

The Sabbath Recorder

FIVE DOLLARS

A Year for Three Years

From Each Member of our Churches

WILL BUILD

The Denominational Building

Some will want to give more

WHY NOT SEND IN SOME OF THOSE LIBERTY BONDS

F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.
203 Park Avenue
Plainfield, N. J.

THE EVENING HOUR

The day is done; the weary day of thought and toil is past.
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired earth at last.
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends oppressed,
In thee alone, the soul, outworn, refreshment finds, and rest.
Bend, gracious Spirit from above, like these o'er-arching skies,
And to thy firmament of love lift up these longing eyes;
And folded by thy sheltering hand, in refuge still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from thee descend, as drops the dews of sleep.
And when, refreshed, the soul once more puts on new life and power,
Oh, let thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first waking hour!
Let that dear Presence rise and glow fairer than morn's first ray,
And thy pure radiance overflow the splendor of the day.

O God, who faintest not, neither art weary, whose everlasting work is still fresh as thy creative thought! we bless thee for the pity of night and sleep, giving us the rest thou never needst. We would lie down each evening in peace and thankfulness, and commit the folded hours to thee. But, O Lord, through toil and repose, save us from any fatal slumber of the spirit; and keep us through life to the holy vigils of love and service, as they that watch for the morning of eternity.—Selected by A. E. M.

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Terms Expire in 1927—S. Orestes Bond, Salem, W. Va.; J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Gerald D. Hargis, Little Genesee, N. Y.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 10, 1924

WHOLE No. 4,158

"Real Hopeful for Our People" Another Hearty Response From a Lone Sabbath Keeper

Here is a letter written to Frank J. Hubbard by a lone Sabbath keeper in the far West, who bears one of our dear old New England Seventh Day Baptist names—a name with which our oldest friends have been familiar from their childhood. I know you will all like the spirit of this letter, and although it is a personal one, I am sure the writer will pardon me if I give it a place here without publishing his name.

"DEAR FRIEND: The other morning I was thinking about the twenty dollars we will send for the denominational building as soon as we thresh our bean crop. I wish I could send it now.

"If I were to express my feelings, I would say that I am real hopeful for our people in spite of the many conditions, and of some folks who are not just as they should be.

"We hope to thresh in a week or two. Here is a sample of the way my mind is working on this question:

"Let us speed the denominational building. The Conference and the people All say that they approve it; And if we all get busy We know that we will do it.

"In all your life did you ever know Any greater fun Than to know you had done your part In a worthy work well done?

"Right now my heart is full of hope That sons and daughters of men Are more glad than ever to Cash their sentiments in.

"And all our dear old leaders Are more than glad to start The erection of the building. So come, let's do our part.

Yours for a little boosting,"

inspiring in that mission field of the "community church," than it would have been if held in one of the older and larger churches.

Where is Petrolia, do you ask? Well, I must confess that I did not know, myself, just where to place it. This was shown by my editorial a few weeks ago about my work more than fifty years ago, at what used to be called the "Head of the Plank," afterwards called "Allentown," on Knight's Creek, about eight miles from Sciö.

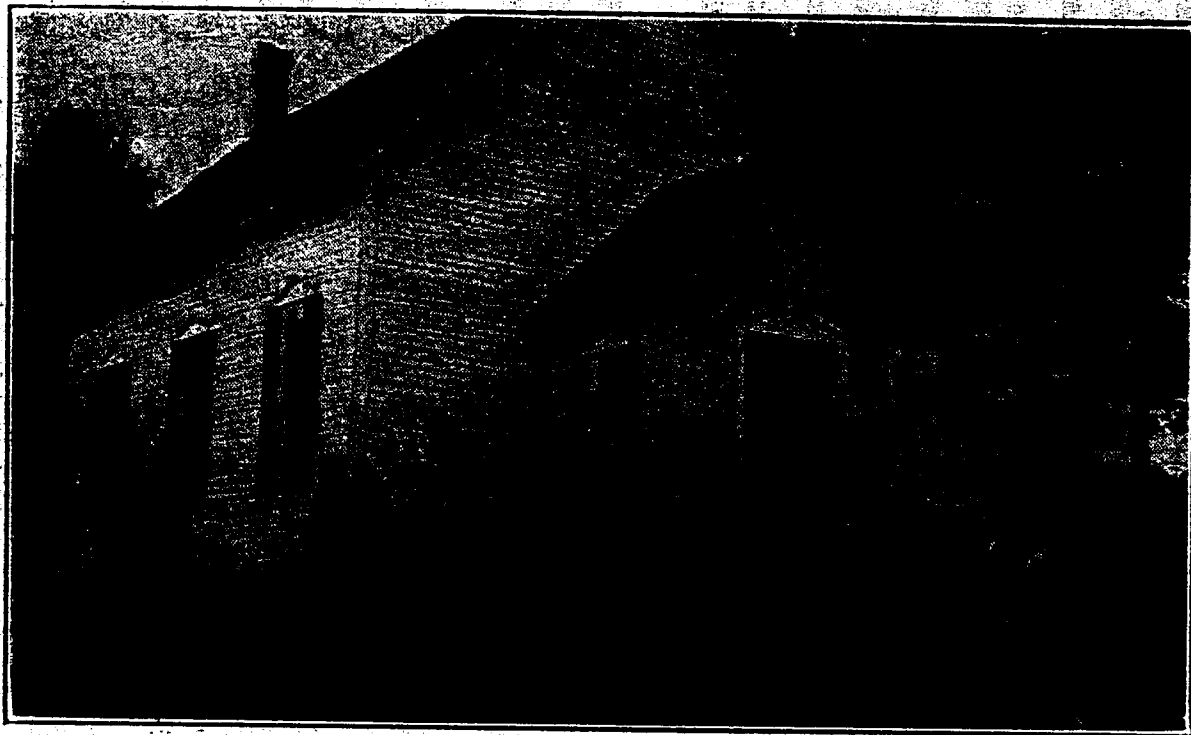
When Pastor Elizabeth Randolph drove me into Petrolia, after meeting me at the train, I was so completely taken back that I hardly knew what to say. There was a little settlement, where six country roads center, with a cozy little church—well-kept, a nice country schoolhouse, a two-story Grange Hall, a cheese factory, a store, and three or four dwellings in sight on the surrounding farm lands.

As we reached this spot I asked, "What place is this?" and received the reply, "Petrolia"; my next question was, "Well, where is the old Head of the Plank?" To my surprise, the reply came, "Three miles away, over the hill there." Then I began to re-adjust myself; but did not fully succeed until the next day, when Dr. Hulett took me in his auto and drove over the hill to Allentown. Then, and not till then, did I find myself; but soon came to feel at home in my old mission field of fifty-four years ago. I had always located Petrolia, since the days of Dr. Hulett's Sabbath school work there, at or near Allentown on Knight's Creek. But when I found it to be located about half way between that field and Niles Hill, with its workers having come from both sides of the entire section, and from Wellsville, it seemed all right and I began to feel at home there.

STORY OF THE UNION CHURCH

Mrs. Waity Benjamin Witter told us all about how the union church came to be built, and something of its interesting story. She spoke of Elder Joshua Clarke, once pastor of our little church at Wellsville, as being the one who induced the community

An Excellent and Helpful Meeting of the Semi-annual Association at Petrolia. The Western Association, held in Petrolia, N. Y., October 24-25, was, in some ways, one of the best I have ever attended. Indeed, I am not sure but it was more helpful and



Union Church, Petrolia. People coming out at noon.

to build a union church. He sometimes preached in a little old church, abandoned by the Adventists, which was on the outskirts of the field, and saw the need of some more central location where people of all denominations could hold meetings. So the entire community put together and converted a rocky, stumpy, moss-covered knoll into a beautiful place for a church, and built there the cozy little building we see today. Rev. Joshua Clarke and Rev. Mr. Patterson of the Disciples' Church in Wellsville, united in the dedication services. These two men alternated in preaching there. Both men baptized converts, and Rev. L. C. Randolph preached there and baptized some. A Ladies' Aid society was formed, and for thirty-five years it has kept the house in good repair, and attended to the insurance.

Both Mrs. Witter, of our people, and Mr. Perry, of the first day people, who spoke of the "Activities" of the union people, told us that the community church had been a great blessing to that country. The charter gives Seventh Day Baptists the right of way on Sabbaths, and the Sunday people the right on Sundays. There has never been any friction between the parties, and the people of whatever faith seem deeply interested in the work of the union church. Seven trustees according to the law for union churches in New York State, have charge. It is evident that the people in that community have been greatly benefited by the union church.

Mr. Perry thought the Seventh Day Bap-

tists had reaped the greater benefits from the movement because they would take the children and go with them to Sabbath school, while the other people would dress up the children and send them, but would stay at home themselves. He said they were looking forward to better things in the coming years and closed with the last stanza of "The Chambered Nautilus."

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

The Opening Session On sixth day evening a good-sized audience enjoyed a good program. The motto of the association was, *Onward with Christ*. Rev. Gerald D. Hargis was president, and the young people had the first service. A welcome was extended by Miss Doris Gowdy, and "Onward with Christ," in Bible study, in prayer, and in fishing for men was the order of a symposium by Duane Ogden, Hurley Warren, and Robert Spicer. Brother Spicer could not be there, and the editor told the story of "Student Evangelism in the Early Seventies."

Then came the sermon by Lester G. Osborn, from the text: "And straightway they left their nets and followed him."

The outstanding points made by the three young men in this program were:

1. God's Word is the bread of life upon which his children should feed. It is satisfying, nourishing and complete. We need it to keep us alive, to cause us to grow, and to give us strength.

2. Genuine prayer life is needed if we go Onward with Christ. "More things are wrought by prayer than men have dreamed."

3. When Christ called the disciples to be fishers of men, they straightway left the nets and followed him. Their nets did not

hold them back. Paul, when called, straightway preached Christ. Many nets are keeping men from Christ today. Nets of pleasure, nets of business, nets of selfish indulgence—are any of these keeping us back when Christ calls?

A Sabbath In Petrolia If any one had entertained misgivings about taking the Semi-annual Session of the Western Association to Petrolia, because it is out in the country; I am sure the actual outcome of that wonderful Sabbath would remove all doubts.

It was an ideal October day. Roads were good, and everything in nature seemed to hold out enticing hands to any one who loved the country and who felt disposed to attend religious services. Early in the day, loaded automobiles began to arrive, and by 10.30 a. m., the field near the hall and every parking place near the church were filled with cars, and friends from a dozen places in the Western Association were shaking hands in glad greetings and enjoying a blessed social hour.

The excellent young people's meeting on the evening before, had made a good beginning for a most helpful Sabbath. And as the time drew near for the Sabbath morning meeting, the house was crowded full. The children had been sent to the schoolhouse, only a few steps away, with Rev. William M. Simpson and Miss Ruth Marion Carpenter to care for them.

Pastor Elizabeth Randolph called the meeting in the church to order and led in the worship. Then came the "Story of the Union Church" mentioned above. A quartet of young men from the Nile Church sang, "My Mother's Bible is True."

By this time the congregation was ready to hear Pastor Ehret's sermon. His text was: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"—Mark 16: 15.

The disciples wondered what to do after Jesus should leave them, and he told them to preach and teach. They saw their duty and went about their work. Our task today is no different. It is still, "all the world" as well as the homeland that calls us to serve. Our marching orders are the same as theirs were.

In obeying these orders, the Church has been the power of God in every reform. It is still the organization, God-designed, for the good of the world; and to the Church

the world is still looking for the enforcement of good laws. The Church is not going out of its way when it demands law and order.

Because the Church is still doing the world work it was designed to do, we have the spirit of honesty in business, and the prevailing spirit of true reform.

If you take the daily papers for authority you might think the world is growing worse and that the Church is failing; for they magnify the crimes committed by ten per cent of the people, and make little of the good work of the ninety per cent who do not violate laws.

It is a grand thing to stand with the Church; for it embodies the highest and best things in life. It is the hope of the world.

"I will sing the wondrous story" was a song most appropriate after this sermon, and the great congregation sang it with a will.

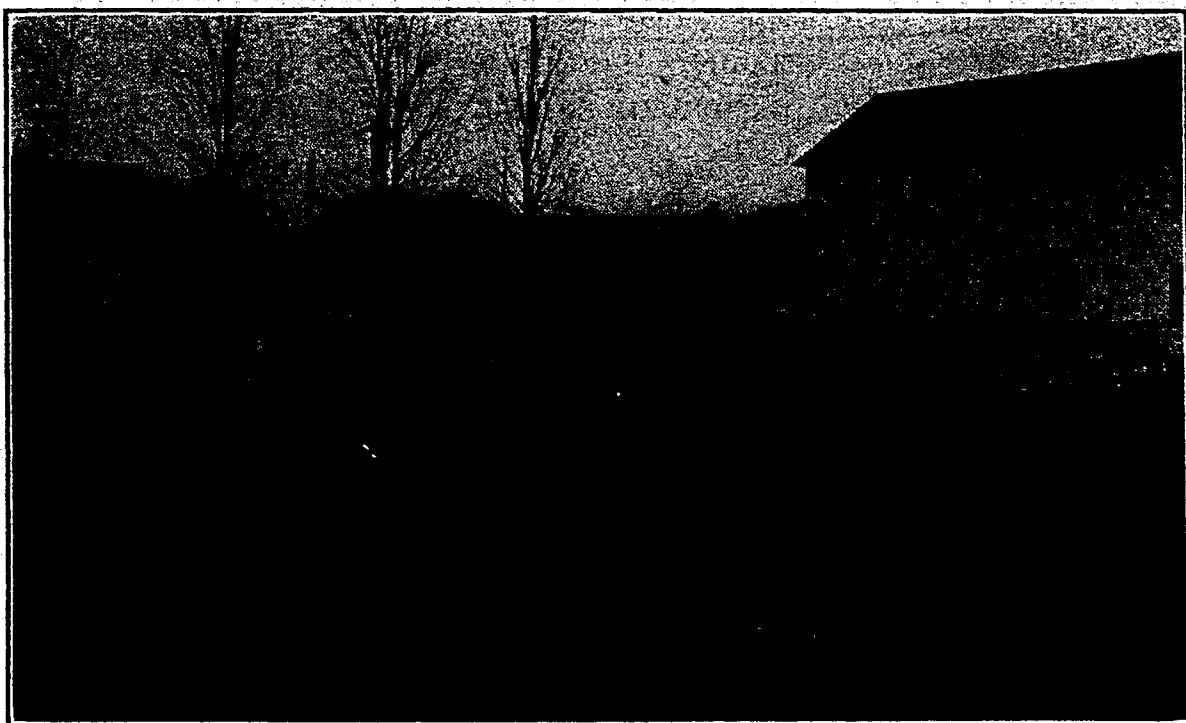
DINNER HOUR AT PETROLIA

As soon as meeting was dismissed, the people began to flock toward Grange Hall for dinner. This is a good-sized, two-story building, with dining room and kitchen below and a comfortable hall for meetings above. The ladies of the community had charge of the matter, giving excellent dinners at forty cents apiece for adults. More than two hundred fifty took dinners there, while some went home, and some carried their own lunches. The social part of this noon recess was greatly enjoyed by all.

SABBATH AFTERNOON

There were two full meetings in the afternoon. The people had been told that exactly the same program would be given in both, so all would be treated alike. The editor was requested to preach the same sermon in both meetings, in order that this promise might be fulfilled. The subject was: "Christ at the Door," and the sermon was announced as one of the first sermons I ever preached on that mission field fifty-four years ago this very month.

After preaching in the hall I went directly to the church and found there a crowded house waiting to hear. In view of the historic past of student evangelism in that association, and with the intense interest in those two congregations, this was indeed a great experience—one that will be remem-



Grange Hall on the right. Corner of Cheese Factory at left
A Few of the Congregation's Autos

bered by speaker and many hearers as long as life shall last.

The other items in this afternoon program were: "The Family Altar," by Mrs. Mark Sanford; "The Children in the Home," by Dr. H. L. Hulett; the children's hour, led by Mrs. Simpson; and a question box, conducted by Rev. Walter L. Greene. We hope some of the good things said may yet find their way into the RECORDER, since the editor could not report them while he was preaching.

The children had their "Onward with Christ" in the schoolhouse, led by Mrs. Jessie Finch.

Last Evening At Petrolia The music director through the association was Brother Lester Osborn, of Nile. The praise service on the last evening was especially inspiring. The congregation seemed to enter into the spirit of such songs as, "Love Lifted Me," "I Shall Know Him," "I'll Go Anywhere if Jesus Goes With Me," and "Since Jesus Came into My Heart." And when the praise service was over, and the devotions had been led by Clifford Beebe, the audience was in a good spirit and ready for the sermon by Pastor Hargis, of Genesee, and the address by Dean Nelson A. Norwood, of Alfred.

Mr. Hargis used Genesis 2:17 for a text. His comparison between the "lure of the trees in the Garden of Eden" and the lure of the different trees in life, was well set forth. The garden of our world is all too

full of things forbidden. Our Eden is full of things, the lure of which must be guarded against. God is still saying, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt die." The lure of fashion, of wealth, of worldly honors, of ease and earthly comforts—all these are like the lure of the trees in the Garden of Eden, that caused the fall of our first parents. Everything depends upon how we treat God's

law. What decisions are you making in these days? What plans are you thinking about?

No great and true record can be made without due regard to our relations to God. The background in the life of great and good men is the family altar. What is the outlook for your boys and girls amid the lures of this life, if you have no family altar—if religion is ignored in your home, if you are living for riches only? We might as well cut off the gas or disconnect the electric battery and then hope for light, as to ignore God and hope for peace and the inheritance promised to the loyal and the true.

THE CLOSING ADDRESS OF DEAN NELSON NORWOOD

Mr. Norwood had been given the subject, "If Jesus Could Vote This Fall"; but when called upon to speak, he said he felt compelled to change the subject; so much was involved he dared not undertake to say what Jesus would do if he were a voter in this election.

After reading the Sermon on the Mount very carefully, he could not help wondering what Christ would regard as the greatest issue of the day. Mr. Norwood felt too uncertain on that point to venture to speak on the question as given him in the program. He preferred to speak of our duties and tasks regarding the *world* community. As citizens of towns and cities and states we have duties to them all and so to the great world at large. They relate to the liquor problem, the distribution of wealth,

the labor question, and the world-wide problem of war.

Why solve the other problems if we are to leave the war problem unsettled? By looking a little at the causes of war, we may see how we can do something to help settle it. This address was strong, clear, and far-visionsed. The speaker gave "imperialism" as the first cause of war. This leads to jealousy, to armament, to secret diplomacy, to improper alliances, fear and suspicion, and anarchy.

By appropriate illustrations the points were made clear, and some remedies were suggested. The need of an international court was emphasized.

There are two proposed remedies which the speaker could not see much light in. To try to *outlaw* war is putting the cart before the horse. No help can come by taking away the pioneer's rifle, till you have provided a better way for him to defend himself and his home. The other method proposed is to vow that no matter what causes may arise we will never back the nation in any war. This, too, is putting the cart before the horse. We can't say there can be no cause of war until proper provision is made to prevent it.

Then what *can* we do?

1. We can do our best to learn about the spirit of international life. There are some true facts which, if taken by themselves, would make very poor material with which to show the actual conditions in America. The same is true of other nations.

2. Men must learn to curb their egotism. The egotistic praising and aggrandizing of our own group are all too much the rage to be conducive to peace.

3. I wish we would vow to never again use the terms: dago, chink, or nigger; for there is no use in cultivating the feeling implied by all such words.

4. We need to put away the spirit that persists in saying: "There is no use," "It can't be done," "Impossible to change things," "They have always done so and they always will." No Christian should say such things. "It *can* be done," "There is a remedy," are far better slogans. It only needs more Christianity to make things better.

5. Let every one try to crystalize public sentiment so that anarchism and secret

diplomacy are unnecessary, and he will do something toward bringing in the day of true peace and good will among men.

"THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD"

The male quartet from Nile sang several songs during the meetings. One of these: "My Mother's Bible is True," has already been mentioned.

There was another one which met with much favor at an appropriate place in the meetings, two stanzas of which I give here at the close of my association report:

"With mansions of fairness
And beauty and rareness,
And streets with a pavement of gold;
Where no one grows weary,—
No prospect is dreary,—
And no one can ever grow old.

Chorus

"Oh, there is a city, a beautiful city,
Whose maker and builder is God,
A far-away city,
A wonderful city,
The beautiful city of God.

"No sorrow or sighing,
Nor anguish or dying,
Can shadow the bliss of that home;
And pilgrims who rest there,
Forever are blest there,
Nor yearn in their rapture to roam."

Chicago's New Pastor The sermon in this RECORDER is by the new pastor of our church in Chicago, Mr. August Johanson. A personal letter from Dr. O. E. Larkin refers to the sermon as a sample of what the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago is getting every Sabbath. After this sermon had been preached without the manuscript, Dr. Larkin asked Brother Johanson if he ever wrote out his sermons so they could be printed, and the reply was, "Yes, sometimes"; and the complete copy was taken from the pastor's pocket and handed to Dr. Larkin.

We are glad if our people in Chicago have been fortunate enough to secure a new pastor so soon without robbing some other pulpit, when pastors are so scarce. We shall be glad to give our readers a more extended introduction to Brother Johanson as soon as sufficient data can be obtained.

Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton.

A VISIT TO NEWPORT'S OLD "ISLAND CEMETERY"

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

When Doctor Gardiner accepted his invitation to attend the recent meeting in the old Meeting House in Newport, R. I., he said that, among other things, he wanted to visit the old cemetery containing the graves of the early Seventh Day Baptist heroes of the faith in Newport; and soon after we were settled for our brief stay in the Belle Vue, the little old fashioned hotel at the top of Touro Street, he again expressed this desire. Now the present writer had, for several years, been in quest of this selfsame spot, and had spent many a weary hour in search of it—all in vain. However, at this present time, he felt much encouraged, for a lineal descendant of Richard and Samuel Ward, father and son, and both colonial governors of Rhode Island, Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott, a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, had remarked to us that both were buried in the old "Island Cemetery." Her description of its location, while definite enough, no doubt, to those to the manor born, was, nevertheless, rather vague to one so unsophisticated in Newport geography as her eager listener. So we betook ourself to Mrs. Gertrude Ehrhardt Elliott, the assistant librarian of the Newport Historical Society, who if she doesn't herself know all that is to be known about old Newport, is almost certain to know where the information may be found. She gave quite specific directions for finding the old Island Cemetery, but we protested that we had already spent a fruitless half day in that same cemetery two or three years ago looking for these selfsame graves.

At this juncture, Doctor Gardiner chimed in, saying that half a century ago Elder Lucius Crandall, a former pastor of the old Newport Church, had, on the occasion of the pilgrimage thither when the plans for the establishment of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund were laid, led the visiting delegation in that very direction "almost in a straight line back of the old Meeting House." That settled it, of course, and though we did not know a way thither "almost a straight line," we did know a way that was anything but a straight line which Mrs. Elliott, the assistant librarian,

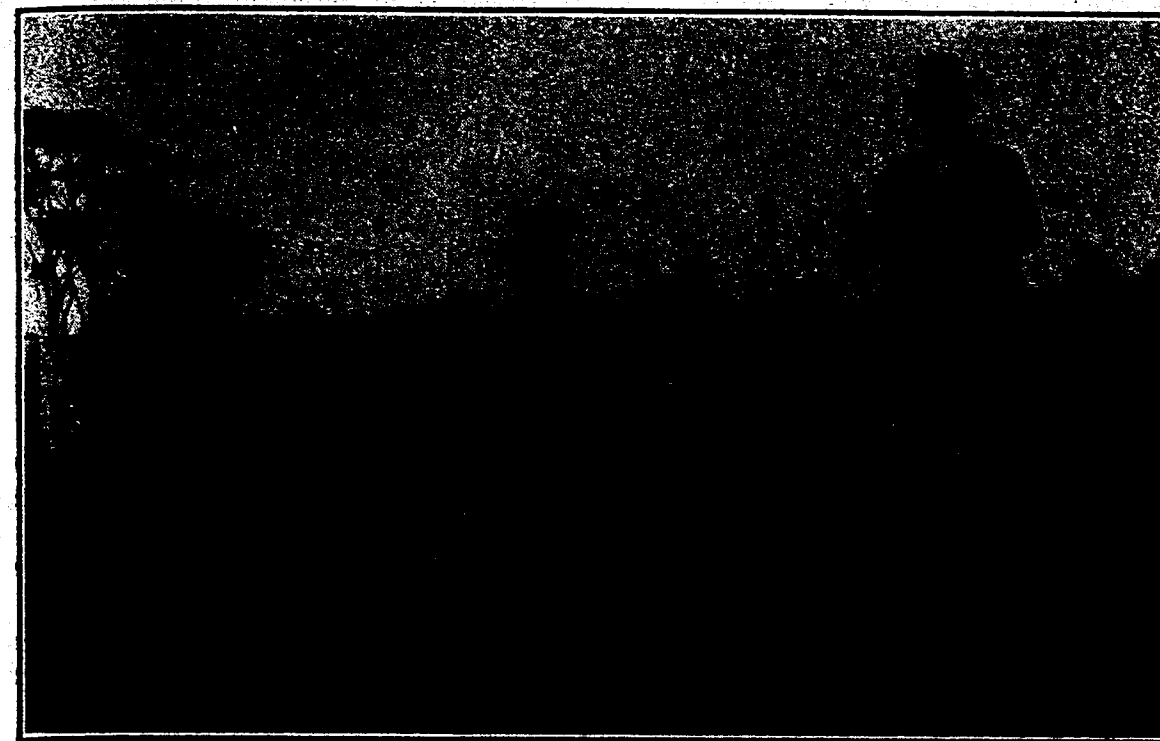
said would take us there. This road we took.

On the way we found a small cemetery planted full of graves of former Rhode Island governors, but no Wards were to be found. A little farther on across the street, we found another cemetery that seemed to stretch from a few feet above tide water away to the top of the hill. This was the "Island Cemetery."

Passing through the lower part, which was clearly of more recent date than that for which we were looking, we proceeded well up the hill where we found a considerable number of old graves dating back to the period in which we were interested, but nothing appeared that was of any special interest to us. Finally, growing somewhat discouraged in our quest, we relaxed the vigilance of our search and gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of that melancholy charm common to all old graveyards, and exhibited in the old time types of tombstones and the quaint inscriptions upon them.

We had little more than decided upon this course, when we stumbled upon one of the most important objects of our search, the grave of Governor Samuel Ward, marked by a marble slab some six feet long, two feet and eight inches wide, and three or four inches in thickness, lying flat, face up, and supported by six short marble columns. The top of the monument is some two feet above the ground. As may be observed from its inscription, this memorial was erected by the State of Rhode Island when the remains of Governor Ward were removed by his descendants from the First Baptist church of Philadelphia, where they were originally buried, to Newport, in 1860.

While we stood, note book and pen in hand, copying the inscription, Doctor Gardiner anxiously watched the moving clouds for a rift through which might shine a light favorable for making a photograph of this tomb. Finally the sun broke through the clouds and the exposure for a photograph was successfully made. But our pen lagged, for the time worn and weather beaten inscription was all but unreadable in places. At one time we much feared that our only hope lay in making what epigraphers call a "squeeze," on which every possible remaining detail would clearly appear; but our perservance was at last rewarded,



Governor Ward's Tomb. Corliss F. Randolph Copying the Inscription

and the inscription satisfactorily read, a copy of which is presented herewith.

In memory
of
The Hon. Samuel Ward, Esq.
formerly
of
Rhode Island
and
Providence Plantations
Afterwards a delegate
from that Colony
at the
General Congress
in which station he died
in Philadelphia
of the smallpox
March 26, 1776
in the 51st year of his age
His great abilities
His unshaken integrity
His ardor in the cause of freedom
His fidelity in the offices he filled
Induced
The State of Rhode Island
and
Providence Plantations
To erect
This grateful testimony of their respect
The remains of Governor Samuel Ward removed
by his descendants from the First Baptist Church
Philadelphia rest beneath this tablet
March, 1860

From this inscription, it will naturally be inferred that, had Governor Ward lived a little less than four months longer, and have been in good health, his name—that of a Seventh Day Baptist—would have been affixed to the charter of American liberty—the Declaration of Independence. But he did sign the "Secret Agreement." What! the Secret Agreement? Well, that's another story, as Kipling says, which possibly we may write for the SABBATH RECORDER some day.

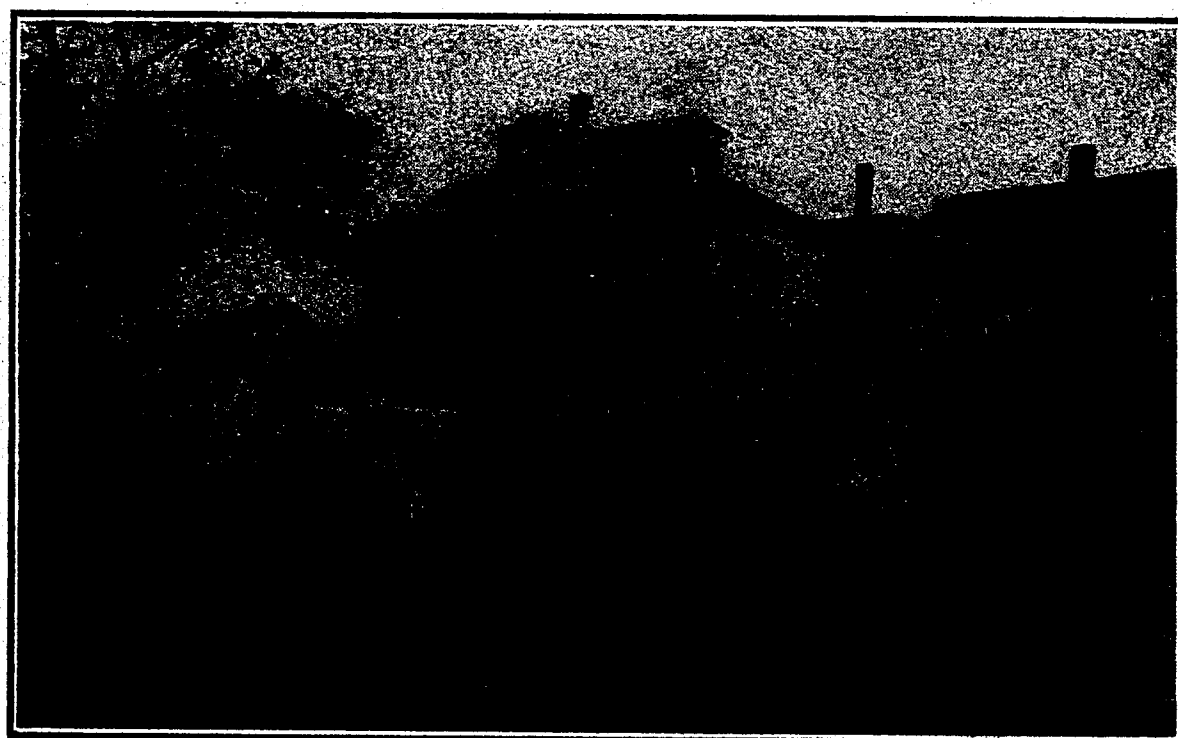
A very few feet up the hill above the grave of Governor Samuel Ward, we found that of his father, Governor Richard Ward. The monument to this grave is somewhat

similar to that of his son, save that the marble top is replaced with a slab of slate, and six marble pillars with a single brick pedestal of brick, extending almost to the edge of the slate slab. The slate resists storm and sunshine better than marble, and the inscription on the former is much easier to read than that on marble. It is likewise given herewith.

This Monument
is erected to the memory
Of the Hon. Richard Ward, Esq.
Late Governor of this Colony
He was early in life
Employed in the Public Service
And for many years sustained
Some of the most important offices
in the Colony
with Great Ability and Reputation
He was a Member
of the Sabbatarian Church in this Town;
and advanced the doctrines of his Savior
By sincere and steady practice
Of the various Duties of life
He died on the 21st day of August, 1763
in the 75th Year of his age.
And also Mary his wife
Who was a member of the same Church
Fifty-five years
And in every station of a long life
Truly exemplary in her conduct
She died the 19th of October, 1767
in the 78th year of her age

Near these graves, were found several others of the Ward family, marked with very humble headstones, the inscriptions on some of which were quite legible; others were almost obliterated. But the afternoon was wearing away, the sky had become wholly overcast, so that they were hard to read. So we proceeded up the hill a little ways to the gate at one of the entrances of the cemetery, through which we passed and proceeded by the most direct route to the centre of the city; thus, beyond question, retracing the steps of those whom Elder Lucius Crandall led to the cemetery on the occasion of which Doctor Gardiner speaks.

Any one wishing to visit this cemetery and find the Ward plot can easily do so by following these instructions: From the front entrance of the building of the Newport Historical Society, go down Touro Street (or down Barney Street, from the



Old Tombs in Newport Cemetery. Brother Randolph in the Distance

present outside entrance of the old Meeting House), to Spring Street. Here turn to the right and proceed past the old Maxson House (the Newport Seventh Day Baptist parsonage) and the First Baptist (or John Clarke Memorial) church, to Broadway, which cross; then proceed up Broadway to Collins Street, and turn to the left into Collins Street and follow its windings and those of Burnside Avenue (they are different portions of the same street) until the latter ends at the gate of the cemetery. After passing through the gate, turn to the left and proceed a very short distance along the path that leads down the hill, where these graves may be found.

That the old Island Cemetery has other secrets of interest to Seventh Day Baptists is doubtless true. We only hope that they will be discovered and recorded in due course of time.

A TRIBUTE TO TEACHERS OF LONG AGO

[Our aged friend of four score years was moved by the exercises at Shiloh in honor of the old academy, to pay the following tribute to his teachers who helped him in early days.

In a personal letter he says: "I attended the unveiling of the monument to keep fresh the memory of Old Union. It was a joyous day with me, as I met some of the old student friends of early years. We must soon be called to the great beyond. Oh, how good the Lord has been to us who have reached our eightieth milestone.

Allow me to contribute a few lines of love and respect for Mr. and Mrs. O. U. Whitford and other teachers of Old Union."—Ed.]

OLD UNION ACADEMY

C. T. Fisher

Away back in the deep,
dim mist of memory's
yore,

We call to mind those
happy days of lore,
And the pleasant hours
we have spent in her
rooms and halls,

That were enclosed with-
in Old Union's sacred
walls.

Just now it has flashed across memory, with joy-
ful abode,

How Prof. Whitford used to come down the
road,

With lots of books and useful lore in hand,
To cultivate the heart and mind of the student
band.

Just a moment for rest under the branching
oak's shade

These useful impressions on youthful minds he
made—

A word of counsel that has kept us off life's
shoal

And has pointed us toward heaven and its goal.
Just another reach of memory into the far away
past,

And we see Mrs. Whitford as she taught the
class

Of geometry, those wonderful theorems to de-
velop the mind.

Oh, that sweet, loving nature so Christ like and
kind—

Other teachers, passed on to the city of the dead,
Have made impressions that through life have
never fled—

Christian impressions we will carry to the other
shore,

After the joys and sorrows of life are o'er.

Now to the students, to all those who live,
A word of advice we would like to give;

As our heads with passing years grow gray,
May we prepare for heaven's bright celestial
day.

We should like to have the despisers of
the Bible explain this phenomenon. Why
are there now so few copies of the best
ancient writings in circulation, or easily ob-
tainable? On the other hand, millions of
Bibles in numerous lands and languages are
to be had for the asking. What means
this vitality of a book, burned, and chained,
and expurgated, yet never suppressed.—Sel.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

WILLARD D. BURDICK, General Secretary
510 Watchung Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

"A FACT"

"No laugh can be loud enough, no sar-
casm acid enough, no skepticism violent
enough to destroy a fact."

These words by I. K. Funk, for twenty-
five years the editor of the *Homiletic Re-
view*, are words worth cherishing by Sev-
enth Day Baptists, who meet these condi-
tions on every hand among people who
have little respect for Sabbath truth.

SELLING RECORDERS IN JAMAICA

Mrs. R. Martin, of the Waterford
Church, in Jamaica, recently sold a bundle
of SABBATH RECORDERS and at once wrote
for more to be sent to her by return mail.
Others in Jamaica are selling the papers.

There are at the publishing house many
copies of old SABBATH RECORDERS of great
value that we would like to send out in this
way. By dividing the selling price of the
papers the publishing house can realize
enough to cover the postage and cost of
mailing, and the canvasser can get some-
thing for selling the papers, and at the
same time be doing a good Christian serv-
ice.

BIBLES FOR THE BRITISH WEST INDIES

At the last General Conference I spoke
of the need of Bibles by our people in
Trinidad, mentioning how East Indians
read our tracts and then ask for Bibles.
Before I left Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank
Mentzer handed me \$25 to use in purchas-
ing Bibles to be used under the direction
of Brother Cust of Trinidad.

When I called at the American Bible So-
ciety rooms in New York City I learned
that it would be best to get Bibles for the
British West Indies through the British
and Foreign Bible Society. It took several
weeks to secure an answer to my letter sent
to the secretary of the West Indies Agency,

Caracas, Venezuela. As the information
he sends may be helpful to readers of the
SABBATH RECORDER I am quoting that part
that tells where we can secure Bibles for
Jamaica and Trinidad.

"In Port of Spain, Trinidad, the Hon.
Secretary of our Trinidad Auxiliary, Mr.
W. H. Gamble, Jerningham Avenue, Port
of Spain, will be happy to supply Scriptures
when ordered.

"In Kingston, Jamaica, our Scriptures
are stocked for re-sale by:

"Messrs. Justin McCarthy, 14 King
Street,

"The Jamaica Times, Ltd., King Street,

"The Jamaica Tract Society, 112 Tower
Street."

Interested persons can doubtless secure
catalogues and further information by writ-
ing to these distributing depots.

"A RESPONSIVE READING FOR SABBATH WORSHIP"

Some times we need a collection of Bible
verses relating to the Sabbath day, suit-
able for responsive reading in our Sabbath
worship. Such a selection has been made
by Pastor James L. Skaggs, and printed by
the Sabbath Tract Society.

Churches should order enough copies (at
one cent per copy) to place in their hymn
books, and make frequent use of them.

Order from the American Sabbath Tract
Society, 510 Watchung Avenue, Plainfield,
N. J.

"RIOTOUS GIVING"

Among the interesting letters sent to
Brother A. J. C. Bond last summer con-
cerning the financial budget for this Con-
ference year, was one from the pastor of
the New York City Church. He wrote that
when they were discussing the question of
paying their quota, he said, "I'll write that
you approve with a + sign." One who was
present said, "These should be days of riot-
ous giving."

What did that person mean? Probably
he (or she) was thinking of the passage,
"God loveth a cheerful giver," with the pos-
sible meaning in the Greek, and was stir-
red by his great interest in the different
lines of work in which we are engaged, and
the need of financially supporting these in-

terests; for he continued, "I expect to do as much as I have been doing, and I want to give something to our schools and some other things."

Who said this? I can not tell you, for there are several in that church who have that kind of a spirit,—and that is how they expect to pay their quota with a + sign.

How encouraging it would be if all of our people would enter into the spirit of "riotous giving"!

Treasurer William C. Whitford wrote me a few days ago, "Funds are coming in, in rather small amounts. The General Fund stands overdrawn \$3,637, which I think is the worst balance we ever had."

How good it would be if this debt could at once be wiped out, and the debt against the Tract and Missionary societies cleared up! May the Lord impress us all with the importance of the work that is ours, and stir us up to "riotous giving"!

THE OLD OAK

MRS. MARY HUMMEL

(Given at the unveiling of the memorial to the old meeting house and Union Academy, Shiloh, N. J.)

More than a century ago there grew in the forest a giant oak. When the people of those days needed a place to worship God, it gave itself, as we suppose, to build the frame work of the church of 1771.

But the mammoth stump remained and from out of it sprang two young oaks. They grew side by side, growing nearer and nearer together, entwining their branches until they became the giant old oak we loved so well.

When the new church was built the old church was given to Union Academy.

We all remember the old church with the double doors—two on the east, two on the west, and two on the south—also the heavy oaken floors and the large stone steps—so large we wondered how they could have been brought from the quarry.

You remember the two wide stairways leading to the recitation rooms, the music room, the laboratory, and the play room.

You remember the schoolmates gathered there and the very seats they occupied. You remember how at noontime the boys would sit on the back seat by

the wall and beat time while they sang "In Dixieland I'll take my stand." Ah! some of them took a stand for the Union and the flag. There were Frank, Azor, John, Alfred, William, Samuel, and others. Some of them never came home again; some came home with only one arm, and some were sick and almost starved from their long stay in prison pens. Old Union Academy was proud to give some of her noblest and best to help their country in time of need.

You remember Mrs. Mary Fithian with her sweet face reflecting the beauty of the soul within. You remember Prof. Oscar Whitford—a man of sterling worth and high ideals, small in stature but great in mind and soul.

You remember Professor Charles Thompson with his quiet step and sharp eye. Union Academy flourished in his time.

You remember his wife, Euphemia Allen Whitford, with her kind, motherly way, her admonition, her counsels, and her prayers. When she was at Shiloh a few years ago she was anxious that the monument be completed, but she did not live to see it for her work was finished, and God took her home.

So like the grateful shade of the grand old oak under which we played in by-gone days, Union Academy sent forth an influence for good over the surrounding country which is felt even to the present day.

If I desired to put myself into the most likely place for the Lord to meet with me, I should desire the reading of the Scriptures: for I might pause over every verse, and say, "Such a verse was blessed to many souls; then why not to me? I am at least at the Pool of Bethesda, I am walking amongst its porches, and who can tell but that the angel will stir the pool of the Word while I lie helplessly by the side of it, waiting for the blessing?"—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

One reason why the Bible is disliked by many people is that it is such an extreme book. It never advocates compromise. It says, "No man can serve two masters," "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." It is not given to the use of euphemisms. It says, "The wicked shall be turned into hell."—*G. H. C. Macgregor.*

MISSIONS

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

AN EVANGELISTIC PROGRAM—THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

AN EVANGELISTIC ORGANIZATION

For an evangelistic campaign carried on by the young people alone, the Christian Endeavor society is the most efficient means yet devised; and pastors and other church leaders oftentimes can press evangelism in this way when the other branches of the church are indifferent to the starting of an evangelistic program. In the writer's experience more people have been brought into the church through the Christian Endeavor societies (young people's and intermediates) than through any other agency of the church.

The drawback with an evangelistic program that includes only the Christian Endeavor society is that it leaves out, for the most part, all other people, when all ought to be enlisted; but it is far better to organize the young people for evangelistic endeavors than to organize no branch of the church at all; and whatever else is done, an evangelistic program is not complete that does not include the young people and their organizations.

A SUCCESSFUL AND EASY WAY OF APPROACH

In previous articles three plans for evangelistic campaigns have been outlined. The three have been a campaign with special meetings, a campaign without special meetings, and a campaign in which the Sabbath school is made the agency of operation. In each case the plan has been outlined more or less in detail; but this is not necessary in case of a Christian Endeavor society, as it, when functioning, from the very nature of its organization, is an evangelistic program. Those who do not want their young people evangelized had better keep them away from a Christian Endeavor society; for if they attend it, they are pretty sure to be led to the Savior.

The Christian Endeavor society opens up a means of approach to one who is not a Christian, that has few equals. For illus-

tration, there is a live Christian society in your church; its religious, social and business meetings are full of pep; and there are young people in the community who have not made the great decision. The company and enthusiasm of the Christian Endeavor society draw them to the meetings, for all young people crave the society of other young people; and the pledge offers an easy and effective approach for the purpose of asking them to become the followers of Christ. Both old and young often refuse to ask others to become Christians simply because they dread to make the approach; but it is very easy for one young person to ask another to join the Christian Endeavor society, and then explain that to join requires that one become an open and whole-hearted Christian. This opens the way for full discussion of the reasons for being a Christian. If the one asked does not accept Christ and join the society the first time he is asked, it will set him to thinking and the chances are that he will soon yield. In an active ministry of more than thirty years, the writer has seen many brought to Christ in this way.

SOMETHING TO BE REMEMBERED

While it is true that a well organized Christian Endeavor society is an evangelistic program fully organized, there are some things that need to be emphasized and always kept in mind.

1. One of these is that there will not be much accomplished through a Christian Endeavor society for the kingdom of heaven without earnest and hard work. The rule here, as elsewhere, is "organize and agonize." If the Christian Endeavor is to be an evangelizing agency in the church of which it is a part, the members must be willing to sacrifice in the doing of hard and earnest work. Many times a society is powerless because so many do not want to pay the price. They may desire the prosperity of the society and cause, and be willing to work if there is nothing in the way; but they are not willing to put themselves out or make any sacrifices. Their sentiment is, let the other fellow do the work and make the sacrifices. When this spirit is present nothing can be accomplished.

2. It needs to be kept in mind that while the Christian Endeavor society, with its pledge, its Lookout Committee, Prayer Meeting Committee, Music Committee,

Good Literature Committee, and Social Committee "to save," has only one purpose,—namely, to lead the young to Christ and help them live useful Christian lives, this purpose may be, and sometimes is, obscured. As worldly minded people may turn a church or a Bible school into something little above a secular organization in their influence for the kingdom of God, so this same class may thwart the purposes of the Christian Endeavor society. Socials and literary programs are essential, but they may be allowed to obscure the real purpose of the society and be the cause of its decline. Contests with banners and other rewards may be a help, but there is grave danger that a society striving for banners forget that the chief purpose of a Christian Endeavor society is to lead young people to Christ and help them walk with him.

3. A third thing that needs to be remembered is that the church may recognize the Christian Endeavor society as an evangelizing force and treat it as such. Many churches, even in this day, have never recognized the Christian Endeavor society as of any consequence, and have treated it as nothing much more than the whim of a pastor and a few well meaning young people. This is both stupid and suicidal, and only needs to be mentioned to receive its just condemnation.

THIS MUCH AT LEAST

The Missionary Board, through its secretary, is pleading with all our churches and pastors to push this year some form of an evangelistic program. Every church, at least, can adopt the plan of helping its Christian Endeavor society to be true to its real purpose—do an evangelistic work.

THE ANNUAL WEEK OF PRAYER FOR THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, TO SABBATH DAY,
JANUARY 10, 1925

[Many pastors and churches look forward to the Week of Prayer, and it is well that they do. The time agreed upon the coming year is January 4-10, 1925. The material has been prepared by Robert E. Speer and the topics are those adopted by the British Evangelical Alliance. These topics will be used throughout the world, translated into foreign languages, and cir-

culated in more than forty foreign countries. The material in America is sent out by the Commission on Evangelism of the Federal Council. As soon as they can be secured, the secretary will send to each church a folder giving full detail, but below is given the call to prayer and the topics for each day.—W. L. B.]

To the Churches of Christ in America:

Our one Lord calls us at the beginning of another year to join our hearts and minds in united thanksgiving, confession, and petition.

Never was the measure of our blessings so full and overflowing. Even in our affliction the Lord our God is merciful and gracious. Let us give thanks "For whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me and prepareth a way that I may show him the salvation of God." (Psalm 50: 23, R. V., margin.)

Never was there deeper need for penitence. As individuals, as nations, as a Church, we have failed in our duty. We have done what we ought not to have done and we have left undone the things we ought to have done.

Never was there deeper need for petition. Confronted by our own personal necessities and by the needs of the world we have to transcend the failures of the past, and yet the past is the only ground on which we can build. We must seek in the light of Christ to see light upon the problem of winning out of the imperfect past itself a future in accord with the mind and will of God.

Only God can help us. Let us pray. We can not doubt that the Spirit of God is abroad in the world. This is the assurance of our Lord himself. It is the Divine Spirit who is making men discontented with conflict and division, and is quickening their hope and purpose toward a better order on the earth. It is he who is leading men, according to Christ's promise, into the truth, and where he is, there men are aware of liberty.

Let us open our lives in sincerity and love to the fullest realization of the presence of God. Laying aside all pride and prejudice, all malice and cunning, all party strife and ill will, may we ever let Christ dwell in us richly.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

"In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." (Philippians 4: 8, 6, 7, R. V.)

We are,
Yours in the faith and fellowship of our Lord Jesus Christ,

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES
OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.

TOPICS FOR UNIVERSAL AND UNITED PRAYER

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1925

Texts Suggested for Sermons and Addresses
"This is the name whereby he shall be called, the Lord our Righteousness." (Jeremiah 23: 6-8.)
"New heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth Righteousness." (2 Peter 3: 13.)
"Neither shall they learn war any more." (Micah 4: 3.)
"If." (John 8: 31, 32; 1 John, 1: 7.)
"Till we all come into the unity of the faith." (Eph. 4: 13.)

MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1925

Thanksgiving and Repentance

SCRIPTURAL READINGS—Psalm 24; Eph. 4: 20-32; Col. 1: 18-29; 1 John 4.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1925

The Church Universal—The "One Body" of Which Christ is the Head

SCRIPTURAL READINGS—Eph. 3; 1 Tim. 3: 14-16; Rev. 3: 7-22.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1925

Nations and their Leaders

SCRIPTURAL READINGS—Psa. 2; Romans 13: 1-10; 15: 1-7; 1 Tim. 2: 1-7; 6: 11-19.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1925

Missions

SCRIPTURAL READINGS—Acts 1: 1-11; Rom. 10; Ezek. 33: 1-20; Isa. 35.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1925

Families, Schools, Colleges, and the Young

SCRIPTURAL READINGS—Matt. 5: 1-16; Act 2: 14-18; Mark 10: 17-31; Psa. 119: 1-16.

SABBATH DAY, JANUARY 10, 1925

The Home Base

SCRIPTURAL READINGS—Rom. 10; Psa. 94; 1 Cor. 16: 1-9; 2 Cor. 9.

SAD LETTER FROM CHINA

Written by our evangelist to Mrs. D. H. Davis

DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

Your letter came to me a few days ago. Since the war broke at Liuho, so many people are killed. The corpses are piled as high as hills, and the river is become red with blood. On the day the war began, I brought family to Shanghai with empty hands. No trunk and clothing were taken, so every thing in our house was robbed, and the house, I hear, is destroyed too. Can you raise some money among your friends to help us here? If so, my family shall be much obliged.

Sincerely yours,

TOONG TSING ONG.

Grace High School,
West Gate, Shanghai.

[This poor man is in sore need of help.—Ed.]

WHO CALLED?

K. E. K.

Who called me in my sleep
Last night when all was still?
I felt a call and thought I heard a voice.
Did you, my friend,
Or was it only in my dreams?
Half my mind was sleeping
And half, I know, was struggling
O'er a monstrous problem,
"What ought I to do
"To live a worth while life?"
While the struggle lasted
That voice was calling.
I knew not who it was
Or whence it came.
I felt the call but could not hear it.
It seized me with an iron grip
And when the light of day had come
I puzzled o'er the voice,
And wondered if a friend had called,
Or "Was it you, O God?"

We are fortunate if we are not afflicted with nature-blindness. Some people are sadly troubled with this malady. They see little or no beauty in the world around them. Even when they gaze on the gorgeous colors of a summer evening on the Arizona hills, or on an indescribably glorious sunset over placid lake or tossing ocean, they see little but color and light, water or dirt; and they wonder why you exclaim over what you yourself see.

These sad people are like the rather famous skeptical man who looked at a well known nature painting in glowing colors and remarked, with all seriousness: "But I can't see such colors in nature!" You recall that the response made him was: "But don't you wish you could?"

There is much recompense for an early morning trip to a mountain height in order to view the sun rising out of the darkness. That is, there is a reward if we have eyes with which to see. Perhaps you remember hearing of the person who at a mountain resort heard every one speaking of the beauty of the sun rising over the near-by peak and who naively inquired: "Why doesn't the sun rise anywhere around here except over Mount Washington?" Little use for such a person to climb the mountain; he had better take his morning sleep in peace—and blindness.

But it is a happy thing for us that we know there is beauty in nature, and that we can see it.—Paul P. Faris.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

Human Thought is Human Destiny.

WHAT IS THE WILL?

FLORA STILLMAN GROVES

(Written for the Vacation Bible School at Alfred Station, Summer, 1924)

To understand the will we must begin with the fundamental principle that all consciousness is motor. Every idea is also an impulse to act. Left to itself, any thought will issue in movement.

This is a natural consequence of the structure of the nervous system. A study of the nerve cells shows that the disturbance of one cell sets in motion a current that passes on to another and another, very similar to the ripples on water. If we are weak-willed, we are more liable to act upon suggestions from persons who are strong-willed, or upon impulse.

The distinction between impulsive and voluntary action is plain. An impulsive action results from the presence of one idea only. A voluntary action results from the presence of more than one idea offering an alternative and is, therefore, the result of choice.

Ideas differ greatly in the degree of impulsive strength which they possess. An act of will involves three things: first, the presence before the mind of alternative lines of action; second, the acceptance of some one of these lines as our choice; and third, the resulting action. The first factor of an act of will—the presence of alternatives—depends upon the working of the laws of association of ideas, and one's associations measure the degree of freedom which his will possesses. The second factor in willing—the power to choose some one of the alternatives—depends upon the power to keep a given idea before the focus of attention. Just in the degree that one can keep thinking of the right thing and keep other ideas from taking possession of the mind, is he sure to choose the right thing.

Attention may be either spontaneous or voluntary. Spontaneously we give attention to ideas which appeal to our interests, our instincts, habits, or feelings. Voluntarily we keep the attention upon some one idea.

In general, ideas which appeal spontaneously have a stronger impulsive power. We all know from experience that one *can* keep his attention unflinchingly centered on the right thought; although it may not be, or seem to be, so easy as the thing which does not require so much effort. However, the thing upon which we concentrate must bring results in order to continue to hold our interest.

To get right ideas before the mind and, once gotten, to hold them there, are the vital issues of good and efficient willing. Having once decided upon what is right, we must then act.

There is a third great counsel for the development of a strong and efficient will. To right ideas and habits of decisive action, add the power of feeling. Get the affections centered upon things worth while. Enlist the heart as well as the mind. "The expulsive power of a new affection" is life's eternal miracle. Feeling transforms even the working of that hidden mechanism of association that determines our thoughts. Conversions are natural. They are begotten in human relationships as well as divine. Love is, indeed, "the greatest thing in the world." It saves all mankind.

The final and supreme secret of strength of will is the grace of God. What is true of the feelings begotten in earthly relationships is infinitely more true of those that spring from the contact of the soul with its Father. There is no love like his, no feeling mightier than the sense of his presence and help. As pupils, as teachers, as individuals, we may each one, securely and absolutely, rely on the love and grace of an Almighty God.

Nothing wastes strength more than self-pity. If you have but one talent of joy or strength or opportunity, do not wrap it in a napkin of self-pity! Some one needs your help: go use your one talent in loving, prayerful service for another. All talents truly used are multiplied, and as you give joy to another, you too will enter into the joy of the Lord.—E. P. S. H.

A PROBLEM

REV. W. D. TICKNER

I take it for granted that we, as Seventh Day Baptists, desire efficiency not only in the pulpit but in the pew as well. That our field of operations is enlarging, no one at all conversant with present day conditions will doubt.

We, as a people, have a world task before us. To neglect to enter these "open doors" is not far removed from criminality. How to occupy these fields is a matter for deep concern. God has never in all the history of the world called an individual, or a class of people to perform a task that he had not provided before hand, a way for its accomplishment.

What are the forces of Seventh Day Baptists? God saved Israel out of the hand of the Midianites by Gideon and his brave three hundred.

Every church has, or should have, men and women in whose hearts the Lord has been enthroned. Such, whether ordained or not, should be utilized to the fullest extent. The missionary spirit should everywhere and continually be fostered.

Relieve every minister from every position that can be filled by competent laymen.

Encourage our young people to prepare themselves with this in view. Our slogan should be, *the kingdom of God first*.

Employ every minister in the denomination to preach Christ and him crucified to a dying world. Go out into the highways and urge them to come to the marriage feast. I imagine many are saying as they read this appeal, "It's impossible."

Why, I ask, is it impossible? Didn't Jesus say, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world," and didn't He send his disciples into all the world?

We can go anywhere if Jesus goes with us. Never mind about the twelve or fifteen hundred dollar salary, or even much less. Paul didn't get a regular salary. We haven't been compelled to wander about in sheepskins and goatskins, but we are told that the world was not worthy of those who were thus compelled.

Save wherever saving is possible. Good, wholesome food, modest apparel,

and abstinence from indulgencies, if rigidly adopted, would put many a dollar into the treasury.

Again, I fancy some one asks, "If such a course be pursued how can we lay up money to educate our children? How can we send them to college or university?" The question is pertinent, but not difficult of solution.

Young people do not need as much money furnished them as fond parents imagine. I know this by personal experience.

A burning desire for an education together with a sound body is the very best capital that any young man or woman can have, after graduation from high school.

Home training, of course, is essential, looking towards this end. Elder Whitford, of blessed memory, said to me when I landed in Milton, a poor boy with only about five dollars in my pocket, and told him my desires, "Where there's a *will* there's a *way*." I demonstrated the truth of the assertion.

Another thing: Some one who is competent in devising ways and means, should give himself to the task of formulating a plan whereby every pastor can spend at least two months every year, in missionary work. This would equal the service on the missionary field, of seven men.

Brethren, God's cause need not languish.

And you, my brothers and sisters, who do not feel called upon to enter this public service, remember you, too, have something to do. The Apostle Paul said, "How shall they preach except they be sent?" You should always keep this in mind, that you are but stewards of God's bounty, and act accordingly.

Jackson Center, Ohio.

To a very large extent preaching in the pulpit today is preaching in defense of the Bible rather than preaching the content of the Bible. We spend a great deal of time in making clear and clean the approaches to the Temple, and a great many of us never get any farther than the vestibule door. We spend so much time in this way that we do not have time to go inside and worship.
—Francis L. Patton.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

NEWS FROM CHINA

*The Woman's Board,
Milton, Wis.*

DEAR FRIENDS:

From the letters that came in this week we know that you are anxious to hear from this part of the world. You are getting the latest news in the newspapers but one always likes to know just how it affects one's friends. You have also had our cable this week telling how things here seemed at that time, but cables can not give very much detail.

First the Liuho situation. Yesterday the two men who came in before with news, came in again—that is the man who tends the cows, and the nurse. They report that they go every day to the hospital to look after things so far as they are able. The report that came last week that the soldiers are taking the doors and blinds to burn is not so bad as it then sounded, as they have only taken from the out buildings and not from the main building. We feared that they had already made way with all the furniture, but that is still there and not broken up except as shells have done damage. They also say that their clothes are many of them left, but what is left is torn. Their microscope, sewing machine, and such things have been taken to pieces and are scattered about the place. The medicines have been partly taken away and partly destroyed. I think Dr. Palmberg must have written about the Red Cross man who brought in a sheet full of instruments that he had been able to gather up out there. He hoped to be able to bring in more things but evidently has not.

The two men also brought good news of their cows. Three of the five are safe. The soldiers wanted to kill one of the best ones and this servant fairly got down on his knees to them, begging them not to take that one. For some reason they listened and killed one of the others. The men were then so afraid that they would

come back and take the rest, that they took the calf and the two cows that were left and immediately started for Shanghai. They got them to some relatives at a town about five miles this side of Liuho and left them there, while they came on in here to report. They have now gone back to bring them the rest of the way. We are anticipating a feast of good milk. It is an ill wind that blows none any good.

For several days now the fighting on the Liuho and Hwang-tu fronts has not been so severe, though there is still fighting enough there. The doctors tried one day, at a time when there seemed to be a lull, to go out and see just how things were. The Red Cross doctors took them in their car, but they were not allowed to go beyond Loo-tien, eight miles this side of Liuho. The Red Cross men could go on, so our doctors got out and waited there while the men went on. The soldiers were very fierce and flourished their bayonets when Doctor Palmberg walked in their direction. No war correspondents were allowed to go either beyond that point. The doctors saw some turned back while they were waiting.

The more severe fighting this week has been at Sungkiang, twenty-five or thirty miles to the southwest of Shanghai. Hwang-tu and Quinsan are on the railroad running northwest; and Sungkiang is the first large station on the other line, which runs to Hangchow. The Chikiang soldiers have been driven out of that city, and we suppose they will gradually be driven toward Shanghai. At least with their numbers one can not see how they can hold out indefinitely. They conserve by letting the Kiangsu side take the offensive, but even so they are losing men all the time.

Because of this fall of Sungkiang, I suppose, more tension has been apparent here than in some time. This afternoon mother has seen several loads of goods going by, the household effects of somebody or bodies. This afternoon one man came to get his nieces (Their father is an officer fighting in the South). Another girl went a couple of days ago, others that have paid their board here are only coming for the day and going home at night.

We opened school three weeks ago to-

morrow and have been gratified that so many of the girls have come back. This week the enrolment reached fifty, and when we had promised to receive only about seventy-five, we think that is doing very well. Neither the South Gate girls school nor Bridgman have as large a proportion. They are in Chinese territory though, and that makes a great difference just now when the soldiers are sure to loot all the Chinese territory before they leave. At first I thought it rather foolish for the people to flee with all their possessions as they did; but now after the way even our hospital has suffered, in spite of the requests that our American Consul has made for protection of foreign property, I think that the only thing for the Chinese to do is to flee to the foreign settlement, and save as much as they can. We are trusting that we will now reap some benefit from the rate of taxes that we have had to pay since we have been included in the French Settlement. Since the opening we have gone along very peacefully with our school work. Since the two doctors are here, we have taken advantage of their presence and increased our teaching staff. Dr. Crandall also teaches one class in the Boys' School.

The Liuho refugees who came out with Dr. Crandall are still in the native city over the chapel there. A few others, who were of our people and who were in very crowded quarters in other parts of Shanghai, have joined them. The crowded condition in which some of the refugees live is almost unimaginable. One of the nurses was in a room with about twenty other people, and the floor space was not sufficient for them to all lie down at the same time, and they had to eat and cook there too. There are two big refugee camps near here where several hundred of the poor people are housed and fed. They are under the White Cross management, a Buddhist organization. This organization has done a great deal toward bringing in those who were too poor to come to Shanghai, and looking after them while here. They welcome teachers for the children, but no Christian teaching. Eling and one of our other girls are going over there every day and helping with games.

Our church and the school girls have raised some two hundred and forty dollars for the relief of our own Liuho Church members and friends. The women of the church are having their second meeting this week to sew for these poor friends. You see they fled with very few summer clothes and no winter clothes or bedding, and now it is getting cool fast. Several donations of warm clothing have been received and other things that can be ripped up and pieced together for comforter covers. Cotton has already been purchased, and beaten up ready to fill the covers as soon as they are ready. So we hope to keep them comfortable as long as they are in Shanghai, and perhaps help them a little after they go back to their ruined homes.

I have almost forgotten to tell you how we have had to help the war along. Our Bible woman, Mrs. Zung, lives over the Zia Jau day school in a rented building, and one day she came over to say that officials had been there that day to collect the rent for General Ho. She told them that the rent was paid by the foreigners, but they said for her to get it of us. We did not wish to make her any trouble, so paid it. You see all over this section they have demanded a month's rent or its equivalent. The people are helpless and have had to accede to the demand. In the native city Mr. Dzau old them that the property belongs to our American Mission and gave them a statement to the effect that they would have to go to Mr. Crofoot. They can hardly collect of him!

But not all our thoughts are on the war. This week Miss Tsang who taught for us last semester, was married; and I believe it was the prettiest Chinese wedding I have ever seen. Her husband is not a Christian, but granted her wish to have a Christian wedding. Mr. Crofoot performed the ceremony, and it was all so simple and dignified, Eling played the wedding march and there was no loud band music crashing in at the moment when you did not want it. There was also no heavy bonnet on the bride's head—just a pretty veil held with orange blossoms, in quite the proper American style nor was there any bowing to ancestors or any other non-Christian elements. Of course some of their Chinese

friends may not have approved so heartily of it all as I did, for it was a very modern affair as well as being Christian.

We hope you are not worrying over us. We are well protected here. But we do wish your prayers that a very real blessing may come to the church and to us all out of this time of trouble.

Yours in his Name,
ANNA M. WEST.

Shanghai, China,
October 11, 1924.

THE UNIVERSAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE ON LIFE AND WORK

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

The correspondence below is presented to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER in order that they may keep themselves informed with reference to the development of the plans for the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work.

For more than two years a committee on arrangements for this conference has been at work. This committee, which covers the Christian world, is divided into four sections. Each section is considering the same topics, and working along the same lines, that the others are working. The American section had a meeting last November in Philadelphia, and this year they are meeting in Buffalo.

This movement, which does not contemplate the setting up of another organization, but which simply plans to hold a world conference to consider what there is that the churches of the world can do unitedly to promote the Christian way of living, provides another opportunity for Seventh Day Baptists to manifest something of their spirit and the quality of their life.

We present herewith two recent communications from the secretary of the American section of the committee, and our reply to the one which raises the question as to our delegate to the conference.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond,
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR MR. BOND:

In April I had the honor to address to you a letter giving in detail the arrangements made up to that date for the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work to be held in Stockholm, in August, 1925. In that letter I informed you that your denomination was entitled to one delegate.

At the same time that that letter went to you, a similar communication was sent to all the Evangelical Protestant Church bodies of America. Many have responded and we have in this office the list of delegates appointed by these denominations.

We are very anxious to complete our list as rapidly as possible and, inasmuch as we do not want to print the next document, which will contain the roll of the official delegates to this great world conference, and not include that representing your denomination, I venture to write you to ask if the appointment has been made and if so, will you please send the name to our office. In case the appointment has not been made, will you not arrange with the proper ecclesiastical authorities to have a delegate appointed as soon as possible?

I have just returned from a very important trip to Europe. During that time I visited ten countries where I met with the Church leaders. Everywhere I found enthusiasm strong for this conference. The need of the world today for aggressive action on the part of the Christian forces, as represented in the churches of all the nations, can not be over-emphasized.

With all good wishes for the cause to which you are making such a notable contribution through your denomination, I am,

Yours fraternally,

HENRY A. ATKINSON,
General Secretary.

October 29, 1924.

MR. BOND'S REPLY

Rev. Henry A. Atkinson, General Secretary,
70 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

DEAR DR. ATKINSON:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 29th inst., with reference to the appointment of a delegate to represent Seventh Day Baptists at the Conference on Life and Work to be held in Stockholm next August.

I wish to say that the matter was brought to the attention of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference which met in Milton, Wis., in August. It was voted to send a delegate, but the appointment of such representative was referred to the Commission of the Conference, which holds its mid-year meeting in December. Doubtless at that time the delegate will be appointed and the name forwarded to you in due time.

You will see that the question of sending a delegate has been decided in the affirmative by the Conference. I am sorry if the delay in making the appointment will prevent your publishing a complete list of delegates in your next printed document.

Sincerely yours,

A. J. C. BOND.

October 31, 1924.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN SECTION AND
THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSIONS

DEAR FRIEND:

Following our letter of July 30, I am enclosing herewith the Agenda for the meeting of the American section, which will be held at the Hotel Statler, Buffalo, N. Y., on Monday and Tuesday, November 10 and 11. The first session will open at 10 a. m., and we hope to adjourn by noon of the following day. Arrangements have been completed for the dinner on Monday night, at which you will be the guest of the Executive Committee.

I have just returned from four months in Europe. During my absence I visited ten countries and met with Church leaders. Everywhere I found great enthusiasm for the Stockholm Conference. In my report to the American section I shall be glad to tell in detail of the plans and accomplishments in the preparation abroad for this great event.

The reports from the six commissions which will be discussed at Buffalo will be sent to you in a few days, so that you will have the full material in hand before the meeting.

A very strong program has been arranged by the World Alliance for International Friendship. Their congress will commence on Tuesday afternoon and continue until Thursday evening. You will be made a delegate to this meeting and we trust that you will feel that the importance of our task is such that you can spend the time and make this contribution to the common cause that we believe means so much to the world at the present juncture.

Cordially yours,
HENRY A. ATKINSON,
General Secretary.

October 30, 1924.

JUBILEE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

On Wednesday, October 29, at their cozy home in Salem, W. Va., with the peace of God crowning their lives and shining on the hills around, Deacon Stillman Forest Lowther and his wife, Sarah Victoria Lowther, nee Davis, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

Of their five living children three were present: Mrs. Beatrice Lowther Clarke and S. Norton Lowther, of Milton, Wis., and Miss Mildred Lowther, of Salem. Another daughter, Mrs. Clellie Lowther Sutton, of Winchester, Va., had very lately been here; but had to return before the anniversary.

Other guests were: Herman B. Davis, brother of the "bride," and his daughter, Mrs. Lillian Davis Hamilton, both of Chicago; Mrs. Jennie D. Randolph, of Salem, sister of the "bride"; G. W. F. Randolph, Hiram Wilson, Deacon Martin Van Buren Davis, and Elder J. Franklin

Browne, all of Salem. These filled the happy table.

Later guests were: Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Davis and grandson Billie; Mrs. Ida M. Bartlett; Mr. J. Alexandria Randolph; Miss Ida M. Bartlett; Mr. and Mrs. Lucian D. Lowther; Mr. and Mrs. Earl W. Davis and daughters—Miriam, Eleanor, Leah Virginia, and Candace Carolyn; Pastor and Mrs. George B. Shaw; Kenneth Burdick; Miss Elsie B. Bond; Miss Greta Randolph; Mrs. Ernest O. Davis and daughter, Anita; Dean and Mrs. M. H. Van Horn; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Trainer; Mr. and Mrs. Ottis F. Swiger; Mr. and Mrs. Clete Randolph; Mrs. James A. Bumgardner.

The following bit of verse was written for the occasion by the reporter:

For the Jubilee Wedding Anniversary
of

Deacon Stillman Forest Lowther and
Mrs. Sarah Victoria (Davis) Lowther,

October 29, 1924
Salem, W. Va.

Blow softly, O thou north wind;
Breathe warm, thou wind of the south;
Blow, blow upon my garden
That the spices thereof may flow out.
—Cant. 4: 16.

A. D. 1874

Up through the valley of youth they go
Hand in hand together;
Softly do love's zephyrs blow,—
Fair skies and happy weather;
Breezes and laughter come from the hills;
Lilting songs murmur sweet from the rills;
Each heart with hope and pleasure thrills;
Time lags with joy for a tether.

A. D. 1924

Down through the valley of age they go
Hand in hand together;
More gently still love's breezes blow,—
Soft skies and tender weather.
Happy echoes talk from the hills,
The joy of the long years each heart fills,
While a song of praise from their glad lips
trills,—

On now to the West,
And joyful the quest
That carries them there together.
—J. Franklin Browne.

Even in Gethsemane our Lord was the conscious master of measureless power. He felt the pulse of omnipotence. He revealed the power of his own sufficiency by not calling them. He can fully take care of himself, of his cause, of me!—W. L. Watkinson.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

STEWARDSHIP: PRAYER

HURLEY S. WARREN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
November 29, 1924

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Prayer for children (Mark 7: 24-30)
Monday—Prayer for a city (Gen. 18: 23-33)
Tuesday—Prayer for a nation (Deut. 9: 7-20)
Wednesday—Prayer for the world (1 Tim. 2: 1-4)
Thursday—A prayer answered (Exod. 15: 22-27)
Friday—A prayer denied (Deut. 3: 21-29)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Stewardship: Our prayers for Christ's world (Matt. 6: 9-13)

I have a growing conviction that prayer is essential and dynamic to the life of a Christian. That is, prayer is a necessary part of life; and one can not be effective without prayer. This from the *Francis E. Clark Year Book* by John R. Clements expresses clearly my meaning, "You cannot grow strong without soul-food any more than your muscles can be developed on a starvation diet." Also, "There is no abiding without meditation and communion."

We are stewards of all that we possess. This includes our time as well as our money. To my mind the work of the Tenth Legion and that of the Quiet Hour are of great importance. We cannot say greater than any other phase of our work; but when we are full-fledged tithers and conscientious observers of the Quiet Hour, we have taken a sure step towards Christian living.

We are to think in terms of, "Our prayers for Christ's world." This is Christ's world. We are living in it. We are capable of prayer. Then follows, "Our prayers for Christ's world." Think what it would mean if every Christian in Christ's world would pause in prayer at a stated time during the day. First, that his life (the Christian's) might be in harmony with the will of the Father. And second, that those who know not the Father might be brought to know him.

Would it become mechanical? We trust it would not.

The individual who prays unto himself and for himself finds little that is worthwhile in life. A Christian can do no less than pray for others, and in praying be guided to serve. Christ said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Christ was lifted up and is drawing all men unto him. Are we yielding to him?

Let us think with Tennyson in "The Passing of Arthur":

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men, better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

*Alfred, N. Y.,
October 20, 1924.*

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." If there ever were a time when the world needed prayer, it is now. Ever since the great World War it has been in a very chaotic condition. A great wave of crime is sweeping over our country, perhaps the greatest we have ever known. We cannot take up a newspaper without reading of murders, robberies, and other crimes; and some of them are the most terrible ones imaginable. There is a great lack of respect for our laws and our Constitution, which no doubt is the cause of this condition. Christian people should pray earnestly for the improvement of these conditions, and should add work to their prayers. What is our duty?

Battle Creek, Mich.

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SABBATH DAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1924

Why God asks our money. Matt 25: 35, 36; Rom. 15: 25-27; Mark 9: 41.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

DEAR JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENTS:

We have a big Junior program before us this year, let's begin at once to carry it out. Get assistants in your work, if possible, and thus lessen your share of the burden, at the same time training them to carry on the work so that they will be able to fill your place should necessity demand it. In making your plans this year, emphasize the *quality* of your work and strengthen the weak part.

Make your Intermediate and Senior Christian Endeavor societies realize their dependence on your Junior Christian Endeavor society; then realize your own dependence on them. Work with them in every possible way to carry out the big plan of Christian Endeavor to make *working Christians* out of all its members. Work with other Junior societies in carrying out your denominational program and help make the Junior Department of the Young People's Board stronger. Your denominational Junior superintendent will be only too glad to co-operate with you in any way. Send in your questions and problems and we'll do the best we can to help.

The Junior organization is only a purpose for desired results:

Prayer lovers,	Bible lovers.
Hymn lovers.	Church lovers.
Intelligent cheerful givers.	Working Christians.

Let us work, wait, pray, and trust; so that God will be pleased with our efforts in helping the boys and girls in our Junior societies.

"Ours is the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
The harvest hour is hid with him."

Yours in Service for the boys and girls,
ELISABETH KENYON.

Ashaway, R. I.

THE EFFICIENCY CHART AND AWARDS

DEAR ENDEAVORERS:

Do you endeavorers use the Efficiency Chart? The Young People's Board hopes each society will be using the chart by July 1, 1925; because the work suggested by the chart not only develops

efficient workers in the society, but also makes the society of greater value to the community. We are enclosing a miniature chart. If you haven't a large chart, why not use this one until just before Conference; then buy a new one and send it for our exhibit at Conference. Price \$1.75 from the United Society of Christian Endeavor, at Boston, Mass.

AWARDS

A banner will be given to the society with the highest rating. Ashaway has had this banner for several years; why don't some of you win it this year?

A banner will be given to the society making the greatest gain in efficiency. You who are not using the chart now, why not set this as your goal?

PENNANTS

To the society with the highest 300 rating—a gold pennant.

With the highest 200 rating—a silver pennant.

With the highest 100 rating—a red pennant.

Don't you think it would increase the interest in the use of the Efficiency Chart in your society to challenge some society? If you wish help in selecting the society to challenge, just write us, we'll be glad to suggest.

There were only ten societies using the chart last year.

Come on! Let's make it one hundred per cent this year! Will you do your part? The chart is fair to both large and small societies. If you are small, you need not hesitate; for if there is any advantage to a large or small society, it favors the small.

Come on, each of you!

Fall into line!

I'll be glad to answer your questions and help you in any way possible. Write to me. Let's make this the big year for the Efficiency Chart. Take your rating November 1 and send it to me at once.

We are to have a speaker from the United Society at one of our daily meetings at Conference. Wouldn't we be proud to tell him that one hundred per cent of our societies are using the Efficiency Chart.

Yours for more efficient work,

IVAN O. TAPPAN.

Battle Creek, Mich., October 20, 1924.

OUR TIME FOR CHRIST

ALBERTA SEVERANCE

(Read at the Young People's Hour of the Southwestern Association)

"Our time for Christ" is very nearly synonymous with "Our lives for Christ." We say we have accepted Christ as our Savior; we profess to be following him. Christ used *his* time in doing God's will, and he commanded his followers to do the same, saying, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."—John 9:4. If we have given our lives to Christ, we must work the works of God. Are we doing so? Are our lives any different from those about us who do not profess to be Christians? There are multitudes who live for self. "Yes," we say, "we keep the Sabbath." Yes, but what are we doing with our lives, or our time, the other six days? There are many who have one foot in the world, religious once a week; but worldly, ambitious, pleasure-seeking, the rest of the time. This subject of "Our time for Christ," challenges this attitude. It calls us to give *all* of our time to Christ.

If we are true Christians, we must bear fruit. What fruit are you and I bearing from our harmless recreations, our pleasant pursuits, from our hours of labor and our hours of leisure? Are you satisfied with your Christian experience?

Perhaps you say, "Oh, I have so little time to devote to Christian work; I wish I could do more, but I put in such long hours of labor that I do not have time to do the things I would like to do." But *all* of our time, even when engaged in what we call secular work, belongs to Christ; for a Christian may be a missionary in the workshop, the office, or the schoolroom. Our words and our lives will preach sermons that men will heed, but our lives will speak the loudest.

Instead of "Our Time for Christ," let us say, "Our days for Christ." Life is much reduced in simplicity when we live one day at a time and resolve to make *that* day a blessing to others, to live *that* day for Christ. But if we say, "Our days for Christ," can we not say, "The hours for Christ," or "Our moments for Christ?" A moment may seem of little value but great things have been accomplished in a moment. It took but a moment to bless the bread which fed five

thousand. It was in a moment, lit by the flash of a thought in the mind of Martin Luther, that broke his bondage to the Roman Catholic Church and started the great Protestant movement. A single short sentence from a sermon of ten wings God's arrow to the heart.

Do you value the moments?

I once read of a princess who had a string of pearls. One end had loosened and every now and then a pearl slipped from the string and was lost. A friend spoke to her about the loss of her pearls. "Oh, the string is a long one," she answered carelessly. "Do you know how many pearls there are on it?" "No." "Can you get any more when they are gone?" "No." "You bear your loss well; these jewels are priceless." "I am going to believe the string a very long one," answered the princess; "besides, I do not use them."

Foolish princess! Yet we are just as foolish. For every moment is like a priceless pearl to be used for Christ, whether in kind or comforting words, or Christlike deeds, or prayer, or Bible study, or in speaking the word which will lead a lost soul to God. Every opportunity which we fail to use is a lost pearl which will never be returned.

People often complain that they are not rich. We all like to dream of the things we would do if we had lots of money. But time is something which everyone has, and if rightly and wisely used, we might gain riches, or anything which we greatly desire, or do as much good in the world as though we had riches. Time is something without which money, or talents, or any great possession, is valueless; so it is, in a sense, of more value than those things. Yet we waste time and throw it away.

In the parable of the talents it is shown that it is not the quantity of service that counts, it is the quality. We must be faithful and use that which we have to increase God's kingdom. The one talent man was condemned because he failed to invest. Our life, our time, is given to us to invest. The very fact that Christ trusts his followers by leaving in their charge the conduct of his work and the reputation of his Church in the world, puts us on our honor to do our utmost. Are we investing our time so as to bring

a one hundred per cent increase? We are not all alike; but what we have we must use, whether it is talents or time. Use the time you have, and you will find more time. Use the gifts you have, and greater gifts will grow. Whether we are five talent or two talent or one talent servants does not matter. There is a difference in the size of a cup and a pail, but the cup that is full is serving one hundred per cent, while the pail that is half full is serving only fifty per cent. May we at last hear God say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

There is, in the back yard, a piece of old rusty iron. It is of no use and looks not at all like the fine, bright needle with which I sew. Yet my needle was made from a piece of iron which was refined and polished. The iron has been neglected. Any raw material may be left to rust, or it may be worked into useful articles.

Time is like iron. It is raw material. Our talents are raw materials. What shall we do with them? If we neglect our talents, and waste our time, using them only for self, they will be like the rusty iron. Rather let us allow Christ to refine them, heating them with his love for mankind, and purifying with the divine Spirit. They will be hardened and strengthened by the power of God in our hearts and we will be as useful, though perhaps as inconspicuous, as the needle.

We are expected, as followers of Jesus, to desire to use the moments, the hours, and the days, all in doing only his will. God knows best what we can accomplish with our talents and our time and he has a definite plan for each of us. If we would use our time for Christ, we must not sit and dream of the great things we think he will want us to do in the future. We must learn his will for us now, today; and then, no matter what other plans we had, no matter how small or how large the task, we must do the thing he has set for us for this hour, this moment.

"I sit and ponder. At my door appears
The little Hour that builds the mighty Years.
It loudly knocks, and calls to me its need:
Wake, dreamer, wake; and give to me a deed!
I build the Years. If thou wouldst have them
fair,

Aid as thou canst, though small may be thy share.

I build the Years. O wise is he that heeds,
And makes my building good by giving deeds!

"I sit and ponder. Aye, the voice is true—
Why ponder longer? 'Tis the time to do!
A noble castle wouldst thou build thee, man?
Then heed the small Hour—'tis thy artisan!
From struggling mite unto the Godhead, lo!
The Hour shall build thee all that thou shalt know.

Heed well the Hour's voice—'tis a living seer's:
'I build the Years! O man! I build the Years!'"

CONSIDER THESE STARTLING FACTS

"The white foreign population of New York City is as large as the whole population of Chicago, Detroit and Boston put together; the Russian element is larger than that of the city of Warsaw, and the Italians exceed the population of Naples by one hundred thousand. There are 994,356 Russians, 802,893 Italians, 637,744 Irish, 603,167 from Austria-Hungary, and 593,100 Germans, as well as many other smaller groups from all lands and of all languages. The native white stock in the city is 1,164,934, as against a total foreign stock of 4,294,629." The only hope of our city and for the country is the Bible.

The New York Federation of Churches through its efficient workers continues to render helpful service in the distribution of the Scriptures. We quote the following from the last annual report:

"As long as there is human sorrow and suffering; as long as mankind travels the way of sin, just so long must the distribution of New Testament Scripture be made in the highways and byways of our great city.

"The distribution of Scripture portions is an all-year activity of the federation, and by united action our workers can not only face conditions but can battle more intelligently against them. The achievements in the past four years show a tremendous expansion of this work—accomplishing results which can not possibly be tabulated.

"The work of distribution rests upon workers particularly interested in the different fields of endeavor, and many actual conversions have been reported to the federation during the year."—*New York Bible Society.*

"Ideas are the only conquerors whose victories last."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

IN BIBLE LANDS

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
November 29, 1924

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Cruel methods (Exod. 22: 22-24)
Monday—Near East relief (Deut. 14: 29)
Tuesday—America's ideal (Ps. 10: 14-18)
Wednesday—Teaching children (Prov. 8: 32, 33)
Thursday—Religious meetings (Deut. 31: 11-13)
Friday—Jesus' command (John 21: 15)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Helping Christ's neglected
children in Bible lands (Jas. 1: 22)

MRS. ELVA LAWHEAD
Superintendent at Jackson Center, Ohio

We are as one great family, with God as our Father. We must hold a great love for our brothers and sisters as we do in blood relationship. God created all alike. That is, not giving one any more than another, and thus we all share equally. But owing to the talents and ability of some, they have risen to some extent and have obtained more of the worldly goods than others; but all are the same in our heavenly Father's sight.

One other thing in which we must not make a difference is the race or color. All people are as God made them, and are thus by no fault of their own. God has had some purpose for creating them all different.

So many are shut away from the gospel light and have been for so many centuries that they know very little if anything about God and his great love for man. Still we find a few who have a small knowledge of the truth; but it seems we are too selfish to tell others the wonderful story in order that they may enjoy this great Life with us.

Most of God's children can clothe and feed themselves, because he has given that knowledge to everyone. But we find those who are very ignorant in regard to doctoring themselves when sick; and consequently are unable to prevent many contagious diseases. It should be our interest, for the love of God which we hold in our hearts and the love for

our heathen brothers and sisters, to save every penny we can to send some missionary to a foreign country where the people need the teachings of God so as to become more civilized.

Children, let us take China for an example. There are hundreds of little boys and girls just like you who need to know the story of Jesus' love. Would not you like to be a missionary while you are young? Although you can not go to China, you can save your pennies and nickles to send a man or woman to them as a teacher. You would then be just as great a missionary as this man or woman who is sent. We have a great man in our denomination who is willing to sacrifice his home and loved ones to go to China as a teacher. But he needs help in order to pay his expenses.

Now when you want chewing gum and candy, why not think of these starving children in China; save your money and once or twice a month have a missionary collection in your Junior society; and thus help Dr. George Thorngate to get to China to help save the lives of God's children.

Jackson Center, Ohio.

NOVEMBER 11

Those birthdays, such as Washington's and Lincoln's,

Are nation's holidays,
On which the people meet to crown their heroes,
And offer praise.

And now upon the list the nation honors
Another day has come,

On which we set the starry banner waving,
And beat the martial drum.

It is the day when far across the water
The Armistice was signed,
That herald of new peace among the nations
To all mankind.

Not long ago, we sent our boys in khaki
To fight in field and trench,
Shoulder to shoulder with our trusted Allies,
The English and the French.

Not long ago, their steady lines advancing
Attacked the Prussian lance;

Not long ago, we hailed their splendid victories,
"Somewhere in France."

And now their glory shines o'er history's pages,
With clear effulgent ray,
And brightens, through the dullness of November,

Armistice Day.—Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.

JOE'S DRAWINGS

Joe tried very hard to keep his mind on the arithmetic lesson, but, somehow, the page with, "How much is two times three?" wasn't nearly so interesting as the picture of the silly little man he had drawn on the opposite page. This man had a circle for a head and straight, stick-like lines for arms and legs, and he wore a queer little hat on the top of his queer little head.

So it wasn't long until the teacher's voice seemed to come from far off, and the "two times three," became a blur. But the little man looked more interesting every minute. Joe's mind was soon wandering into the Land of Any-Old-Place. He imagined that the little man doffed his hat and said:

"Hello, Joe! You made me; why don't you name me?"

Joe looked surprised. "Why, I don't believe I can think of any good name for you," he answered.

"Why don't you call me Naughty," asked the man, "because it was naughty to draw me in your school book."

"Oh yes," answered Joe, scowling.

"Let's travel," suggested Naughty.

"Where shall we go?" asked the boy.

"Well," announced the queer little man, "we'll start at the beginning and go through the book."

So back to the beginning Naughty and Joe started, and right on the first page was "Teacher's Picture."

"I know I don't look very nice," said Teacher's Picture to Joe, "but I can't help it; you made me this way. You made me cross-eyed with a terribly long nose. Just suppose you really had to go to school to such a looking teacher. Your own teacher isn't a bit like me, and you know it."

"Let's hurry through the book," suggested Joe.

So Naughty, Teacher's Picture, and Joe traveled on, and it was not long until they met twins. Under one twin was written, "This-Is-You," and under the other one was written, "This-Is-Me."

"Wait a minute," said the twins, "we are going through the book with you."

Suddenly, This-Is-You stumbled and fell. "Oh, dear," he cried, "I didn't see that problem with its plus sign, and I

stumbled right over it. It is all your fault."

"My fault!" said Joe. "How can it be my fault?"

"Of course it's your fault," declared This-Is-You. "Look at all those scribble marks you made on that page, right over the arithmetic problem."

"You boys stop quarreling," said Teacher's Picture. Then everybody went on again, but it was not long until This-Is-Me exclaimed:

"Oh, we must not go on that page!"

"Why not?" asked Joe.

"Because; see the times signs. If you said, 'This-Is-Me and This-Is-You, times two,' there would be four of us; and we would no longer be twins."

"What will we do?" asked Naughty.

"It is very necessary to learn the times," said Teacher's Picture.

"I'll tell you," whispered Joe to the twins, "when Teacher's Picture isn't looking, we'll skip the times."

They did, and went on again. It wasn't very easy traveling, because there were many tall scribbles that looked like forests, and many round scribbles that looked like strange hoops. And sometimes there were such zig-zag marks that everybody got dizzy and fell over the problems.

After a time they came to the pages in the book marked, "To Divide."

"Oh, we can't go this way!" shrieked the twins. "It will divide us, and then we will no longer be twins!"

But somehow, they passed these problems, too.

"Look!" exclaimed Naughty, pointing. There in the distance Joe saw a sign which read: "Passing Time—Next Grade."

Joe was very delighted that it was passing time, and was hurrying toward the next grade, but Teacher's Picture stopped him.

"Wait, you can not go," she said.

You have not learned your arithmetic problems. The very first thing that you must do is to erase all those scribbly pictures you have made on the lovely book. It is drawing pictures when you should be studying that is going to keep you from passing.

Then it was that the pictures, This-Is-You and This-Is-Me and Teacher's Pic-

ture and Naughty, all faded away, and Joe's day-dream ended, and he heard his real teacher's voice.

"Joe, I have asked you that three times," she was saying.

"Yes, Miss Black," said Joe, "I said that I would erase all the pictures from my arithmetic."

Everybody in the class began to giggle, for they knew that Joe had been day-dreaming.

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Miss Black. "I asked you, 'How much is two times three?'"

Joe gave the wrong answer; but that noon he hurried to school a little earlier than usual and erased all those horrid pictures from his book, so that he could study hard and be sure to pass his grade.

—*Gladys C. Carpenter.*

MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"Keep your new shoes and wear them first on Sabbath day."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

H. C. V. H.

WHY COAL AND WOOD SNAP

Have you ever watched coal or wood in an open fire or a stove and heard it pop and snap and sizzle, as the flames climbed over it?

All through the coal and wood there are tiny pores or holes often too small to see. These little pores contain air and tiny drops of water. When heat comes against air and water, it causes them to expand and take up more room. As the flames and heat cover the fuel, the air and water in the tiny pores grow larger. This causes the coverings and sides of the pores to burst, and makes the noises you hear. This is why damp wood simmers when it is placed in the fire, and why coal sometimes bangs against the sides of the stove.—*Ermald Eaton.*

Professor—Can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?

Student—Mary.

Professor—And who followed Mary?

Student (absent-mindedly)—Her little lamb.—*Upper Iowa Collegian.*

HENRY DWIGHT BABCOCK

Henry Dwight Babcock, 79, president of the Babcock Manufacturing Company, and for many years a prominent resident of this village, died Thursday, October 9, 1924, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Titsworth, in Plainfield, N. J. Funeral services were held Saturday at 3 p. m., in Plainfield. Interment was in Leonardsville, Sunday, where services were held at the grave at 10 a. m.

Henry Dwight Babcock was born in Leonardsville, June 6, 1845, the son of John and Sarah Greenman Babcock. At the age of fourteen he left school and began a clerkship with Nathan Brand. Having a mechanical turn of mind, he left to learn the machinist trade under Hilton St. John. As a very young man he showed executive ability, and within a few years he bought Mr. St. John's interest in the Leonardsville Foundry and Machine Shop. A little later he became sole proprietor, and the business was finally incorporated as the Babcock Manufacturing Company, but he held the control and management until his practical retirement in 1919, when he turned over the active care of the business to his sons.

Mr. Babcock organized and for a time managed the Leonardsville Canning Company. He was the leader in an effort which resulted in the building of the Unadilla Valley Railway. Without his untiring work and energy and the large tonnage which his factory brought, the railroad would never have been built.

Only once did Mr. Babcock leave the town which he loved and to which he gave all his efforts, and that was about the year 1894, when he went to Utica, and took the position of general manager of the Standard Harrow Company. After a few years he gave it up and returned to Leonardsville, and here he continued the work of expanding his own business, which has been in continuous operation for over fifty years. In the foundry were made many kinds of castings, and at one time many furnaces were made. The company did considerable work for Utica concerns. Of late years, however, its principal business has been making steel harrow frames, harrow teeth, and other agricultural imple-

(Continued on page 606)

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

VOICES AGAINST CHRIST

(Preached in the Chicago Church, August 25, by Pastor August Johanson)

"And their voices prevailed." Luke 23: 23 (Amer. Version).

All life is articulate. The universe is vocal. Nature talks to those who commune with her. God himself speaks to men, if they but hearken. Men speak to each other, and to God.

It is the marvelous capacity of man for communication, for audible intelligence, for speaking and hearing, that marks him as God's crowning creation.

This double faculty of voice and ear possesses mighty potentialities. What we say affects others; we in turn are affected by what we hear. Christ recognized the importance of these truths in his warnings, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," and, "Take heed how ye hear."

Throughout the Scriptures evidence is found of the influence of what is said and heard. The beguiling voice of Satan was able to lead mankind to the first great fall. The voice of Satan, beguiling the children of Adam, has led them into sinfulness. The voice of Christ announces salvation to mankind, and the voices of his ministers have proclaimed redemption to all who would hearken. And in that final day, it shall be the voice of the Lord, descending from the heavens with a shout, that shall call forth the dead to the judgment,—the wicked to a second, endless death; the righteous to life everlasting.

And man, in his use of the powers of communication, becomes either a herald of Christ or of Satan; his voice speaks either for God or the evil one; his influence is for good or ill. Those who hearken unto the voice of man hearken either to truth or error, whichever it may be that the man speaks.

Magnify your concept of the voice of man, and you magnify this fact. Surely this voice, this power of communication and expression goes farther than mere physical speech. Actions are articulate. "What

you do talks so loud I can not hear what you say." There is language in a look. Silence, even, may speak with far more eloquence than words. Do you wonder then that I said that the gift of communication, backed by intelligence, marks man as God's crowning creation?

Modern life has enlarged and extended this faculty of expression. The voice of man has been magnified and multiplied and projected forth as never before. Man's capacity for the communication of ideas, opinions, emotions, in fact of every phase of expression, has been incalculably increased. The whirr of the mighty printing presses, the glaring lights of the motion picture machine, the flying radio messages of code and speech and music, all give testimony to the ever-increasing range of influence which the audible and inaudible voice of man possess.

Nothing better illustrates this fact than an incident at one of the national political conventions held this year. Some convention official approached the chairman during one session and asked him if he had the copy of the party platform with him. The chairman replied that he did not, and did not know where it was. His words were colored with a bit of profanity. Later his attention was called to the microphone which sat upon the desk in front of him. He had broadcasted his profanity to the world.

With this enlarging of man's powers of communication comes a magnifying of his powers for good and evil in the use of that faculty. The influence of his actions, of his words, of his example, becomes cosmic. Once the influence of his life was narrowly limited; now it may be reflected in the lives of countless others.

Man's range of reception has likewise been extended. Not only does his voice carry farther than ever, but his ear is more sensitive than before, his vision more acute. Doubtless more persons have heard the voice of the President of the United States, have seen him pictured in historic scenes, and have read his words, than ever before. Opportunities of education, of entertainment, of experience have been afforded to the mass of the people such as were never before offered, as a result of this increase in man's range of reception.

But opportunities for the spread of evil

have increased as well. More chance is provided for the teaching of that which is evil, for portraying that which is impure, and for misleading and misguiding thought and action, as well as has the chance of uplifting and improving and edifying. Increased temptations to hearken unto evil have come with this development, just as much as enlarged incentive to a better life.

All of this I offer merely as a background, merely as evidence of the power of voice, the influence of man's capacity of communication.

Satan recognizes these powers, always has recognized them, and always has sought to capitalize them. Voices are ever ready to speak for him. His emissaries are everywhere. We hear his voice in the Garden of Eden deceiving the first human beings. We see the effects of having hearkened to his voice throughout the history of the chosen people,—we see it in fruitless wanderings, in senseless idolatry, in unwise rulers, in injustice and evil. We see it throughout the life of Christ on earth, combating his ministry, inspiring opposition and hatred. And final testimony of the influence of the voice of Satan is found in the words of my text, taken from Luke's narrative of the scene of Jesus' trial before Pilate.

Christ had completed his three years of ministry. He had been betrayed by one of his own disciples. He had been arrested by his enemies, and brought before Pilate for trial. Anxious to avoid the demands of the mob and to evade his own duty of providing protection for an innocent person, Pilate sends him to Herod, hoping he will deal with him; and then, when he is returned, thrice pleads his innocence to the angry multitude.

"But," says Luke, "they were urgent with loud voices, asking that he might be crucified."

Then come the words of my text, "And their voices prevailed."

And the very next words of Luke's narrative are: "And Pilate gave sentence that what they asked for should be done."

Four words tell the whole story of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. "And their voices prevailed." The voice of Satan, revealed in the angry cry of the mob, put to death the Son of God. What shame that he who came to reveal the way of life, should suffer the death of the cross! What

shame that the ambassador of divine love should be the victim of human hate! What shame that curses and jeers and mocking should be the portion of him whose life had been one of gentleness and goodness! What shame that the hands of mercy should be pierced by the cruel nails of crucifixion! What shame that the sons of men, for whom he gave his life, and for whom he was soon to conquer the grave, should thus handle the Son of God! All because the spirit of Satan—ever seeking to reject truth, to misrepresent God, to deceive man—all because this spirit found voice in the mouth of the mob that cried, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

There are yet today those who "crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh." The spirit of Satan, made articulate, still cries out against Christ. There are voices still striving to prevail against him. And there are men and women today, millions of them, dangerously near to the point of yielding, even as Pilate yielded. The enemy of our soul no longer seeks to destroy Christ; he no longer strives to deprive him of his life. For Christ has conquered death. Satan rather seeks to destroy the power of Christ in the world; he seeks rather to deprive men and women of his influence and guidance among them and within them.

Even as the foes of Christ brought him before Pilate, so Satan has brought Christianity before the modern Pilate. Even as Pilate queried, "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" so men and women today must face the same question. Even as the foes of Christ cried for his crucifixion, so today the foes of Christianity—the mighty enemy of the soul of man—all cry for the crucifixion of his teachings. But today, it is not the fate of Christ which is at stake, it is the destiny of mankind, collectively and individually, socially and personally, that hangs in the balance. The question is, shall "their voices prevail"?

Within men and among men, two voices cry loudly against Christ and Christianity. In these voices we see a kinship to the cry "Crucify him! Crucify him." They both come of the same parent,—that same spiritual foe of man, Satan. They are the voices of Distraction and Detraction. They constitute the two beams of the twentieth

century cross upon which Satan would again crucify our Savior.

Whether we shall crucify again the Christ—crucify him in the world and in our own lives—depends upon whether we hearken to these two voices and whether we permit them to prevail.

The voice of Distraction would take us away from Christ; the voice of Detraction would take Christ away from us. The two work in opposite directions, but to the same end. The voice of Distraction would lessen our interest in Christ; the voice of Detraction would lessen his appeal to us. One strives to turn our attention from the light of the world; the other strives to extinguish that light. The one voice strives to shout us down; the other strives to drown him out. Both would remove from the world the spiritual significance and power of Jesus Christ.

The voice of Distraction is the voice of the world. It is the voice that beguiles. It is the luring voice of temptation, offering ease, pleasure, selfish indulgence, gratification of pride, attainment of fame and power. No man or woman is so good as never to hear this voice of the tempter. Abraham Lincoln heard that luring voice when the morning after his famous Cooper Institute speech, when Erastus Corning, president of the New York Central Railroad, offered Mr. Lincoln the position of general counsel for the railroad at the then large figure of \$10,000 a year. But Mr. Lincoln did what very few men would have done had their lives been the one of hardship and dismal failure Lincoln's was up to this time. He refused the offer, and when it was renewed in writing at a later date, again refused it. Not every man and woman faces such an alluring temptation, but every man and woman does, not once but often, hear the voice of the tempter—the voice of Distraction—urging the sacrifice of conscience and duty to the way of pleasure and selfishness, the crucifixion of Christ that Barabbas may go free.

This voice of Distraction, which ever seeks to divert men and women from Christ is the voice that bullies. It is the voice of evil which reminds us as the mob reminded Pilate that in failure to yield "we are not Caesar's friend." It is the voice that threatens—threatens social displeasure, unpopularity, misunderstanding, loss of influence

and power, loss of favor with men. Men of affairs, men of prominence, are not alone in suffering this temptation. All of us are tempted at some time or other to yield our convictions to the cry of the crowd, to the voice of praise rather than to the voice of right. It is a voice of the slave-driver of our souls, for, in the words of Lowell:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs think;
They are slaves that dare not be
In the right with two or three."

This voice of Distraction, is likewise the voice of confusion. Not only does temptation beguile—not only does the tempter bully; but he loves to confuse the soul. Hurry, worry, anxiety over the cares of this world, these are voices of Distraction. Like Martha we are "careful and troubled over many things." Twentieth century speed, twentieth century activity leaves all too little time to hearken to the still small voice of God. The voice of Distraction cries down the voice of Christ in all too many lives. If this voice is not to prevail, truly we must "Take time to be holy."

Is not what I said true—that the voice of Distraction would take us away from Christ; would lessen our interest in him; that the voice of Distraction seeks to turn our attention from the Light of the world, and seeks ever to shout us down?

There is yet another voice of which I would speak, though briefly—the voice of Detraction. This is the voice of Denial and Doubt, the voice of Destruction.

This is the voice which today urges us to mutilate our Christianity. It is the voice of inconsistency; yet a voice heard these days from pulpit and classroom. It is a voice that preaches the brotherhood of man, but neglects the Fatherhood of God. It is a voice that accepts and lauds the social teachings of Christ, but proposes to discredit and reject his theological teachings. It concedes the truth and wisdom of his ethical teachings, but it neglects his spiritual teachings. Instead of a personal salvation as taught by Christ, it teaches a mass salvation. Instead of teaching the divine nature of Christ, as Son of God, it likens him to Socrates and Plato, and credits him with being a good man. Such fundamental teach-

ings of Christ as the efficacy of prayer, the power of the Holy Spirit, personal accountability for deeds done in the body, the necessity of an individual and personal salvation of man, the genuine conflict between the forces of Good and Evil in the world, with the final and overwhelming overthrow of Evil at the coming of Christ—neglected or rejected by the modern day voice of Detraction—Detraction from the true gospel of Jesus Christ; all this is done without one slightest feeling of inconsistency in attitude. All this is detracted from the teachings and power of Christ without the slightest apparent realization that it is impossible to rip from the pages of the New Testament all of these fundamentals without some way tearing out the other truths, which they perhaps, are willing to accept.

And the voice of Detraction is revealed in exactly an opposite direction. To this first class everything spiritual in the Scriptures is fanaticism. To another group fanaticism is everything. Interpretation of Christianity as an 'ism, as a narrowly restricted religion, in which every person's spiritual experience must correspond, in which the internal and emotional is emphasized at the expense of the external and social, in which groups claim to possess a monopoly on salvation, all of this is the voice of Detraction, making Christ less than he really is. All of this is the voice of Satan, really crying out against Christ.

And you can just as effectually crucify Christ on the cross of a narrow, bigoted, man-made interpretation of his doctrine, as you can upon a cross of liberalistic skepticism. And both result from yielding to the voice of Detraction.

Against yielding to these Satanic voices of Distraction and Detraction, Christians need to guard, for once we yield to the voices we soon join in the cry ourselves. And to those who are yielding we need preach a Christ and a Christianity of power and of fullness, a Christianity that brings us to Christ and that brings Christ to us, a Christianity that shall make distant and feeble the voices of Temptation, of Threat, of Confusion, of Doubt and Denial; but shall make ever strong and clear the voice which says:

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

HENRY DWIGHT BABCOCK

(Continued from page 602)

ments. These were sold all over the United States, and what he paid out locally for materials, principally lumber and labor, enriched the community to the extent of over \$2,000,000 during his lifetime. The railroad, the building of which he had more than any other man brought about, made possible the development of the dairy industry. So the whole Unadilla Valley is indebted to him for his creative life and genius for organization and promotion.

Mr. Babcock's intimate friends recall that he was many times urged to move his factory to other places. Duluth, Minnesota, offered him a most adequate site and buildings free if he would come there. He was often given opportunities to go with large manufacturing companies, but he felt a peculiar loyalty to his home town, and he was constantly thinking of what might happen to some of his old friends who were directly or indirectly dependent on "the shops" if he should close them up. So he kept them going through thick and thin, panic and war, constantly giving employment, never having a strike, calling every employee by his first name, and affectionately known by them as "Hank." He was a typical pioneer of industry. He was known and stood high among business men throughout the state, and in his home town was respected and beloved.

Mr. Babcock joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church and was always a devout member. He gave largely of his time, thought and means to the temporal side of the church.

In 1890 he was president of the General Conference, at Salem, W. Va. For many years he was a director of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

Mr. Babcock married Miss Nancy Brown, who died some years ago. He is survived by three sons, Frederick and Isaac Allen Babcock, of Leonardsville, and John Robert Babcock, of the National Bank of Commerce, New York City; and one daughter, Mrs. Charles Potter Tinsworth of Plainfield, N. J., with whom he lived.

Another daughter, Miss Agnes, passed

(Continued on page 607)

MARRIAGES

CROCKETT-WILLIAMS.—Helen Hopkins Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wardner Williams, was married at the home of her parents, 316 West Ninth Street, Pueblo, Colo., to Charles Thompson Crockett of Pueblo, Thursday evening, October 16. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph D. Langley, D. D., of Denver, an uncle of the groom.

DEATHS

BABCOCK.—At the home of his daughter in Plainfield, N. J., on October 9, 1924, Mr. Henry Dwight Babcock, aged 79 years. Fuller obituary elsewhere in this paper.

ST. JOHN.—DeValois St. John, the son of Milton Wilcox St. John and Mary Babcock St. John, was born at Leonardsville, N. Y., March 29, 1852, and died at Plainfield, N. J., October 26, 1924.

He was married to Alice Crandall, February 14, 1882, at Leonardsville, where they established their home, and where they lived for the first fifteen years of their married life. In 1897 they removed to Plainfield, where they have since resided.

Mr. St. John united with the First Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church early in life, and later transferred his membership to the church of that faith in Plainfield.

He was a man of high moral integrity, and was a good thinker. He was a true man among his associates, a loving husband, and a kind and wise father, whose children rise up and call him blessed.

He leaves behind, the wife, his faithful companion through the years, and their four children: Mary, the wife of Rev. Eli F. Loofboro of Shiloh, N. J.; Milton of Pittsburgh; Nell at home; and Evalois of Hudson, N. Y.

The pastor was assisted in the funeral serv-

ices by Rev. Howard E. Clarke, pastor of the Congregational Church of Plainfield, and by Raymond Lewis who sang, "There's a Wilderness in God's Mercy."

A large number of people gathered at this service to honor his memory, representing especially the church where he had long been a member, and the shops where he had worked, and where he had exerted an influence for good among the men.

Interment was made in Hillside Cemetery.

A. J. C. B.

NILES.—Roxana Grover was born at Johnsbury, N. Y., October 5, 1852, and died at Plainfield, N. J., October 30, 1924.

She was married to Lewis W. Niles, May 19, 1873, at Wellsville, N. Y. For several years during their early married life they lived in Alfred, N. Y. In 1896, they came to Plainfield, when Mr. Niles was employed in the SABBATH RECORDER office, where he worked for many years.

In early life Mrs. Niles was a member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. She joined the First Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1893. She was a consistent Christian all her life, and died in the triumphs of the faith.

She leaves to mourn their loss her aged companion, and their four children: Belle, the wife of George Wooden of Lambertville, N. J.; William J. of Geneva, Ind.; Archie G., of Dunellen, N. J.; and James L. of Plainfield. There are also thirteen grandchildren.

Farewell services were conducted by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond of Plainfield, with burial in Hillside Cemetery.

A. J. C. B.

HENRY DWIGHT BABCOCK

(Continued from page 606)

away several years ago, her death being due to typhoid fever.

For some years Mr. Babcock had spent his winters with his daughter at Plainfield, returning to Leonardsville for the summer months. He was in fair health up to March last, when he suffered a stroke of paralysis. He recovered somewhat, but early in October he suffered another, and since then had been sinking.

—Brookfield Courier.



A CHILD'S WISH

A beautiful little story was told not long ago by a young missionary who is just leaving this country, as to how he was influenced to become a missionary.

When a child he used constantly to walk through a certain churchyard; and one of the gravestones which he passed close by, erected to the memory of a little boy eight years of age, bore the following strange inscription:

"Mother, when I grow to be a man I should like to be a missionary. But if I should die when I am still a little boy, will you put it on my tomb, so that some one passing by may read it, and go instead of me?"

Through reading this inscription so often there grew up in his mind this thought: "I must go in place of that little boy." And so he has been trained for the work, and will soon commence it. It was only a little boy's wish that influenced him and led him to become a missionary. Now if a wish can do so much, what may not a word and deed do? Was not this a good way to bring the gospel to the poor heathen?—*Selected.*

PROTECTING THE INVESTMENT

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Sabbath School. Lesson VIII.—Nov. 22, 1924

THE TRANSFIGURATION. Luke 9: 28-36.

Golden Text.—"This is my Son, my chosen: hear ye him." Luke 9: 35.

DAILY READINGS

- Nov. 16—The Transfiguration. Luke 9: 28-36.
 Nov. 17—Moses before God. Ex. 34: 29-35.
 Nov. 18—The Translation of Elijah. 2 Kings 2: 1-11.
 Nov. 19—The Heavenly Approval. Matt. 3: 13-17.
 Nov. 20—The Voice from Heaven. 2 Peter 1: 16-21.
 Nov. 21—The Glorified Christ. Rev. 1: 10-18.
 Nov. 22—Confidence in God. Psalm 86: 1-7.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the Law till all be fulfilled! Matt. 5: 18.

Then we need not worry about the future of the Bible! The jots and tittles are the smallest pen strokes of the text. On them hang the life of the words. The sense of the Hebrew language depends absolutely upon its vowel points. Thus we are assured by our Lord that not only are the thoughts of Scripture inspired, but the very words in which they are recorded are lasting.—*Mrs. George C. Needham.*

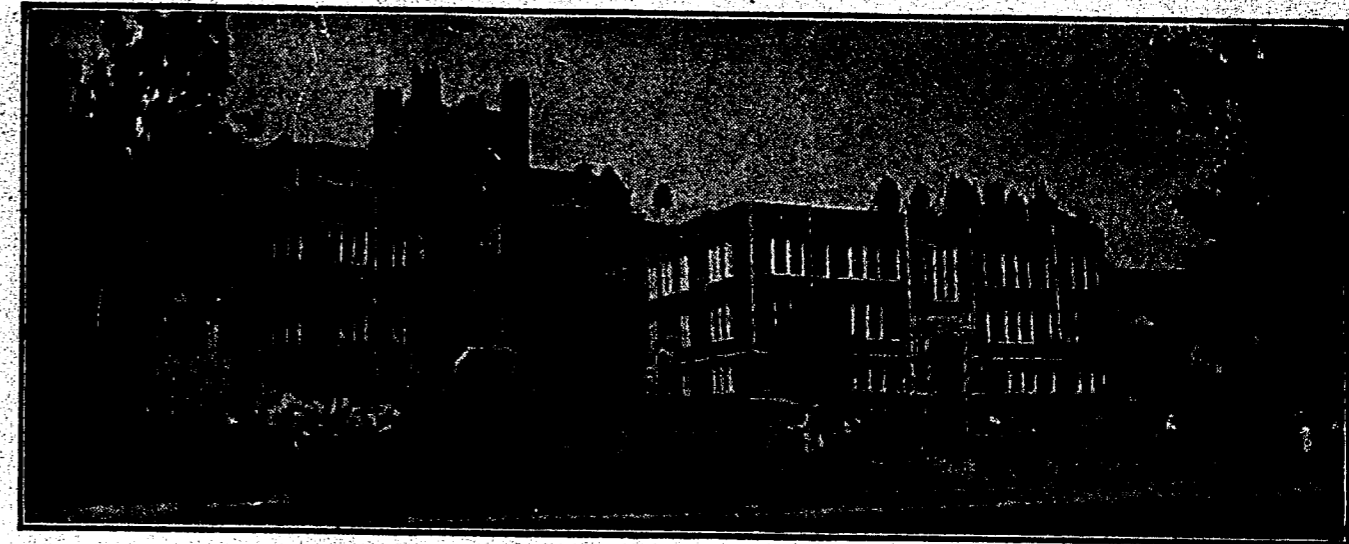
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George Imbrie Sill

"I will not fail!" the young man cried,
When toiling up the mountain-side—
And from the top a voice replied:
"Excelsior!"

At last he reached that lofty height,
When lo! another meets his sight—
Again he heeds the call to fight:
"Excelsior!"

And when among the cloud-capt peaks,
Yet still a higher one he seeks—
To him that spirit ever speaks:
"Excelsior!"

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