

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.

AN AMERICAN HYMN OF THANKSGIVING

Not alone for mighty empire,
Stretching far o'er land and sea;
Not alone for bounteous harvests
Lift we up our hearts to thee;
On this day of glad thanksgiving,
In thy light of truth serene,
We, the people of this nation,
Praise thee most for things unseen.

For the glory that illumines
Washington's and Lincoln's name—
Glory of unselfish service,
Far beyond a conqueror's fame;
For our prophets and apostles,
Loyal to the living word;
For our heroes of the spirit,
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord.

Not for battleship and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for conquests of the spirit
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord;
For the priceless gift of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school;
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule.

God of justice, save the people
From the war of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction;
Make our nation free indeed.
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it find its full fruition
In the brotherhood of man.
—William Pierson Merrill.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

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

The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 97, No. 21

PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 24, 1924

WHOLE No. 4,160

THANKSGIVING

For glimpses of the western hills,
Still longing, yearning for the sky;
For this expanse of heavenly blue,
Now flecked by fleecy, floating clouds,
Now shrouded close in misty gray;
For all the pulsing life of dawn,
When opening wild flowers brim with dew,
And hearts leap up with morning joy;
For all the year's fair round of days,
I give thee thanks, I give thee praise!

For gold of fleeting sunrise hour,
When waking birds renew their song,
The glad, glad morning long to sing;
For all the hush of glowing noon,
The napping-time of bird and breeze;
For gold of eve, for evening star
And silver crescent hovering low,
When hearts are bowed for evening's peace;
For starry nights and sunlit days,
I give thee thanks, I give thee praise!

—Jessie Andrews.

The Blessed Touch of Christ

Did you ever look up the word "touch" in the New Testament as used in regard to Christ and those about him? If you have you must have found some precious and comforting things to help you.

When Peter was overwhelmed with fear of sinking in that dark night on the rough sea of Galilee, he cried out almost in despair as he was beginning to sink: "Lord, save me!" Immediately Jesus caught him by the hand, and there was the saving touch of *encouragement* when a man was afraid of being lost.

Mothers brought their young children that Christ might touch them. When the disciples rebuked them for this Jesus was "much displeased," and took the little ones in his arms and blessed them, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." There was the touch of *affection* which has comforted many a mother's heart when her little ones have been taken away. Thank God for the Savior's touch of affection.

When a heart-broken widow was following the body of her boy to the grave, Jesus touched the bier and gave her back her boy.

There was the comforting touch of *sympathy*—a touch that has been a solace to many a mourner since the Savior's day. What a help it is when the death angel darkens our homes, to feel that Jesus is moved by our sorrows, and that he who has gone to prepare a place for us, plans to give us back our loved one in the land beyond the grave.

When the miserable leper came pleading for relief, Jesus moved by "compassion," came close and touched him—a thing nobody else dared to do—and the poor man found a precious healing. There was the Savior's touch of *compassion*.

When two blind men, groping in darkness, cried for mercy, Jesus touched their eyes, and they were cured of their blindness. When Christ came to the bedside of one smitten with the fever, he touched her hand and the fever left her. Here was the touch of the great Physician.

In all these cases we see what might be called enacted parables illustrating the real mission of the Christ who came to heal sin-sick souls, and bring to life those who are dead in trespasses and sins. What a blessing is in store for every one smitten with the leprosy of sin, every one who is spiritually blind, every person who is deaf to the voices that are calling him to God, if in each case there could be a real sense of the Christ-touch to heal. How precious it is, even in our day, when sorrows overwhelm, to realize the ever-present Comforter's touch of sympathy and compassion, and to be able to rest in the everlasting arms of infinite love.

Oh! that every one might realize as he can, The tender touch of the Son of Man. There's no sickness of soul his touch can not heal, There's no storm of trouble that he can not still.

Can You Keep Young? Many good people seem quite distressed over what they regard as signs of old age. They can not endure the thought of growing old, and yet they do not seem to realize that the condition of mind has much to do with keeping the body well, and with the whole matter of growing old gracefully. The very spirit of worri-

ment that magnifies every sign of old age is sure to add wrinkles to the face and to aggravate the physical conditions that undermine the health and shorten life.

There can be no more beneficial tonic for the physical man than a faith-filled, hopeful, cheerful spirit. It lifts one out of his fears and misgivings, cures his pettishness and moroseness, and gives him a sense of nature's healing and life-giving power as nothing else can. Such a spirit should add years to a man's life; especially if he observes the God-given laws of his physical being. "A cheerful spirit doeth good like a medicine."

A man need not necessarily count his years by the almanac; for, as a rule, he is only as old as he feels. The man who carefully keeps up his good reading, who persistently avoids reading doleful and depressing things, who refuses to lay to heart the complaints and criticisms of chronic grumblers, who keeps up his exercise and continues to take long walks in God's beautiful out of doors, who keeps up an interest in his old-time pleasures, who secures sufficient sleep, who looks for the bright side, and refuses to harbor a grudge or to cherish ill feelings toward his fellow men, may reasonably expect to keep young to the very sunset of life's day.

Such a man is far more likely to live out the allotted time of life. "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile." "Let thine heart keep my commandments: for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee."

**He Rested From Labor
"And His Works Do
Follow Him"**

On the ninth of November, in old Water Street, New York City, was celebrated a remarkable event which has resulted in the transformation of a notorious community and in the salvation of many lost men. I know of no one place on earth where the saving power of the simple gospel of Christ has been more completely demonstrated, than in the old Jerry McAuley mission, 316 Water Street.

After the Lord found Jerry McAuley and made a new man in Christ Jesus of one of New York's worst down-and-outs; true to the genius of Christianity, the new con-

vert began to look for some one else to save. His old crumbling, ramshackle saloon had been one of the worst dens and dance-houses on the water front, and that for many years. But when Jesus came into Jerry's life, he decided to do something to help men and women up rather than to keep on dragging them down. So on November 9, fifty-two years ago, he stretched over his door this sign: "Helping Hand for Men." His den had been cleaned out, the old shutters had been flung open, and the room freshly painted. Then he began to give the old bums of the neighborhood hot coffee and sandwiches; and as they ate, he told them about God and the Savior. They listened with surprise at first. But soon the world on Water Street began to talk about Jerry McAuley's mission with its free sandwiches and good coffee; and before long the power of the Spirit became Jerry's mighty helper, and souls began there to find a wonderful Savior.

Many are the feet that have been turned from the way of death into the pathway of eternal life in that old mission, and though Jerry McAuley is dead, his good work is going on. Last Sunday, after fifty-two years, it fed a lot of men with coffee and large sandwiches, while a number of reformed and converted men told the large congregation what the Helping Hand had done for them, and how it seemed to be sober and making their living.

The old building, too, is gone and a good fire-proof one stands in its place. The old dirt front has given place to a good pavement. The disorders and revelings of other days have disappeared, and an electric sign in front bears the name: "Jerry McAuley." Thousands today will revere that name and thank God for saving the man who started the Helping Hand for Men.

Thoughts for Thanksgiving I pity the "Forget Not All His Benefits" poor man who thinks he has nothing for which to be thankful. I pity the soul who has brooded over misfortunes and magnified his troubles until, like the stoic, his heart is steeled to utter indifference toward either the buffets or the rewards of life; who, like the fatalist, stolidly submits to the inevitable, closing his heart's door to all feelings of gratitude or thanksgiving. In every such case, the noblest aspirations of the heart are smothered,

ered, the door to the sunny side of life is closed, and the pathway to a bright and hopeful future is hedged up. To such a poor mortal the outlook is indeed dark.

Thanksgiving constituted a large part of worship by the people of Bible story. Their songs were full of thanksgiving. The priests, the people, the armies of Israel, were all admonished to thank the Lord for his goodness, and to praise his holy name. The spirit of thanksgiving is an exalted grace. Lacking this, a man comes short of the essential qualities of a well-rounded Christian character.

Our earth returns in vapors the refreshing moisture rained upon it from above, and this in turn comes back in life-giving showers to make it fresh and fruitful. Should earth refuse to send up its distilled vapors, there could be no dew or rain from heaven, and its fruits would wither and die. So will it be with us if we fail to emit the heart-felt vapors of true thanksgiving. Our fruits will wither and the dews of spiritual refreshing will cease forever.

All about us in these golden days of autumn we can see, if we will, more things to be thankful for than we can number. Who can look thoughtfully upon the beautiful world about him, breathe the pure air of heaven, admire the sunset glow, study the starry sky, behold the wonders of mountain and valley and plain, contemplate the grandeur of old ocean, and think of the ceaseless round of seed-time and harvest—all God-given blessings that man can not earn; who can think of all these without deep and genuine feelings of Thanksgiving to him who gave them?

I thank thee that I love the things of earth—
Ripe fruits and laughter, lying down to sleep,
The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth
Of beating hearts that laugh and weep.

I thank thee that the sight of sunlit lands
And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass—
The wet, dark rocks and flowers in my hands,
Can give me gladness as I pass.

Have you enumerated the special things for which our nation should be thankful in these troublesome times? Are you not thankful that the great mass of the American people, called upon to face disturbing factions as never before in a national election, have, by their sober common sense, kept level heads in spite of vituperating scandal-

monging extremists, and by an avalanche of loyal votes expressed their faith in the Constitution, in the Supreme Court, and their loyalty to the principles of true democracy?

We are thankful that a great nation of liberty loving people has thus expressed its disapproval of campaign methods which disgrace our country before the world, and that it has shown its admiration for a presidential candidate who refuses to go out in a campaign of scandal and smut; but who prefers to attend carefully to the nation's important business, trusting the people implicitly for the outcome.

We are thankful that the deadlock between Congress and the administration, that has blocked progress and caused the country much concern, has been broken at last.

We are thankful that the election has brought many more victories to the drys than to the wets, and that the result shows how determined the people are to bury beyond resurrection that old rum fiend which has long been the curse of our politics and the destroyer of our homes. Little, indeed, is the comfort the violators of the Eighteenth Amendment are getting out of the election returns. Out of thirty-three senators elected, the wets get only four or five. Thank God and the American people for that.

Then let us give thanks for the growing sentiment in favor of peace among the nations and for the signs that our nation is getting ready to take her place among other nations in efforts to make war impossible.

There is no mistaking the meaning of things that are coming to pass in these days. A great company of men have come to the front—statesmen, clergymen, editors, educators, good and strong men of every land, who have caught the vision of a brotherhood of nations, living in mutual helpfulness and peace; and this is no time for men who long for the brotherhood that shall make war impossible to turn their thanksgiving into gloomy doubts and pessimistic forebodings.

We are thankful, too, for the signs of revival of business interests—for the renewed confidence of the business world—that began to show itself immediately after the votes were counted; thankful for the signs of brotherhood among nations and races of men; and let us all unite in the prayer expressed in verse by William P. Merrill, as follows:

God of justice, save the people
From the war of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction;
Make our nation free indeed.
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it find its full fruition
In the brotherhood of man.

—William Pierson Merrill.

Last, but not least, I for one, am thankful for the increasing interest in evangelism among churches of all the Protestant world. It is more and more apparent as the weeks go by, that the churches are longing for a revival of pure and undefiled religion, as the only safeguard against the tides of worldliness that are sweeping multitudes away from God. Good men and women are not satisfied with the cold and formal spirit which pervades too many churches, and on every hand appeals are coming for another Pentecost as the world's only hope for salvation. For every such sign of a return to spiritual living, for every evidence that the swing of the religious pendulum is toward spiritual revival and away from killing worldliness, let us all thank God and take courage.

There is evil enough to dishearten, if we fix our gaze upon that and ignore the signs of good. But what if there were no signs of coming good? The outlook would be infinitely worse than it is. For the hope that the heaven will, in God's good time, leaven the whole lump, let us render thanksgiving to Almighty God.

Thank God for the "Light That Shines in Darkness" Here is another poem from our aged blind poet, Mrs. M. E. H. Everett, of Coudersport, Pa. Though she can not see to use her pen, and has to "dictate" her thoughts for another to write, still she can bless the Lord for the "light that shines in darkness."

If one whose sight is darkened can be thankful for the hope before her; for God's "mercies new and sweet," I am sure that no

misfortune can be sufficient to excuse any of us from entering into the spirit of thankfulness. The most unfortunate has some cause for thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING SONG 1924

M. E. H. EVERETT

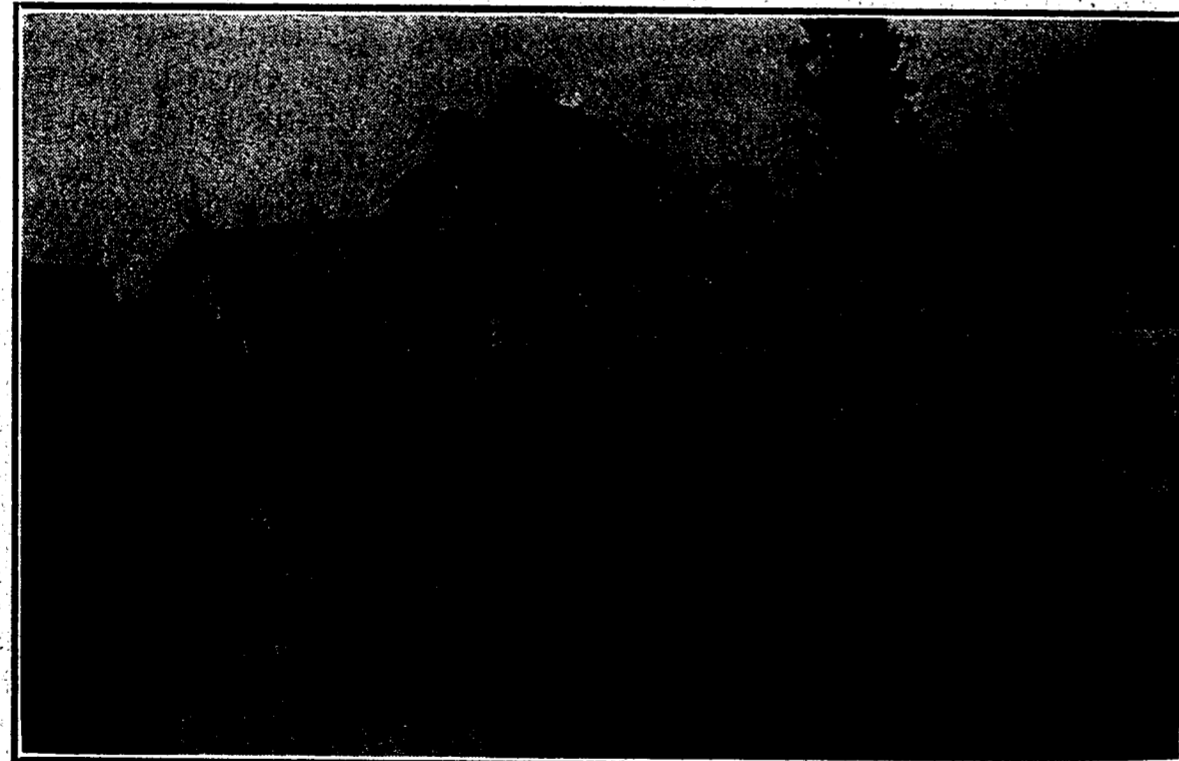
Heed now the call of the Psalmist
From Israel's golden days;
Come up to his house rejoicing
And enter his gates with praise.

Praise him for the garnered harvest,
For the store of fruit and grain,
That show he has blest our labor
And we have not toiled in vain.

Bless him for the hopes before us,
For his mercies new and sweet,
For the light that shines in darkness,
A guide to our weary feet.

And again to the Lord eternal
The thanks from our hearts we raise.
His house is the house of mercy
His gates are the gates of praise. *Dictated.*

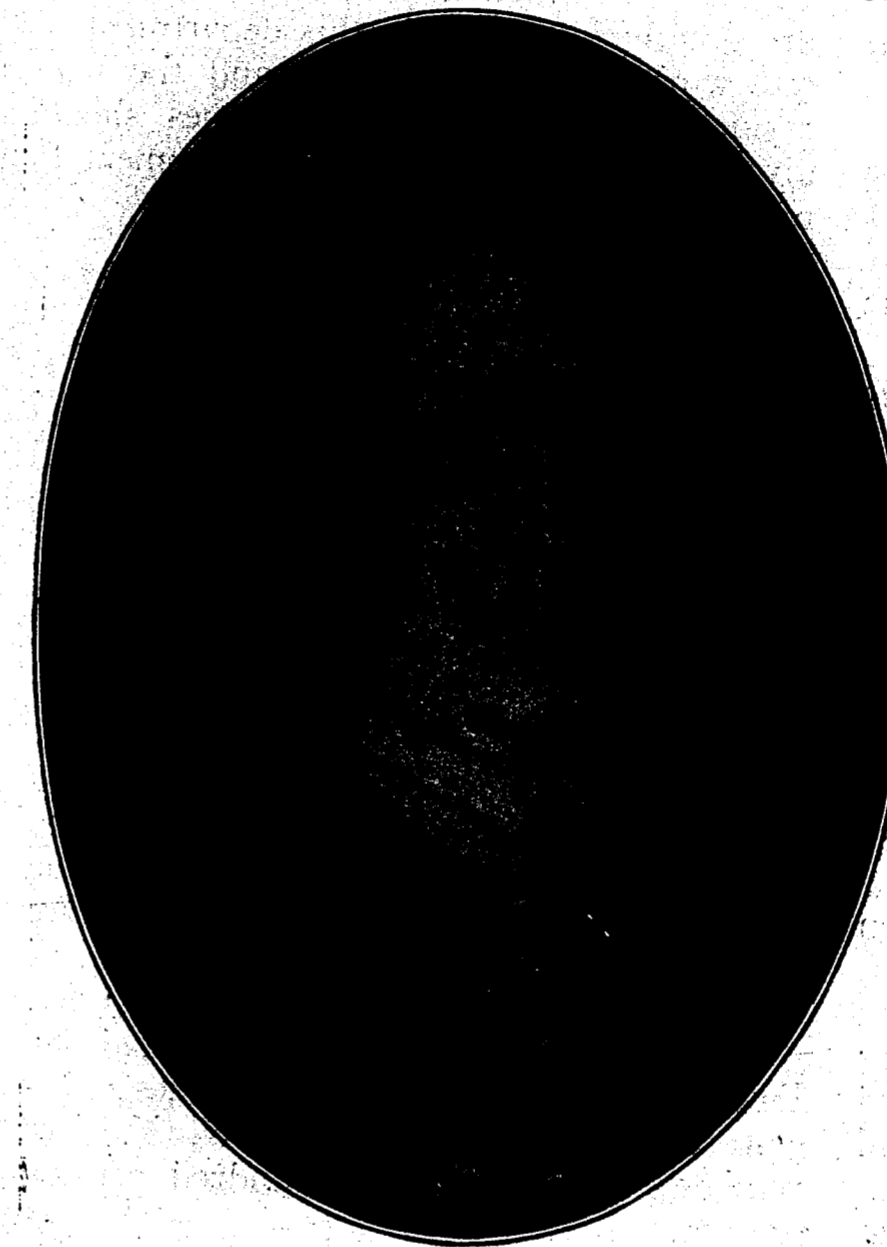
A Belated Newport Cut This picture, taken in the old cemetery at Newport, was intended to go with last week's editorial, but the cut was too late in coming and the RE-



CORDER had to go to press without it. You can turn to the last part of the write-up for last week and see where it was expected to go. This picture shows quite a group of the Ward family's graves—a family that had much to do with the early history of our first church in America.

The tomb at the right with a marble stone lying flat is that of Governor Samuel Ward, who died while a member of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia; and

the one in the center, where Brother Corliss Randolph is copying the inscription, is that of Governor Richard Ward, Samuel's father. The inscriptions on both these monuments are published on page 583, of the RECORDER for November 10. Several stones in this picture bear the Ward name.



We have also been fortunate enough to find an old cut of Governor Samuel Ward, which we are glad to give our readers here.

Christian Forbearance Earnestly Recommended Here is a letter from Brother George A. Main, of Daytona, Fla., which explains itself. It is in regard to an article which he sends hoping to promote the spirit of Christian courtesy and good will between those who differ regarding what is called Fundamentalism and Modernism.

The course he recommends on another page of this issue, seems far better than that of criticism and controversy upon the question, which has been carefully excluded from the RECORDER. We have seen some personal communications that seemed quite unchristian, which could find no place in

our denominational paper; and we feel sure the cause of Christ would have been better served if they had never been written.

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

It has been some time since I ventured into the pages of the RECORDER. But here I am on the Atlantic Coast Line train with several hours of spare time, and I will try to get off of my mind a little write-up which I have felt for a long time was needed.

I can write *plainer* with a typewriter on the train than I can with a pen; but it will not spell, punctuate, or think any better, and I hope you will rub off any objectionable corners, and otherwise edit it as you see fit, if you think it is worth using. Personal correspondence between brethren, which I have seen, indicates the feeling which is growing between Modernists and Fundamentalists, and which I can not help believing could be largely eliminated if the facts were better known. Hence if the article I have written will be helpful to that end, I shall be glad to see it used in the RECORDER.

G. A. M.

THE EVENING HOUR

He who can fall asleep at night in serenity of trust or face a quiet time without fear of bitter memories and gnawing self-reproach gets the most of bodily rest and refreshment.

They slumber sweetly whom faith rocks to sleep. No pillow so soft as a promise; no coverlid so warm as an assured interest in Christ.

O blessed Father, we thank and praise thee for all the mercies thou hast poured today on us and on all men, and the love that has averted so much evil from us all. Forgive us, for thy dear Son Jesus Christ's sake, for all the evil we have done or the good we have omitted to do. Keep us this night from all works of darkness, and whether we wake or sleep, let our thoughts and deeds be in accordance with thy holy will. Preserve us from all dangers and terrors of the night; from restless watching and sorrowful thoughts; from unnecessary or fretful cares and imaginary fears; from sickness, and from violent or painful death. Let us wake tomorrow renewed in strength, and cheerful spirits; may we arise with holy thoughts, and go forth to live to thine honor, to the service of our fellow men, and the comfort and joy of our own households.—Selected by A. E. M.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR NONRESIDENT MEMBERS

Our *Year Book* for 1923 states that we have 2,334 nonresident members. Some of these live within the confines of another of our churches, but many of them are lone Sabbath keepers.

It is very desirable that when a member moves to another place where there is a Seventh Day Baptist Church that he take his letter and join where he is to live, and at once get into the work of the church.

I fear that some of the nonresident members of our churches are not enjoying the help of the home church that is desirable, and on the other hand, that they are not supporting the work of the church and the denomination as the interests of the cause demand.

The strengthening of the ties between the church and its nonresident members; the ways in which each can help the other; and the attitude of nonresident members toward the denominational program and budget, are questions that call for careful consideration.

Among the most helpful agencies that churches and the denomination are using to help our nonresident members are the following:

Probably the best of these is the denominational paper, the *SABBATH RECORDER*, for it is the best medium of communication that we have that comes with regularity, and it treats of our denominational beliefs as well as tells of our activities. It is a matter of regret that many of our nonresident members do not have the *SABBATH RECORDER*, and so have little chance to gain the information and the inspiration that they would secure in reading the paper.

Many of our churches seek to strengthen ties and maintain the interest of their absent members in the home church and the denomination by writing to them occasionally and by sending them the bulletins of the church. This is the more helpful when

the nonresident members answer the letters, and send messages for the covenant meeting, or other meetings of the church.

Another effective means of reaching our nonresident members is through the secretaries of the denominational Lone Sabbath Keepers' Auxiliary. These secretaries, Mrs. Angeline P. Allen and Miss Lois R. Fay, are greatly interested in this department of our work; and the resident and the nonresident members of our churches should give them every possible encouragement to make their work successful.

GLEANINGS FROM LETTERS

A few weeks ago Dr. C. A. Hansen wrote of their safe arrival at Riverside, Cal., and of the warm reception given them by the church. They soon began considering the question of securing a tent for evangelistic work, and found that they could get one at Los Angeles, thirty by fifty feet, "all ready for business," for \$335.

Later he wrote, "We now have the tent and have it paid for."

This will make possible a larger work by the Riverside Church and Pastor Hansen, and we expect to hear of many who are finding the Lord and his holy day, and of great blessings to the church in this service.

Pastor Lester G. Osborn, assisted by Pastor G. D. Hargis, of Little Genesee, began revival meetings at Nile, N. Y., November 9, with over one hundred persons present.

The following day he wrote: "Will you please rush us five hundred copies of *Why We Are Seventh Day Baptists?* I plan to use them to distribute with the folder advertising the second week of our meetings." He also asked for twenty-five or fifty copies each of eleven other kinds of evangelistic and Sabbath tracts. The Christian Endeavor society is distributing these, and the members are also reading them.

The following extracts are from a letter written Sabbath night, November 15.

"Prayers certainly are being answered. Prayers are being offered in many places in the land for the Nile work. And the Nile people are praying for the efforts in other places.

"We started our meetings on Sunday night, November 9, with an attendance of one hundred ten. We thought that a fine

attendance for a small rural community, and with the District Bible Institute at Friendship the same night." The attendance the first week averaged one hundred.

"Our church service this morning is an evidence of renewed interest. Instead of preaching a sermon, I had a testimony meeting. It would have done your heart good to hear people tell what they had received in the meetings, how they enjoyed them, etc. We had a real spiritual feast. Then at the close of the meeting I made the plea for personal workers. I asked all who would pledge themselves to speak to at least one person about Jesus, to come forward; and twenty-one came. Then two ladies came asking for church membership—one by letter, and one by confession—a former Methodist; and a boy of about twelve came forward accepting Jesus as his Savior. Do you wonder that I feel good today, and am on the verge of becoming a regular shouting Methodist?"

MORE PRAISE

Recently my attention was called to an article in the *Christian Endeavor World* that had in it this fine quotation from Dr. J. H. Jowett. "Everybody knows how refreshing and vitalizing it is to be in the presence of a thankful man and grateful woman whose souls are filled with the spirit of praise. I have sometimes wondered which the Church needs the more, more prayer or more praise; and, after all, I am inclined to say, more praise. I mean, if the Christians in the churches were characterized by more praise, we should marvelously impress the men and women of the world, because grateful people carry about them such a fine tonicky contagion that those who witness their buoyancy and spirit begin to inquire for the reason, and by the grace of God may be led to Christ. Such lives impress the world."

It is the time of year when our minds are turned to the thought of *praise*, but we need to keep the mind directed in that way throughout the entire year. There would be revolutionary power in such a course.

Praise God in your conversation about him, as well as in singing and praying to him!

We get into the habit of remaining silent when others do or say things worthy of

commendation, and at the same time are free with criticisms about their words and actions. Why not change the habit this year, remaining silent when about to criticize, and giving genuine praise when possible. Think this over.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS AND THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY

GEORGE A. MAIN

Seventh Day Baptists do not depend for their religious convictions upon a foreign pontiff or his agents. We are free to do our own thinking, a freedom for which we should be profoundly grateful.

Freedom of thought, however, necessarily leads different minds into different fields of thought; and it is altogether natural that our denomination, like most others, has among its numbers quite extreme Modernists, thorough Fundamentalists, and, perhaps, most of the shades of belief between these extremes.

Nor is it entirely clear that complete unity of religious thought, such as we would expect to exist among those whose thinking has been done for them by others, is wholly desirable, or that such complete unity was meant when the apostles enjoined the early Christians to "be of one mind." If we can reach such unity of thought as is consistent with our varying mentalities, experiences, education, heredity, etc., factors which necessarily influence our beliefs, it would seem that we would approach the ideal conditions and have real harmony, if not perfect unity.

This article is being written, therefore, solely for the purpose of encouraging the greatest possible degree of amity among us as a people, and with no thought of taking sides in the issue between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists; for I believe thoroughly that the essentials of both Modernism and Fundamentalism are necessary to the life and growth of any church, and especially so to the Seventh Day Baptists. With which introduction I will first try to point out a few of the reasons which occur to me.

WHY SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS SHOULD FEEL FRIENDLY TOWARD THE MODERNISTS

Modernism, in the minds of most of us, is probably closely associated with education. Education is largely the process of

acquiring knowledge, of learning the *truth* about things. "The *truth*, no matter where it leads you, need never be feared," was the significant statement of a college professor to one of his classes; and this statement I would like to use as a foundation on which to build the arguments in the first part of this article, for I believe this is an affirmation with which we can all agree, even if we do not all agree as to what the truth actually is.

In all the religious world I do not believe there is a denomination or sect which can say with the certainty of security that we can, that, "We will follow the truth, no matter where it leads us." Truth has been the guide not only of our own denomination, but of the long line of our denominational forefathers, from the days when the apostles started the Sabbath-keeping churches throughout the old world.

But there are especial reasons why Seventh Day Baptists should not merely welcome the truth, but should be *champions of education*. Education, to a large degree, is the acquiring of knowledge concerning the facts of nature. Nature is but another word for creation, and modern education is, therefore, largely the study of creation, as revealed in the physical, mental, and spiritual realms in which we live.

Now the Sabbath, if it has a right to exist at all, is inseparable from creation. For, whatever may have been the history of the Sabbath among primeval man, we rely solely on the Bible for our grounds for its observance, and there is in the Scriptures but one reason given for the institution of the Sabbath, namely, to commemorate the works of creation.

Hence in education we are to a large extent learning about this creation for the commemoration of which the Sabbath was instituted.

Every newly discovered truth, therefore, whether in such marvelous evidences of divine wisdom as are found in radio activities, or in the fruits of philosophical or theological investigation, not only re-emphasizes the wonders of creation, but in so doing gives the world another reason for observing as sacred that weekly portion of time which alone commemorates creation's wonders and which alone can bring the minds of men into closest contact with their Maker.

In a very real sense Modernism is the

search for the truth, and none will deny that it has largely increased the world's store of truth, even if it has also brought therewith some erroneous conclusions.

But, shall we reject Modernism because of some error, and lose the advantages of the truths it has given? God forbid! Seventh Day Baptists, of all peoples, can least afford to reject Modernism and education. Let us encourage the quest for truth in every field, whether it be in geology or in theology or any other of the realms in which the infinite wisdom of a Creator has been revealed.

WHY SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS SHOULD FEEL FRIENDLY TOWARD THE FUNDAMENTALISTS

To most of us a Fundamentalist is one who accepts the textual teachings of the Bible. Now, there are various passages in Scripture the literal meanings of which do not harmonize with the theories of modern science and Modernism.

To some there is no difficulty in accepting the great outstanding lessons of the Bible, while at the same time denying the literal truth of such Scripture. To others, disbelief in any single statement in the "Word of God" would mean doubt in all of it and, possibly, absolute unbelief.

Now, this same professor, if I may be allowed to again quote him, said, "Never take anyone's religion away unless you are able to give something better in its place!"

The implication was that a religion with some error was better than none at all—a doctrine so obviously sound, since we are all prone to some error, that I am again going to assume it is accepted by my readers.

With this as a starting point, we will conclude that it is better to believe literally in the whole Bible than to reject it all.

Let us look, for example, at the question of the so-called "miracles."

If we flatly deny the possibility of a miracle, in the sense that it is generally understood, must we not reject Christ, himself; for he declared that to see him was to see God, which either made him an imposter to be rejected by all means, or else revealed the greatest miracle of all time, the actual coming of Jehovah to earth in the flesh?

On the other hand, if we accept the possibility that one single miracle of the Scrip-

tures was literally true, have we then not admitted the possibility that all may have been true?

It seems much more in harmony with God's ways that the creative act covered a far greater period than just a week, inviting the minds of men, as all other branches of science are doing, to the study of the procedure of creation, with ever increasing admiration as the wonders of his ways are revealed.

Yet, I can not deny the possibility that the Genesis record is literally true, that the universe might have been created in seven literal days, call such an act a miracle or whatever it may be, if I accept as true the Fundamental teachings of the New Testament concerning the divinity of Christ.

Nor, with this possibility that the Bible is literal truth, can I see any harm that can come from believing that the entire act of creation transpired with a seven day week, as recorded in the Bible; that Christ rose from the tomb before the end of the Sabbath, as recorded in the New Testament, rather than on Sunday as taught by Modernism; or that Christ came into this world in a miraculous manner.

But there are other reasons than the possibility that they are right that should make Seventh Day Baptists friendly to Fundamentalists.

The very existence of our denomination is based on the correctness of the literal statements of the Bible, that God blessed and hallowed the definite seventh day of the week, because it could most fittingly commemorate his creative act; that the observance of this day was a part of God's will for all mankind as shown by its presence in the Decalogue; that Christ declared that not a single word of this law was to pass away; that Christ was, himself, a Seventh Day Baptist; and that the apostles not only taught that they were establishing God's law, not making it void, that the Decalogue was their standard for defining sin, but that they were, themselves, consistent Sabbath keepers.

Nor are we limited to Bible texts to establish the sacredness of the Sabbath. The human mind craves the belief in things sacred. The making of idols is one of the outcroppings of this desire for things which can be looked upon as sacred. In the seventh day of the week as God's sacred

Sabbath, we have the one, the only, tangible sacred thing handed down from Bible times. If the whole world could be brought to the fundamental belief in the sacredness of the day which the Bible calls God's holy day, and would come to use it as though the simple Bible statements about it are true, such a betterment in world conditions would follow as would surpass our most daring dreams. In the obvious possibilities for good which would come from a literal interpretation of the Bible record of Sabbath sacredness, lies one of the powerful arguments that the foregoing Bible teachings concerning it are literally true. Call such faith in Scripture "simple," "childlike," or by whatever name it may be designated; such belief, whether erroneous or not, offers such possibilities for world wide salvation, that none can deny its inestimable value.

Seventh Day Baptists, of all people, can not afford to reject Fundamentalism.

THE REAL MISSION OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS

Christ's command to go into all the world with his gospel, should still be our aim. Its fulfillment should be the aim of every Christian denomination. Our duty is clear. The only question is as to how it can best be carried out.

We are living in an age of specialization. Specialization in religious work is just as desirable as in other fields. The principle of specialization carries with it the purpose of holding up the *most neglected truths*, not a desire on the part of all to do the most important things.

Of all the neglected truths of the Bible the Sabbath stands out above them all. Neither the defense of Modernism nor of Fundamentalism can be looked upon as our special work in any sense. For no other purpose than the spreading of his Sabbath could God have preserved us through these centuries. The questions of Modernism and Fundamentalism need not enter the work.

Nor does the question of the *manner* of Sabbath observance need be taken into consideration. Christ was a Sabbath keeper; yet his manner of its keeping was such as to cause many to claim, even to this day, that he did not keep it at all. It may be seriously asked which is the greater sin, to leave the Sabbath from seeming necessity because we are living in an age of Sabbath

desecration, or to refrain from spreading the Sabbath truth so that not only ourselves but the whole world can have its benefits; for failure to carry to the world the truths we hold as parts of Christ's gospel not only savors of inconsistency, but suggests, at least, a degree of hypocrisy and the betrayal of a trust from God.

Societies and associations by the thousands testify to the fact that when men and women really want to accomplish a thing they organize for that specific aim, no matter how relatively trivial the aim may be.

There may be greater aims than the spreading of the Sabbath; but is there a more neglected work or a work with greater possibilities for good? Is there any good reason why there should not be Seventh Day Methodists and Congregationalists as well as Seventh Day Baptists and Adventists?

How would a "Society for the Promotion of Sabbath Observance" appeal to you, readers of the RECORDER, an association not of Modernists or Fundamentalists, but of all men and women who could work in harmony with Seventh Day Baptists for the furtherance of this single aim? Are we not ready for this very thing?

SOME BENEFITS OF PROHIBITION

"Prohibition has not only repaid the cost of enforcement; it has more than replaced the lost revenue from liquor licenses by stimulating legitimate business. Just as a workman can produce more and save more when he stops drinking, so can a nation. The taxes paid from the increased productivity of industry resulting from the dry law far exceed any possible revenue from liquor license.

"Prohibition alone did not make the Coast Guard appropriation necessary. If the Eighteenth Amendment had never been passed, we would still have needed to equip the Coast Guard. Narcotics and aliens are smuggled into America. Without an efficient guard we could not keep these out. Liquor is not the only thing profitably smuggled.

"There is infinitely less drinking now than before Prohibition. Certain groups may be drinking more, but they are small in comparative numbers. As a general national proposition the claim is absurd. The

good order obtaining at all large gatherings during the last year is proof of the decreased use of beverage liquor. Our streets are practically free from drunks. Any one can see that. Prohibition has shown itself as a means of pronounced public betterment and unquestioned economic value to the nation. In the place of the saloon have arisen legitimate business houses. Crime has decreased. The Census Bureau reports that there are fewer paupers in the almshouses today than in twenty years. Money formerly spent for drink is now put in the savings banks. Alcoholic insanity is at a low ebb. In many states inebriate hospitals have been closed for lack of inmates. When liquor was plentiful, crime, poverty and insanity menaced the nation. All of these have gone out to a marked degree with the tide of booze."—*Commissioner Haynes.*

FROM THE VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE— FARM HAND WANTED

The chairman is ready to receive, at any time, applications for employment, with Sabbath privileges, or to hear from employers who have places open for prospective employees.

Today, a letter arrived from a Colorado man who desires to employ a married man to work on his farm. He is required to be a good hand with a team, strong physically for general farm work. Will receive \$600 per year, one quart of milk per day, garden ground, free electricity for lights, four rooms with separate entrance. Rooms partly furnished. References exchanged. Man with moderate family preferred, but no objections to children if same are well behaved. Good school, one mile. Job will be permanent for the right man.

Quite convenient to a Seventh Day Baptist church.

The committee will be glad to receive any suggestions which will tend to increase its efficiency.

ROBERT B. ST. CLAIR,
Chairman.

3446 Mack Avenue,
Detroit, Mich.

O Lord, keep my conscience sensitive, so that I may be drawn back at the start from a course of life that would end in hardness of heart and loss of spiritual vision!

MISSIONS

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

A PROMISING RESPONSE

Sometime past the missionary secretary sent postal cards on which were four questions to all the pastors. The response has been encouraging. Twenty-six pastors express a readiness to help other churches in special evangelistic meetings; while others were willing to help, but circumstances would not justify an absence from work at home; thirty-eight are planning for an evangelistic campaign in their own churches; eighteen want the help of some other minister in holding meetings; and six have not decided whether they do or do not.

According to present information three churches are now (November 16) holding special meetings. Pastor Hargis is helping Pastor Osborn at Nile, N. Y.; Pastor George B. Shaw is helping Pastor T. J. Van Horn at Verona, N. Y.; and Pastor A. Clyde Ehret or Pastor G. H. F. Randolph is helping Pastor Duane Ogden at Hartsville.

AN EVANGELISTIC PROGRAM—A PLAN USED BY A Y. M. C. A. WORKER

Last week there appeared in this department an account by one of our own pastors of an evangelistic program which he put into operation last spring. It was a combination of methods. Below is given a letter which the secretary received last spring from a Y. M. C. A. evangelist, describing the program he follows. It is interesting and suggestive.

*To My Friends Who Serve the Evangelistic
Commissions of the Several Denominations:*

A recent experience which I had in Bridgeport, Conn., I want to report briefly to you because of its keen interest to me.

After refusing an invitation to Bridgeport, I was finally induced to crowd four days in for organized personal work. The pastors of the churches undertook (1) to draw up a list of prospective disciples from every available source, (2) to draft sufficient workers to interview all of these in a few days, and (3) to secure the consent of these workers to attend four supper meetings for simple instruction, conference, and

prayer. It was clearly understood, on my suggestion, that I was not to hold any public meetings during my visit there.

We had three supper meetings with the men workers by themselves, with the number varying from ninety to fifty present at each meeting. We had two afternoon meetings with the women workers, numbering fifty to sixty. We had one supper meeting with both men and women workers together. Daily I met the pastors by themselves.

The reports brought in were always encouraging enough to send out the workers with new heart and always had enough of the opposite to keep us humble.

In a letter which the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association wrote to a friend of his in another city which I am to visit shortly, I quote the following paragraph:

"Let me carry this message to you and to your workers—that business men rise to this plan, endorse it, and heartily and eagerly perform their tasks. Do not hesitate to give them real responsibility, and with the kind of leadership and brotherly counsel that _____ can give, you are going to have a wonderful reaction."

My confident belief is that in this form of service which, of course, is not new, we have something which will vastly reinforce and help to make increasingly fruitful our public evangelism. •

Very sincerely yours,
GEORGE IRVING.

347 Madison Ave., New York,
March 13, 1924.

HOSPITAL IN LIUHO, CHINA, BADLY DAMAGED—DOCTORS SUFFER HEAVY LOSS

MY DEAR DR. BURDICK:

Your letter of September 23 reached me on October 16,—it caught a fast steamer. Of course I did not expect that all the pictures I sent would be published but I thought that they all would be of interest to you personally. Similarly I hope you feel free to "edit," by elimination or otherwise, what I send to you, before sending it to the RECORDER.

It may seem strange to you how our letters reach you as to intervals of time—some far apart and some close together. It is because we try to send by each fast mail. There is not much use of sending by the San Francisco boats as they all go via Honolulu and take so much longer; that the next boat by the northern route is likely to reach America before they do.

Yesterday (October 19) Dr. Palmberg, Dr. Crandall, Miss Burdick, and I made our first visit to Liuho since the fighting

there commenced on September 4. When we had made efforts at the consulate to get a pass or permission to go we had not been successful so we tried without one, knowing that fighting had stopped there some days ago. We did have a proclamation from the consul general calling on the Chinese authorities to protect the hospital. That was in English and Chinese and served us instead of a pass when we were held up by sentries, as we were seven or eight times on the outward trip and a half dozen times on the return. We had a car hired from a public garage and our driver was much affected by the many people who told us we could not get through. But after our papers had been sent into two or three headquarters and we had been allowed to proceed he felt more comfortable.

As to the buildings at Liuho, they might easily have been in a much worse condition, but the same can not be said for the contents of the buildings, both hospital equipment and the personal belongings of the staff.

The side of the buildings toward the town was pretty badly pierced by shrapnel as well as being much pecked, apparently by rifle fire. Naturally some of the shells had gone clear through the buildings, making big holes on their exit. Though there must be hardly any whole window glass in the buildings and the roofs (especially of the old dispensary building, now the men's ward) are in rather bad shape, the walls are not badly injured I think. As a rough guess, I should think a couple of thousand Mexican dollars would put the buildings in repair.

The looting, however, has been pretty thoroughly done. Probably country people completed what the soldiers began, though it may not have needed any completion. Very little of value is left in the hospital, and in the residence it looks rather worse. There is so much ruin on the floors that it is near heart-breaking to the doctors. Each room of all the buildings is littered with refuse, but some are worse than others. Bits of broken window glass, broken furniture, fallen plaster, books in all shapes but the correct one, fallen pictures from the walls, etc., make a sad scene. Dr. Palmberg did find some land deeds, etc., in her room. In Dr. Crandall's room the only thing resembling furniture was a couple of

drawers of her sewing machine; machine, typewriter, phonograph, all gone.

The doors are all open and soldiers and country people are wandering at will through the place. There are no towns' people, but soon will be.

Perhaps the most serious loss the doctors have met with personally is all their clothing and bedding, etc. There was hardly a rag to be seen anywhere. Medicines, corks, bottles, were strewn about in some quantity as well as in much confusion. Some one had opened a big twenty-five pound tin of vaseline and had daubed it the length of the stair railing to the second story. On the third floor veranda an oil heater was overturned and the kerosene was dripping down through the floor. Other instances of wanton mischief were even worse.

As a rough estimate of the loss to the hospital and themselves Dr. Palmberg suggests, Mexican \$7,000. (Buildings not included.)

Of course we shall hope to get an indemnity from the Chinese government sooner or later. Those who are familiar with the history of the mission will remember that we received something for injury to our buildings at the time of the Taiping Rebellion (at about the time of the American Civil War) and a small sum for the comparatively small injury done here in 1913. But it was not received till three years after the damage was done.

A Chinese well-to-do merchant (that is he was well-to-do two months ago) asked us to let him ride back with us, which we did. In reply to a question from me he estimated that the proportion of Liuho destroyed would be about four tenths, and it strikes me that is as near a guess as any one can make.

When the doctors can return to work there it is quite impossible to say. Though all the dead have been buried, the sanitary conditions are still very bad. When workmen can be secured the buildings can be made habitable in a few days, though complete repairs will of course take longer. Dr. Palmberg and I called on a petty military official, whom we found smoking opium, and asked him to try to prevent further injury to the place. He was very polite.

It is my impression that the doctors have enough money in the Medical Fund to care

for immediate needs. May I suggest that they need your prayers more than they need any material help in the trying experience they are having.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. CROFOOT.

Shanghai, China,
October 20, 1924.

FIVE DAYS LATER

October 25, 1924.—On Wednesday, the twenty-second, the doctors and their staff went back to the hospital to stay, though in rather primitive conditions—light of candles only and sleeping on the floor.

Shanghai seems to be rapidly coming "back to normalcy." Yesterday coolies were removing the barbed wire entanglements between the settlements and Chinese territory. Our French guards were taken away the day before.

Yours truly,
J. W. CROFOOT.

THE QUESTION OF PEACE IS A WORLD PROBLEM

"There are a few simple and fundamental principles affecting the problem which can not be too often repeated to the public. These are: that the maintenance of world peace is a world problem, and therefore must be dealt with by a world organization—call that organization by whatever name you please. Another is that from the beginning the world has always been organized for war, and the world has intermittently had war from the beginning. Now, for the first time in history, the world is organizing for peace; and when the organization is complete the world will secure peace. So long as any civilized nation remains outside the obligations of membership in a world organization, organized for peace, the world is not fully organized for peace, and such a nation is a menace to world peace. Obviously the measure of that menace is to be computed in terms not of the good intentions of such a nation but rather in terms of its man power and military resources. The mere statement of this principle serves to fix attention upon the enormity of America's responsibility for its present attitude."—Major General John F. O'Ryan.

SINCE MINERVA DIED

[The writer of this little poem was an old student of Alfred University, who loved the "sentinel pines" on the hill above the college. She loved the songs and ways of birds and all animal life and gave us this picture, portrayed with a poet's art.—A.]

Hark! do you hear a cry?
A ghost in the high pine grove!
A heart that is seeking there
For a long-lost love.
No nun wears softer gray
Nor moves in a shyer way,
Than the Acadian owl,
Since Minerva died, one day.
Minerva, queen of the world!
See her picture; here she stands
With the little merry owl
Clasped warm in her hands;
But since despite their pride,
The Roman gods all died,
This wee owl comfortless
Has roamed the wood and cried.
M. E. H. EVERETT.

HOME OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON

Home of Washington, Mount Vernon,
High above Potomac's tide,
Where he rests in stately silence
His beloved wife beside,—
Reverently thy halls and pathways
Millions visit of our land,
As a shrine where family virtue
Marched with valor hand in hand.
Ever at the sun's arising,
Noontime glow and evening charm,
Memory's bells keep tolling softly,
Not of war's prolonged alarm,
But of a family-like affection
For a captain great and strong
Crowned as "Father of our Country"
In Virginia's home of song.
May each pilgrim learn the lesson
From this sunlit scene of peace
Not to let domestic virtues
Pictured in these rooms decrease,
And thus carry from their beauty
To our people near and far
High reflection due in duty
To our nation's morning star.
Then Old Glory will in honor
O'er this shrine historic wave
Until God's last trumpet soundeth
Calling Christians from the grave;
And the hero of Mount Vernon,
Pardoned, praising, will arise
On the resurrection morning
To the homeland of the skies.

—Mark John Levy.

(Author of "O Flag of the States," "Twixt Great Britain and the States," etc. This song may be published freely.—M. J. L. 1824 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.)

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

Human Thought is Human Destiny.

PASTOR SKAGGS SPEAKS IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT DALAND

On Friday morning, October 24, recognition was given to the anniversary of the former president of the college, William C. Daland. Rev. J. L. Skaggs, following an introduction by President A. E. Whitford, gave an address in honor of the former president. The chapel was decorated with beautiful white lilies for the occasion.

The following is a summary of the address given by Rev. J. L. Skaggs:

"It is with some hesitation that I appear here on this occasion, for I feel that the place whereon I stand is holy ground, and that no words which I may speak can possibly express the honor, admiration, and love which we hold in our hearts for our lamented and beloved President Daland.

"I take it that the object in such a memorial observance is that we may keep in mind the splendid qualities which made his life so fine and useful; and my effort this morning must be to try to present some of the incidents and impressions which I gathered in my acquaintance with him, and particularly during the five years which I spent in the academy and college under his administration.

"I was here when he came to Milton. It was in the days before there were automobiles in this vicinity. But the college boys met him, upon his arrival by train at Milton Junction, with a 'horse-less' carriage. A long rope was attached to it, and a considerable number of the boys had hold of the rope. We came down Madison Avenue to Milton and then down Main Street. Near the post office a team of horses became frightened at the procedure and left the premises as quickly as possible. I do not know what President Daland thought of it. He must have considered it a rather

crude demonstration. But I am confident that he appreciated the spirit of the boys.

"He had a very keen sense of humor, which was often in evidence. I remember meeting him one morning when he had been down to the post office and was returning toward the college very busily engaged in reading something. I think he did not notice me until we had approached within a few feet of each other, when he suddenly looked up. A smile broke over his face and he said instantly: 'O Mr. Skaggs, the moment I saw you I thought of green paint.' I think that was when I was a freshman. Then he went on to explain that he had been requested to purchase a small can of green paint and had forgotten it until he saw me.

"I had a very close acquaintance with him while in school and in later years it was always a great pleasure to meet him at our denominational gatherings. I remember well many quiet talks when he would reveal the deep interest which he had in the college and in the young people who were being sent to it.

"He was one of the older generation whom I came to know well. He has left some very definite impressions on my mind. I want to mention a few of them, though it must be very briefly: He was a man of deep sincerity. That quality was manifest in all that he said and all that he did. He was a man of deep sympathy, entering gladly into the experiences of others and giving any help or comfort that was possible for him. He was the soul of loyalty. Industry was a prominent characteristic, and had he not worked so hard we might have had him with us longer. His ability and breadth of knowledge seemed amazing to us. He was a great preacher, was at home in several literatures and languages, and was an excellent musician. He was generous almost to a fault. He never received the remuneration which he ought to have had for the services which he rendered; but of the meager amount which he received he gave generously for many good causes. He was generous not only with his money, but also in giving himself. His religion was not a matter of merely accepting creeds and theories, but it was a matter of life, and he gave himself most heartily in Christian living and in Christian service."—*Milton College Review.*

DOES YOUR REACH EXCEED YOUR GRASP?

How often we have heard this quotation, and yet how many have ever stopped to think what it really means. It simply means this: are we going to be content with our achievements of the past, or are we always aiming for something better and nobler than we have yet attained? We were all made creative beings, and if we reach the stage of habitual satisfaction with our thoughts and deeds we are not fulfilling our life's end. Everyone recalls the fate of Andrea del Sarto, the inexpressible misery he felt when he realized that he had created a perfect piece of art. He was now ready to die, for his loftiest ideal had been attained, and his reach no longer exceeded his grasp.

Let us not be content with what we are doing but ever keep before us the vision of a high ideal and then try to attain it. If we do find ourselves drifting into the ruts of mental ease and quietude, we are limiting our own capabilities and can be of small use to suffering humanity. In other words, we will be nothing more or less than masses of diseased egoism. If every one had been satisfied with his accomplishments, we would not have our modern inventions, or our great creations in music, painting, sculpture, and literature; but in these the reach of many has exceeded their grasp.

In our school life are we going to be contented with each day's work? Are we going to be perfectly satisfied to allow our names to be discussed at the bi-weekly faculty meeting? No, we are going to put forth new zeal and effort and show that we are able to ascend the ladder of success. The only possible way this can be done is by making our reach exceed our grasp.

We shall be practically dead when we become content with the thoughts we are thinking, with the deeds we are doing, and with the life we are living.—*Salem Green and White.*

Meditation is prayer's handmaid, to wait on it both before and after the performance. It is as the plough before the sower to prepare the heart for the duty of prayer, and the harrow to cover the seed when 'tis sown. As the hopper feeds the mill with grist, so does meditation supply the heart with matter for prayer.—*Gurnall.*

THE PROMISE OF GOD

What if the flowers are absent?
What if the fields are bare?
The Winter is all golden,
If God be with me there:
I keep the Summer sunshine
Within my heart all day;
And when he walks beside me,
Flowers cover all the way.

What though I needs must journey
Into a stranger's place?
I turn from that I know not,
And look into his face;
And so it does not matter
How far my feet may roam,
I live within his presence,
And always am at home.

What though I meet new duties
And work too great for me?
God makes my fingers skilful,
And he my strength will be.
I serve a gracious Master,
Who gives the help I ask,
And his appointed labor
Is aye an easy task.

I am afraid of nothing
While he is by my side;
The storm may beat upon me,
Black clouds the sun may hide,
But thunder dies in music,
And darkness turns to light,
Since God forsakes me never,
And keeps me in his sight.

O God, I read the story
Of thy great love to me,
In every fresh day's dawning,
And every change I see.
I rest upon thy promise,
I gladly do thy will
Only, whatever comes to me,
Be near, be with me still.

—*Marianne Faringham in London S. S. Times.*

Suppose a man, in directing me to the post office, gives me ten landmarks, and that in my progress there I find nine of them to be as he told me, I should have good reason to believe that I was coming to the post office.

And if by believing I get a new life, and a hope, a peace, a joy, and a rest to my soul that I never had before; if I get self-control, and find that I have a power to resist evil and to do good, I have pretty good proof that I am on the right road to the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." And yet people talk of doubting!—*D. L. Moody.*

Let no one falter who thinks he is right.
—*Lincoln.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

A CENTURY-OLD LETTER

A hundred years ago you penned this picture
In quaintest phrases of the past,
In fine and graceful penmanship, on paper fragile;

'Tis yellowed with the years—how could it last
That you could come to me this evening
And make the dim and unknown past so real,
Through candle light I see your quill pen moving.

Beyond you sets your faithful spinning wheel.
Your hands are beautiful with toil for loved ones,

Dear children, grown now, and so far from home;

You dream of happy days when they were babies
Ere you were left with empty hands—alone.

You write these children of their father's going;
And of his great worn Bible, fallen apart,
From which his favorite passages were taken
And folded in his bosom—next his heart.

When wasting sickness filled his days with torture,

This soldier of Revolutionary days
Read and reread his shattered Bible

And lifted up his heart to God in praise.

You write, "I can not leave the old home

Where I have spent so many happy days.

I lack somewhat for clothing and provisions,

But God will keep me and his name I praise.

Dear God, can you forgive our gilt-edged Bibles,

So little worn, so little used today?

Can you forgive our modern hurried living

In which we take so little time to pray?

Can you forgive that we so seldom thank you

For all the comforts that they never knew?

Let us be strengthened by these stalwart Christians,

And to their faith and principles be true.

WINNIE C. SAUNDERS.

TWO BELATED THANKSGIVINGS

WITH A LITTLE HINT AS TO THE MEANING
OF THE DAY

"I won't go. I wish Katherine would stop importuning me year after year to make myself one of that great family gathering she insists upon collecting from the four ends of the earth to eat dinner at her home every Thanksgiving Day. I loathe family gatherings with their stupid reminiscences and sentimental talk. I shall spend my Thanksgiving by myself as I've always

done since Howard's death, in my own quiet, comfortable home."

And Mrs. Sperry sank back into the in-folding depths of her luxurious velvet lounge, and looked about her snug library sitting room with eyes of appreciative satisfaction.

Velvet rugs, silk hangings, inviting easy chairs, long, low bookcases of good books in choice bindings, a maplewood writing desk with elegant appointments of crystal and silver, and a glowing grate fire made of the tiny room a perfect nest of luxurious refinement.

Between the portieres of ruby silk could be seen another room with piano and gilded furniture, and a second opening showed charming glimpses of a dainty dining room with a sunny window square of flowering plants and feathery hanging vines.

"I should be a fool," Mrs. Sperry reflected, after a lingering survey of these attractive surroundings, "to leave my beautiful home for at day at Katherine's. Katherine has a beautiful home, true enough; and I'm sure to have a fine dinner and should have a delightful time, I know, if it wasn't that every cousin we ever heard of will be there, and the place will be overrun with children. What does Katherine say, anyhow?"

And, picking up the letter that had dropped to her lap, Mrs. Sperry read:

"My dear Emily: Do come eat your Thanksgiving dinner with us. We shall be such a merry party, and you used to be so fond of merry times. Cousin Sally will be here from the West with all her children; grown boys and girls they are now. And Cousin Henry is coming too. You haven't forgotten Cousin Henry, who used to be so fond of you when you were a girl. He is still a bachelor. Do come, Emily, dear, and be one of us for once. It always gives me a bit of a heartache to sit down to my happy Thanksgiving dinner and think of my only sister sitting down to hers all by herself in her lonely home."

"Cousin Sally the mother of grown sons and daughters." Mrs. Sperry laid down her letter to muse wonderingly. "It seems but yesterday she and I were the dearest of girl friends, vowing eternal fidelity. And I haven't seen her for nearly twenty years. I wonder if she is as pretty and sweet-tempered as she used to be. And

Cousin Henry is coming too. I haven't laid eyes on him since he went to Arizona, I shouldn't like to say how long ago. What a handsome fellow he was! And what a tease! And not married yet! I should like to ask him—but, pshaw, what nonsense I'm talking! Cousin Henry is doubtless bald-headed and tiresome, and has forgotten all about me; and Sally is fat and commonplace and stupidly wrapped up in her children. No, my good sister Katherine, I shall not eat my Thanksgiving dinner with you this year."

"Poor Katherine!" Mrs. Sperry softly laughed, "to worry about me and what she calls my lonesome Thanksgiving dinner. I mean to have a very good dinner and to enjoy every bit of it, though I am alone. Let me see. I shall have cream-of-celery soup; that always seems festive; and lobster patties from the caterer's; and a salad of lettuce and hothouse tomatoes; and the finest young turkey money can buy, stuffed with chestnuts and oysters; and Kizzie shall make some of her delicious mince and pumpkin pies; and with a dish of fine fruit and a cup of good coffee I think I shall have a dinner to do honor to the occasion. It does seem ridiculous to have a big turkey all to one's self, but you can't have a Thanksgiving dinner without a turkey. Turkey's about all there is to Thanksgiving.

"I suppose the proper Thanksgiving thing for me to do," she continued to muse, "would be to invite somebody to share my good dinner with me. But whom do I know to ask? I can't invite strangers, and all my friends have homes of their own."

The leaded library window, gracefully rounded, snugly double-paned, looked out upon a rambling garden aflame with the crimson and gold of a fall of unusual beauty; and as Mrs. Sperry, on her way back from placing her letter on the writing desk, stood for a moment to admire the brilliant picture, her glance fell upon a big house standing diagonally across the street, with "Second-rate boarding house" written all over its dingy gray front.

"I could ask Mrs. Robinson," Mrs. Sperry ruminated with a troubled frown. "She'd be glad enough to come, poor thing, after her year in and year out of Mrs. Vick's cheap boarding house dinners. But I'm afraid a day of Mrs. Robinson would be far from a day of Thanksgiving to me.

She's a good soul, but dreadfully prosy. I think I'd better leave things just as they are, and enjoy my Thanksgiving dinner alone."

During six never-to-be-forgotten weeks of the preceding summer Mrs. Sperry, pending a siege of repairs to her home, had taken her meals at the boarding house across the street, and there made the acquaintance of Mrs. Robinson, like herself, a widow, and, like her, too, a mother who had lost an only child in infancy.

The two women, though different in station and education, had been drawn together by the similarity of their afflictions; and Mrs. Sperry, at heart generous and sympathetic, had taken upon herself to lighten in many kindly ways the less fortunate lot of the other.

"The weather is so fine I think I'll run over to see her," Mrs. Sperry impulsively decided. "She thinks so much of a visit from me."

And the next minute, Mrs. Sperry, warmly hooded and cloaked, stood at the door of the shabby boarding house across the street. Her ring brought a slovenly kitchenmaid who ushered her into an untidy reception hall smelling of weak soup and stale coffee, and there left her, while Mrs. Sperry with the ease of familiarity climbed the dim stairway from the floor where the carpet was merely dingy to the floor where it lay in threadbare strips.

Here, in response to a faint "Come in" that answered her light tap on a near-by door, she entered a stuffy little room reeking with the stifling odor and suffocating heat of an oil-stove. The furniture of the place was of the commonest; and in a wooden rocking chair, turned from the light, sat a frail little woman wearing black goggles. The woman's face was waxen white, and she had a sweet mouth set in lines of pathetic patience.

"How are your eyes today, Mrs. Robinson?" Mrs. Sperry asked, after she had been welcomed and had found herself a chair near the one small window glaringly unshaded by a buff shade hanging in shreds.

"I don't complain of my eyes," Mrs. Robinson answered in a gentle voice that showed not a trace of bitterness. "I'm so thankful that I can see at all. There was a time, you know, when the doctors gave little hope. And now to think I'm not shut

out from the blue sky, and the green grass, and the flowers, and the faces of friends, just keeps my heart singing for joy all the time.

"I'm wearing these goggles to rest my eyes a bit from the glare of the window," she explained. "Mrs. Vick's been promising me a green window blind for ever so long, but she never seems to get at it. Poor thing! I don't wonder with this big boarding house on her mind.

"But I guess it's just as well," she added with cheerful resignation. "A green shade would make it dreadfully gloomy in here for my callers, and might keep some of them away.

"Mrs. Vick's been wonderfully kind to me," continued Mrs. Robinson, who, like many persons living much alone, talked volubly when she had the chance. "It's not everybody would keep me here for the little I can afford to pay. The room's certainly small, and the heat doesn't run up to this floor; but the oil-stove keeps it very comfortable, and Mrs. Vick doesn't charge me anything extra for it. I'm very fortunately placed, Mrs. Sperry.

"Of course, I'm not saying a boarding house is like a home; that's not to be expected," Mrs. Robinson chattered on. "I miss my home dreadfully, especially when days like Thanksgiving come round. I tell you, it's times like Thanksgiving that one feels not having a home and family."

"Have you no relations at all?" Mrs. Sperry asked.

"Only a nephew," Mrs. Robinson replied. "And a dear fellow he is. Been like a son to me. I made my home with him quite a while after he married, but I always felt his wife didn't want me; and after the children came there wasn't room, anyway; so I came here, and here I've been ever since.

"Three years ago," proceeded Mrs. Robinson, who always pursued a topic to its limit, "my nephew moved with his family out West. Only for that I could eat my Thanksgiving dinner at his house and welcome."

"Well, I hope Mrs. Vick will give you a decent dinner," Mrs. Sperry remarked with an emphasis not flattering to Mrs. Vick's dinners.

"Mrs. Vick won't be here Thanksgiving," Mrs. Robinson said with matter-of-fact

simplicity. "All her boarders will be away dining somewhere; so she decided to spend the day at her son's home.

"But she's arranged very nicely for me," Mrs. Robinson settled herself to explain. "The cook will be away, too; so Mrs. Vick is going to leave me a boiled ham and a potato salad. I'm very fond of potato salad. And she's promised to order ice cream for me, by way of a celebration; that is, if she doesn't forget it. Of course, cold ham isn't like a turkey dinner; but, dear me, turkey's the least part of Thanksgiving!

"It's very good of Mrs. Vick to provide for me in this way when I know she'd much rather shut up the house altogether," Mrs. Robinson added with the sweet appealingness of a guileless nature.

"And that's not all," said the grateful woman. "Mrs. Vick's given me leave to have my friend Miss Post to dinner. Miss Post's a school teacher. She's not young, and she lives in a rooming house, and gets her own meals; so I guess she'll be glad to come to me for a change.

"I hate awfully to ask Miss Post without her roommate. The roommate's a teacher, too; and she's not young either. But I'm afraid two guests would be imposing on Mrs. Vick's kindness, and I don't feel as though I could afford to pay for an extra dinner. My nephew sometimes slips me five dollars in a letter, but I need the money for so many things.

"So you see," Mrs. Robinson said brightly in conclusion, "with my nice dinner and Miss Post to keep me company, I shall have a very happy Thanksgiving Day, after all."

"I'll have the florist send her a couple of dozen of carnations Thanksgiving. The attention will please her, and the flowers will help make her room nice for her friend," Mrs. Sperry said to herself, when, once again in her own charming home, she proceeded to throw off the disturbing impression of her friend's dismal surroundings.

Thanksgiving Day was near at hand, and Mrs. Sperry had intended writing her note of refusal to her sister that evening; but friends calling stayed late; and, just as she sat down the afternoon of the day following to write her letter, from the library window she saw Mrs. Robinson, heavily veiled and shawled, approaching the house

in the slow, pitifully halting way of the half blind.

"Kizzie shall make her a cup of good tea and serve it with some of those nice little cakes I had for my luncheon!" was Mrs. Sperry's hospitable exclamation, as, pushing aside pen and ink, she hurried out to the kitchen to give her order to the colored cook.

"I just had to come! I just couldn't stay another minute in my room, I got so lonesome and nervous!" was Mrs. Robinson's half-crying apology as Mrs. Sperry brought her into the cozy library and with kindly fingers helped the dim-sighted woman to remove her voluminous wraps.

Mrs. Robinson in taking off her hat caught the veil in her black goggles, and on a sudden impulse she snatched off the disfiguring glasses, and laid them down with a defiant,

"I shan't wear the ugly things here! I don't have to where the light is so beautifully subdued.

"Oh, how comfortable! How deliciously comfortable!" she murmured as with a sigh of satisfaction she sank into the yielding depths of the velvet easy chair Mrs. Sperry had pushed up for her in front of the open fire.

Mrs. Robinson's dark eyes, which but for a slight contraction showed no trace of their infirmity, wandered admiringly from one charming object to another of the beautiful room.

"What a lovely home you have, Mrs. Sperry!" she delightedly exclaimed. "What beautiful pictures! And what lots of books! What a feast to spend a whole day in a library like this, just looking over those books! Oh, I do love good books! You know my father was quite an educated man, and my husband was really a scholar. He kept a book store, and the trouble with my poor Jonathan was that he read more books than he sold."

"I wish you'd let me bring my friend Miss Post some day to see your home, Mrs. Sperry," Mrs. Robinson said after a pause during which she lay back drinking in the beauty and comfort around her. "Miss Post is very refined, and I think a sight of your pictures and things would be a positive delight to her after that dreary rooming house of hers."

And when the tea was ready, and Mrs.

Sperry brought her friend into the carefully shaded dining room and seated her before the daintily spread table, with her delicate eyes facing a portiere of restful green, Mrs. Robinson's admiration became ecstatic.

"O Mrs. Sperry!" she gasped almost tearfully in the fullness of her emotions at sight of the fine napery and handsome china and silver. "You don't know how I love beautiful things! And I love to entertain. We entertained a great deal in my father's house, and the dream of my married life was to entertain at a table just like this—though I never let my poor Jonathan know that.

"Do you know, Mrs. Sperry," she said with an intensity that sent a becoming flush to her pale cheeks and a fine glow to her dark eyes, "I think if I could sit at the head of a table like this, and give a Thanksgiving dinner to my friends, I should consider myself the happiest woman alive?"

Mrs. Sperry didn't write her letter to her sister that evening. She wrote it the next morning after her nine o'clock breakfast; and then, instead of sending out Kizzie to mail it, she mailed it herself, and on her way back from the post box on the corner she stopped at Mrs. Vick's boarding house to see Mrs. Robinson.

She found the little woman, as on her last visit, sitting patiently in the wooden rocking chair, with her back to the window and the disfiguring black goggles shading her poor eyes from the sharp morning light.

"I haven't come to stay," Mrs. Sperry said hurriedly from the doorway. "I've only come to tell you that I'm going to spend Thanksgiving Day with my sister; and, as I made up my mind rather suddenly, I want to ask you as a special favor to come over to take care of my house while I'm away, and to eat the turkey dinner I had arranged to have for myself. And bring your friend Miss Post, and her roommate, and anybody else you want, exactly as though the house were your own. Kizzie knows all about everything, and she'll stay and take care of you. Now remember, Mrs. Robinson, from nine o'clock Thanksgiving morning until nine o'clock Thanksgiving night my house is yours, absolutely yours."

Mrs. Sperry didn't wait for a reply; but as she turned away, she caught a glimpse

of Mrs. Robinson, and her uplifted eyes, from which in her agitation she had removed the encumbering goggles, looked as if they were gazing upon a vision of heaven.

Thanksgiving night a woman moving swiftly along under the stars was met upon the threshold of her home by another woman, who, seizing her hands, exclaimed in a tremor of gladness:

"I want to thank you for a day so happy, so happy! It's the first real Thanksgiving I've had in years and years!"

"It's the first real Thanksgiving I ever had in my whole life," said the other woman to herself, as she came into the house and softly closed the door.—*C. E. World.*

HOME NEWS

NILE, N. Y.—A nice church paper of four pages, nearly eight by nineteen inches, called the "Pep-O-Gram," is being published by the Christian Endeavor Society, under the direction of Pastor Lester Osborn. Number two has just come to hand from which we take the following remarks:

PASTOR'S MESSAGE

When this issue of the "Pep-O-Gram" reaches you one week of the special meetings will be past. Have you been praying "morning, noon, and night" for an outpouring of God's spirit on our church members and on the people of the community? Have you done *everything* in your power to make them a success? The second week will depend on you.

It is time for the annual canvass to solicit funds for the expenses of the church for the next year. The finance committee has carefully worked out a budget of expenses. The church's only income is from voluntary subscription. If each one will do his share the great work of the church can be done in a worthy manner. The amount you give is, of course, a matter for you alone to decide. Whatever it may be, let me urge you to give it regularly, and remember the spirit back of it is the most important part of it, and counts most in the great cause for which the church works.

We want this year to have every one pledge something, no matter how small an amount. Yes, we want the children, too, to pledge, even though it is only five cents or less per week. Let them put it in one of the weekly contribution envelopes with

their names on the outside and drop it into the collection box themselves. Thus they will get the giving habit early.

One without a certain stated income can not always tell just how much he can give for the following year. We want, however, a minimum pledge from each member, then if you can do more later, all right. The church expenses have to be paid, and it will help the finance committee if they can know how much to expect to be paid in to meet the bills as they come in.

I am greatly pleased with the average attendance at morning worship. However, there are some faces that I see before me seldom or not at all. The best excuse for absence from church is not so good as actual attendance. What you hear at church may save your soul, or build you up in the Christian life; but it is not likely that the excuse will.

NEWS ITEMS

The special meetings have started nicely. Elder Hargis has given us some great messages. We feel better and more ready to work.

A large delegation from Nile attended the semi-annual meetings at Petrolia. No services were held in the local church Sabbath morning, October 25, on account of the association.

The attendance at prayer meeting is better, but there is still room for improvement. No prayer meeting will be held during the special meetings. Mrs. Julia Derr told us of her mission and jail work in the city at the October thirtieth meeting.

A very small per cent of the people in the community attend church at all, and many of the children are not in Bible School. Some have never attended. There is plenty of "missionary work" to do right at our very doors.

Come close to the Master! He may take you today up into the mountain top, for where he took Peter with his blundering, and James and John, those sons of thunder who again and again so utterly misunderstood their Master and his mission, there is no reason why he should not take you. So don't shut yourself out of it and say, "Ah, these wonderful visions and revelations of the Lord are for choice spirits!" They may be for you.—*John McNeill.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK,
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Contributing Editor

SHARE YOUR BLESSINGS

RUTH FITZ RANDOLPH

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 13, 1924

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Remembering blessings (Ps. 103: 1-13)

Monday—The past reviewed (Deut. 29: 1-9)

Tuesday—Blessings of harvest (Ps. 65: 9-13)

Wednesday—Open heart and hand (Deut. 15: 7-11)

Thursday—Treasure in heaven (Matt. 6: 19-21)

Friday—Real riches (1 Tim. 6: 17-19)

Sabbath Day—Topic: Count and share your blessings (Ps. 107: 1-9)

What blessings have we to share?

How may we help others to a richer life?

Why should we be grateful to God?

Our topic for this week has a very wide appeal, for each of us has blessings to share. It is well for us to recall our blessings occasionally, and to list them mentally. Even then we are apt to overlook some which are so common and usual that we seldom think of them as blessings, unless they be taken away.

Sometimes when the sky is darkest and blessings seem most distant, our spirits can be brightened by recalling past blessings. When the children of Israel became discouraged and fretful, Moses reminded them of the many blessings which had been theirs during the forty years in the wilderness. This brought courage to these children of God many centuries ago, and just as surely will comfort come to us if only we will take time to count our blessings.

A man may have many thousands of dollars which are a source of comfort and satisfaction to him. If he hoards that money in his home he may lose it by theft or fire. However, if placed in a reliable savings bank, it will increase and give aid to others. So it is with our blessings. They may be of great joy to us, but after a time that joy fades or disappears entirely, if we hoard it. But if shared with others our blessings grow brighter and more abundant. Such a blessing becomes a "treasure laid up in heaven."

As we look about us we see many who have riches and who are able to buy almost anything they wish, and yet their faces shout to the world that they are unhappy. We feel that if we were in their places we should be absolutely happy. We might be in case we used that wealth for God. Money and earthly riches are not necessary to work for God. Upon reflection we know that real blessings are those gained by giving, and not by having or receiving. People who accumulate wealth and riches in the form of money, fine cars, fine clothes, and good times, and who forget others, will find that they must leave all behind just as surely as the man who has not spent his life acquiring worldly gain leaves behind his humble cottage and worn clothing. We can not help but pity such a man as we think of the poverty which must be his in the life to come. Our Lord has promised a rich reward to those who place treasures in heaven.

It may often be a question as to how we can store our treasures in heaven and whether after all that is a worthy aim. As an aim the accumulation of treasures in heaven is not worthy of a Christian. We might call such an accession of wealth a by-product of the Christian life and one which does not of itself interest the follower of Christ: it follows as naturally as happiness and blessings on earth are the results of unselfish service for others. The person who earnestly strives to share his blessings with others is insuring for himself a life more abundant, and a good foundation against the time to come.

All of our blessings come from God, and to him should we give thanks. We are all pained by the ingratitude of a selfish son or daughter, but many of us commit far greater sins of ingratitude against the Father of us all.

Let us then "give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever."

Great Kills, S. I., N. Y.

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SABBATH DAY, DECEMBER 13, 1924

The greatest Figure in history: Why?
Phil. 2: 5-11.

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

All of our blessings come from our heavenly Father. He gives us these blessings in order that we may be happy and enjoy life. When we are discouraged and everything seems to be against us, if we only stop and count our blessings, the clouds will clear away, and the sun of hope will shine in our lives.

We have national blessings as well as spiritual. Our forefathers toiled and fought, many of them giving their lives that we might live in this country where we enjoy freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and freedom of thought. We little realize the struggles that they endured in order that we, their posterity, might have these privileges. We need more men like Lincoln and Washington in our country today. Let us not forget to thank God for such men who have made it possible for us to enjoy these blessings.

Battle Creek, Mich.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR A MODEL JUNIOR SOCIETY.

"The meetings should be prayer meetings, where the children should be taught to pray sincerely and intelligently and trustingly for just the blessings they want, and to speak in simple, childlike words on matters relating to the Christian life. If the leader will ask a few simple questions on the topic of the day to be answered in the meeting by the children, it will help them to learn to express their thoughts on the subject.

"The importance of the covenant pledge should be often impressed on the children, and the leader can do much to help them keep it, especially the part relating to daily Bible reading and prayer. It will be well to prepare a special plan of Bible readings for the children, and to ask them each week how many have remembered to read at least a few verses every day, and to think of what they had read, and to pray for help to understand it and obey it."—*The Christian Endeavor Manual.*

WHAT IS THE BEST THING WE FIND IN OUR DENOMINATION? WHY?

HARRIET BELLAND

We might better say what are the best things in our denomination, for I can think of several, and yet even those can all be included under the one thing that seems to me to be the best thing in the Seventh Day Baptist denomination.

It is this: that the biggest, finest, most vital thing of our denomination is the promotion of the life of the spirit. The Spirit is the foundation on which we build our works, for Paul says, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Then no matter what we build upon that foundation our works will be manifested and will be known as good or bad. Whose work is lasting, to that one there will be a reward, and whose work is not lasting, he will be the loser. Then Paul goes on to say, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

It is the manifestation of that Spirit of Jesus Christ in our denomination that I like. It is that same Spirit that the young people of our denomination are trying to cultivate and manifest in our works. It is a hard job and we need more co-operation and more knowledge and experience in order to try to show ourselves approved before our Master.

In this age of progress, we have received a new vision of the Spirit of Jesus. It is a Vision which is clothed in robes of Service, holding the torch of Knowledge, Truth and Light in her hand, and on her face is the manifestation of the knowledge of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. For in this new realization we know that our responsibilities and our fields of service become greater each year,—not only then, but each day.

Now to cite a few ways in which our denomination is best because of our promotion of the life of the Spirit.

1. Because of that Spirit we co-operate with other denominations:

- a. In order to unite forces against evil.
- b. For religious growth and social betterment.

2. Because of that Spirit our pastors stress the importance of Christian stewardship.

3. Because of that Spirit young people accept the call to Christian stewardship.

4. Because of that Spirit we know and believe that the Church of Christ must be the deciding factor in the settlement of social unrest and in the solution of economic problems.

5. Because of that Spirit we want people to enjoy the best privileges of our country which are often maintained only through law enforcement.

6. Because of that Spirit we believe in being loyal Church supporters, and that the Spirit of the Master abiding in our hearts will enable us to live and work together in loving harmony.

The question is how are we to accomplish this program. It is so big, so far-reaching that often-times we forget to trust in God and remember his words: "For though I be absent in the flesh, yet I am with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ."

Milton, Wis.

THE TENTH LEGION

DEAR ENDEAVORERS:

My desk is cleared for action. Is yours? We are starting out to make a clean record of our Tenth Legioners and then throw ourselves onto the race for new members. It seems that there are a great many endeavorers who once signed the Tenth Legion pledge card and somehow have forgotten to keep it. Now please when you send in your report don't give us names of any who have stopped "working at" the job of giving their tenths. We want active, live members on this list of givers! We want to see just how our young people are lining up. The United Society of Christian Endeavor has an excellent book, "Studies in Stewardship," seventy-five cents, which would be very helpful to you. If possible have a stewardship class.

GOAL

1. A Tenth Legion superintendent elected in each society and reported to the board.
2. Work of superintendent.
 - a. Study and pass examination on Tenth

Legion chapter in "Expert Endeavor" book, page 121.

b. Present Tenth Legion work to the society in concrete and definite way.

c. Recount tithers and drop names of those who are no longer tithing.

d. Put on a systematic campaign in the fall and in the spring for new members (carried on in connection with Quiet Hour and Life Work Recruit superintendents).

e. Enroll new members.

(1) One point given for new members.

(2) Two points given for renewed members.

f. Report number of tithers every two months to the board.

3. Banner will be awarded to society reporting most points in proportion to active membership.

I'm waiting to hear from you.

Come on—Let's go.

Yours in Christian Endeavor,

BERTRICE N. BAXTER.

Milton, Wis.

A LETTER FROM FOUKE

DEAR FRIENDS:

School opened September twenty-ninth this year, earlier than usual. When we set the date it seemed that cotton would be picked early, dry weather had apparently hurt it very much; but as picking progressed there was more cotton than had been expected, so we held school the first week only in the forenoon, beginning at eight o'clock.

This summer has proved that cotton will make a crop without much rain. Nearly everyone has gathered about a third more cotton than he expected. The dry weather was too much for the boll weevil, and the army worm has only recently entered the fields. You may not realize it but the leaves and any green bolls left in the field make excellent cow feed. Our cow has just finished the good picking in the church cotton. Bermuda grass has been damaged by frost so we shall be obliged to feed her well now. We had one good soaking rain just six weeks ago today, and we have had not even a sprinkle of rain since till Thursday night, and you wouldn't know now that we had a shower then. There is no use to sow winter pasture till it does rain and it

will soon be too late to put in rye and oats.

I'm not sure Editor Gardiner will print all this gossip, small talk, of which Mrs. Allen told us Friday evening; but I don't believe she'd censure me for writing so. It is somewhat troublesome to make frequent letters really interesting without repeating, when the same person writes again and again, and I haven't been able to prevail upon anyone else to do it even part of the time.

Five weeks of school are over and the first examinations come Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The older pupils at least are working hard with a fair realization of what school is for, that promises well for final results. There have been eighty pupils in school already, but our present enrollment is only sixty-five, thirteen of whom are in high school. We opened a week before the public school did and some have left to go there.

Miss Isaphene Allen, of Farina, Ill., assists with the high school and upper grades as she did last year; but, Miss Leo Greene, of North Loup, Neb., has fourth to sixth grades and some seventh grade work; and Miss Ethel Sutton, of Boulder, Colo., the only new teacher on the faculty, has the primary room. She has the primer class and grades one to three. You would be much interested in one little boy of about nine years. He has never been to school before and as far as I know has had no help at home except the last six months, but he is a very studious well-behaved boy and has advanced from the primer class to the third grade already. Teaching school would be real fun if all the children were like him.

Last evening we had a little Halloween fun for our thirty-nine older pupils—a masquerade and marshmallow roast in the woods. The primary room had a picnic Friday afternoon. Thursday evening there was a Halloween program at the public school to raise money. Those who have been here before will be interested in knowing that Wiley Smith, Dr. Smith's son, is principal of the public school. Other teachers you may know are Misses Elza Turner and Vera Paulk, both graduates of our school, and Clyde Larry. Two girls from Texarkana complete their faculty.

Our "Hall Family" numbers eight this fall—four teachers, Pauline Sutton, Inez

Moman, and two other girls; Alma Wilson, of Olive Branch, La., and Catherine Miller, whose home is out in the country, both board here, too. None of these children has lived at the Hall before. Inez stayed with Mrs. Allen last year. Nellie Smith's mother is not well, so she was unable to return and Ohnie Jones has been expecting to take up nurse's training work. We had no room for Martin Jones and no one else could take him. Pauline Moman is staying with Mrs. W. J. S. Smith.

Isaphene, Leo, and I built us a henhouse this fall and intended to build a barn; but Isaphene fell from the Chinaberry tree while trimming out dead limbs two weeks ago today and was out of school a week. We think now some one else can build the barn for us.

I must thank the friends who have remembered us and the work here with money and other gifts—the Sabbath school class of Battle Creek, the ladies of Savannah, Battle Creek, Nortonville, Andover, New York City, Milton, Milton Junction, and elsewhere for their many kindnesses to us. Remember us, kind friends, one and all, in your prayers. We need them.

Sincerely yours,

FUCIA FITZ RANDOLPH.

Fouke, Ark.,

November 2, 1924.

NEW MARKET, N. J., CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY CELEBRATES ITS BIRTHDAY

On October 19, our Christian Endeavor society was thirty-five years old, and on the following Sabbath night we had an informal birthday celebration. At seven-thirty a goodly number of present members, former members, and friends took their places in the big double circle of chairs in the prayer meeting room. Each adult was given a red and white badge on which was a C. E. monogram, while the juniors wore blue and white. Dahlias and other fall flowers with autumnal foliage added to the festive occasion. There were two banners on the front wall; one told the date of organization and the other the current year.

The activities of the evening consisted of the program followed by a social time. The meeting in charge of our president, Miss Ethel Rogers, was opened by

a song service conducted by Miss Marjorie Burdick. The leader made a few appropriate remarks, after which Mr. Jesse Burdick, a charter member, took charge of the devotional exercises. Letters from former members of the society were enjoyed by all. Next came the historical paper given by Mr. C. M. Ryno.

After this there was a vocal duet. After the singing the juniors, who had been keeping so still, surprised us by saying that they were organized twenty-eight years ago by Mrs. Frank E. Peterson. While theirs has not been a continuous organization because "sometimes they have had to wait for children to grow," still many have received their early training in the Junior society. Mr. Alberne Burdick, our first president, gave a few helpful remarks, after which Pastor Burdick appropriately spoke on the Value of Christian Endeavor. The meeting was closed with the singing of Elizabeth Fisher Davis' Rally Song and the repeating of the Mizpah benediction.

Next came the social part which took the nature of an Indian party, a standard sociable arranged by the Young People's Board. The company was divided into four tribes and the entertainment consisted of contests between the tribes. There was much merriment when some of our rather plump people succeeded in getting through the hoops or when others with short noses tried to roll coins on the floor. After such exercises we were willing to be called to the dining room where the lights were dimmed and an abundance of cornstalks reminded one of an out-door scene. In one corner there was an Indian wigwam before which was a realistic but harmless bonfire. Seated on hassocks fifty of us did full justice to the hot Hamburg sandwiches, coffee, and cake. In the middle of the room was a birthday cake with thirty-five lighted candles forming the C. E. monogram. This was made by Mrs. Russell Burdick and it was large enough for each to sample. Reminiscences, jokes, and stories kept us all amused, and each one present will have cause to remember this anniversary of the New Market Christian Endeavor society.

BERNICE E. ROGERS.

Help yourself, and heaven helps you.—
La Fontaine.

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER

Selected for Recorder by Mary E. Fillyaw

"Lord, who am I, that thou shouldst call
Thy servant to a task so great—
Forgotten in my low estate,
I, void of wisdom, power and all
The needs that on such service wait?"

"The people know not who thou art,
They would not heed my prayers or tears,
A fugitive full forty years,
Within the lonely desert's heart,
How could I move their hopes or fears?"

"I am not eloquent. My speech
Is slow, my tongue is shorn of grace,
I dare not take the prophet's place
Without the prophet's power to reach
The heart of a despairing race.

"Send whom thou wilt! All choice is thine,
Thou canst fulfill thy set decree
Through other hands more meet to be
Upborne in thy so vast design;
But Lord, beseech thee—send not me!"

Had Moses failed to go, had God
Granted his prayer, there would have been
For him no leadership to win—
No pillared fire, no magic rod
No wonders in the land of Zin.

No smiting of the sea—no tears,
Ecstatic, shed on Sinai's steep—
No Nebo, with a God to keep
His burial! Only forty years
Of desert watching with his sheep.

MARGARET I. PRESTON.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Proverbs 3:6.

"In all thy ways." In thy worship. In thy study of his word. In thy intercourse with his people. In thy traffic with the world. In thy business and in thy recreation. At thy meals. In thy correspondence. In thy reading. In thy dress. What, in all these petty matters? Yes; in *all* thy ways! Thinkest thou that God will have no word for thee on such topics? Be undeceived! Thou shalt find a revelation of the will of God for every one of thy paths. There is no need for thee to ever let go his hand.—*Bowen.*

Some men could be almost brought to fullness or fruition by a smile. Of some men God says, "Thou are not far from the kingdom of heaven; one little step would bring thee right home." God whispers some men into heaven. But what thunder he needs for others!—*Joseph Parker.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE OLD AND NEW

I'd love to have a regular
Old time Thanksgiving Day,
And ask the little Indians
To come with me and play,
I'd ask them, would they teach me
To make arrows and a bow,
And let them wind my auto toys,
Then sit and watch them go.—Selected.

A GIRL WHO COULD SWIM

A girl named Nyangandi, who lived near the Ogowe River, West Africa, one day came in her canoe with two bunches of plantains to sell to the missionary. When she was going away the missionary's wife said to her: "Now, you must not forget that tomorrow will be the Sabbath day, and you have already promised to come every time."

"Yes," said the girl, "I will surely come if I am alive."

And so she did; but no one knew how she got there, until, at the close of service, she told the girls that in the night her canoe had been stolen, and none of her friends would lend her one; but she had promised to come to church, and so she felt she must. She swam all the way! The current was swift, the water deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide; but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river.

If this heathen girl, who knew only a little about the gospel, could take such pains to keep her word and come to the house of prayer, how much more should more favored people not forsake the assembling of themselves together because it is cloudy or damp or rainy!—Selected.

A FOREST THANKSGIVING

One day late in November, Old Oak Tree called Cuddle Bear to her. She had to call twice, for so many of her leaves had flown that she could only whisper lightly.

"Cuddle Bear, I am going to have a for-

est Thanksgiving feast under my branches this year, just as the people do."

"Why, Old Oak Tree, how very nice," said Cuddle, climbing up to her third limb to hear about it.

"Will you invite the guests for me?" rustled Old Oak Tree.

Cuddle Bear, I am afraid, was already dreaming of the many forest goodies that would fill that little round tummy of his, for he jumped a little as he asked,

"Whom shall I ask?"

"I tried to think of all the creatures left in the forest this fall as I rocked you to sleep last night. There are the Squirrels and Molly Cottontail."

"And the Bees," said Cuddle Bear, thinking of the honey they might bring, "and the Hedgehog and Beaver families down by the creek."

"I should like to ask the Birds and the Bees myself," said Old Oak Tree, "They'll be flying by. Now clean up, and when you ask them don't forget to say, Thanksgiving Day."

Soon Cuddle Bear was trotting along the forest path. As he came to the Squirrel's house in the beechnut tree, Sammy Squirrel peeked out at him from the branches.

"Haven't you gone to bed yet, Cuddle Bear?" he chattered.

"No, I'm waiting for the party," grinned Cuddle Bear. He liked to keep Sam guessing.

"Where is your mother?"

Sammy dashed in to call his mother. As Cuddle Bear waited, Molly Cottontail hopped up to say, "Good morning," so when Mrs. Squirrel came out, he told them both about the party, and hurried off to Henry Hedgehog's and Billy Beaver's down by the creek.

Such excitement in the forest! Such a brushing of coats and polishing of teeth! At last Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and fair!

"Oh, I am so happy!" said Old Oak Tree, in a quiver of excitement. Cuddle Bear climbed to the very top of her branches to watch for the company.

"Here they come!" he soon squealed, scrambling down to greet them. First came the Bees buzzing with importance, and living up to Cuddle Bear's expectations, for each carried a goodly store of honey in his basket. Molly came next with carrots and

cabbages for the feast. The Squirrels brought nuts, but no acorns, as Old Oak Tree wished to furnish them. The Beaver family brought fragrant sassafras bark, while ears of golden corn were the Hedgehog's share of the dinner. Suddenly Cuddle Bear realized that he had counted so much on what others were bringing, that he had brought nothing himself.

Such a dinner! Such a chattering! The rounder their little tummies grew the faster they talked! Finally Old Oak Tree spoke, and as they all loved her very much and were polite little animals, they all stopped talking to listen.

"Now let us tell what we are thankful for," she said, and looked right at Cuddle Bear.

"I am thankful to the Bees," he said, "for their honey."

"And we," buzzed the Bees, "are thankful to the flowers for giving it to us."

The few late flowers, who had sat at the foot of Old Oak Tree whispered their thanks for the sun and the rain.

"We are grateful to Old Oak Tree," said the Squirrels, "for her acorns."

"Ah," said Old Oak Tree, "nor could I have grown the acorns but for the sun and the rain."

Cuddle Bear was thinking again. What could any one possibly be grateful to him for? He had done nothing but eat all summer. He was much ashamed, and wished that he had not come, for the birds thanked Molly Cottontail for the fur she had left on the rose briars for their nest linings, and Molly thanked the Birds for their songs and messages of cheer. Henry Hedgehog thanked the Beavers for the bridge that they had built over the creek. Cuddle Bear wanted to cry and nearly did, but just then Old Oak Tree said,

"And I am grateful to Cuddle Bear because he keeps my hollow heart warm all winter."

Cuddle Bear was very happy then, and loved Old Oak Tree very much. She looked so good and kind as she said,

"Yes, we have all helped each other and that is what our Great Father put us here to do." Then each little head bowed for a moment in thankfulness for his kindness. No one in the forest that night was happier than little Cuddle Bear, when as he snuggled down to sleep, he said,

"Good night, dear Old Oak Tree, you are very kind to me and I shall try next summer to be more useful to my friends."

Old Oak Tree could say nothing, but her leaves sighed contentedly as she nestled down into her roots for the winter.—*Storyland*.

WHO IS WATCHING YOU?

"You never can tell who is watching you," says *Target*. "Somebody always has his eye on you, even when you least suspect it. The chances are that it is some man who has a good job to give somebody, and he is looking around for the right fellow to fill it. Keep that in mind. Always conduct yourself as if that man were watching what you do to make up his mind if you are the right boy. Some little action may make your fortune, or it may lose you the chance of your life. Don't show off. Be natural—but always be on the level."—*Onward*.

STRANGE

Blond (putting up pictures)—I can't find a single pin. Where do they all go, anyway?

Matty—It's hard to tell, because they're pointed in one direction and they're headed in another.—*Selected*.

"It's a large family ye have to support Mr. O'Brien," said the sympathetic neighbor.

"It is, indade, ma'am," replied O'Brien; "and if they didn't all earn their own livin', sure I don't believe I could do it at all."—*Youth's Companion*.

Father—"Why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?"

Johnny—"It doesn't make any difference, daddy; they teach the same things at both ends."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup if I were you," said the little boy at the pump. "That's Bessie's cup, and she has just been drinking out of it."

"Oh," said the young man from the city, as he drained the cup, "I don't mind. I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. Who is Bessie—your sister?"

"No—my dog."—*Selected*.

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

LONE SABBATH KEEPER MISSIONARIES

ANGELINE PRENTICE ALLEN

One of God's greatest instruments is the lone Sabbath keeper. Who can measure his influence and his power? His power, if he has lived in close companionship with his Lord is mighty. He has gone to the fountain head and received his power from the Almighty. His influence extends many miles beyond the circle of his acquaintance. How often is it said by one living at a distance: "There is a man, or a woman, or a family in that town, who keeps the seventh day. They are Baptists and true Christians."

It is sometimes hard to keep the Sabbath faithfully while living among first day people; but because it is hard every one who is faithful is conspicuous; and that enables the light of the Sabbath truth and other Christ-like qualities to shine out, and often cause men to stop and think, and to compare their own lives with that of the faithful Sabbath keeper.

When a Sabbath keeper finds himself in a hard place, and begins to pity himself, and after a time gives up the fight, and goes the way of the crowd, he not only enters upon a life of unhappiness for himself, but causes great grief to his friends, and has the contempt and loss of respect of those outside the faith. How can one afford to be untrue when his failure may lead to the death spiritually, of many; and his faithfulness may lead multitudes into the light of God's love and into the joy of obedience and ever-lasting life.

LONE SABBATH KEEPERS MUST BE MISSIONARIES

Living in the midst of people who have only a part of God's everlasting truth, behold the field! Go in and plow and plant, cultivate and reap.

The possibilities are beyond compare. The faithful lone Sabbath keeper is frequently a spiritual leader in his community. If it were not for him sometimes there

would be no Sunday school or no Christian Endeavor society. Often the L. S. K. is superintendent of the Bible school, president or secretary of the young people's society, teacher of the Men's Bible class, or president of the Ladies' Aid society. Some of these he has helped to organize because of his love to God and for his fellow man.

As opportunity opens, let us enter and work faithfully for our Lord and Master. He will take care of the results. If we see little result from our efforts, let us continue to pray and to work, with faith. Others may reap what we have sown. Our Father knows and his name shall be glorified.

"Paul plants, Apollos waters, but God gives the increase."

One of our leaders said recently: "The growth of the observance of the Sabbath of Jehovah is dependent upon the faithful lives of lone Sabbath keepers whose sacrifice and devotion contribute most vitally to the perpetuation of Sabbath truth."

AN UNEXPECTED HOLIDAY

So many tasks I'd planned to do
When I had time!
The homely tasks had crowded out
That work sublime.

An unexpected holiday,
How fortunate!
I'd now achieve what long I'd hoped
To consummate,

But unexpected tasks arose,
I had not planned;
I felt my hopes fast giving way
Like sinking sand.

The day advanced; only a part
Of that work done
I'd longed to do. Alas! it was
But just begun.

With disappointed, heavy heart
At setting sun
I saw "my work" was less than half,—
A quarter done.

I entered in the secret place,
And knelt in prayer.
I told my Lord just how it was;
He met me there,

And spoke peace to my troubled soul,
Banished my grief,—
And showed me that I'd gleaned that day
A full weight sheaf!

THE JOYS AND OPPORTUNITIES OF LONE SABBATH KEEPING

CLIFFORD A. BEEBE

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience." James 1:2, 3.

Perhaps if I had been a lone Sabbath keeper, in the sense of being shut off from all church fellowship with my own people, I should write differently on this topic. But I have not; although I have never been a resident member of any of our churches, I have usually been where I could get to some Seventh Day Baptist church for Sabbath services. There are many lone Sabbath keepers in such a situation as that, but there are many others who never have church fellowship, and it is to such that I wish to write.

Now, where is the joy in keeping the Sabbath alone? Is it not mostly a life of hard struggle against opposition and temptation, and loneliness? Yet James says, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." The trial of our faith in lone Sabbath keeping certainly works patience, and endurance. There are many who keep the Sabbath in Sabbath-keeping communities, such as Alfred, Shiloh, Ashaway and others, that are not true Sabbath keepers—they keep the Sabbath because it is convenient; and when they get away they will keep Sunday because it is convenient. But there are no such among lone Sabbath keepers. The L. S. K. must have a firm belief, and a strength of character, or he can not hold out against the world. And there is a great joy in knowing that you are serving your Savior at a great cost.

Yes, you all knew that, if you had thought of it; and most of you have. Now, where is there any opportunity to advance the cause of Christ and his Sabbath, for the lone Sabbath keeper? I believe that there is a greater opportunity than for the average resident member of a church.

A few years ago one faithful family of Sabbath keepers moved from the Little Prairie Church to a churchless community in Oklahoma. But they were not of the kind who hide their light under a bushel; and today you will see in all our Conference reports, and in frequent reports from

the missionary on the field, the Rock Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Belzoni, Okla. It was due to the faithful work of one lone Sabbath-keeping family.

Nearly forty years ago a lone Sabbath keeper moved to a certain community in Texas, where Sabbath keeping was unknown. There he brought to the knowledge of the truth a deacon and his family and others, and a church was organized. But it was a small church, and had little outside help, so that it dwindled in size until, after a brief existence, it was disbanded. You all know that story, probably; you know that we have no churches in Texas today, and that is the end of it,—but to a few of us who have had the opportunity to know, that is not the end of it. One faithful sister remained in the community. She was an invalid, and for years she struggled against the plague of tuberculosis, until the losing fight was ended, and she found rest in the better land. She could not go out and preach and teach the gospel; but because of her faithful and beautiful Christian life there are now three Sabbath-keeping families in that community; and in a number of places all over the great state of Texas, and in Arkansas, there are those who are Christian Sabbath keepers, due to her influence. Perhaps she did not count her trials and temptations "all joy"; but there are many of us who will have far fewer stars in our crowns.

We have all read much of our Detroit Church, and the great work that it is doing. Only four years ago, in Battle Creek, I heard a young man speak of himself and Elder St. Clair as the only Seventh Day Baptists in Detroit. But what a work God has done through them in that short four years.

Our missionary secretary has been writing us of the need of organizing more churches in the home land. In the past six years we have taken in sixteen foreign churches, and only three at home; while at least four of our home churches have been dropped from the Conference minutes. Now, who is responsible for organizing new churches? The missionary secretary and the general missionaries, we will say, of course; but they are doing their level best, and they can not do it all alone.

Lone Sabbath keepers, I believe that the

responsibility rests largely on you. The Rock Creek Church was built up through the efforts of one faithful L. S. K. family. The Detroit Church, the Attalla Church, and many others that we might name, have been built up in the same way. The lone Sabbath keeper has an opportunity, which the rest of us do not have, of holding up the light in a place where the Sabbath is not known or kept. That ought to be a joy. Some one a few years ago invented the term, "the disease of scatteration." I doubt if it is a disease. I believe it is the Master's plan for carrying out his command, "Go ye into all the world." The lone Sabbath keeper can be in the truest sense a missionary.

For these reasons, I should like to give my life to work among lone Sabbath keepers. I believe it is our richest opportunity for growth, and for spreading of the Sabbath in our own land. But the Sabbath keeper must not keep his Sabbath to himself, or he will lose this opportunity. "It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."

"My brethren, count it all joy . . ."; can we not see the joy of it? Let us be found faithful in doing this work which he has given us to do, and thus we may know the pure joys of service.

Alfred, N. Y.,
October 9, 1924.

A GIFT THAT IS A COMPLIMENT

In the gift you receive you can sometimes see yourself as others see you, and the view is not always flattering. It may be a jazz record, or a gaudy tie, or a book that you would hate to have found on you if an auto bumped you into dreamland. And you can't really blame the giver. Knowing you well he concludes that you crave that sort of thing. On the other hand his gift may convey a subtle compliment—a gift of *The Companion* for instance. It is a tribute to your good taste, to a certain idealism he has perceived in your make-up, to the impression you give that life is real and earnest and not merely a game of skittles. You may be sure that anybody who thinks slightly of *The Companion* as a gift is himself making life a game of skittles—and very little else.

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Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously."

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F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer, Plainfield, N. J.

MARRIAGES

PECK-PLACE.—At the parsonage at Alfred, N. Y., on October 20, 1924, Dana Clifford Peck and Aletha Place, both of Alfred. The ceremony was performed by Pastor A. Clyde Ehret.

GREENE-DAVIS.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore G. Davis, Milton, Wis., October 11, at 3:00 p. m., by Pastor James L. Skaggs, Mr. Homer Greene, Milton, Wis., formerly of Farina, Ill., and Miss Miriam E. Davis.

DEATHS

BRISTOL.—Lucian Miles Bristol was born in Cuba, N. Y., August 25, 1849, and died at his home near Little Genesee, N. Y., October 23, 1924, having reached the age of 75 years, 1 month, and 28 days.

Mr. Bristol was united in marriage with Aroa A. Bristol in 1904—these were privileged to live together over twenty years.

Mr. Bristol united some years ago with the Little Genesee Seventh Day Baptist Church, and was a member of same at his death.

Mr. Bristol leaves to mourn his going, his wife, two brothers, Wm. Milton of Millport, N. Y., and Fred of Cuba, N. Y., also four nephews and three nieces, and a large group of neighbors and friends.

Farewell services were held at the home Sabbath day, October 25, in charge of Pastor G. D. Hargis. Interment in the Well's Cemetery.

G. D. H.

LEWIS.—Mary Saunders Lewis was born September 12, 1830, at Chautauqua, N. Y., and died at her home in Alfred, October 21, 1924.

She was the daughter of George and Polly Scrivens Saunders and was one of four children. On September 24, 1854, she was married to Alvin Ayers Lewis. To them were born three children: Mrs. Ida Rogers of Alfred, Minnie, who died at the age of fifteen, and Alvin A. Lewis of Mayfield, N. Y. After her marriage she lived at De Ruyter, where her husband practiced medicine and acted as pastor of the Cuyler Seventh Day Baptist Church. Mr. Lewis died September 16, 1868. After Mr. Lewis's death, Mrs. Lewis and children moved to Alfred, where she has since lived.

In early womanhood she united with the Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church, and has been a faithful, devoted member until death. In her declining years she has not been able to attend church, but her chief joy and comfort was her Bible and the SABBATH RECORDER. These she

kept constantly at her side and studied them day after day.

She is survived by her daughter, her son, one nephew, and five grandchildren. The farewell services were held at the home of her daughter, conducted by her pastor, assisted by Dean Main; after which she was laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

A. C. E.

STILLMAN.—Lora Coon Stillman was born April 17, 1863, at De Ruyter, N. Y., and died at her home in Alfred, October 26, 1924.

She was the daughter of Leonard and Sarah Ann Coon, and was the youngest of eight children.

Her education was acquired in the public and high schools of De Ruyter, and the Cortland Normal, after which she followed the teaching profession for nine years.

On September 14, 1887, she was united in marriage to Frank E. Stillman of Nile, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Stillman lived for three years at De Ruyter. Then for twenty-one years their home was at Nile, N. Y. In 1911 they moved to Alfred, where they have since lived.

In early life she united with the De Ruyter Seventh Day Baptist Church. Her membership was later taken to Nile, and then to Alfred. In all her walks of life she was a consistent Christian. She believed in Christ and she lived the Christ life. Friendship, kindness, love, unselfishness showed in all that she said and did. Her great mother heart was ever ready to go out in behalf of any and all who needed sympathy. Her circle of friends extended to the far corners of each community where she lived.

She is survived by her husband, by a son, William, and his wife, Eleanor, by a foster brother, E. H. Coon of De Ruyter, and a number of nieces and nephews, and by a foster daughter, Nellie Warren.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor and President B. C. Davis, and she was laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

A. C. E.

ROGERS.—Henrietta I. Guy Rogers, who died November 3, 1924, was born in Guilford, N. Y., July 15, 1837.

She was married January 11, 1860, to Benton Rogers, who died two years ago. They had two daughters, Anna, who died several years ago, and Mrs. Eloise Wing, who survives. Other living members of her family are two grandchildren, Anna and David Wing, and a great grandson, David E. Wing, and a niece, Jessie G. Welsh, who has lived with them since childhood.

Mrs. Rogers was a descendant of an old colonial family which came to this country from England, in 1634. During the earlier years of her life she was active in church work and the Farmers' Alliance. She united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Friendship, N. Y., in 1873, and was an active member there for twenty-three years.

Funeral services were conducted at the home in Hinsdale, by Pastor Lester G. Osborn of the Friendship Seventh Day Baptist Church, assisted

by Rev. Mr. Entwistle of the Hinsdale Baptist Church. Interment in the Hinsdale Cemetery.

Those attending the funeral from out of town were: Pastor and Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Madelia Perkins and Mrs. Rett Burdick, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan and Miss Jordan of Nile, N. Y., and Mr. Wm. Burdick of Olean.

L. G. O.

FRISBIE.—Mill G. Frisbie, son of George M. and Hannah Babcock Frisbie, was born July 14, 1846, at Scott, Cortland Co., N. Y., and died at the Cortland County Hospital, October 17, 1924, aged 78 years, 3 months, and 3 days.

He was married to Martha B. Crandall, December 3, 1867. To them were born three children, all of whom survive them: Mrs. Wm. Brown of Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Charles Hammon of Homer, N. Y., and Wm. G. Frisbie of Egg Harbor City, N. J. He also leaves seven grandchildren and one great grandchild. His wife died April 8, 1921. His only brother, Elias T. Frisbie of McGraw, N. Y., died November 17, 1923.

At the age of seventeen he entered the war in Co. H, 16th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, and saw service during the remainder of the war.

He professed religion and united with the Scott Seventh Day Baptist Church early in life. During his army life he was a leader in what was called the "Praying Band," on account of his living up to his religious convictions. At the time of his death he was a member of the De Ruyter Seventh Day Baptist Church, and his many friends knew him as a strong Christian gentleman.

He was a member of the I. O. O. F. Tioughnioga Lodge, No. 552.

On May 2, 1922, he was married to Mrs. Lettie B. Schellinger, and they made their home at Truxton. Here they spent two pleasant years in spite of some hindrances of poor health. The need of an operation took him to the hospital, where a successful operation was performed; but he was not strong enough to combat pneumonia, which set in after the operation. His wife was with him throughout these trying days.

Farewell services were conducted from his late home in Truxton, October 19, at 2 p. m. Services were in charge of his pastor, Rev. John Fitz Randolph of De Ruyter, N. Y. Interment was made at Scott. The American Legion assisted in the burial service.

J. F. R.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription

Per Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Per Month25
Per Copy05

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

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Sabbath School. Lesson X.—Dec. 6, 1924

THE MAN BORN BLIND. John 9: 1-41.

Golden Text.—"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." John 9: 25.

DAILY READINGS

Nov. 30—Jesus Heals a Blind Man. John 9: 1-12.

Dec. 1—The Attitude of the Pharisees. John 9: 24-34.

Dec. 2—The Attitude of Jesus. John 9: 35-41.

Dec. 3—Shining Christians. Matt. 5: 10-16.

Dec. 4—A Prayer for Light. Psalm 119: 17-24.

Dec. 5—"The light of the world." John 8: 12-20.

Dec. 6—The Marriage of the Lamb. Rev. 19: 1-8.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

We weaken when we exaggerate.—*La Harpe.*

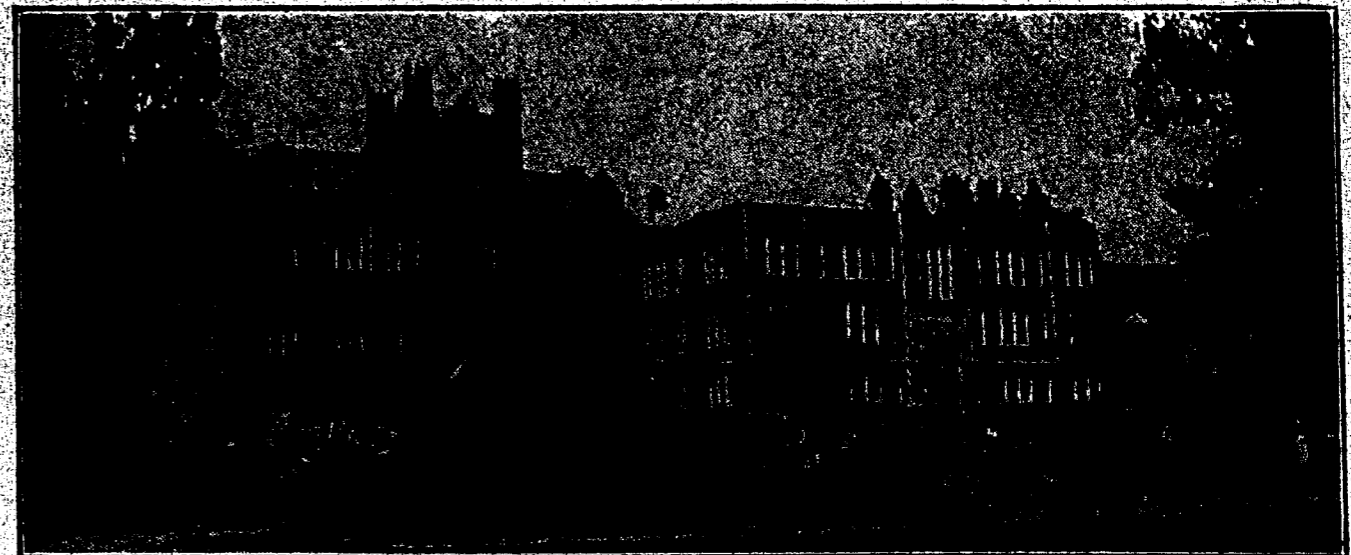
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"WE YET CAN TRIUMPH"

We yet can triumph. We have tried and fail'd
And tried again and fail'd again and tried.
Many a time I've wished that I had died
Before I saw the light. But though I quail'd,
Yet have I stubbornly my fate assail'd
With dazed determination, dignified
With prayer and gratitude, and always cried
Thy will be done, O God! And God prevail'd.
We can not always choose: it were not best:
God knows; and if we trust all will be well.
I pray it with shut eyes and open mind:
I want, be it with all my soul attest,
Nothing that will not ultimately tell
To the eternal good of all mankind!

—Paul Shivell.

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