that he once said to the writer—"Yes we often had hardships, grasshoppers, drouths and blizzards but they never bothered me a bit."

An incessant, tireless worker, thrift was obvious to Mr. Babcock and some of his eastern friends began sending him money to loan on farm properties. In 1886 he was elected president of the First National Bank of Nortonville. When the bank was re-organized he was made president of the bank which position he held until the time of his death, having, on account of failing health, retired from active service in the bank in 1919.

Mr. Babcock's wife died October 31, 1902. Since that time his daughter has lived with him and cared for the home. For several years he has borne physical afflictions, without complaint, that would have been unbearable to most men. In February of this year he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis. He rallied from this but since August of this year has not been himself, failing gradually each day until the end came. He leaves one brother, M. S. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.; two sisters, Mrs. Cornelia Spicer, Plainfield N. J., and Miss Angeline Babcock, Nortonville, and one daughter, Mrs. Almond Burdick. Mr. Babcock's parental and never failing love for his daughter and in turn her true devotion to him, caring for him many months even as a mother cares for a babe, is a beautiful testimonial of entwined love and duty worthy of emulation.

Funeral services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist church, December 13, conducted by Rev. Herbert Cottrell and attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends. He always manifested a deep interest in all religious work and had served

the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church as deacon for forty-six years.

O. W. Babcock was a man of high degree. Charitable, patient, honest and upright, his daily life of kindness and cheerfulness was indeed his religion and his many acts of helpfulness will endure in the hearts of his associates as a monument of true Christianity. He was quick to recognize every worthy effort and many came to him for financial assistance, none ever being turned away in time of distress. When young men and women struggled for success, he struggled with them, lending all assistance possible. Although many disappointed him he never lost faith in the integrity of his fellow men. During the writer's close family association with him for the last twenty years, I never heard him make an unkind remark about anyone. In this he lived up to his ideal, either to speak well or speak not at all of neighbors and friends. He was an attribute for good in the community in which he lived and he will be sadly missed. His passing depletes the ranks of the patriots who founded and built this community, a class of men who are swiftly passing and whose sturdiness of character made them cornerstones in the battle of early day life and progress. Many men build costly monuments of stone to perpetuate their memory; but who would not rather live in the hearts of men when the soul has flown from earth? It is blessed to be remembered as one who smiled as he passed along, and who did his best to be a friend. Better than costly buildings and stacks of gold, are the riches of soul that enable one to drop sweetly to rest without regret and at peace with every one. Beautiful as a golden sunset is life's evening for such a man. His memory lives and points the way.

This stanza of a song sung at the funeral was a favorite of his:

"There are good and blest,
Those we love most and best;
There too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home."

Often he would be heard singing these words, words which indicate the bright prospect he entertained in life's eventide of a happy home over there and a joyous reunion with loved ones gone before.

His body was laid to rest in the Nortonville cemetery.

H. L. C.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(Born Feb. 22, 1732—Died Dec. 14, 1799).
From out the page of history, long ago,
There steps a stately figure, calm and slow
Serene in his bearing and august his mold
"The Father of His Country"; loved of old.

How, on these noble features, shining through,
We see the patriot's purpose, tried and true!
Those eagle glances cowed the nation's foes,
That stern will conquered in the battle's throes.

Intolerant only of deceit and wrong,
His love of man rose ever high and strong.
Home, fortune, life unto the common need
Counted no sacrifice, only duty's need.

Oh, noble, vital presence, with us stay
To solve the problems of our modern day,
Give of thy power, to choose with clear insight,
Thy faith in God, thy strength to do the right.
—E. E. S., in *Journal of Education*.

JESUS HELPING OTHERS

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
March 1, 1924

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Jesus' first miracle (John 2: 1-11)
Monday—Helping the sick (Matt. 4: 23-25)
Tuesday—Helping weak faith (Luke 8: 22-25)
Wednesday—Helping a widow (Luke 7: 11-17)
Thursday—Helpful example (John 13: 12-17)
Friday—Helping the dying (Luke 23: 39-43)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Jesus helping others (Mark
5: 21-24, 35-42) (Consecration meet-
ing)
21-24, 35-42) (Consecration meeting)

BEULAH COON

(A friend of the juniors)

The lesson for this week is about Jesus' helping others. How many stories can you think of where Jesus helped others? If you have read the daily readings for this week you can think of several right off. Let's make a list of those given in the daily readings:

1. First there is the story of the wedding feast where there was not enough wine and Jesus turned the water into wine.
2. Then when Jesus was journeying through Galilee the people brought many

to him who were sick, and he always healed them.

3. One day when Jesus and the disciples were crossing the lake a great storm came up and Jesus, being asleep the people were very much afraid. They finally woke him and he calmed the storm and the waters so that the remainder of the voyage was completed in safety.

4. On the fourth day you read how Jesus brought back to life the only son of a poor widow.

5. And on the fifth day you read about Jesus teaching the disciples to be helpful to each other. First he washed their feet and then told them that they should do the same for each other.

6. You remember that when Jesus was crucified two other men were hung at the same time. One of them asked Jesus to remember him when he went to heaven and Jesus told him that that day they should both be in paradise.

7. For today's lesson we have a story taken from the life of Jesus about the rich ruler who came to Jesus asking him to heal his daughter. Jesus went with him to his house where the servants said that the little girl was dead. Then Jesus went up into her room and took her by the hand and told her to get up.

Here we have seven instances of Jesus' helping others. One for every day in the week. If you read in your Bible you can find many more instances where Jesus helped others. Jesus never did things for his own selfish pleasure. He found his pleasure in helping others and if you try hard enough you will find that it is a great deal more fun to help your father, mother, brothers and sisters than it is to be selfishly doing things for yourself all the time.

Next week, every night let's put down on a slip of paper one thing we have done that day to help someone else. Let's not have a single day go by without having done something that we can write down.

Milton College, Milton, Wis.

"UNCLE JOE'S" FAMILIAR COMPARISONS

One rainy day, according to the *National Republican*, a member of Congress arrived at the capitol minus his umbrella, which had been blown inside out while crossing

the park. He happened to remark, in the presence of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, that he was as wet as a fish. "As wet as a fish," slowly repeated Mr. Cannon. "Son, that expression brings to my mind an old poem that I read about 40 years ago. I wonder if I still remember how it went. Let's see. It appears to me it went something like this:

'As wet as a dish-rag—as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as flint—as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily—as black as coal;
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear;
As tight as a drum—as free as air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind;
As true as gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;
As savage as tigers—as wild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crooked as a bow;
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as gristle;
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick—as solid as brass.'

—Pathfinder.

THE BOY LIKE WASHINGTON

Dennie sat up very straight in his seat and listened carefully to all that the teacher was saying. He wanted to remember everything that she said about George Washington.

Dennie's room, which was the second grade, was going to give a tableau for their part in the Washington's birthday program at the school. A few pupils were going to be dressed in costumes and form a group like a picture. Then when the curtain was pulled back from the platform where they would be standing, they would not move until every one had seen them and had clapped, and the curtain was lowered.

One boy in the tableau would be dressed like George Washington, and every boy

in the room wondered who it would be. Of course, each one wished that he could be the one chosen. That is, every one except George Washington Smart. He didn't wonder the least bit, because he was very sure he would be the one.

"What makes you think you will be the one?" Dennie had asked him.

"Why, of course, I will be the one," George Washington Smart answered. "I was born on Washington's birthday, and that is why I was named George Washington. And if I have that name, of course I'll be the one to be dressed like him."

So while the teacher read stories about Washington, George Washington Smart looked out of the window. So, of course, he knew very little about how the boy who was to be dressed like Washington should act.

When the day came that the pupils for the tableau were to be chosen, George Washington Smart came to school with a sword and a Washington hat that he had had for a party.

"See!" he said to the others at recess, "I will wear this hat and sword when I am George Washington in the tableau." And he slung his sword over one hip, cocked his hat on one side of his head, and walked away with a very foolish swagger.

Just then, across the school lot, came a strange girl. She wore a colored shawl over her head, and on her arm she carried a basket.

George Washington Smart saw her coming and ran toward her. He knew that a soldier must be brave, but he had the wrong idea about bravery, for he thought to dare to do something mean was to be brave. He ran to the strange-looking girl and stuck out his dull-edged play sword so that he slipped it under her basket handle. Then he started to pull the basket toward him. The girl clutched at it.

"Go away, you horrid boy!" she cried. "Give us something to eat. Give us something to eat!" George Washington Smart demanded, as all the other rude pupils gathered around.

"There is nothing to eat in the basket," said the girl. "Go away; you'll break it."

"Show us what's in the basket," cried George Washington Smart, and he tried again to get the basket. The girl nearly dropped it and almost fell.

A MODERN INTERPRETATION

"What does it mean, Tommy," the Sunday school teacher asked, "when it says they rent their clothes?"

"I suppose they couldn't afford to buy them," replied Tommy.—*Selected.*

Terence O'Flannigan had been hired to assist the station master. As the train arrived he called out, "Change here for Limerickgalwayandmayo!"

The station master went for him. "Haven't I told you," he cried, "to sing out the stations clearly and distinctly? Remember now, sing 'em out."

"I will, sir," said Terence. And when the next train came in, the passengers were very much astonished to hear him sing:

"Sweet dreamland faces
Passing to and fro;
Change here for Limerick,
Galway and Mayo."

—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

"Mayn't I be a preacher when I grow up?" asked the small boy.

"Of course you may, my pet, if you want to," his mother replied.

"Yes, I do. I s'pose I've got to go to church all my life, anyway, and it's a good deal harder to sit than to stand up and holler."—*Selected.*

SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS IN "THE VALLEY"—TEXAS

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

Perhaps RECORDER readers would be interested in some news from the little group of Sabbath keepers at Edinburg, Texas.

Last summer it was my privilege to spend six days there, at the home of Brother Jay Van Horn, preaching four times, and visiting in several of the homes. Have just received a newsy letter from Brother and Sister Van Horn, telling something of our interests there.

Probably many RECORDER readers have never heard of the section of Texas known as "The Valley," but it is destined, many believe, to be a rival of Florida and Southern California before many years. It is a strip of land extending back from the coast and up the Rio Grande for about a hundred miles which has been put under irrigation and has developed remarkably with-

Dennie had been watching, but although he wanted to do something, he was afraid the boys and girls would laugh at him. However, when he saw how the girl nearly fell and almost lost hold of her basket, he ran over to her.

"I'll help you with your basket," he said.

Then he took hold of one side of the basket, while the girl took the other side, and he shoved a way through the little group that was too surprised to say anything. He took the stranger to the room in the school where she wished to go, for she did not know the way.

When recess was over, and the boys and girls in Dennie's class went back to their room, there sat the strange girl near the teacher's desk.

The teacher went to the basket that sat on the desk and began to uncover it. "This," she explained, "is something which our class has bought for the school, and we are to show it to everybody for the first time at the exercises." And she brought from the basket a small statue of George Washington. The strange girl was the daughter of Petro who sold statues!

How ashamed were the pupils who had tried to snatch the basket. Just suppose they had broken the statue.

"Now," added the teacher, "we will choose the boy who is to be George Washington in the tableau. You will remember that George Washington was very brave, and that he was always a perfect gentleman. We should choose the boy who is the most like him. Now whom shall we have for George Washington?"

Then everybody forgot George Washington Smart with his name and his cocked hat and his sword. And everybody cried, "Dennie!"—*Gladys C. Carpenter.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I like to hear the stories
Of the men who were so great,
Before they did the splendid things
That we now celebrate.

I wish I'd known George Washington,
Who never was afraid
To take the blame when he did wrong.
What a fine friend he'd have made!

I may not be, like Washington,
A hero—but I can
Try hard to be the kind of boy
That makes his kind of man.

—*Lucile Lincoln.*

in the past ten years. It includes most of two counties: Cameron and Hidalgo, with Brownsville as its largest and oldest city. But several other thriving young cities have sprung up: Harlingen, San Benito, Mercedes, McAllen, Mission; and a host of smaller places, along the irrigated belt. Edinburg is the county seat of Hidalgo County, and, although still a small town, shows much promise of growth and development.

It is a most remarkable country to visit—after traveling for hours over barren, almost desert country, covered with cactus, "mesquite" and sand-hills, with an occasional herd of cattle or group of ranch buildings—one comes suddenly upon this valley country, with its thriving fields of cotton, broom-corn and other crops, its orange, lemon and grape-fruit groves, and its rows of stately palm trees. And the products are truly marvelous. "The Valley" raises by far the earliest cotton in the United States, and its fruit cannot be beaten. Brother Van Horn writes that one of his Washington navel oranges weighed a pound and a half, and I have seen green lemons on the trees, larger than any ordinary orange.

The greatest drawback to the country at present is the question of transportation, which is afforded only by the single line of the Gulf Coast railroads, leading to Houston and New Orleans. But at present they are working on a deep-water harbor at Point Isabel, and they expect a railroad from San Antonio, which will be a great help to the country.

The Seventh Day Baptists there are North Loup people, who went to Texas some three or four years ago. They have homes, and well-cultivated farms, about Edinburg, and keep up a regular Sabbath school and prayer meeting at the different homes. Mrs. Jay Van Horn is superintendent of the Sabbath school, and Miss Myrtle Fisher is secretary. Their numbers have been somewhat diminished by proselyting work of the Adventists, but they are still keeping up their meetings. When it was suggested that the prayer meeting be discontinued, someone said, "No! There will be more of our people down here sometime, and we must keep on." There is faith for you! Faith in the country, faith in Seventh Day Baptists, and faith in God.

I wish some of our people might decide

to make their homes there; they would certainly not regret it. And the country is being fast settled, so that the sooner one goes the more advantages he will have. Brother Van Horn claims the climate to be superior to Florida or California—and he has lived in Florida. It is not an excessively dry country, although irrigated; very much unirrigated land is under cultivation, and produces fair crops. Neither is it excessively hot; in fact I found it a much more agreeable summer climate than Arkansas, although some six hundred miles farther south; for there is an almost constant gulf breeze which moderates the heat. There is practically no winter. Brother Van Horn writes under date of February 2: "We have had only three *very* light freezes so far. Our lemon trees are full of bloom." They expect to plant their cotton crop about February 15.

Although the Edinburg Sabbath school is a small one, and although you see no report of it in the *Year Book* or elsewhere; it is alive, active and faithful, and is the single light-bearer for Seventh Day Baptists in the vast state of Texas. They have recently sent a contribution to the Jamaica mission. They are in the truest sense "lone Sabbath keepers," for they are holding up the light with no outside help, even such as comes from occasional visits from our ministers; for except a visit of Elder Severance and Elder Holston, some three years ago, and my visit last summer, there has been no Seventh Day Baptist minister in "The Valley."

Texas is a wonderful field opened to Seventh Day Baptists; I suppose there are many such, and we can not enter them all; but this one is particularly inviting. Let us remember these people in our prayers; and if any Seventh Day Baptist wants to move to a warmer climate, why not choose "The Valley,"

Yours, in Christian fellowship,

CLIFFORD A. BEEBE.

Alfred, N. Y.,

February 9, 1924.

A profane man was reminded of the scriptural command: "Swear not at all." "I do not swear at all," was his response. "I only swear at those who annoy me."—*Boston Transcript*.

HOME NEWS

LITTLE GENESEE.—One of the happy events of the year for people of Little Genesee is the annual church meetings and dinner, which this year was held Friday, January 4. The bounteous dinner held at the hall was enjoyed by the community at large, also by absent friends and members of the church who returned for this annual "Home Gathering." Following the dinner, the reports of affiliated interests of the church were given. Only a brief summary of some of the important items and projects undertaken during the year, can be mentioned here.

When a pastor has won his way into the hearts and lives of those whom he has served, it is always with a spirit of reluctance that we bid him farewell, as he leaves for another field. This was the feeling of the community at large when Pastor Loofboro left us in May. Before his departure, reception was given him and his family at "Community Hall." At this gathering, which was largely attended, a purse was given him, as an expression of our appreciation of his labors among us. However, our hearts were cheered when in September, Pastor Hargis and family arrived safely after a long auto trip from their former home at Walworth, Wis. Installation service, followed by a reception in the evening, was held on the first Sabbath.

The work of the church has been taken up with renewed interest, the attendance at all the services of the church being especially good. Even the prayer meetings (the thermometer of the church) have been well attended. We are praying that the Holy Spirit may come upon this community with such power that all may feel the influence of the church upon their lives, and thus be brought into it. Some very interesting and inspiring meetings have been held. At the service Thanksgiving morning, an offering amounting to \$42 was taken for the Armenian Relief Fund, and at the community Christmas service, a special collection was taken for the work at Fouke.

Our Sabbath school with a total enrollment of one hundred and sixty-four realizes that it has a proposition to face; namely, how to provide sufficient class rooms for conducting our various classes in a more efficient manner. A project was launched

near the close of the church meeting to relieve this present congested condition, providing it is thought advisable by the trustees. We are hoping that the coming year will bring these needy improvements. January 1 of last year brought a reorganization of our primary department, it now being conducted more independently of the main school, with its own superintendent. By means of new curtains, screens, etc., the classes of this department are better equipped for carrying on their work. As our Sabbath school is composed of organized classes, the activities of the school were partially reported by the secretaries of these classes. The "Mizpah Class" held six class meetings or socials during the year. The young men's division of the class under the direction of Pastor Hargis has organized a basketball team, and some interesting games with other teams have been held at the hall. Over \$50 was netted for the basketball fund, as result of a box social in charge of the girls' division of the class. The "Bethel Class" (consisting of older young people) has held nine business and social meetings, also one entertainment at the hall. Twice it has had charge of the morning services. The class recently voted to purchase a bulletin board for our pastor's use at the church. The "Berea Class" report hearty co-operation on the part of its members. Seven monthly meetings with suppers, programs, and games were enjoyed. One hundred dollars was given to the church by the last two classes.

Some interesting Christian Endeavor meetings have been held during the year. A number of visitors and speakers have been with us; including Miss Fucia Randolph, principal of Fouke School, our association secretary, and a member of the Tract Board, who spoke relative to that work. At Christmas time, a candle-light Christian Endeavor service was held, a candle being lighted on the Christmas tree for each group taking part. At the time of the association in June, a Christian Endeavor banquet was held at the hall, messages being given by other societies, and some of our denominational leaders. Nine endeavorers, chaperoned by Mrs. Vina Burdick, attended the State Christian Endeavor Convention at Troy, the latter part of June. Reports were given the following Sabbath. On October 20, the active list of members

was divided with captains for the two teams. Twenty-two new subscriptions for the SABBATH RECORDER and twenty-one renewals were received during the drive. The losing side entertained the winners with a social evening followed by a banquet. Literary programs, under direction of the Christian Endeavor society, are now being held monthly at the hall. This is for the enjoyment and uplift of the community at large.

The "Sunshine Club" has truly been shining this year. Besides fifteen meetings held for work; such as, sewing for needy, sewing carpet rags for rugs for the teachers' home at Fouke, etc.; five Sabbath night lunches were served, also dinner and supper Election Day; a home talent farce was given netting over \$26. The cleaning, painting and papering the interior of the parsonage was done by the club. From the \$290 received during the year, \$100 was given toward painting and redecorating the church.

The W. C. T. U. with a membership of twenty-three, has had an average attendance of seven at its monthly meetings. The subjects studied and informal discussion among members, have helped to create a desire for a cleaner community and a better world.

The "Library Association" reported having paid out \$202.69, books let out during year, 1,481.

A unanimous vote of thanks was given Mr. Bell for the vacuum cleaner donated to the church.

After remarks by Pastor Hargis, pledges amounting to about \$150 were given for installing electric lights in the hall.

Following the reading of these reports, the annual church meeting was held at the church, at which time the various officers were elected for the ensuing year. The treasurer reported having received \$3,011 during the year. A call was extended our pastor for the coming year with increase of salary and two weeks' vacation to be granted him at his convenience. It was voted that a number of improvements; such as, fixing up driveways, repairing church sheds, be made as soon as possible; also necessary improvement of steps and church entrance be made, and Sabbath school rooms planned for, with the approval of Board of Trustees. The Hall Trustees

were made a committee to investigate and push improvements on the "Community Hall." Plans are under way for a Daily Vacation Bible School and the church voted to do its best in giving it financial support.

We have felt for sometime the need of the Vacation Bible School; for in whatever the children are interested, the community at large is interested, and what we need is a greater love and understanding of the Bible. So while planning for material improvements, we cannot overlook the more important feature, that of spiritual development. We need to grow in loyalty toward one another, loyalty to the interests of our denomination, and loyalty to God.

E. B. S.

MILTON JUNCTION.—The Milton Junction Church anticipated the week of prayer by holding special services from December 29 until January 6. This time was chosen that the meetings might come during the school vacation. As it happened, the weather during most of this period was severe; but a faithful group, who were able to withstand the cold, gathered each evening to listen to the evangelistic sermons of the pastor and to contribute their prayers and testimonies. In this effort they were brought closer together and the meetings were a source of strength to the church.

On the closing day of the meetings occurred the annual church meeting with a dinner. The church's financial budget was adopted and appreciation of the pastor's work was shown by voting an increase of \$200 in salary. The reports showed the work of the church through its officers and its auxiliaries. The severe weather prevented many from attending but those who had the dinner in charge were on hand; and all who braved the weather to come felt well repaid by the opportunity afforded to get in closer touch with church work and closer fellowship with each other.

After the close of the meetings the women of the church, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society, began rehearsals for the presentation of the pageant "The Light Hath Shined," prepared by Harriet Carpenter Van Horn for the Ashaway Conference. In spite of continued cold and roads more or less blocked with snow, forty women and girls were able to come to the rehearsals and to participate in this inspir-

ing work. Little girls of seven and women of seventy worked together with those of ages less extreme, in this presentation, and all received the blessing that comes from co-operation. The pageant was presented on Friday evening, January 18, at the opening of the quarterly meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Churches. While the majority of the audience had never before seen the pageant, there were those who had seen it, who testified that they found it fully as impressive as before. This proves that this pageant is a work of true merit of which one does not tire. One, seeing it for the first time, said it gave him a different feeling about missions than he had previously had.

The meetings of the quarterly meeting were of exceptional interest. We were fortunate in having with us Forward Movement Director Bond who was welcomed here, not only on account of his position as director, but because he was returning to the scene of a former pastorate. His stirring message on Sabbath morning awakened new interest in the Forward Movement and in the parallel budget. It also showed the vital relationship between giving one's self and giving one's means.

The central thought of the young people's meeting in the afternoon was the "Prayer Life" and the talks of the young people were followed by a sermon from Pastor Charles Thorngate of Exeland.

Much interest was manifested in the evening meeting when Pastor Hansen, of the Chicago Church, told of his recent trip to Jamaica, and of the developments there. The Sunday morning meeting was shared with the people of the Milton Junction Methodist Church who for more than a year have been worshipping in the Seventh Day Baptist church awaiting the completion of a church of their own to replace one that was burned. The sermon was preached by the pastor of the Methodist Church, Rev. S. A. Sheard.

The business meeting of the quarterly meeting was held in the afternoon and the closing sermon preached by Pastor Jordan, of the Milton Church. In spite of sub-zero weather and snowy roads the attendance at the meetings was good, though many were necessarily deterred from attending on account of the severity of the weather.

Monday evening a small group came together for a conference with the Forward Movement director and talked over denominational problems and the preparations and plans for the "every member canvass" which is an annual event in January with the Milton Junction Church.

The Finance Committee of the church had already appointed the solicitors and the church budget, which included not only the Forward Movement but the parallel budget as well, had been adopted at the annual church meeting and the date of the canvass had been set for January 27.

On the Sabbath day preceding the canvass Pastor Sutton preached a strong denominational sermon. (One, by the way, with which, we feel sure, "Layman" of a recent RECORDER could find no fault.) The sermon was admirably supplemented by mimeograph sheets explaining the parallel budget and giving figures, also giving the budget adopted by the church at the annual meeting. These were distributed to the congregation and copies sent to absent members and non-resident members.

At the close of the sermon with the solicitors grouped about the pulpit, the pastor prayed that they might go to their work in the right spirit, that they might be successful in their work, to the end that God's kingdom on earth be prospered.

The canvass took place on the following day; and in the evening the canvassers gathered at the parsonage for a meal together, (each contributing something to it) and reported the results of the day's work, which were found to be encouraging. Very encouraging, too, was the interest manifested not only in local, but in denominational work, as pastor and people counseled together of the best means of going forward with the work of the kingdom.

So the new year has opened auspiciously for the Milton Junction Church in that the membership of the church have been busy with the pastor along evangelistic, missionary and denominational lines.

H. E. W.

BOULDER, COLO.—The Ladies' Missionary and Aid society of the Boulder Seventh Day Baptist Church met at the home of Mrs. D. B. Coon, Wednesday, February 6. It was the time of their annual "covered dish" dinner. No menu is made out for

this occasion, but each one brings the dish she wishes to. The member entertaining furnishes material for hot biscuits and a committee which has been previously appointed, receives the dishes, makes the biscuits (for chicken pie on the particular occasion), arranges the dinner and serves it, cafeteria style.

This is strictly a ladies' meeting and even the hostess' husband is not much in evidence on these days. I do not know just where Pastor Coon took refuge. Twice during the day I saw him, once when he exhibited a birthday cake which had been presented to him and again, when thirst drove him to the water faucet.

There were thirty-six present including guests. Those from out of town were: Mrs. P. L. Clarke, of Denver; Mrs. Walter L. Snair, of Louisville; and Mrs. Weaver from up in the mountains. Until one o'clock the time was pleasantly spent visiting and serving. At one o'clock a most delicious and bounteous dinner was served.

In the afternoon an interesting business meeting was conducted by the president, Mrs. D. M. Andrews. Seven new members were added to the society. This brings the membership up to thirty-four in number. This organization meets the first and third Wednesday in each month. At every other session an interesting program is given.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Herbert Coon. Mrs. Vars will give a review of "What Other Denominations Are Doing in Foreign Missionary Work."

MAE E. MUDGE.

February 7, 1924.

NORTONVILLE.—The annual church dinner is always an important event in the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church and society. It is always looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation and pleasure. It can hardly be called a new thing since the custom was started in January, 1866. And it may be of interest to know that only five persons are now living who attended that first annual church dinner. They are Mrs. Alma Maris, Jesse Maris, Mrs. Hannah Vandenburg, Mrs. Margaret Hummel of Boulder, Colo. The dinner was held out on the Seventh Day Lane at the home of Elder A. A. F. Ran-

dolph, who was the first pastor of the church. Elder Randolph's son, George F. Randolph, who furnished me the data, said that he was unable to attend the dinner because he had to teach school that day. But if annual dinners then were anything like what they are now, I'll wager that there was enough left over for his mother to give him a good hand-out when he got home. And thus for fifty-eight years the annual dinner has been a very pleasant and important event in the life of the church and society. I say, not only pleasant, but important, because it helps to weld more strongly together the sacred ties of love and fellowship and makes possible more united effort in supporting the cause of Jesus Christ. May this pleasant custom long continue. The regular time for the dinner is on the first Sunday in January, but on account of the cold weather, it was held this year on the second Sunday. At this time there were about one hundred ten people ate dinner and the usual social time was enjoyed.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we all went upstairs for the program and business meeting. The program was as follows:

Piano Duet—Misses Evelyn and Helen Ring
Piano Solo—Lois Wells
Playette, "Gossiping"—Missionary Society
The Parallel Budget—Pastor Cottrell
The Commission—Henry Ring

After the usual reports of officers and committees in the business meeting, we came to the special work to be done, which had been on the hearts and minds of many for several days; the election of a deacon to fill the vacancy by the death of our much beloved brother and friend, Deacon O. W. Babcock, and two deaconesses. We all seemed to feel the sacred and solemn duty that had come to us and the spirit of God seemed to be leading us as we proceeded to select these officers by ballot. As a result of the ballot, Henry Ring was chosen deacon and Mrs. Sadie West and Mrs. Alena Bond were chosen deaconesses. While Mr. Ring and Mrs. West desired to have time to consider the call we trust that, as both calls were, evidently, the united voice of the people, led by God's spirit, they will prayerfully consider and accept these calls, if it is God's will.

RALPH BURDICK STILLMAN

Ralph Burdick Stillman, son of Charles D. and Myrtle Burdick Stillman was born three miles northwest of Nortonville, August 26, 1893, and died at the Atchison Hospital, Tuesday, December 19, at 4.30 a. m., at the age of thirty years, three months and twenty-four days.

His death was caused by an accident. He was thrown from his horse as he returned from the mailbox one-half a mile away.

When four years old he came to town with his parents, entering the Nortonville school at the age of seven, continuing twelve years, where he graduated from high school in the class of 1912.

After his graduation, he went to southwestern Kansas, where his parents lived at that time, and taught school for six years. When his country declared war, he felt the call to duty, and with his parents' consent, resigned his position in school at Thanksgiving time in 1917, and volunteered and served as bugler in Battery A, 40th coast Artillery till the Armistice was signed.

He became a member of the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church in early boyhood, and was also an active member in the American Legion.

On June 3, 1920, he was married to Miss Edna Van Horn.

He is survived by his wife and little son, "Billie" Stillman; his parents and adopted sister, Barbara Stillman; his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Burdick; and a host of relatives and friends to mourn his untimely death.

Funeral services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist church Thursday afternoon at 2.30, where the body had rested in state since one o'clock p. m. Rev. H. L. Cottrell read the fourteenth chapter of John, and delivered an able and helpful address. The beautiful music was furnished by members of the Choral Union, and the several organizations of which Mr. and Mrs. Stillman were members, attended in bodies. Besides the numerous and beautiful floral tributes, was the old flag of '61—the one used in 1908 in the decoration at the funeral of B. O. Burdick, who was grandfather of the subject of this sketch.

And now, what can we say in regard to the life of our dear one? We shrink from this trying duty, yet, who but a fond par-

ent is better qualified to record a short biography brimming with the cherished memories of a dutiful son.

With aching hearts, and through tear-dimmed eyes, we behold his short life spread before us in panoramic view.

First, we see him, a pink speck of humanity, as the attending doctor announced, "It is a fine boy," which later proved true in every sense of the word. A little later, we see him as he took his first toddling step from father to mother.

And we were so proud of him, then.

Next, we hear him lisp his first word, "Mama," which was as sweet music to our ears.

Again we see him at the age of seven, as he starts for his first day of school, after reaching up for mother's kiss, which she gives with a little pang in her heart, for her "sonny" is growing up. We see him in his twelve years of school in our village as he climbs from grade to grade, proudly bringing home his grade cards for "Daddy" or "Mama" to sign. His grades were always good, and his rank in class never lower than third, and often first and second. He was always a favorite with his schoolmates and teachers.

After his graduation, we see him in the capacity of teacher for several years, surrounded by groups of happy children who loved and honored him. Then came his country's call, and we see him taking the train at the station, with father and mother trying to be cheerful while their hearts were wrung in anguish. The parting was made without a tear.

And we were very proud of him then.

He left us as a volunteer, and served in camp at San Francisco, Calif., nearly a year when he received a letter stating his regiment had been ordered overseas. We see his bravery as he broke the news to us, as his letters were always cheerful, and he realized it was father and mother who needed courage. We see his long trip across the continent, enduring privations, but dropping several thoughtful missives from the speeding train which some kind fairy helped on their way to anxious father and mother.

One day after his regiment reached Camp Upton on Long Island, came the glad tidings that the Armistice had been

signed, and in due time we had our soldier boy at home.

And we were proud of him then.

Next we see him on a June-time evening lead his bride to the altar; then three and one-half years in his happy home during which time little "Billy" came to bless them, and he was so proud of his little family, and now—

We would like to draw a thick veil over the rest of the picture but the crash came, and love and skill could not keep him here. We see the very large concourse of friends as they meet to pay their last tribute of love and respect to our loved one; we see him borne by six of his comrades and placed in his last resting place, while a body of ex-service boys gave him a farewell salute and the bugle sounded "Taps."

We laid his vigorous young body to rest in the khaki uniform he loved so well, after his casket was "covered over with beautiful flowers," as the singers had sung at the church.

Now we see him as he stands at attention before his Great Commander with no shame upon his face. Now he beckons his dear ones to come that way. Methinks if we could hear him speak he would say to his "buddies," "Close up the ranks and help 'carry on' the work I loved so well."

Burial took place in the Nortonville cemetery.

We take this method to return our warmest thanks to the citizens of this community for the many deeds of kindness done and words of sympathy extended to us during our greatest of earth's trials. While our homes now have a vacant chair, yet as we reflect upon the many deeds of sympathy and love of citizens of our town and community, and the immediate neighbors of our loved one, it gives a silver lining to the dark cloud hovering over us. Words utterly fail us, but we would fain give expression to the gratitude that wells up from the depths of our hearts.

RALPH'S LOVED ONES.

A sick child in a hospital clinging to a doll, sent to such as she, so caught the idea of giving up one's best that in both her sleeping and waking hours she decided upon giving up her treasure.

TRIBUTES TO WOODROW WILSON

PASTOR JAMES L. SKAGGS

*Seventh Day Baptist Church,
Plainfield, N. J.*

Since we last met here in worship together Ex-President Woodrow Wilson has gone to his reward, and probably the whole world has been moved by his death as by that of no other one man in history. Practically all nations acclaim him as one who will be immortal in the memory and love of mankind. Germany hated him because of the belief that in him centered those forces which brought their defeat. Other nations loved him because of his great service and because of the principles for which he stood. In the heat of political strife and jealousy in our own country he was rejected. But many believe that as political jealousies subside, he will be accorded a place among those whom our country holds in highest honor.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick says of him: "His contemporaries were very hard on him. Many thought they saw grave defects in him and loudly they proclaimed them. But Woodrow Wilson has indissolubly associated his name with an imperishable cause—the organization of the world for brotherhood and peace. As the years pass his hopes will be realized. Bloody violence will be unnecessary and absurd. The League of Nations will become more than a political device: It will become a state of mind like that which guards the boundary between the United States and Canada. This is the thing for which Woodrow Wilson stood. This is the cause for which he made a practical program in international affairs. This is the ideal for which he laid down his life."

—*New York Times.*

President Coolidge says of him: "He led the nation through the terrific struggle of the World War with a lofty idealism which never failed him. He gave utterance to the aspirations of humanity with an eloquence which held the attention of all the earth and made America a new and enlarged influence in the destiny of mankind."

—*New York Times.*

February 9, 1924.

DEATHS

WEST.—Sadie Loofboro Ring, the daughter of Lewis Alexander and Tamer Forsythe Loofboro, was born at Welton, Ia., October 3, 1871 and died at the hospital at Atchison, Kan., Sabbath morning, January 26, 1924, at the age of 52 years, 3 months and 23 days.

On January 29, 1901, she was married to David Carl Ring and they lived in Colorado until his death three years later. She then made her home with her mother, Mrs. Tamar Loofboro, at Welton, Ia., for a number of years. On January 27, 1914, she married Francis W. West, of Nortonville, Kan., who died about five years ago. She joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Welton, Ia., when about twelve years old. When she moved to Nortonville, she transferred her membership to the church at that place.

"Sadie," as she was familiarly called by her large circle of friends, will be sadly missed in our community, for she was an everyday Christian, and her religious influence was a blessing to all within its sphere. A perfect lady at all times and under all circumstances, she seemed to inspire the love and respect of all who were fortunate to be among her acquaintances. After a busy and useful life, she died as she had lived—honored, trusted and loved. She reared her own monument, while she lived, in the hearts of all who knew her. But she has left us and we shall miss her in the several capacities in which she labored for the upbuilding of our community: member of the church, the Sabbath school, and the Missionary society; president of Circle No. 4; superintendent of the Junior Christian Endeavor society; president of the Choral Union; neighbor and friend. It seems that she could ill be spared from our midst, but 'God touched her with his finger and she slept.' Shortly before passing away, she remarked that in any event, 'it is all right.'

Mrs. West had one brother, Chase A., and three sisters: Stella M., Amelia and Orpah, of whom Mrs. Stella Boss, of Milton, Wis., and Mrs. Orpah Wells, of Riverside, Calif., still survive. These two sisters and an uncle Mr. Austin Forsythe, of Welton, Ia., were present at the funeral.

Services were conducted by her pastor, Herbert L. Cottrell, at the Seventh Day Baptist church, Tuesday afternoon, January 29. Songs were rendered by a mixed quartet from the Choral Union. Interment was made in the Nortonville Cemetery.

H. L. C.

BURDICK.—Randolph T. Burdick, a prominent citizen of Milton Junction, died suddenly in the factory of the Burdick Cabinet Company, of Milton, Monday morning, February 4, just as the whistle blew for work to begin. Having reached the plant a few minutes before, he was talking to some of the help, who, upon turning to go to their work heard a noise and looking

around saw Mr. Burdick on the floor. They rushed to him and a physician was called, but death seemed to have come instantly.

He was the son of Ethan L. and Ann Fitz Randolph Burdick and was born at Dunellen, N. J., July 31, 1855. While he was but a child the family moved to Farina, Ill. Later they moved to Albion, Wis., where he grew to manhood. He was educated in the public school and Albion Academy, the latter now extinct. He later took a business course in Janesville, graduating in April, 1876, and taught bookkeeping for a time in Albion Academy. He also took a course in pharmacy and for a number of years was employed as a druggist. In order to be true to his religious beliefs he was obliged to give up this work, and for a number of years worked in a green-house which he had built in Milton Junction, to which place he had moved more than thirty years ago. Recently he had been employed by the Burdick Cabinet Company of Milton.

On December 24, 1878, he was married to Miss Julia Osborne of Milton. To them were born two daughters: Florence, now the wife of Harry R. Robinson, of Milton Junction, and Hazel E., now the wife of Uriah M. Baker, also of Milton Junction. There are three grandchildren: Marjorie Robinson, and Harold and Florence Baker.

He, with a group of others, among them Rev. M. G. Stillman and Richard E. Hull, were baptized by the late Rev. Joshua Clarke and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, April 24, 1869. He remained a member of that church until uniting by letter with the church of the same faith in Milton Junction on January 3, 1903. Of these churches he was always an active member. On December 6, 1903, he was elected moderator of the Milton Junction Church and has acted in that capacity since, being re-elected each year.

For many years he was a member of the "Modern Woodmen of America" and at the time of his death was "venerable counsel."

He was always interested in the welfare of the community and as a citizen will be missed.

Funeral services were held in the Seventh Day Baptist church of Milton Junction, Thursday afternoon, February 7, 1924, the services being conducted by Pastor Erlo E. Sutton who was assisted by Rev. H. N. Jordan, of Milton, and burial was in the Milton Junction Cemetery.

E. E. S.

ACKERMAN.—Mrs. Lulu Genevieve Davis Ackerman was born at Boliver, N. Y., on May 26, 1878, and died at Riverbank, Calif., January 30, 1924, after an illness of about one month.

She was the daughter of William J. and Ida Rogers Davis. Her early childhood was spent in New York State and Pennsylvania; yet while still young, her family removed to New Market, N. J. In the spring of 1892, she became a Christian and was baptized by her pastor, Rev. L. E. Livermore, into the membership of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of New Market.

On September 12, 1900, she was united in marriage with William C. Ackerman, at New Market. Of this union were three children: Mrs.

Glen Simonds, of Santa Monica, Calif.; Miss Arlouine and Clinton, were living with their parents at Riverbank.

In 1909 the Ackerman family came to Los Angeles, Calif., to make their home. At the organization of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Los Angeles, Sister Ackerman became a constituent member. In this church she held her membership at the time of her death.

In 1913, the family settled at Riverbank. Although there is no church of her faith in that community, she soon became much interested in Christian work. When invited to become a worker among the religious people, she frankly told them of her religious faith and church affiliations. She also made known the conditions upon which she could work with them. These conditions were heartily accepted.

She was a woman of much more than ordinary executive ability. She was soon an active worker among the Methodist people and a teacher in their Sunday school. In addition to this, she discharged the duties of secretary of the Farmer's Union for eight years, with great credit. She was an active W. C. T. U. worker, and its county recording secretary. She was also a prominent worker in civil affairs.

She leaves in bereavement, her husband and children and one grandchild; her mother, Mrs. Ida Rogers Davis, of Los Angeles; two sisters, Mrs. Fred Ward and Miss Frances Davis, both of Santa Monica; her brother, Edson Davis, who is a construction engineer at Burney, Calif.; an aunt, Mrs. Willard L. Larabee, of Modesto, Calif.; two uncles, C. T. Rogers of Riverside and Deacon Charles E. Rogers of New Market. There are numerous cousins and other relatives and a wide circle of friends who share in their loss and bereavement.

A very largely attended farewell service was held at Modesto, on Sabbath afternoon, February 2, 1924. The remains were taken to Los Angeles, where the final services were held on February 4, 1924, conducted by her pastor, George W. Hills, in the chapel of the undertaking establishment of L. A. Utter. The attendance was very large, and the magnificent display of flowers defies description. Interment was made in the beautiful Forest Lawn Cemetery, by the side of the remains of her father, who preceded her but a few years.

G. W. H.

HAMILTON.—Bertha E. Burdick Hamilton, daughter of Norman L. Burdick and Emeline Potter Burdick, was born at Adams Center, N. Y., August 21, 1868. She died at her home in Alfred, N. Y., February 8, 1924.

Her mother, a sister of the late Doctor C. D. Potter of Adams Center, N. Y., and the late Charles Potter of Plainfield, N. J., died while Bertha was still a small child. Upon her father's re-marriage, the family moved to Syracuse, N. Y., where most of her childhood and her youth were spent. She entered Alfred University in 1888 and remained a student for two years.

On May 11, 1890, she was united in marriage to Elwood E. Hamilton of Alfred. Mr. Hamilton was cashier of the University Bank at Alfred, a position which he held until his death in 1913, so that their married life of twenty-three years was all spent in Alfred. Mr. Hamilton was also, for the most of that time, a trustee of Alfred University.

Sometime after the death of her husband, Mrs. Hamilton entered the Thomas Normal School of Detroit, Mich., with the purpose of preparing herself for teaching. She graduated from this school in 1917 and taught for one year in a

state vocational school for girls in Adrian, Mich. She then returned to Detroit and was employed for a year as teacher in the Thomas Normal School from which she had previously graduated. In 1920 her health broke down and after visiting in Alfred and elsewhere with friends for a time, she went to California in the hope of finding help from a milder climate.

After some months in California, she settled in Riverside and became assistant to Doctor Wells of that city. She remained for about three years, rendering valuable service in his large practice and public health work. Her health, however, again gave way, and after one or two serious attacks in California she gave up her position and returned east in the summer of 1923. She came to the Steuben Sanitarium in Hornell and remained for a number of weeks. Temporarily improved in health, she came to Alfred late in the autumn. An impaired heart, however, brought on a few days ago an acute attack of the affliction against which she has fought so bravely for many years. From this attack she could not rally.

In her early married life Mrs. Hamilton joined the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church of which her husband was a member, and remained a member of that church until her death. She was also a member of various ladies' societies of the First Alfred Church and contributed loyally and generously of her time and money in the support of the work of these organizations.

Mrs. Hamilton was a woman of many talents and accomplishments. She could not be idle. She was constantly active in her mind and with her hands, doing something that made its appeal to her tastes and feelings. She was artistic to an unusual degree and has left many evidences of her taste and skill. She was also of a sensitive and temperamental nature and had the faculty beyond most people of making close friends wherever she was known, and of holding them by imperishable ties. These strong ties of friendship are among the richest legacies of love and affection which she leaves to her many friends.

Funeral services were held at her late residence February 11, 1924, conducted by President Davis of Alfred University, assisted by Pastor Ehret of the First Alfred Church and Pastor Simpson of the Second Alfred Church. Interment at the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

B. C. D.

AUSTIN.—Jeremiah Austin was born in the town of Alfred, Allegany County, N. Y., January 29, 1834. He was the son of Nathan and Mary Bell Austin.

August 14, 1864 he was united in marriage with

Miss Louisa Page. To them were born two children, Charles Austin and Mary Austin Place. About 1888 Mr. Austin and their two children were baptized and united with the Baptist Church, of Almond. In July, 1893, Mr. Austin with some other members of the family moved church membership to the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church, at Alfred Station, where he remained a faithful member until his death December 29, 1923. Mrs. Austin had preceded him to the better land nearly five years. He is survived by his two children, four grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren, two brothers and one sister.

On the afternoon of December 31 farewell services were held at the home of his daughter with whom he had lived the last five years, and burial was made in Alfred Rural Cemetery. w. m. s.

RUTH AND BENJAMIN

THE OVERHEAD

"Benjamin, what is *overhead*? Tell me, I pray thee." Thus spake Ruth as Benjamin was washing his hands at the kitchen sink after a trip to the basement to shake down the ashes and add a few shovels of coal to the furnace fire.

"What is overhead?", mumbled Benjamin through the folds of the towel with which he was drying his face, "Well, the sky is overhead, and sometimes clouds are overhead, and on a wild, wintry day like this we may be glad that a good roof is overhead."

For a moment Ruth was silent, and then in her usual pleasant voice she said, "You know very well what I have in mind, and all I was after was to get your definition of *overhead*."

"Well," replied Benjamin—for he had that manner of speech that is common to so many people of beginning a sentence with the word "well"—"an adequate answer to the question, 'What is, *overhead*,' is, I fear, far above me. But why do you ask? You are not venturing to make out a household budget, are you?"

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"Far from that," said Ruth; "but at Circle No. 10 this afternoon the women were talking about the *overhead* of the church; and they went on to say that the *overhead* of the denomination was too large for the number of the people concerned and for the resources at hand and for the amount of business as a whole; and that there was peril that it would be so heavy that it would topple things over and cause a general ruin. What did they mean?"

Benjamin ran his fingers thoughtfully through the open spaces on his head and replied, "I wonder if they themselves knew just what they meant, or were they simply repeating what they had heard the men folks say; and I wonder if the men knew just what they meant. *Overhead* is an ambiguous term, and is sometimes made to cover a multitude of sins, and is often the very king-pin of the vehicle. In business it is a convenient pigeon-hole in which to gather all the various and miscellaneous items of expense that can not be charged up against some particular output of the business. But in a house and home, in a church, in a denomination, it is"—"A sort of scape-goat," interrupted Ruth. "You said it," responded Benjamin. "Efficiency and economy are quite as incumbent upon the teacher in the sixth grade as upon the office of the superintendent, and are no more *overhead* in one place than in the other."

"Thank you," said Ruth, "in your usual lucid manner you have made this matter about as clear as mud. Come now, the table is set, let us have supper."

S.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound,
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended!

—Theodore Tilton.

"An Indian child, under school age, left as an offering before the altar a bundle of sticks."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Sabbath School. Lesson IX.—March 1, 1924

THE REVIVAL UNDER SAMUEL. 1 Samuel, chaps. 1-7.

Golden Text.—"Direct your hearts unto Jehovah, and serve him only."

DAILY READINGS

Feb. 24—The Revival under Samuel. 1 Sam. 7: 5-13.

Feb. 25—Samuel's Vision and Call. 1 Sam. 3: 1-10.

Feb. 26—Bringing up the Ark. 1 Sam. 7: 1-4.

Feb. 27—A Revival under Josiah. 2 Kings 23: 1-14.

Feb. 28—A Revival in Ephesus. Acts 19: 8-20.

Feb. 29—The Waiting Saviour. Rev. 3: 14-22.

Mar. 1—A Prayer for Pardon. Psalm 51: 1-10.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"De only thing dat some people gits out of education," said Uncle Ben, "is de ability to talk so's people can't understand 'em."
—*Washington Star*.

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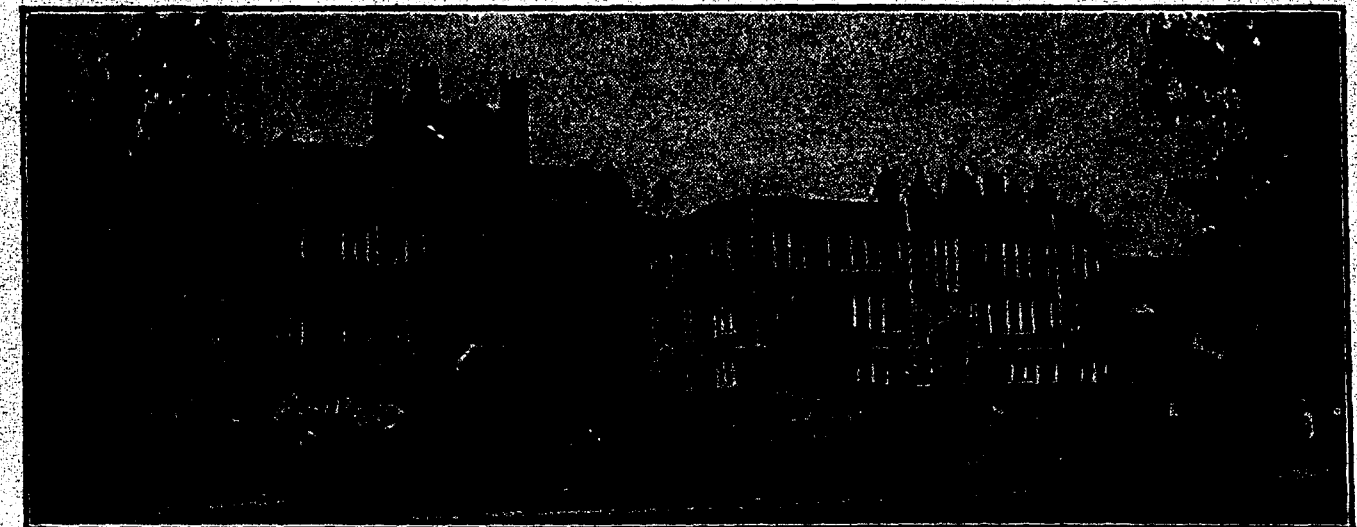
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2. "That Saturday, or the seventh day in every week, ought to be an everlasting Holy Day in the Christian church, and the religious observation of this day obliges Christians under the Gospel, as it did the Jews before the coming of Christ.
3. "That Sunday, or the Lord's Day, is an ordinary working day, and it is superstition and will-worship to make the same the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment."

—1713.

HE GIVETH GRACE UNTO THE LOWLY

John Philo Trowbridge

"My grace is all-sufficient."
Thus I heard my Savior say,
All-sufficient for the future,
All-sufficient for today.

Then why should I feel troubled
When I'm trusting such a friend?
His promise can not fail me,
For its fullness has no end.

I know my path is narrow,
All the distance seems uphill,
But it climbeth toward the sunshine
Of my Father's perfect will.

I will therefore be contented
With this bounty ever nigh,
For the grace that's "all-sufficient"
Is designed for such as I.

Plainfield, N. J.

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