

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.**

A CHRISTMAS CARMEN

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn is begun:
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love,
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove.
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations:
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!
—John G. Whittier.

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SABBATH RECORDER. The aim of the committee at the beginning of this survey was to secure the names of heads of families only, but the list secured does not in every instance carry out this aim.

Total number of churches reporting 58
 Number of Seventh Day Baptist families as reported 3425
 Number of these not subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER 2173
 Number of churches not reporting,—
 One in the Central
 Two each in Western, Northwestern, Eastern, and Southwestern Associations,
 Three in Southeastern.

The fact is clearly shown by the reports received, that there are a large number of Seventh Day Baptist families that do not have the SABBATH RECORDER, and that should be among its list of subscribers.

A list of the nonsubscribers' names has been prepared and will be left at the RECORDER office for the corresponding secretary and business manager to use as may seem best in increasing the subscription list of the SABBATH RECORDER.

We would recommend that free copies be sent for a time to the nonsubscribers in any church who will agree to make a thorough canvass for new subscribers.

Respectfully submitted,
 JESSE G. BURDICK,
 WILLARD D. BURDICK,
 L. H. NORTH,
 Committee.

December 14, 1924.

Dear reader, do you wonder that our hearts sink with discouragement over the apparent indifference among the churches regarding the welfare of the SABBATH RECORDER, and regarding the need of hundreds belonging to our churches who do not subscribe for it? After a year and a half of faithful effort to find some way to increase the lists of subscribers and after trying time and again to secure the co-operation of pastors and clerks, the committee has to report that something more than half of those reported as Seventh Day Baptist families are "nonsubscribers"!

More than a thousand resident families and nearly a thousand nonresident families are reported as not taking the SABBATH RECORDER; and so far as we can see, there is no special effort being made by the churches themselves to secure the subscriptions of their own members.

What can be the outlook for our future if more than half our families fail to keep in touch with the interests belonging to our cause, when such keeping in touch is so much needed if we are to live as a people?

Please look at the recommendation at the

close of this report. It was adopted by the Tract Board. And now, if any church will promise to follow up our effort by soliciting subscribers among its members, who do not take the RECORDER, we will first send these families the RECORDER free for four weeks in succession, so they can see for themselves something of the blessing it could bring their homes by weekly visits all the year round.

The list of nonsubscribers secured is being held in the RECORDER office, and we wait now to see who will respond. More than half the families of some of our larger churches are reported as not taking the paper.

The New Calendar Brother W. D. Burdick and his wife have spent much time in preparing the *Seventh Day Baptist Calendar for 1925*. They have spared no pains in their efforts to make it both attractive and useful.

This year it is printed on fine green paper throughout. Its pages are six by nine inches and its pictures are of historic persons and scenes.

On the cover is a good cut showing Rev. Thomas Hiscox and the old Hopkinton Church, of which he was the fourth pastor. In the historical room of the publishing house is an old chair that belonged to Mr. Hiscox. It is an interesting souvenir of early days. It may be two hundred years old.

Inside this cover is the picture of Rev. Peter Chamberlin, M. D., regarded as pastor of Mill Yard Church, London, 1657-1683. He was physician to three English sovereigns, a man highly esteemed in his day. On every leaf of the calendar you will find a picture of some noted Seventh Day Baptist or of some church or school.

Good pictures are shown of Rev. Samuel Stennett, the famous hymn writer, with one of his hymns; Hon. Samuel Ward, at one time a governor of Rhode Island; Dr. Ella F. Swinney, missionary to China; and Nathaniel Bailey, of Mill Yard Church, publisher of an English dictionary, which ran through thirty editions.

Of our church buildings you will find pictures of the churches at Boulder, Colo.; Albion, Wis.; Jackson Center, Ohio; Los Angeles, Calif.; Stonefort, Ill.; and Plainfield, N. J.

The other pictures given in the calendar

are of the church and parsonage at Middle Island, W. Va.; the first Seventh Day Baptist parsonage at Newport, R. I.; Salem College; the two historical volumes: *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*; and our new publishing house with the vacant lot where the main building is to stand.

The calendar contains twenty-six pages; and it is crowded full of information concerning all our annual meetings, as to date of their coming, their officers, and place of meeting. It gives data regarding all our boards and committees, our publications, including books and tracts and Sabbath school helps. It also gives information regarding places in cities where our people worship on Sabbaths, our colleges and their time of opening.

On the second page is a complete index. And as a whole it is a most helpful directory for any one who desires to keep informed regarding the work and workers of the denomination.

Most Great Things Come From Small Beginnings

The gifts for the New Building Fund, coming as they do from widely separated lone Sabbath keepers and from members of home societies and churches, are like straws in the current, showing which way the tide is flowing and giving some idea of the widespread interest in the proposed new building.

Several times during these months, the thought that most great things come from small beginnings has come to me with good cheer. The loyal, hopeful words in letters from the givers have been especially encouraging.

Several times, since I have wielded the editor's pen, have small beginnings brought encouragement to keep on with the efforts to accomplish what seemed like large undertakings, until the result was all that could be desired.

In nineteen hundred three, when both the Tract and Missionary boards were heavily in debt, it was my privilege to test the loyalty of our people in a movement through the SABBATH RECORDER to pay off the debts. Again, in nineteen hundred seven, our cause was being handicapped with a heavy debt; and on October 21, the RECORDER began appealing to the people for

the money to pay. The debt ran up into thousands of dollars; and some members of the board said: "Gardiner, you can't do it." Nevertheless, I determined to try. The first few weeks gave small results; but the fact that many lone Sabbath keepers began to respond was most encouraging; for I knew this would beget interest in the home churches. Small and few were the gifts at first. Many of them seemed like "a drop in the bucket"; but every one brought some cheer; and the RECORDER kept at it every week without a miss, for almost nine months—from October 21, 1907, to July 13, 1908—until every dollar was paid; and toward the last, funds came rushing in until there was a surplus of \$416.

The spirit of loyalty among our people, the wide-spread interest which developed week by week, until everybody rejoiced over the result, were certainly most encouraging and helpful. Again, when all our work was being handicapped from want of a publishing house and denominational building, the case was laid upon the hearts of the people in Conference assembled; and as soon as they began to realize the need, our people again began to respond with gifts. From far and near, throughout the entire land, offerings began to drift in, showing the trend of the tide in favor of the movement. It is significant that in just a few years, without any personal solicitations being made, the fine sum of \$59,613.67 has come to hand as free-will offerings for the building. This gave us our splendid print shop and the good lot for the main building. This sum covers the time to last Conference, when the report was given.

Now, everybody rejoices over the result. Everyone who comes here seems proud of our fireproof, roomy printing house, with its up-to-date equipment and facilities for service. No one who gave money feels any poorer on that account. If anything, we are all surprised that it was done so easily, without ever having to send out a solicitor for money. Whoever sees the fine large lot awaiting the main denominational building, expresses the hope that the work may not be allowed to stop half completed.

I am sure this feeling prevails throughout the denomination. Our people would rejoice to see this memorial building com-

pleted; and if they all rally together, doing what they can easily do, we shall see it completed within three or four years, and nobody will then feel any loss on account of the gifts that have made it possible.

It should be a broadly *denominational* enterprise, free as possible from being regarded as a local matter. Not many days ago the New Building Fund was begun with the understanding that all gifts for this purpose should be invested at interest, and never be used for any other purpose whatever. The fund has grown to \$500 already, and all eyes will be watching to see it grow. What we have done so easily, as related above, should impress us with the assurance that we can do great things when all the people have a mind to work.

We trust that there are several loyal ones who will soon make pledges of large gifts to show their interest in the faith of their fathers. I hope to live long enough to see the building completed. It would be a good finish for more than half a century of service.

Let Us Not Help The Enemy By Useless Contentions

Some years ago a writer quoted page after page from the writings of one of the most unorthodox writers I ever knew, and wanted it published in order to give him a chance to make a protest against such teaching. Every once in a while some one tries something similar, only on a smaller scale. To me it seems unwise to quote theories of unbelievers, which might never come to the attention of our readers if we did not give them place in the public print. Even when done to give opportunity to argue against them, and when the replies are good and conclusive, it seems like a hazardous experiment—too much like dealing out poison to a man in order to demonstrate the efficacy of some antidote! too much like setting the house on fire in order to show the efficacy of a fire extinguisher! The chances are that in such a case a conflagration might result in spite of our apparatus to extinguish it.

The gospel of Christ is still the power of God unto salvation and is the only antidote I know for the poison of unbelief.

While there are so many practical and uplifting gospel truths, for want of which human souls are dying, it does not seem

right for me to spend time and energy in helping the evil one to fill men's minds with doubts that destroy their faith and rob them of hope.

The best antidote for skeptical poison, is the warm gospel of a loving Father and precious Savior, preached in its simplicity and without special effort to combat some opposing theory. The habit of perpetually setting up some opposing theory when preaching, may give a man the appearance of great learning; but it also shows his lack of sound common sense.

Mr. Spurgeon once said: "Thousands of unbelievers have been born into the family of skepticism by professed preachers of the gospel," who tried by strange theories to strengthen their hearers in faith. This is too much like throwing dry shavings on a fire in order to put it out.

Much is now being said about the need of a revival in all the churches. It will never come anywhere by arguments concerning the opposing factions in the Church. If revivals come at all, they will come through the simple, earnest gospel preaching of Jesus Christ and him crucified, presented without special effort to fight opposing theories.

Little Baba Reprinted Many of our readers will remember a little booklet of fifteen illustrated pages entitled: "Little Baba of the Bethlehem Hills," by Mrs. Theodore J. Van Horn, published some years ago. It is a charming little gem for a holiday gift for children. While at Conference last August, certain persons urged Mrs. Van Horn to have a second edition published. One friend said to her: "My children call for the story of Little Baba oftener than for all other story books." After other such testimonies, Mrs. Van Horn decided to have it reprinted.

The new edition is certainly beautiful, with its story of shepherd life among the Bethlehem hills. It is in the form of a conversation between a little white lamb and its mother concerning a good shepherd's care for the flock, and is illuminated with the Shepherd Psalm all through its pages, in artistic lettering, scattered through the booklet, between the paragraphs of the story.

If you wish to present your children with a sweet and beautiful holiday present which

they will love and which will inspire them with thoughts of the Good Shepherd's care, send Mrs. Van Horn, Verona, N. Y., twenty-five cents, and she will mail it to you.

It Will Touch Many Hearts The article by Mrs. Ellen W. Socwell Ramsey, on this page, so full of reminiscences of other days will touch a tender chord in many hearts. When I recall the beautiful surroundings of the old West Hallock Church, now standing empty and deserted in one of the very richest and most prosperous farming communities ever occupied by Seventh Day Baptists, it is hard to feel reconciled to the sad outcome, where once we had a promising and prosperous people.

"AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

MRS. ELLEN W. SOCWELL RAMSEY

It is a great thing to be loved and long remembered by little children.

Upon returning home from the late General Conference at Milton, Wis., it was my lot to travel alone from early morning until late at night. At Davis Junction, after a hasty lunch, I boarded the long train which came rolling in from Chicago. Then, as we dashed into the West, mile after mile fled behind us, as we thundered across those fertile prairies of Illinois, my native state, until without stop or slowdown we reached Savannah, along the Mississippi. Being alone in the car except for six passengers all bound for Los Angeles, Calif., I leaned to the window and took my fill of Illinois scenery. My thoughts and gaze wandered far to the southward, where lies Peoria county, that veritable Garden of Eden.

As I gazed, my thoughts reverted to childhood days, and a long procession of people passed in review. Among the friends and neighbors, there also appeared the faces of various ministers and their wives, with whom it has been my good fortune to become acquainted.

First, was Rev. Anthony Hakes, the pastor in the late fifties and early sixties, at the West Hallock Church. With him as pastor, the West Hallock Church entertained the Northwestern Association, along in the middle sixties. The church building being too small to accommodate the crowds, con-

sent was obtained to use the Methodist church, known locally as the "Mount Heading" church, and situated three quarters of a mile north and one-half mile east of our own church. The Methodists not only allowed us the use of their church, but their pastor, Rev. Mr. Millsap, attended the meetings and brought his congregation with him, thus filling the church to its utmost capacity.

I still can see the men with their "stovepipe" hats and queerly cut clothes, the women in their tight waists and full skirts, and on their heads, large straw bonnets with a gay flower garden on every one. The stovepipe hats and flowry bonnets did not particularly interest me. But I took careful notice of a turkey feather fan which was waved majestically back and forth at every session by our nearest neighbor's wife, a devoted Methodist. I decided then and there that my mother should have a fan exactly like it, and to this day I regret that my mother's ambition for fans did not follow the same course as my own.

My parents lived only a few rods north of the cross-roads where stood this Methodist church. They entertained many people, among whom were various ministers. Of these, Rev. James Bailey and President W. C. Whitford are the ones I best remember. With them, I, a little six-year-old girl, struck up a friendship which was never broken, but augmented, as long as these two men lived. Reverends Jared Kenyon, C. M. Lewis, Jonathan Allen, and many others are also remembered from this time. Our aged brother, Rev. S. R. Wheeler, is the only one now living, of all the ministers who participated in these associational deliberations. The congregation, also, has long been sleeping its last sleep. Only a few of the children of that day are left to remember.

A few years later, a new church was built by our people across the road from our first church, during the pastorate of Rev. Nathan Wardner. In 1872, with him as pastor, the General Conference met in this new church at West Hallock. I, some older grown, was again an interested spectator. The church choir was the object of my admiration at this time. Under the efficient leadership of Truman A. Saunders as chorister, and Miss Louise Simpson as

organist, the West Hallock Church choir, was, in 1872, the largest and best drilled choir in the denomination. It was composed of members of the various Saunders, Potter, and Burdick families, Vars, Brown, Socwell, Ballou, Estee, Davis, Simpson, Spicer, Hakes, and Wardner.

The hymns they sang were from the *Christian Psalms*, such as "All People That On Earth Do Dwell," "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," "Arise, My Soul, Arise," "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned." The stirring anthems, "Cry Out And Shout," "How Excellent," "Bow Down Thine Ear," "Let Every Heart Rejoice And Sing," were for the most part composed by our own Dr. J. M. Stillman.

Hymns and anthems as sung by this silver throated choir were an outpouring of love and praise to God and filled to overflowing the hearts of that vast congregation.

To this day I can see the faces and hear the voices; and the memory of it will thrill me as long as I live. It was real music. Classical in every detail, but with no vocal gymnastics, nor concert hall attainments to hurt one's sense of propriety.

Many ministers were come together here at this time, and from among them I can well remember Varnum Hull preaching a fiery sermon. A testimony given by Rev. Joshua Clarke was a wonderful thing. He rose in his place and in his slow, deep voice, said: "If I had a thousand sons I would dedicate them all to the service of God." I shall always remember it.

Where, did you say, are the choir and congregation? Scattered. Resting from their labors. "And their works do follow them." Death has claimed a heavy toll of both choir and congregation, ministers, and all. Again, Rev. S. R. Wheeler stands alone from among the latter. Only eight of the choir are left. And the congregation? Gone. Arkansas, Illinois, Kansas, Wisconsin, each has claimed their dead from among the choir. My parents sleep beneath Iowa skies, while Pike's Peak in his lofty, snowcapped grandeur, stands a mighty, silent sentinel over the lonely pillow of my beloved brother.

Thus, as the hours went by and the miles stretched behind us, my thoughts followed on to the year 1882, when the Northwestern Association met once more with the

West Hallock Church. But the decline of the church was now well under way, and the people at large throughout the denomination did not form such a crowd as in former years. A large number of ministers were present, among whom was our much loved former pastor, Rev. Nathan Wardner, also Rev. L. R. Swinney, E. M. Dunn, G. M. Cottrell, C. A. Burdick, T. L. Gardiner, S. R. Wheeler, and others, all of whom, with the exception of S. R. Wheeler, T. L. Gardiner and G. M. Cottrell, have answered the call to come up higher.

The famous West Hallock church is still standing—a monument to the generations gone—silent and deserted. The spire still points heavenward, but the bell hangs quiet. The belfry is the abiding place of spiders and sparrows. The doors, once so hospitably open, are closed. The walls no longer echo to the voices of pastor and choir. An occasional visitor of other days, in search of some book as a memento of some loved one long since dead, is all that breaks the silence.

In summer, the eaves shed rainy tears as if for those whose feet no more tread those aisles. In winter the wind shrieks around the corners, rattles the blinds and piles high the snow on walks and against the doors, as if in mad resentment at the desertion of this house of God. And by the way, in my opinion, no church, once dedicated to the worship of God, can ever be undedicated, or properly sold to any one for secular use in any way.

But how easy it is to digress from the matter in hand. Here comes the crossing of the Mississippi, which is a disappointment to one who has ever seen it either above or below Savannah. Too many islands spoil its grandeur. At last we are across, lose sight of Illinois and its memories, and go speeding into the West again, with its low descending sun, gathering twilight, and at last, darkness.

My thoughts turn to the succeeding six years at Milton, with its college and church friendships—new faces, new friends, new influences. But here, too, I renewed my childhood friendship with the James Bailey and President Whitford families, and I have many pleasant memories of the hours spent with them and with Rev. Nathan Wardner and his wife, Mrs. Olive B. Wardner. Here, too, were Rev. E. M. Dunn and wife; and the months I spent in

their family are now among the most prized of my recollections.

And still my thoughts fly on down the intervening years from my going to Milton in 1882 to the Conference I was just regretfully leaving behind. Friends of those days still walk silently beside me, and I still clasp their hands and look in their faces, wondering if they remember me as I do them.

And at Conference I received my answer. After an absence of thirty-four years, people still remembered me. One by a smile, another by my laugh, still another by my singing. And then, a lady told me that the memory of wonderful "bear" and "woof" stories, fairies, and goblins had remained with her and hers from away back in the late seventies, when I, a thoughtless "big girl," sat behind their stove evening after evening and told stories at bedtime. The two little white-robed, curly-headed tots of those days, who curled in my lap and listened so rapturously, are now middle aged. But I was told that the love for me and the memory of me has traveled in the heart of one of them, across the broad Pacific, to China. And who knows? Please God, she may be a better missionary for having been with me in those faraway days.

And, too, in 1883, a one-time little boy came to school to me in a little, old school-house, a few miles out of Milton. Now a middle aged man shakes my hand and tells me he has remembered me all these years and wished he could see me again. Surely my influence was worth something or he would not have taken pleasure in remembering me or greeting me again. These were the nicest things that happened to me at Conference. My heart was warmed, and I felt that I surely had given my mite. "And Their Works Do Follow Them."

Thus, things that seem so trivial, have their influence in unexpected ways, and go on and on from one life to another to infinitude. So, for all the wonderful friends and their associations through all my life, I do thank God. And I like to feel that the influences thus unconsciously cast around me have helped to make me what I am, perhaps helping me in my turn to help others. Please God that it may be so.

Darkness outside my train is deep, as we still plunge onward, always into the West.

I still muse upon bygone days, friends, and influences, and with these thoughts there comes:

"Daylight passeth by,
Even time is nigh.
Dimly seen through falling tears
Come the loved of other years,
Close beside me, now they stand,
Linked together hand in hand,
Singing in my ear,
We are ever near."

Young man, young woman, have you a cheerful smile? Then smile. Have you a wholesome, infectious laugh? Then laugh. Can you sing in the village choir? Please do so. Some unnoticed child may see or hear you and by these influences be led to better things through life. Can you sympathize with a little child in any way? Can you tell them stories at bedtime? Do so. And by so doing build yourself a memorial that shall stand through all eternity. It is a great thing to be loved and long remembered by little children.

THE EVENING HOUR

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh: for Jehovah shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

Thou who hast given us the rest of the night, in thy loving pity make it effectual for us in quiet sleep. Help us to put away worldly cares and perplexing questions in the assurance that all things work together for our good through thine unsleeping love. If the day has brought us sorrow, we are thy children still, and we rejoice in thee. We have sinned, but there is forgiveness with thee. If friends have betrayed or forgotten us, help us to remember that we share the experience of Christ whose friendship never fails. If we are in bodily pain, let sleep bring healing. If we are anxious for others, to thee we commit them in assurance of thy love to all. Unto thee we commit our spirits. In the name of Christ we will both lay us down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest us dwell in safety. And for thy guardian love we bring thee thanks through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Selected by A. E. M.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST WAY OF GIVING

The following is from a letter that I recently sent to be read at the Jamaica Seventh Day Baptist Association that meets with the Kingston Church December 28-30.

"Some of you have asked me about the Seventh Day Baptist way of giving. We have no autocratic power in the local church or denomination that tells us what we must give. Of course our churches and the denomination are constantly needing money to carry on the work of the Lord. The New Testament standard of giving appears to be according 'as God hath prospered' us. (1 Cor. 16:2.)

"We do not tell a member that he *must* give a certain amount, but we wish him to be so interested in God's work that he desires to give, and to give sacrificially for the work of God. Many of us feel that we ought not to give less than did the Jews in Old Testament times, and so we tithe, and encourage others to tithe; but we do not *require* tithing. 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' I believe that giving is one of the ways in which God brings great spiritual blessings to us."

PROUD OF HIM

The father looked his fourteen-year-old son straight in the eyes and said: "My boy, I am prouder of you this minute than I ever expected to be in your life." You would feel mighty proud to have such a father say that he was proud of you. This father was a captain in the United States army, and was home on furlough for a few days.

Now, what do you suppose that boy could have done to win these words of praise from his soldier-father? Had he rescued some one from death, or gone into peril to save a companion?

This boy had come home from school that afternoon, and found his mother at the ironing board. The father's being away in the army made it necessary for the mother to do much of her own work to make ends meet. The boy could see that his mother was worn out. In her face he read the unmistakable signs of a headache. So he spoke up: "Mother, you're not fit to do that ironing. You go right upstairs and lie down and rest until you feel better, and I'll take care of this job." And the boy took his mother's place at the ironing board, and stayed there until the work was finished. He did a good job of it, too. It was the hearing about this when he came home that made his father's heart swell with pride. It was this story from his wife's lips that made the father say: "I am prouder of you this minute, my son, than I ever expected to be in all your life."

Do you think that doing a woman's work makes a boy a sissy? Do you think that wearing an apron, and washing dishes, or handling a broom, or knowing how to mix batter, makes a girl of you? That father was prouder of his son's job of ironing than he would have been if his son had carried the ball clear down the gridiron, or made a home run on the diamond, or had won a hundred yards on the track, or had done some brave deed on the field of battle.

Boys dream of doing heroic deeds. They think of rescuing helpless women from the hands of ruffians, or outwitting thieves, or capturing criminals, or defending the innocent from cruel injustice. But is that any nobler, or any braver, than the chivalry of the boy who sees a mother's weariness, and rescues her from the slavery of toil, or saves her from the torture of a headache? The boy who saves his mother from over-work shares the honors of the soldier, who saves the home from the ruthless invader.

If you dream of showing your manhood by your prowess on some athletic team, or by your ability to take punishment without a whimper, or by your heroism on the field of battle, just add to the possible scenes of your heroism your own little home circle, and remember the words of that army captain: "I am prouder of you this minute, my son, than I ever expected to be in all your life." It may be truly heroic for a man to do a woman's work.—*Ashaway Messenger.*

THE STANDING OF THE CHURCHES

Payments on the denominational budget for the year beginning July 1, 1924, as reported by the Onward Movement treasurer:

Churches	Quota	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Adams Center	\$1,530.00	\$.....	\$.....	\$.....	\$ 61.00	\$ 10.25
Albion	1,284.00
First Alfred	3,264.00	165.16	87.80	87.92	157.40
Second Alfred	2,424.00	25.20	31.10
Andover	478.00
Attalla	118.00
Battle Creek	1,624.00
Berlin	588.00	25.00
Boulder	814.00
First Brookfield	1,024.00	15.50	75.25
Second Brookfield	984.00	38.33	35.75
Carlton (Garwin)	576.00
Chicago	776.00	51.00
Cosmos	100.00
DeRuyter	804.00	50.00
Detroit	180.00
Dodge Center	1,008.00	56.50
Exeland	200.00
Farina	1,452.00	109.42
Fouke	444.00	55.00
Friendship	900.00	65.00
First Genesee	1,668.00	31.10	37.50
Gentry	260.00	6.00	20.00
Grand Marsh	50.00
Greenbrier	50.00
Hammond	460.00
Hartsville	144.00	5.00	5.00
First Hebron	348.00
Hebron Center	50.00
First Hopkinton	2,124.00
Second Hopkinton	324.00	13.33	6.66	6.66
Independence	960.00	100.00
Jackson Center	575.00	10.00
Little Prairie	150.00	13.00
Los Angeles	240.00
Lost Creek	750.00	100.00
Marlboro	500.00	50.00
Middle Island	400.00
Milton	3,624.00	236.22
Milton Junction	1,436.00	100.00
Muskegon	80.00
New Auburn	594.00
New York City	660.00	126.00	24.01
North Loup	2,724.00
Nortonville	1,788.00
Pawcatuck	3,723.00	1,000.00
Piscataway	800.00	148.90
Plainfield	2,116.00	79.60	74.75	95.85
Portville	200.00
Richburg	288.00
Ritchie	500.00
Riverside	900.00
Roanoke	195.00
Rock Creek	50.00
Rockville	600.00	19.00
Salem	2,000.00	301.00
Salemville	100.00
Scio	50.00
Scott	111.00
Shiloh	3,312.00
Stonefort	200.00
Syracuse	216.00	14.50
First Verona	820.00	25.00
Walworth	500.00
Waterford	418.00	41.00	72.00
Welton	684.00	50.00
West Edmeston	276.00	100.00
White Cloud	624.00

During the first five months of the Onward Movement the whole amount paid in was \$4,724.22. Of this, \$609.56 was for miscellaneous purposes outside of the Forward Movement and Parallel budgets, leaving \$4,116.66 on the Onward Movement budget direct.

The portion due for the five months was \$24,276.67.

Note how far short we have come of the goal.

Exactly one half of the churches have failed to pay in anything during the five months. Is your church in this list?

Twenty-two churches sent in but once during the five months.

Thirty-four have together made fifty payments; where, if paying monthly, they would have paid one hundred seventy times.

The churches paying have sent their money to the treasurer on the average of once in every three and two-fifths months.

In behalf of the denomination, I ask the church treasurers to send in their money at the end of each month, or at least once in two months.

MISSIONS

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

OUR TRIP FROM COAST TO COAST

LETTER FROM MRS. EUGENE DAVIS

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

So many people seemed to have been interested in our trip from coast to coast by automobile that possibly a description of the undertaking may not be amiss for RECORDER readers.

The journey was taken in easy stages with many long or short visits intervening. Leaving Plainfield, June 4, we were auto-tourists until October 19, when we arrived in Vancouver, B. C. The intervals were spent in Alfred, Independence, Nile, Little Genesee, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Ashtabula on Lake Erie; Goguc Lake and Battle Creek, Mich.; Milton, Milton Junction and Walworth, Wis.; North Loup, Neb.; Boulder, Colo.; Ft. Steele, Wyo.; Starkey Hot Springs, Idaho; Clarkston and Seattle, Wash. Many a camp for tourists was patronized over night in the West, and many a farm home yard in the East, while often camp was pitched by the roadside in a spot sheltered by thick trees, or near a place where good milk could be obtained.

We carried no firearms, nor yet a dog, as did so many tourists whom we met. We had no unpleasant experience in being held up, nor robbed in camp. Having taken to the road, we found it most friendly—and rain offered almost no inconvenience any where along the way.

Our shortest mileage for a day was seventy-five, the longest two hundred twenty-nine miles. We found the warmest day of our outing on Independence Hill, and our coldest day in a blinding snow storm in crossing the wastes of Wyoming. The best equipped camp and the cleanest one we saw was at Pocatello, Idaho, and Seattle was a close second. The most beautiful stretches of mountain scenery were enjoyed at Delaware Water Gap and the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania; Estes Park and Big Thompson Canyon in Colorado; the Evergreen Highway through the length of Ida-

ho; among the Cascade Mountains from The Dalles to Portland, Oregon; ending with snow-capped Mt. Hooker in far north-western Washington. The charm of lake, river, mountain, and hill met us from the Delaware to Puget Sound. Fertile plain and mesa, waterfall and desert, contributed their abundance in interest and inspiration.

Just before entering Twin Falls, Idaho, we crossed the highest suspension bridge in the world; and in crossing the Craig Mountains in Idaho and along the magnificent Columbia River Highway, we were again intensely impressed with the marvels of modern engineering in road building.

In Idaho, especially, the old yet ever new lure of effort to reclaim the desert and make it blossom, filled us with admiration. And, anon, we paused to wonder at the huge evidences of lava formation through long areas of this same state. There were, too, great marks of an unknown past, when mighty streams coursed over those plains, and with the changing bed of the river had worn away ledge upon ledge, until only the corrugations were left. Hot springs steaming from the ground were a source of surprising interest. At Starkey Hot Springs, Idaho, we passed a Sabbath in a beautiful spot set down among the mountains, where the tall, dark pines, firs and tamaracks surrounded us with a background of strength and restfulness, against which stood out the smaller trees—ash, maple, and what-not—in all their crimson and golden autumn glory.

At Alfred, where for the first time in twenty years we attended commencement at our Alma Mater, the apple trees and white lilacs were at their height; and the air was redolent with perfumes cherished with the memories of twenty years and more ago. Standing in one of the homes of the village, where almost one side of a room has been made a window, one started in amazement at the picture framed therein—a single apple tree in perfect blossom in all its tender pink and white and green. One would go far to catch a view like that. And the sequel seemed to be found at the other end of the rainbow—where in Washington and Oregon we gazed upon those acres of apple orchards, laden with their ruddy burden of ripened fruit. Half way between, a memory is fresh of a night spent camping at a country home in Ohio, beneath an orchard of heavily bearing cherry trees, with the

fruit just at its reddest and ready to be gathered by eager pickers.

On the "Old Oregon Trail" in the West, we were often reminded of the Red Men who roamed that country at will, not a hundred years ago, and of the daring courage of the men and women who pushed their way beyond the mountains to seek homes and fortunes in the new and unbroken country.

Our life in the open was what we needed and wished. Though the children have lost considerable time from school, their fund of information has been noticeably increased, and a wholesome, healthful, interesting vacation has been ours, attended with some hard work and inconvenience, but with much pleasure and profit.

Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate and little son joined us with the Liuho Hospital car at North Loup, and it was much more pleasant to have their company on such an expedition than it would have been had we gone alone. The task of breaking camp nearly every morning and making it again each night, while a bit irksome at first, soon became an enjoyable routine. We cooked two meals a day—morning and evening—and ate a lunch at noon, prepared as we ate. Sometimes, we ate enroute, some one feeding the driver, thus making our mileage for the day a bit more. But not often did we thus push our speed, for leisure was a part of our vacation. We cooked upon a variety of stoves—from our gasoline "Kamp Kook Stoves," a gas plate, open wood fire, or sheet iron box stove on the ground in some of the camps, to an electric plate or a bricked-in group of stoves for cord wood in a general camp kitchen.

Our route was chosen to fit the season, not necessarily to meet our choice. It had been pointed out as the one best for evading the early snows in the mountains. And so it proved, for with the exception of one day between Laramie and Ft. Steele, Wyo., we had no hindrance of that kind. When we crossed the Great Divide we should never have known it had it not previously been looked up and found to be about thirty miles west of Rawlins, Wyo. There was no mountain height to climb nor suggestion of a summit, for we were on the Plateau of the Great Divide and hence on quite a level.

Along the way there were many friends

to see, and many kindnesses of which to partake. From the Atlantic to the Pacific there reaches such a line of these friends of ours in the fifteen states, one or the other of us visited—either on the auto trip or otherwise! It would seem as if the beautiful incense of hospitality had been rising in one continuous cloud from New England to California and Washington during the eighteen months of furlough just passed. I'd like to mention names, but upon reflection I know the list would be too long for you to publish.

To all those who helped to make the cars—both the sedan, and the one for the Liuho Hospital—a reality, our gratitude is surely due, and most sincerely is it given. And even at Yokohama letters from China are overflowing with appreciation of what they are to mean to the work just now, when the fortunes of war have induced much need for them in our work.

Sincerely yours,

MARY R. DAVIS.

S. S. Empress of Russia,
November 4, 1924.

LETTER FROM CHINA—THE DAVIS AND THORNGATE FAMILIES ARRIVE

DEAR MR. DAVIS:

My drawing of \$1,394.81, as shown by the enclosed advice No. 48, is made up as follows:

Girls' School appropriation	\$ 37.50
Evangelist and incidental account	125.00
R. W. Palmborg, \$200 less \$31.00	169.00
S. M. Burdick, \$200 less \$31.00	169.00
G. I. Crandall, \$200 less 3%	194.00
Anna M. West, \$200 less 3%	194.00
J. W. Crofoot, \$400 less 3%	388.00
H. E. Davis, travel	118.31

\$1394.81

You will note that both Miss Burdick and Dr. Palmborg are contributing \$25 each to the society besides the three per cent of salary which we each are giving.

I do not know whether the item for Mr. Davis' travel requires any explanation or not. I have no doubt that he will write to you about it. It represents expenses incurred in addition to what he had received from you.

We are rejoicing in the arrival of the Davises and Thorngates. The latter are starting in well on language study and the

former are plenty busy with a number of different things. The repairs on the hospital at Liuho seem to be going on well.

We hope to reach a decision in a few days as to where we shall build our new boys' school. Am I at liberty to draw on you for such sums as you have received for that purpose whenever we decide we need it? And how much have you in hand for the boys' school?

Of course we do not want to do anything rash, but we hope not to delay much longer. It is hard to decide what is best, but it surely is time that we decided for all that.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. CROFOOT.

S. D. B. Mission,
Pont Ste. Catherine,
Shanghai, China,
November 21, 1924.

SPECIAL MEETINGS AT NILE

The secretary has sent letters to each pastor asking that when he has held his special meetings he send an account of them for the Missionary Department of the RECORDER. This is done, not alone to secure evangelistic news from the churches, but also that we may encourage one another by the knowledge of what is being done to advance the Master's kingdom. Nile is the first to report. Extensive preparations were made and all plans were faithfully carried out. Below is given the account furnished by the pastor. For the sake of what it may suggest to others much of the advertising matter is included in this account. The results are encouraging and doubtless far greater results would have been realized had the meetings been continued a week or two longer.

"THE CHURCH WITH THE WARM WELCOME"
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH
NILE, N. Y.

Rev. W. L. Burdick,
Ashaway, R. I.

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

I have just now found time to comply with your request to write up our meetings for you. I have written to Rev. W. D. Burdick about the results, etc., and will confine this mostly to the methods.

We have been thinking and praying about special meetings for weeks. Finally, after talking about meetings almost incessantly,

we fixed a time, and talked some more. About three weeks before the scheduled time, we began to hold pre-church prayer services, praying for the meetings. I also presented an estimate of the expenses to the church, and we raised sixty dollars in pledges, and the Sabbath school gave fifteen dollars.

Financially, our meetings were a success. We didn't try to make money on them. We took two collections which amounted to about \$31, so we had enough to pay all the bills, pay Mr. Hargis \$25 towards his expenses coming and going, and still have a little to forward to the Onward Movement treasurer.

Our printing cost, in round numbers, \$23. Our song books cost \$24, but we sold enough to cut that \$7.75.

Now as to our publicity campaign. Of course we talked. Then a week preceding the meetings, the Christian endeavorers distributed in Nile, Friendship, and surrounding country, five hundred dodgers like the following:

Great Soul-Stirring Messages.

HEAR HARGIS

at the

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

in the

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH

NILE, NEW YORK

Beginning November 9

GOOD MUSIC

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

THE STRAIGHT GOSPEL

"The Church With the Warm Welcome"
Invites You

The Sabbath afternoon before the meetings began they distributed a folder with the following on it:

THE CHURCH WITH A WARM WELCOME

Extends to you a cordial welcome to attend our Special Meetings.

If you are a Christian—

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."

You will learn to know Jesus better.

You will find new strength and courage.

You will enjoy meeting Christian friends.

If you are not a Christian—

"Come let us reason together."

You will learn to know Jesus.

You will find the way to true happiness.

You will enjoy the warmth of Christian cordiality.

Beginning Sunday, November 9, at 7.45 p. m.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH—AT NILE, N. Y.

The Sabbath in the middle of the meetings, the Christian endeavorers used the folders given below, and these were also used to pass out at the meetings, to put into the hands of workers, and to pass to those to whom we talked.

YOU WILL WANT TO HEAR HARGIS
PREACH ON THESE SUBJECTS
Bring Your Neighbors!

Sunday, Nov. 16.—What it Costs Not to Be a Christian.

Monday, Nov. 17.—Contact Without Communion.

Tuesday, Nov. 18.—The Sabbath: Its Power; Its Practical Value to Life.

Wednesday, Nov. 19.—Five Young Ladies.

Thursday, Nov. 20.—After Conversion—What?

Friday, Nov. 21.—Soul Vitamines.

*Rousing Song Service Starts at 7:45 Each Night,
Special Music Every Evening.*

A week before the meetings, we had a large muslin sign put on the front of the church, with the following:

A COMFORTABLE PEW AND A

WELCOME FOR YOU

MEETINGS DAILY (EXCEPT SATURDAY)

AT 7.45 P. M.

HEAR HARGIS PREACH THE STRAIGHT GOSPEL

BEGINS NOVEMBER 9

Then I used the papers for write-ups, and we paid for two display advertisements as per enclosed clippings. Every day I took our blackboard and put

SUBJECT TONIGHT—

etc.,

and set it outside by the steps.

About three weeks before the meetings I passed out the "Enlistment Cards" for signatures. About thirty-five were signed in one way and another

A little later I sent a letter like the enclosed to each of the personal workers who pledged. We carried out the plans nearly as outlined in the letter.

Our evening program was about as follows: A pre-prayer service at 7.15 by the lay workers. Mr. Hargis and I had our season of prayer together here at the parsonage, going up to the church just before time to begin. I had charge of the song services each night. I tried to make them lively and to bring the people together in thought, starting with faster pieces and ending with something quiet. During that period we had from one to three special numbers—solos, duets, quartets—and the announcements and a prayer. One or two nights

we had "pop-corn" scripture reading—verses from the audience. One night the Little Genesee people came over in goodly numbers with their eight piece orchestra.

At 8.15 or soon thereafter, I would turn the meeting over to Brother Hargis. And he did give us a series of the best sermons—full of life, sincere, and straight from the shoulder. He should be in the field as an evangelist. Every night the invitation was given. And nearly every night, two or three would withdraw quietly and go to the balcony room to be in prayer during the invitation service.

We did not have the visible results that we should have had. But as Paul says, "I planted, Apollos watered, God giveth the increase." Since the meetings, a girl has come to us asking for baptism. She made her decision during the meetings, and was baptized Sabbath day (yesterday) with three others. We shall reap the harvest from time to time like that. I do know that we as a church feel spiritually uplifted, and have a greater zeal for the work of the Master.

The Sabbath during the meetings, instead of preaching a sermon, I held a testimony meeting, and a decision service. Two ladies presented themselves for membership, coming from other churches, and one boy made the decision for Christ. Twenty-one pledged themselves that day to speak to at least one person that week concerning his or her soul. It was a great service.

We, here in Nile, have every reason to be encouraged about the work. As I would look over the audience every night I would see this one and that one who make no profession at all. Some non-Christians were deeply touched. Then I would see many who have been to church seldom or not at all since I have been here. Even on the nights of our smallest congregations, those things gave me courage. Our smallest attendance was eighty. A miserable, stormy night, with the thermometer going down, and down, until it hit zero before morning, we had eighty-five from a radius of about five miles. Our average attendance the first week was one hundred and the second, one hundred eleven. Friday night, the closing night, we had one hundred sixty-five out.

With the four baptized yesterday, and the two who joined the week before—one by letter, and one by testimony—and the three girls I baptized before Conference, we have

had nine additions to our membership these six months. And there are several others who are nearly ready.

I think this will give you some idea of our methods and of the success of our meetings—for we consider them a success.

Hoping that this will help someone else, I am,

Yours in his service,

LESTER G. OSBORN.

Nile, N. Y.,

December 7, 1924.

HOW JAPAN TREATED AN AMERICAN

After a sixteen months' furlough in the United States, during which time she spent six months in delightful study at the University of Chicago, the writer recently returned to her work in Tono, Iwate Ken, Japan. Under date of February 3, she describes her reception in the following significant letter:

And now I am back in this, my other country—and do I feel a new anti-American spirit, such as some newspapers try to make you think has sprung up here? Not a bit of it. I can give you only my experience, but I am an American. So many of my old boys and girls and friends met me at the landing at Yokohama that the reporters thought that some great personage had arrived and crowded around with their questions, which were answered by the Japanese friends. The next morning, papers gave quite a prominent place to the announcement of the return of this American missionary. One of my old Bible class "boys," now high up in the department of finance, gave me a card of introduction to the head of the custom house; so porters were ready to do my biddings and an inspector was on hand immediately, all politeness and consideration. He took my word for everything. Not a box was opened; and not a cent of duty was charged, though I told him of my new Victrola and records, of the new bed, of the kodak, of the bountiful "hope-box," which the "showers" of my loved Nebraska friends had filled for me, and of anything which I thought might be liable to duty. As an American missionary he trusted me and believed that all that I had was not for my profit but for Japan. I could not see any anti-American spirit there, nor anywhere, all the way along—

could you? I wondered if such a thing really existed.

Now I am living in a country town of eight thousand population, the only foreigner for miles around; but do I feel any anti-American spirit? Not a bit of it. Am I afraid? Not a bit. Everyone is kind, polite, helpful and friendly. Not a child calls me any bad names—not even "Injin," which is only an equivalent to "Jap," "Chink," "Sheeney," "Dago," and the like. I go everywhere freely, alone, day or evening, even on market days, when the streets are crowded. If I lose my way someone helps me to find it. I live in a Japanese house, with only paper walls between me and out-of-doors, but the only thing that I feel any anxiety about is fire, and not much about that, for every two hours (if I wake) in the silence of the night I can hear the clack-clack, clacker of the night watchman as he passes through my backyard; and I turn over and sleep again, knowing that he is looking out for fires or other danger. Would anyone begrudge fifteen or twenty cents a month for such a feeling that someone is on guard? Tono is up among the mountains, where the air is clear and crisp and cold, and where the scenery is beautiful. In this town of eight thousand there are seven Buddhist temples and seven Shinto shrines, besides numerous smaller places of worship; and each of the surrounding villages has its own village god in its place of worship. It is my business here to establish among all of these one Christian community center. Do you wonder that I am happy, with such a field and such an opportunity? Don't you wish that you were here? Come on, and see for yourselves how kind and helpful these simple country people are. Come and learn to know the Japanese as they are in every day life, and you will not be afraid of them any more.—*Annie S. Buzzell in The Baptist.*

He saith unto them, Come and see! They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour. John 1:39.

That day of days, that day when they gave their heart to Christ and put their lives into his keeping, the day they would never forget, nor would Christians of all lands forget it!—*Amos R. Wells.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

There never has been in the world's history a period when it was more worth while to be a teacher than in the twentieth century, for there was never an age when such vast multitudes were eager for an education, or when the necessity of a liberal education was so generally recognized. . . . It would seem as though the whole world were trying to lift itself to a higher plane of thought. . . . It is a great thing to be a teacher in these present years of grace.—*William Lyon Phelps.*

RUTTED DRUDGERY

DR. H. H. HORNER

Nowhere is the growing public interest in schools and school teaching more evident than in the newspapers and magazines of the day. The American public school is gradually being discovered by the people who own it. Quite naturally, as they come to look over this newly discovered possession, they find it not all they desire it to be; and quite as naturally, they imagine some things they think they discover. The public gives up with extreme reluctance, for instance, its notion that there is no ray of sunshine in the life of the school teacher. The astute editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, who now and again pays his respects to the public schools, remarks:

"Rutted drudgery is so inseparable from school teaching that it would be easy to go too far in criticising some of those ambitious teachers who, in an honest endeavor to get out of the vicious groove, leave the beaten track entirely."

Here you have it. Rutted drudgery. We may not agree with the editor but we must acknowledge that he voices the common belief. There is just a shade more drudgery in school teaching, so the public believes, than in almost any other human endeavor. The common run of folk who make a living in other ways may also be "cabined by cir-

cumstances," but the school teacher strikes the rock bottom when it comes to the heavy, unpleasant, irksome, disagreeable task. And yet the most alert, enthusiastic, devoted, and altogether happy teacher we found in a great public school building the other day was the teacher of a sub-normal class. She had never had time to discover her "vicious groove." She was busy and happy because she was visibly extending the borders of opportunity for a group of unfortunate children. Is it true that rutted drudgery is inseparable from school teaching? Is that your own experience, gentle reader? Is it the common experience of your fellow teachers? Is the public right in its conception of us or is it simply nursing one of its old and favorite delusions?

There is another public notion closely akin to the assumption that we school teachers are guilty of rutted drudgery. It had its origin years ago in the belief that any fool could teach school because some fools did; and it persists even in this enlightened day because some fools try to teach even yet. It is the popular conception of the teacher as a dry-as-dust individual with a second rate mentality and wholly lacking in energy, zeal, and inspiring personality. So far as America is concerned this view is voiced by our pestiferous friend, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, in his report for 1922, to which we have already referred, in these words:

"It would be difficult to find a graduate of our undergraduate colleges who knows his native language, who has read the books or who has done the thinking of a youth of eighteen who graduates from a German gymnasium, from a French lycée, or from an English public school, like Eton or Harrow. In these sixteen years the student has tasted of many dishes. He has been a guest at many tables. *Rarely has he, come under an inspiring and earnest teacher.* He knows almost nothing of intellectual discipline, and is neither able nor in the mood to bend himself heartily and effectively to a sharp intellectual task."

It would hardly be fitting for this generation of American teachers of whatever grade—kindergarten, elementary or secondary school, or college—to plead that they are earnest and inspiring. It may very easily be true that we do not know our native language and so do not interpret

these words correctly. They mean to us, however, just this: There are painfully few earnest and inspiring teachers in school or college in America. Reader, do you believe that? Perhaps you are a teacher and therefore a prejudiced witness. Forget your own bromidic efforts in the class room for the moment and recall the teachers you have had. Is the list devoid of a single one who was earnest, who was inspiring? In our own experience we recall at least six in our early school days, one in our high school days, who was both teacher and principal, and four in our college days, who were as earnest and as whole-heartedly devoted to their work as we have ever since found any person to be out in the busy world. More than that without exception they lifted up the eyes of their classes unto the hills, and for our own part such grip as we keep on the eternal verities of human life is due materially to the memory of their inspiring guidance.

JUDGE LINDSEY TELLS "WHY KIDS LIE"

MILTON WOMEN'S IMPROVEMENT CLUB
SPONSOR

Judge Ben Lindsey of the famous Juvenile Court of Denver, Colo., spoke to a large audience in the Milton College gymnasium Wednesday night, November 26, on the subject, "Why Kids Lie." None of his hearers were in any way disappointed, for the well-known judge spoke clearly and forcibly, putting forth his advanced and sane ideas of child psychology in an interesting and pleasing manner. The lecture was under the auspices of the Women's Village Improvement Club. President A. E. Whitford of Milton College introduced the speaker.

Judge Lindsey emphasized with a great deal of pride the fact that he has always used the honor system. He stated further that never once has he lost a prisoner in this way. His use of the dramatic in his work he also brought out, saying that in that way he has aided his method of handling children by giving it publicity in a legitimate way.

WHY KIDS LIE

"Fear is the father of lies. If you want to do away with lies do away with unnecessary fear." Thus he tersely summarized his answer of the greatest factor in his

problem "Why Kids Lie." He also stated that a sense of loyalty, misdirected perhaps, played a large part in causing lies, as does imagination. He then proceeded to use the problem method in illustrating his Christian and sensible method of treating the difficulties into which children get, telling a number of actual cases which he has handled.

The basis for his work is laid in the proposition that the state should help to keep the child out of trouble for the sake of the state—that the child should be treated as a ward, not as a criminal. When the youngster is threatened by sin, misfortune, or poverty, it is the state's duty to protect him.

METHODS NEED CHANGING

The jovial judge cited some challenging figures to show that there is a real need for a change in the methods of handling the child "criminal." His own research work in his spare time has revealed the fact that there are sixty thousand boys and fifteen thousand girls under fifteen years of age who are placed in jails every year. He stressed the fact that the conditions are the worst possible because of the tutelage they receive from the real "hard-boiled" criminals who are always there. The failure of this method of treatment is shown by the fact that seventy-five per cent of the youngsters return within a year. A separate court and a separate jail should always be provided for juveniles.

His greatest axiom is to be sympathetic with the child, his ideals, laws, and beliefs. His loyalty to the "gang" will cause him to lie to save the rest, and the great exponent of the juvenile court was emphatic in stating that such loyalty should be respected. The child should never be called a liar, since it is the worst psychology possible. The only way to get around this loyalty is to interest the child in the justice of the matter and get him to bring the whole gang in for what is called a "snitching bee," in which each tells his own part. The cases the judge cited brought home the great possibilities in this procedure.

FIGHT SIN, NOT SINNER

It was pointed out that there is a great difference between sympathizing with the sinner while fighting the sin, and fighting the sinner. Arousing the hatred of the child is the poorest way of trying to aid him. Too often courts attempt to restore stolen

property without regard to what will become of the better means of justice and reformation of the thief.

"Interest is everything in the child's life," said Lindsey. The youngster in difficulty should have interest created within him for the doing of the right thing. The consequences of a deed should not be held before him but he should be given a motive for doing right. "We teach them to be afraid to be caught when our business should be to teach them to fear to do wrong."

We must use time and patience with children. Don't arouse hatred and don't create contempt as both prevent results. The parents should give open minded co-operation to courts in dealing with children. The child must be taught to help himself. Artificial restraints never stop crime. It is the "inner chain" which causes straight living.

"The future of the handling of this problem," said Judge Lindsey, "is in the study of psychology, biology, and sociology. The motto of all should be, 'Love with justice, and justice with love.'"—*Milton College Review*.

ARE YOU PRAYING FOR AUSTRALIA?

ELDER R. B. ST. CLAIR

Who is going to Australia?

"Here am I, Lord; send me," may some reader say.

Four letters in four days from four different persons in Australia. This shows interest.

One of these, our dear Brother Sampson, said:

"I read your letter to the little company at Hornsby yesterday (Sabbath), and they were all well pleased and are living in bright hopes of soon seeing a Seventh Day Baptist worker coming over to help us. We are all praying for a worker, we want to see the Seventh Day Baptists here. There are over a million people in Sydney alone, and many good-hearted souls to be won."

The writer had suggested that they organize themselves into a Seventh Day Baptist Church. The *Exposé of Faith and Practice* had been sent to Brother Sampson. He replies:

"I will do all that I can to get the brethren to organize, as you stated; and I will let you know from time to time how we are progressing. I have read the Articles of

Faith. I think that they are splendid. It is just what I believe."

A doctor writes that he has spent four years in a theological seminary and four years more in special work. He, I think, will soon be with us. He is high up among his people.

The fare from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia, is \$330, first class; \$230 second class, via the Oceanic Steamship Company. The distance is 6,757 miles and the length of trip about three weeks.

The Australian brethren are ready to pay the expenses of the maintenance of the work at that end.

Mere courage to go on is in itself an admirable thing. "My head is bloody, but unbowed"—when a man says that, or acts it, and with uplifted head and soul-lit eyes goes forward, though it be but staggering under his trials and disappointments, we applaud and may forget to ask whether he is going anywhere in particular. But it is better to have and hold a predetermined course even though all the floods and fates seem to combine to turn us back. The highest courage is not a random or accidental quality. It comes of a tempered and determining soul, a soul that has weighed contingencies and measured lesser failures and successes in order to use and learn from them for the great success that is its goal.

This settled purpose and the final triumph to which it leads are not attained in loneliness. The defeated nominee is still a citizen, called to loyalty both to the nation and to the principles of his party which he would have been called to support had he been chosen standard bearer. The man with a high purpose is beckoned back to the path of right when he has slipped aside in sin or failure. He who is called to walk through the valley of the shadow of disappointments is not only wise if he seeks to keep in the narrow path, but also when he can say out of his heart's experience—"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side . . . then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul." All failures as well as triumphs are in God's province. We must rise again when fallen and go on with God.—*Boston Transcript*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

STORY OLD, YET ALWAYS SWEET

'Twas night on fair Judea's plains,
Where faithful shepherds watched their sheep,
When sudden sweet, exultant strains
Woke all the dreaming world from sleep.
"Rejoice!" they sang: "in Bethlehem
Tonight a child is born, to be
First star in heaven's bright diadem:
All hail the King of Calvary!"

Then shone above the hills a star,
And as the Christmas angels sang,
The shepherds followed from afar,
While heaven's wide arch with rapture rang.
And full of deep, adoring awe,
They came to where the star stood still;
And angels sang, when Christ they saw,
"Be peace on earth! To men good will!"

O story old, yet always sweet,
Of Christ-child in a manger born,
With shepherds kneeling at his feet,
While angels sang on Christmas morn,
Low at thy feet we kneel today,
While heaven and earth for gladness ring;
The babe that in the manger lay
Is crowned at last a King—a King!
—Eben E. Rexford.

A HOUSE WITHOUT TRIMMINGS

LITTLE JANE COMES TO THE RESCUE

All over town it was getting pretty close to Christmas. There weren't any signs up to say this but you knew it just the same. The people had it on their faces and some in their pockets and one by one the houses began to spark and twinkle with it, like when the stars begin breaking out all over the sky to show that night is coming on.

The big, fine houses hung up big fine holly wreaths, and the middle-sized houses middle-sized one, and the little houses little ones. Even the tiny, fat, red house, which has seven children and two broken panes, put a red tissue paper bell in the front window. You could tell from the sidewalk it had been scuffed over by all seven.

My mother Kathleen, and my stepfather John Hudson, M. D., and I (Jane Collier) took our hatchet to the country and came back by and by with John's car just *smuggled* in holly and mistletoe. We trimmed our place with that.

It was the day before Christmas eve that Kathleen and I were coming home from mailing our last packages and saw a house without any trimmings. It was just a-sitting there with its head down, and not a posy or sprig of any kind to show that it knew the season. It was the kind of house you'd think would get Christmas first, too,—all big and white with wide porches and high pillars to the porch, and a door with a brass knocker and a welcoming look, except it was shut and silent now.

I slowed up. I could just see that house inside. The rooms would be warm and cozy with soft colored shades to the lights, and a big fire place that spit sparks way out yonder, and in the wide hall was a white stair to go up on and a mahogany rail to come down on. And there was an attic with chests and apples—why it was a regular party house. Why didn't they dress up in there? Things were the matter in that house.

"Kathleen," I called, she'd got ahead on account of my slowing up with each step. "Kathleen, look at that house. It's stopped breathing. What's the matter with it?"

Kathleen looked and saw what I'd seen. "Poor house!" she said, "with all its neighbors so gay. And it was built for good times, especially at Christmas, wasn't it?"

We walked on—passing by happy looking houses. A Christmas tree was going in one yard and in another the turkey was actually being chased. And it came over me all at once what was the matter with the lonesome house. It was empty! Its folks were away, and it couldn't do things for itself, could it?

Before we got home I knew what I was going to do.

I didn't tell Kathleen. She might think it was silly, and I just had to do it. I waited with my coat and hat on till I'd heard Kathleen's door click upstairs, then I took down our biggest holly wreath, the one with the most berries and a big red bow and a bunch of mistletoe in the middle. I slipped out the front door and went flying up the street to tie it on the lonesome house so it wouldn't feel left out.

Of course I couldn't get inside. I'd

just have to hang it on the outside of the big front window.

The window was too tall for my height, which is ten and three-fourths years with stretching. I had to pull a heavy porch bench over to stand on, and it *scraped*—booming out in all the emptiness as if somebody'd laughed out loud right in church. I waited a minute for whatever was going to happen, and nothing did, so I climbed up on the bench.

There wasn't a thing to hang the wreath to. I tried to make the holly stick its claws in the wood, but 'twouldn't hold up by it. I was pushing a ribbon through a tight crack when I heard a noise behind me. I turned around.

A pretty big little crowd of people were standing there on the porch staring at me.

I stood on the bench with the wreath in my hand, staring back. What a lot of people not to show at all on the outside!

"Oh," I said, after several whiles had gone by with nothing but lookings taking place. "I didn't know anybody lived here."

None of the crowd said anything.

I got down from the bench. "I'll be going now," I said. I started out. "Good evening."

They stood to one side to let me go, looking as if they'd hold out their skirts and shoo if I started back. When I got nearly to the step and glad of it, a voice called out something from inside the house. It was a rusty kind of voice, so that you could not tell whether it went with man or lady. The man near the door beckoned at me.

"Mrs. Craig wishes to speak with you," he said.

I sighed. Here I had only meant to hang a little cheer to an empty house and I had run into a regular bargain counter crush of people. There didn't seem to be anything to do but go in and meet the others.

The man conducted me to the room I'd tried to put the holly against, and went out. I looked all around and couldn't see a soul. The room was fine, though. It was a lived-in room, with a big fire place, and a rug to lie on and watch the sparks march up the chimney, and there were lots of comfortable-looking chairs and long shelves full of worn-up books.

When I'd looked around the walls and over the floor and was looking at the ceiling, this same rusty voice says out from some place:

"What do you mean by tying a bouquet on my house?"

I found her then. She was inside a great big leather chair with a rug thrown over her knees and a screen to shade her from the fire and me. Her hair was white, and her face was mostly wrinkles and a sharp nose, with two very snappy, black eyes. There was a crutch by the chair.

"Well—why don't you say something?" she snapped it out, her eyes helping. "What's the matter with my house, and why do you come hanging things on it?"

"Why, nothing's the matter with it," I hurried up and told her, "it's a wonderful house. But it was so shut up, and looked so empty and lonesome without any Christmas dressings, that I thought I'd put this up to keep it from feeling badly."

"Huh?" she asked, leaning forward at the neck to see the better, "My child, what an odd one you are!" And then, "It's got a right to look lonesome. It *is* lonesome. There's nothing in it but me."

"All those people who rushed out at me—" I began.

"They aren't people," she corrected, "they are servants. What is that thing you have?"

"It's a holly wreath," I held it up for her to see. The fire shined up the berries and the red bow, making them look strong and bright. The lady looked at the holly wreath—and looked and looked.

"And—and that stuff in the center?" she asked after a long time.

"Mistletoe."

"Yes, that's it—mistletoe,"—her laugh chuckled out, being even rustier than her voice. You could tell she hadn't used it for several years. "I'd forgotten the stuff," she said, getting real excited. "I used to hang it there—and there—and over there. We always had a party Christmas eve. You can't imagine me in a pink dress with ruffles all over the skirt, can you, and a rose in my hair? It was pretty hair then—brown. There was one night . . . it was during the war, and the boys were all home for over Christmas. . . ." she was thinking so hard she forgot to finish, but

just sat smiling to herself, with not as many wrinkles as when she fussed. She was seeing herself in the pink dress. And I was seeing her too! Plain as anything. Waltzing across the floor, right under the mistletoe with the soldier.

By and by she looked up and saw me there. "Child," she said, "are they still having Christmases?"

"Still! My, yes. They're getting nicer ones all the time. I've only had ten myself, each better than the last."

She shook her head as though she couldn't believe it.

"I left them off," she said, "before you began."

"But how could you leave them off?"

"How could I have them?" she snapped. "You can't have Christmas when you're just one—and like this—" motioning at the crutch. "That's what's the matter with this house. It grows old and lonely along with you. And people come and hang things on it out of pity."

I put the holly wreath behind me and wished I hadn't come. If Kathleen was just here! She knows things to say at times like this. I never had been shut up with a sad old lady before. Besides I'm just blunt. Lumps get in my throat and I can't say *anything*.

But just then she gave another rusty laugh. "I'd have done that," she said, like she was real tickled with herself for it. "When I was a youngster, I would have done that very thing—dressed up a gloomy old house. You wouldn't think it now, would you, but I was a gay one once. I *had* Christmases then. I grew up still having them, wonderful ones. And by and by there was another little frisky one. You may be sure *she* had them, and she grew up too, laughing and skipping and dancing—getting gayer all the time. And then—" her voice snapped right in two, "and then—just like that—there wasn't anybody—but me—nobody left but me. Listen here, child, time goes faster and faster till you get old. Then it creeps on crutches, and you do too. No matter how young you are now, *you'll* get old like this, and everything you love will go away—and Christmas goes away—"

Goodness! Was she right? Was that what all the folks I knew were aiming at?

What was the use of going to all the trouble of growing up if you were just to get a crutch for it? Weren't there any old age funs—couldn't you even keep Christmas?

We sat on. The silence got thicker and thicker. By and by I thought up a sentence. I said it.

"But there's a lot of Christmases left for you."

"There are not," she scolded. "They've been gone so long it's no use to try to get them back."

I glanced around at her house and it seemed to me that there were little pieces of the parties they'd had, still sticking to things, as when you put some really good perfume on a handkerchief, a little of the smell stays even after it's washed. No matter how empty or lonely this house became, you couldn't ever quite dust all of the party out of it.

She said then to the rug and me, "There's no use hanging that thing here—a holly wreath can't bring Christmas back to this house."

"But a party could." It shot out—just like that.

It was just the thing, you see—

She drew her face into a hard, awful knot.

"A party! You're crazy."

"You must know how to give beautiful ones," I said.

She gave me another bad look. "I give a party! Why how could *I* come to it?"

"Why—with the—helper," I said, pointing to the crutch.

"That's no way to go to parties."

"Of course it's not the nicest way, but it's the *next* nicest."

"It's no fun, I tell you, to see all the others young and happy and dancing, and you out—absolutely out for good. Wait till you get old. You'll see."

"But even if you can't be having the fun yourself, wouldn't it be nearly as fine to be sitting *with* the fun?"

She said, "Huh?" And after she'd studied a while about it—"I don't know—I don't know."

"I've always wanted to see the windows lighted up," I went on, "and couples on the stair, and music going round. What

did you used to have to eat at your parties?"

"Never less than three weeks' baking for the supper. I don't suppose you ever ate any cakes like my pound cake. Not a speck of lard in one. And my fruit punch was the talk of the county. And such salads, and half a dozen roast turkeys—"

"O-o-oh! I wish I were right in the middle of one of your parties," I exclaimed. "Do you think you could make one of those pound cakes now?"

"Certainly. Wouldn't it be a joke on the servants? They think I'm just crutch and beef tea. Bah! I might have stayed young myself if there'd been anybody to stay young with me."

"It's too bad to let the house go over Christmas without any jolliness. It's such a party house. I don't see how you keep it sober holiday times."

"Folks wouldn't come to a lame old lady's party," she said, sad again. "They have their own—gay ones."

"Oh, but I know lots that don't. And some that never have had one. There's the sexton's wife. All she knows is ice cream suppers, and *them* through the key hole. And there are the Lynn girls. They are pretty and jolly and always happy, though very poor. I went there one night with my step-father, John, to see their father, who has a leg off, and these girls were looking through the window at a party taking place next door. They had flowers in their hair and when the music played they danced, pretending they were there, and having the grandest time just on the eaves of a party. Why, if they got a chance to be *in* one—and there's Mr. Melvin and his adopted baby, Joy. He has never been to one because he was too busy getting rich and her turns haven't come yet. And, of course, we'd have John and Kathleen."

"Who are they—the dog and cat?"

"Oh, no, the mother and father—step-father. Then there's another boy we couldn't leave out. He lives in a servant's house by our place. He goes away in the morning with a dinner pail, and at night cooks his own supper and presses his clothes and sits late bent over some big books. We just must have him. And

Andy will come and bring his crowd; they're all so jolly and nice."

"When is Christmas eve due?" she asked, her face puzzled over whether to or whether not to—I could see that.

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Why there's no time to bake! Why didn't you decide on this sooner? Besides I'm not at all sure I can get the right kind of flour—I'm very particular about flour. Well—I'll see what can be done. You leave that holly circle, child, it'll help some."

I flew home too excited to breathe farther down than the top button. I knew Kathleen and John would be as happy over it as I was.

They were, and said at once they'd go, but I had some trouble with the other guests. Mr. Melvin wouldn't come at all till I said this was little Joy's very first Christmas and that it would be too bad for her not to see any party—and she just noticing everything now. Besides it was planned chiefly *for* her. He'll do anything for Joy, so he said he'd come.

I couldn't get the sexton's wife to believe she was invited. When she did, finally, she had a right bad heart spell from nervousness. But I told her to get it over quick, as the party was planned chiefly *for* her.

Betty and Lynette Lynn were delighted when I asked them, and Andy was pleased too. Andy is a newspaper man but gets lonely sometimes in spite of it. I told him all about Mrs. Craig.

"And Andy," I phoned, "you scurry up a bunch of people—regular party people, who won't line the walls and stand from leg to leg. It's got to be jolly there."

"Jane," he said, "I know some fellows—girls too—clever and fine all of them, that'll weep for joy when I tell them. They are away from their own homes and feeling slightly blue. They couldn't have a better Christmas gift than an old-fashioned party. Depend on us."

I had to write a note for the other guest. Not knowing his name, I just called him sir, though sir is about thirty or forty, and he couldn't have been over nineteen. But there wasn't a young title—gentleman is even fortier than sir.

DEAR SIR:

You are genuinely invited to a party on Christmas eve (this) night, starting at any minute after eight. You go down this street till you get to the very dressed upest house, and that's it. Mrs. Craig's. Please do not fail to come, as there are only a select few asked and their absence will be missed.

The Invitor—Jane Collier.

I slipped it under his door.

When it was time for him to come home from work I began watching, and by and by there he came, his head down, dragging his feet up the stairs. It was Christmas eve, you see, and it couldn't have been very cheerful in the servant's house.

I saw him pick up the note and go in reading it.

What was he going to do about it? I watched and watched. It was time for me to go and dress, but I couldn't leave till I knew. If 'twas his clothes now he was worrying about—then there he was pressing his suit, and washing out a pocket handkerchief and whistling as he did it.

I skipped away to get into my things. The last guest was coming!

I've seen lots of pretty sights, including Niagara Falls and Mrs. Yates' Angora cat, but when we rode up in front of Mrs. Craig's house I had a surprise. The shades were all up and the windows blazing with happy light and the decorations showed up for half a block away. Musical instruments were going around to the side entrance and servants were hurrying to and fro inside. The house had become alive, and you could see it liked it.

Inside it looked like a Christmas tree, and sitting in the middle of the Christmas tree was Mrs. Craig with a stiff black silk and a rose in her hair. Even the helper looked sort of gay and sparkling. You could tell this was the startings of a regular party.

We had only time to introduce ourselves (I'd forgotten this when I was here) when the door bell began ringing. In poured the party, most everybody coming at one time.

There was an unsettled minute after the introductions had been made, when things got a little too stiff, as salad dressing does after you put the first few drops of oil in. Looked like things were going to curdle for a while. Mrs. Sexton was lining the wall and fixing to have a heart spell. Dan

Turner (that was that boy's name) just wouldn't get comfortable, although I talked to him, and then John, Lynette, and Betty were scared white, and even Andy's people didn't seem to fit down into the furniture. Kathleen and John and Andy would say sentences, but they didn't kindle up any talk, just went right out.

Then the door bell rang again, and in walked Mr. Melvin, looking as if he'd rather be anywhere else. A nurse came behind with little Joy. She was all bundled up so that nothing but plump, red cheeks showed. She looked about at the lights and waved her arms and crowed.

Everybody made a dash at her then. She went from arm to arm so fast it would have made any other baby dizzy. Mr. Melvin lost his stiff look and stood watching and smiling so proud, that tears came to my eyes. There were some sharp raps on the floor with a crutch, and Mrs. Craig called out:

"Here—here, you people—bring me that baby.."

They did, and the music started, and the people mixed up, everybody good friends with everybody else.

Betty talked with Mr. Melvin in her sweet, quiet little way, and Kathleen had Mrs. Sexton so *she* was safe. Andy started talking with Mrs. Craig and Joy.

Through the thin places in the music we could catch glimpses of what was being said.

"Oh, John," I said, "just hear the friendships springing up everywhere."

"It's simply great, isn't it?" said John. "You're some mixer, Jane."

"Joy mixed them," I said.

At ten, they put Joy to bed upstairs and the party went on. At eleven, somebody mentioned going home.

We marched out to supper after that—and such a supper! She really had made the cakes herself and couldn't eat a thing because of listening to their praise. They hadn't had but a day to bake, but they'd used the day.

Just before twelve when everybody was standing at the door saying good-bye, Mrs. Craig called Andy to her.

"Young man," she said, "I like you. And I am sorry you are one of those objectionable newspaper reporters. Try to get into

some quiet respectable profession. Nurse, wrap that baby's head good! And when you take her for a ride, bring her here. There's no sense in keeping babies all to yourself."

And one of Andy's ladies was bending over Mrs. Craig and saying to her:

"May I come back often? This is more like a real home than any I've been in since I left my own."

And Mr. Melvin laid his hand on Dan's shoulder and said:

"We'll continue our talk some time soon. I've some books on that, I want you to see. Come up and read in my library. They'll help you. I know because I worked my way up, too."

And when the others were all leaving, Mrs. Craig called me in her sharp voice, though not near so rusty now.

"Listen here, child, do we have to wait another whole year to be jolly again? What's the matter with having Christmas parties right along?"

Kathleen and John and I got into our car. We were going to drop Mrs. Sexton at her place. Mr. Melvin had taken Betty and Lynette in his monstrous big car; Andy's people were scattering out, humming and laughing and calling to each other as they went. Dan was swinging off with big steps, his whistle coming back to us out of the dark. And all up and down the street nothing but happiness going along home.

The lights began to go out from the Craig windows, leaving it dark again, but it wasn't lonesome dark, somehow. It was happy, contented dark, because Mrs. Craig and her house had found Christmas again.

—Norma Patterson.

Who does not prize the society of the beautiful, refined and kingly of earth? To be really holy brings us into fellowship with the noblest, sweetest spirits. Oh, rapturous bliss, to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven; to hear David and Miriam sing, Paul preach, Apollo's eloquence, John's love discourses, Peter's fiery gospel, to see Daniel's beauty and faith, and meet ten thousand illustrious heroes of whom earth was unworthy. Think of it!—S. D. Kinne.

"LIVES THERE THE MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD?"

The structure of his sermon was standard. The introduction was short but not abrupt, for it led gradually and gracefully to the discussion of the main theme. The body of the discourse was well articulated in its main divisions and the subject matter revealed study and research on the part of the preacher. The words were chosen with discriminating care, the diction was faultless, the voice of the minister was conversational and pleasing. As a homiletical model the sermon was complete and as an academic performance it was all that could be desired.

But something was lacking. It was not eloquence because the preacher spoke with smooth fluency, it was not balance because the sermon was well proportioned, it was not interest because the hearers were courteously attentive. And yet that indefinable something was absent. Could it be that the soul of it was lost? Was the spiritual dynamic absent? Had the preacher missed the priestly unction? Was his prophetic passion paralyzed? Had the stream of human sympathy run dry? Much as we regretted to admit it even to ourselves, the preacher had become a mere wordmonger, a rhetorical mechanic, a theological artist, a clerical redcap carrying homiletical baggage.

The sermon without a soul is more common than most of us are willing to acknowledge. This may account in part for the forest of empty pews found in so many churches. Why should hungry men go to church asking for bread when all that is offered is a stone? What living interest can they have in sermons that have only archaic and academic value? They want to listen to a minister who lives close to them, sympathetically bears their burdens, shares their varied experiences, and honestly interprets for them the meaning of emotions too deep for tears. They will love and trust a preacher who knows the unseen Father and can speak to him for them. When the sermon throbs with the heart-beat of human sympathy, speaks with the voice of truth modulated by love, and yearns with a sincere concern for the salvation and well-being of men, then the soul of preaching finds expression in the evangel of the soul.—*The Baptist*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK,
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Contributing Editor

READING THE BIBLE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 10, 1925

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Read the Bible constantly (Ps. 1: 1-6)
Monday—Read to obey (Rev. 1: 1-3; 22: 14)
Tuesday—Read to understand (Jude 1-4)
Wednesday—Read for nourishment (1 Pet. 2: 1-5)
Thursday—Read to ponder (Col. 3: 16-17)
Friday—Read for warning (1 Cor. 10: 1-12)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How to read the Bible helpfully (Ps. 19: 7-14; Matt. 7: 24-29)

QUOTATIONS FROM "A MAN'S HELPERS," BY
WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M. D.

"The Bible is no mere epistle, or collection of epigrammatic truths, no mere book of irreproachable maxims and platitudes, no mythical chronicle of marvels that occurred in a musty past. It is a living, ever up-to-date guide Book, a storehouse of all necessary wisdom. It is written in the history of men's lives, who fought exactly the battles, I have to fight, who faced the same difficulties, temptations, and doubts that I have to face, who tried to overcome, but were often themselves vanquished exactly as I am conscious of having tried and failed."

"It is a Book of infinite hope, a Book that is satisfied with faith where my knowledge can't reach, a Book from cover to cover soaked with, and exuding God's abounding love to us, his creatures, a Book written so that all men may understand enough of it to learn to love it and find salvation in it, and yet a Book so profound that it becomes more and more a veritable bottomless mine of wealth, and an unending spring of living water to him who by faith can take it for what it claims to be."

"I acknowledge that the Bible often seems to rebuke me. I sometimes find it a hard master, bidding me do things that at the time I hate to do, go to places I certainly should not seek myself, and leave undone things themselves innocent and that I by no means condemn in others."

"I love it more every day because I value it more as a lamp to my path and a light to my feet. Almost daily some fresh experience strengthens my conviction of its more than human wisdom. My love grows for it proportionately as I understand it better. I hope I may not be misunderstood when I confess I think it is God speaking to me, though my head is so thick, or my heart so dull, I don't always catch his meaning."

"Nothing strikes me, however, as so wonderful about the Bible as its wisdom. Never book spoke like this Book. It gives me thoughts that never entered my head otherwise, and never on any occasion have I regretted its conversation afterwards."

"It seems to me that you get out of it pretty well what you are in search of, and I've seen men who have come from it bristling like hedgehogs or sea urchins, so as to be mighty undesirable companions. I think if I couldn't come away from reading my Bible more peaceful and more forgiving and more contented with the world, I wouldn't worry it as often as I do now."

"To me the Bible is a sensible and rational Book. Whether it agrees or appears to agree with the science of the day does not concern me. I have no fear but that Science will find out the truth some day about it, without my losing time trying to help her out in that direction. If she advances as rapidly in the matter as she does in healing men's bodies, in her conquest of other difficulties, she will come to the truth in due time, I know. The Bible reader of today seems to me already to be understanding it better and loving it more, judging by the methods men are adopting all the world over to carry out its biddings."

"I love the Bible. I believe it contains all necessary truth about the way a man should walk here below. I am glad there are still some puzzles left in it for me and for those who come after me. The milk I find in it nourishes me. There is no doubt meat I can't digest, that those with different viscera than mine are already assimilating. This I must rest content with, I presume. Every young man, I think, ought not to expect to be so infallible as to understand the whole of it. That may explain why some are not prizing it highly enough. To me it means everything. Take it away and you can have all else I possess."

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

One way by which we can read the Bible helpfully is to read one book at a time, reading a chapter each day. This helps us to learn the lessons each book teaches, and I think we get more benefit from our reading than when we read a chapter here and there. We need to have system in our reading.

Bible verses memorized when we were children are very helpful in later years. When I was a junior in the Milton Church, we were compelled to learn verses each week. Now I like to think of those verses and of the noble teachers who taught them to me, and whose Christian lives made an indelible impression on my childish mind. Let us read the Bible more and try to follow its teachings in our daily lives.

Battle Creek, Mich.

A NEW YEAR'S LETTER

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

You are standing at the gates of a new year which will soon be flung wide open to admit you to new pleasures, new duties, and new responsibilities. As you pause a moment at the threshold of these new opportunities, doubtless your mind will flit back over the past year; and among the pleasant memories there will be memories of mistakes you have made; but it is within your power to turn those mistakes into lessons of wisdom for future guidance and thus make them blessings.

Of the many duties that confront you, I want to call your attention to one that I consider all-important—your duty to help lift the burden of sorrow and suffering that rests so heavily upon this world, by making known the love of God. Perhaps some who read these lines will say, "I have no sphere of action"; but such is not the case. Every life touches other lives and is a source of inspiration or depression according to what that life is in itself. In one way it makes very little difference whether one's sphere is great or small, but it makes a very great difference whether or not one fills his sphere well.

Several years ago I read of a woman who lived in a poor section of London. In her whole life, from childhood till she was bent with age, she had never known what it

meant to have enough of the common necessities of life. Finally, a benevolently inclined person took her to the coast to show her the ocean. As she looked out upon that great body of water, she exclaimed, while tears filled her eyes, "I am glad there is something that there is enough of!" At last, soul inspiration and a feeling of satisfaction had come into that poor, starved life.

Doubtless you are well posted in regard to the chaotic state our world is in at the present time. What does it need? A look at the unbounded ocean of God's love. What can you do to aid the world in its time of need? Let the love of God flow into your own soul until it overflows and makes you a blessing to all with whom you come in contact.

May the new year bring you happiness and success in your endeavor for the best things of life.

Cordially yours,
MARTHA H. WARDNER.

*Sanitarium Annex,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
November 30, 1924.*

GOOD NEWS FOR INTERMEDIATES

We are glad to announce that the Intermediate superintendent, Mr. S. Duane Ogden, has arranged for comments and helps on the special Intermediate topics, which many of our societies are using. We hope that all Intermediate Christian Endeavor societies will make good use of this material.

R. C. B.

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR JANUARY 3, 1925

S. DUANE OGDEN

What I hope this year will mean for me.
(Matt. 16: 24-27; 1 Cor. 15: 58.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW YEAR MEETING

The following questions may be handed out for answer in the meeting:

1. Why is the beginning of the new year usually a time of new or renewed purposes?
2. Why are resolutions valuable?
3. What has been your experience with new year resolutions? To what is this due in your estimation?
4. How much do you think is generally meant by the well-known wish for a friend

of "A Happy New Year"? Does it often mean a pleasant holiday, or sometimes a year of pleasure, or just "Good Luck"? How often does it even mean less than these things, do you think?

5. Many people wish that the new year may bring for them and theirs: good fortune, ease, pleasure, selfish gain. What is your estimate of these wishes?

6. How much can the wish for "A Happy New Year" mean when expressed by a thoughtful Christian?

7. What do you hope this year will mean for you?

(The paragraphs below may prove suggestive for discussion or may be either handed out to be read by different intermediaries or, better yet, reproduced in their own words in the meeting.)

FIVE THINGS WHICH I HOPE THE NEW YEAR WILL MEAN FOR ME

I. I hope, this year, to know the satisfaction of work well done. I hope to have all the work to do that I can do well, and I want to perform that work the best that I can. I want to labor cheerfully, intelligently, contentedly, devotedly, and with abiding and unfeigned enthusiasm. I want to think less of the benefit I will get out of my work, and more of the good I may be able to do for others. I want to take advantage of every opportunity that is presented to me to work for Christ and his Church. If there be any kindness I can show to another, let me do it; or if there be any lift that I can give to any one in need, I want to be ready thus to serve him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

II. I want to be a true friend—to be a friend to *all*, "the foe, the friendless," as well as to him who is friendly to me. I want not popularity, but only to be worthy of the regard and love of others. May I be loyal and true to my friends; may I learn to appreciate others more and let them know it, not by word alone, but also by the life I live and the treatment which I give them. Loving more, may I merit the loving friendship of others increasingly this year.

III. I hope this year will mean for me a deeper, stronger, growing, and more abiding faith in God, a closer walk with him, and a clearer conception of his will for my

life. May I learn better to trust in his goodness and his wisdom and his love. I want to gain in understanding of men, and to grow in sympathy with, and faith, in man.

IV. I would grow in strength of character and depth of personality. I would be pure in thought and word, and upright in deed—true to God, and to myself. I want to be both strong and brave, and with all to be humble, conscious of my weakness. May I be strict in my exactions of myself, but charitable toward others. May I grow in patience, fidelity, kindness and self-control.

V. I hope that throughout this year I may live more abundantly. May I hear God's voice in birds and winds and brooks; may I read in flowers and trees and clouds the mysteries of the universe; may I both listen to children and pay heed to sages and learn to *live*. Especially, may the days of this year before me find me engaged in unselfish, loving service—which is *life abundant*.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

DEAR SUPERINTENDENTS:

Our topic for December 27, is: Best Thing Last Year. In our Junior meeting let us emphasize the good work our juniors have done this past year and encourage them to want to do better next year. I want to speak about some of the "Best Things" in my work last year as your denominational superintendent.

The very best thing is the way in which you have helped me with the work by writing on the Junior topics for the Children's Page and the promptness with which you sent in all your reports. This was a record year for reports, every single superintendent sent hers back. The Senior societies can't boast of that record either. It's too bad for them that our Junior superintendents aren't the corresponding secretaries of the Senior societies, isn't it? We can find work enough of our own without that though, so they needn't ask us.

The reports showed that your work this year was exceptionally good, some disbanded societies have gained new strength and have started up again. Let's spend even more time on our work than we did last year, and still greater results will loom

up. The more *we* put in our Junior societies the more comes out.

Our program this year is even larger than last year's, but far from impossible. There is so much to do, but yet there are so many ways in which we can make our work easier and pleasanter. First, get a small band of faithful helpers from your Senior society, divide the tasks among them, and hold them responsible for their part of the work. Get them to offer suggestions—two heads are always better than one, if they both have the same aim in view. Then get some good supplies to work with. Many of these can be handmade and others can be purchased at small cost. If possible, ask your Senior society or your church to appropriate a certain amount for your Junior work each year; but don't forget to give them a detailed report of what the money was used for; and I'm sure they will be glad to give you more help next year. Some of the Junior money can be used for supplies, but I have always felt that the money the juniors bring should be used largely for missionary and sunshine work, thus teaching the juniors to give for others and not for their own pleasure and help. Any church with a forward look will realize that it is just as important for them to help in the training of their future church members and church workers as it is to carry on the work themselves. How better could they spend their money than by helping in the training of the boys and girls?

Let's all plan to attend Conference at Salem. If there are enough Junior superintendents and workers there, we will have several meetings to get acquainted and talk over plans. If nothing happens I shall be there and I want to meet each and every one of you. Come on, let's go! Just drop me a card if you think you can attend, so I will know what to plan on. We are planning a big Junior exhibit, mostly of helps for Junior superintendents and workers; don't miss that. We'll guarantee that there will be more suggestions than you can carry out in one year and more material and helps than any of us need, for all superintendents are not looking for the same helps. When you find anything that has especially helped you let me know about it.

Yours in J-oyful servi-CE
for the boys and girls.

Ashaway, R. I.

MEETING OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

The Young People's Board met in the college building of the sanitarium at 7.30 p. m.

Mrs. Ruby Babcock offered prayer.

Members present: Dr. B. F. Johanson, Mrs. Frances Babcock, E. H. Clarke, I. O. Tappan, Mrs. Ruby Babcock, Lyle Crandall, Aden Clarke, Mrs. Nida Siedhoff, Egmond Hoekstra, L. E. Babcock, Marjorie Willis.

The treasurer presented an informal report which was discussed and received.

The corresponding secretary presented a monthly report which was received and ordered placed on file. It follows:

REPORT OF CORRESPONDING SECRETARY FROM OCTOBER 6 TO NOVEMBER 4, 1924

Number of letters written, Forty.

Number of bulletins mimeographed and sent out, two hundred.

Bulletins sent out were written by Miss Bertrice Baxter, Ivan O. Tappan, L. E. Babcock, and the RECORDER Subscription Committee.

A letter was written asking an officer of the United Society of Christian Endeavor to speak at one of our daily meetings at Conference. Word has been received that one of them will be present.

Each nonresident superintendent and associational secretary was asked for a report. The following reported:

ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES

Eastern—Mrs. Blanche Burdick.

A letter has been written to each society. Waterford was visited.

Central—Miss Hazel Langworthy.

All societies were written a letter urging them to take up the work sent out by the Young People's Board.

Southeastern—Miss Maybelle Sutton.

Written or visited societies. Salemville has reorganized.

Northwestern—Merton Sayre.

A letter written to all societies. Had Maurice Sayre preside at the quarterly meeting at the Young People's Hour.

SUPERINTENDENTS

Junior—Miss Elisabeth Kenyon.

Goal, letter and efficiency chart sent to each society.

Intermediate—Duane Ogden.

Letter and goal sent to each society.

Quiet Hour—Hurley Warren.

Bulletin sent out to each society last month.

Tenth Legion—Miss Bertrice Baxter.

Bulletin sent out to each society.

Social Fellowship—Mrs. Edna Burdick Sanford.

Bulletin and Indian social sent to each society.

The one request for social answered.

Life Work Recruit—Rev. A. J. C. Bond.

(Continued on page 800)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

MESSAGES WITH GOD

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 10, 1925

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Praying to God (Mark 1: 35)
Monday—God spoke to Jesus (Mark 1: 11)
Tuesday—A message heard (Acts 10: 1-4)
Wednesday—A message received (1 Sam. 3: 10-14)
Thursday—Sending messages for others (1 Thess. 5:25)
Friday—In tune with God (1 John 1: 7)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Radio messages with God (Matt. 3: 13-17; 1 Thess. 5: 17)

What a great invention the radio is! It is wonderful how an instrument can be constructed in such a way as to take messages right out of the air. Just the other day the papers had reprints of two pictures flashed by the radio. Although we may have radios of our own, many of us do not understand just how we are able to hear the music, lectures, etc.

God made it possible for us to have the radio, and yet there are many, many people who do not understand or believe we can talk to God and God to us. They don't believe in prayer. They don't understand the radio, and yet they have faith enough in it to believe that when they "tune in" they will receive messages from many miles away. If God is able to make the radio work, he is able to do even greater things than that, if we will only trust him. Our Bibles tell us that if we ask God for anything, if it is good for us to have it, God will give it to us. No matter how many messages we send to God he will hear them. So, boys and girls, don't be like those people who use the radio God has given them and yet won't believe that God hears them when they pray to him.

In one of our scripture lessons today, it tells us that after Jesus was baptized, God spoke from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." God speaks to us today just as much as he spoke to Jesus in the long ago. When

God made us he put in our bodies a more wonderful and delicate instrument than any radio has or ever will have—it is our conscience. Did some naughty boy or girl meet you on the way to school and ask you to run away to go fishing or sliding down hill? Then it was that God spoke to you, and your conscience said inside of you, "No, you mustn't go; it isn't right to run away from school." If you obeyed that little voice, everything went fine all day, didn't it? How did you feel if you didn't obey and ran away? You may have had a fine time when you were fishing or sliding; but when you started for home, you were very sad and felt guilty of what you had done; you were afraid mother would whip and teacher would scold you. You were very unhappy and decided next time to obey that little voice inside which said, "No." The more we obey that voice, the more helpful it will become; but if we keep on disobeying it, by and by we will forget we ever had a conscience and no longer will listen for it to tell us when things are right or wrong.

We are really the greatest radios God has made, for we can send messages way up to heaven and receive messages back from heaven, and that's thousands and thousands of miles farther than any radio can do which any one on earth ever has made or will make. Let us remember, too, that we can't receive God's messages unless we keep "in tune" with him, and, in order to keep "in tune" with God, we must obey our consciences every time, so they will grow stronger as we grow older. Then last of all, we should use our radio messages with God all the time, not just when we're in trouble or want something. We should send "Thank you" messages and joyful messages to God for all he has done for us.

THE ROBBINS' CHEER-UP CHRISTMAS

The three plump, little Robbins were sitting in a row, humped up like owls, when big sister Letty came in, all rosy, from a trip to the village.

"Well, what in the world?" cried Letty in surprise. "I left you raising the roof and playing train. Did a flock of boo-hoo birds fly in and scare the cheer-ups till they lost their voices?" This was a family joke. The Robbin children nearly always lived up to their names, being as cheery as the

redbreast birds that came flying back to the hills in the spring.

"But, you see, Buddy remembered it was nearly Christmas," explained Ruth dolefully, as if Christmas were something to be dreaded like school tests, or the dentist.

"Christmas is just around the turn in the hill," agreed Letty.

"And with mother getting well at Aunt Molly's, and all those bills—" reminded Bobby, even his red hair standing up as if scared. "No use hanging up our stockings."

Letty nodded soberly. "We're all too sensible to expect fine presents," she admitted. "But do we let our feathers droop, and turn into croaky old crows just because we can't have half of Santa's pack?" she cried with sparkling eyes. "No, indeed. The more reason for us to keep piping 'Cheer-up!' like robins in the rain. Let's all think up something extra nice to make Christmas jolly. I can see that you've lost your thinking caps. Hunt for them while I'm getting supper, and Ruthie's setting the table. Buddy, maybe yours is out in the woodpile; and Bobby's may pop out at him when he's bringing the milk from Uncle Jem's."

"But there isn't any money in our banks," protested Buddy, "so how can we give presents? Not a single thing we can do for fun."

"No, not a single thing," scoffed Letty. "Just a peck of things. Now skip along, boys."

Ruth giggled as she opened the cupboard. She was going to fill the saltshaker. "I've found my thinking cap!" she announced. "My, I'm so glad I gathered all those pins—"

"Sh!" cautioned Letty as Buddy stamped the snow off outside. "Wait till the boys find theirs, too."

Bobby's simply came and hopped onto his red head as he popped corn over the embers that evening. "Say!" he exploded so suddenly that Muff, the cat, jumped in her sleep, and so missed catching the dream mouse. "There's about a bushel of this popcorn we raised ourselves."

"Finest big grains ever," boasted Buddy, who had no idea his thinking cap was whirling around close, waiting for a chance to drop on his head. "Dick Gray's isn't half as big."

"Lots of folks have to buy it," said Bobby, shaking the popper till the yellow grains danced like Cinderellas at a ball. "We could make popcorn balls—"

Whisk! That was Buddy's thinking cap on snugly at last. Ruth clapped her hands. "Oh, now I can tell! There's a lot of good pinon nuts, and sister will help us make those good butterscotch suckers—all we want!"

Buddy smacked his lips. "Sounds like a party."

"A neighbor party," smiled Letty, getting hold of the reins before these hill ponies ran away. "Folks who wouldn't have any fun."

"With those cute little spruces at our front door," began Ruth, bubbling with happy thoughts. "And we can make new trimmings."

Well, the Robbin nest sounded more like a bee-hive after that. Every day the young Robbins came hopping home from school with new plans. Oh, those thinking caps were working overtime, I tell you! Of course, when children are busy and happy, time flies as swiftly as an airplane; so here it was the day before. And with Christmas eve came father Robbin from the mine. He romped with the nestlings and heard about everything; but just the same, he had a secret in his pocket, and only Letty guessed.

At sleepy time Letty told the Christmas story to the three cheer-ups. Ruth drew a long breath when it ended. "The wise men were rich, so they brought fine presents to baby Jesus. But the shepherds were even poorer than we are. They hadn't a thing to give him but love!"

"Time for good night hugs all round," ordered Father Robbin, and soon the little birds were cuddled asleep, while North Wind sang a loud lullaby. There were no lumpy, secretive stockings to poke eager fingers into Christmas morning, but the Robbins didn't have time to care. Bobby hurried down the sunny trail to take a tiny door-step spruce to the poor homestead family. Popcorn balls, suckers, a rag doll, a mended story book—such treasures the little spruce held in its arms to make the fatherless strangers shout with joy.

"Lucky it's so clear and warm," trilled Ruth, standing on a stump to hang pretties high on the real live Christmas tree in the

yard. "Oh, these tin foil ornaments sparkle like silver! Come on out, Letty! We're ready for the star on the tip-top! Now we're all ready for company—"

"And here's the company!" shouted Buddy, as up the trail came the invited guests, with father and somebody else. With a happy squeal Ruth raced to meet them, crying, "Oh, mother's home! Now it's truly Christmas."

There was a jolly time singing and visiting and lurching on popcorn balls and fresh crullers before the friends went home from the party. Then the Robbins all chirped together in happy chorus. "Mother played Santa, and her suitcase was his pack," declared Ruth, hugging the doll she had wanted. Bobby and Buddy had racing cars that wound up and went sailing.

"Who'd ever have guessed we'd have this kind of Christmas?" mumbled Buddy over the all-day sucker that might last him ten minutes.

"Thinking caps did it," said Bobby. But sister Letty said, "They just did their share. It was the gift of the shepherds—just love."
—*Storyland.*

HOW MISTLETOE GROWS

The pretty little pearl-like berries with their green leaves which we like to hang above doorways and from chandeliers at Christmas, grow in an odd way. Mistletoe does not live on the ground, as do other well-behaved plants, but makes itself very much at home on the branches of certain trees, gathering its food from the tree.

Mistletoe comes in the form of a little seed, carried on the feet or in the bill of a bird, and lodges itself on a branch to wait until the cold winter is past. As soon as warm spring winds blow, the seed begins to sprout, and before long a mistletoe plant is firmly settled away up in the tree.

It blooms early, but the pretty little berries that we like so much do not ripen until near Christmas. It takes a long time, because the plant can not get food in great quantities as do plants that live on the ground. It can snatch only a bit now and then when the tree has some to spare.

But the mistletoe makes up for being so impolite by giving the tree a beautiful winter cloak of green embroidered with many pearls when its own leaves are lying beneath the snow. In return for the favor which the birds do in carrying the seeds from tree to tree, the mistletoe provides them with a feast of berries late in the year, when food of all kinds is scarce in the silent woods.—*Alice Crowell Hoffman.*

MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"Kind words never broke any bones."
Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

H. C. V. H.

"Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know he's home?"

"'Cause the cat's hidden under the stove, sir."—*London Mail.*

Pompous Author—"What would you advise a man to do whose ideas are in advance of the times?"

Veteran Editor—"I would advise him to sit quietly and wait for the times to catch up."—*Boston Transcript.*

CROWDED OUT

We are sorry that several important articles have to be crowded out in the make-up of this issue.—T. L. G.



DEATHS

BURGH.—Sarah Ann Hills, daughter of James and Chloe Clarke Hills, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., December 15, 1840, and died at the home of her son, Edgar L. Woodworth, in Utica, N. Y., December 4, 1924.

At the age of seventeen, she was married to George E. Woodworth, who passed away in 1894. Five years later she was married to Courtland N. Burch, whose death occurred in 1904. For many years Mrs. Burch has been active in the work of the church, and was highly esteemed throughout the community.

Funeral services were held in the Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist church, of which she was a member, Sabbath afternoon, December 6, conducted by Rev. F. E. Peterson; and interment was made in the village cemetery. F. E. P.

COALWELL.—Elmer Leonard Coalwell was born at Dodge Center, Minn., November 18, 1901, and died in Calumet City, Ill., in November, 1924.

He was the son of Leonard L. and Grace M. Coalwell. When Leonard was eleven years old he came with his parents to reside in Ulen, Minn., where he was graduated from the high school of that place. As a student he was a member of the glee club, and for five years, served on the football team.

In November, 1923, he entered the employ of Montgomery Ward and Company in Chicago. On the following April he was given a position in the chemical laboratory, and last September he

began working for the Chemical Company in Calumet City, Ill., where he met his death by an explosion while at his work.

His friends speak of him as a young man of helpful, cheerful, and eager disposition, who always "played fair."

He was a member of the First Congregational Church of Ulen. The entire community united in the most beautiful memorial service, held in the Norwegian Lutheran church, on November 26. The burial was in the Ulen Cemetery. His pastor, Rev. Charles N. Sinnett, pays the following tribute to his memory:

So young! yet his kindly words
Will linger like the songs of the birds
That into our hearts were sung.

So young! yet at parting he said,
"God bless you," and over all dread
A shining rainbow was hung.

So young! yet his helpful deeds
Have quickened, like God-given seeds
Into flowers everlasting sprung.

So young! yet his work so earnest and brave
Lights all shadows that hang o'er the grave;
From sorrow its triumph has wrung.

So young! yet the Church was his choice,
And long will remember his voice
In the hymns where a true faith clung.

So young! yet no youth so eager e're waits
At the verge of the heavenly gates;
Wide open to youth they are flung.

So young! but for you who loved him so well
He waits, of his joys to tell;
Heaven's hopes on cords golden are strung.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD MEETING

(Continued from page 795)

Plans for future work are being made.

The corresponding secretary is planning to make a two weeks' trip to visit Christian Endeavor societies in the Southeastern Association, starting November 5.

A request for entertainment material for Jamaica was received from Robert St. Clair.

Correspondence has been received from Miss Elisabeth Kenyon, Mrs. Blanche Burdick, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Miss Hazel Langworthy, Miss Ruth Randolph, Duane Ogden, Hurley Warren, Mrs. Edna Sanford, Miss Maybelle Sutton, Rev. John Babcock, Mrs. Flora Davis, Rev. Robert St. Clair, Miss Anna Scriven, Whitehead and Hoag Co., Merton Sayre, Miss Ethel Brown, Lester G. Osborn, E. P. Gates, Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, Mrs. Edgar Van Horn, Miss Belle Davis, Courtland Davis, Mrs. Angeline Allen.

Historical blanks have been received from: Ashaway, New Market, North Loup, Adams Center.

FRANCES FERRILL BABCOCK.

The request from Rev. R. B. St. Clair for Christmas material and dialogues to be sent to Jamaica was read and the corresponding secretary was instructed to procure and forward suitable material.

The superintendent of lone Sabbath keepers read a report which was received and ordered placed on file. This report follows:

REPORT OF THE LONE SABBATH KEEPERS' SUPERINTENDENT FOR OCTOBER, 1924

Correspondence has been received from Rev. Angeline Abbey and Courtland Davis. Letters have been written to the registrars of Salem College and Alfred University. The superintendent is planning a questionnaire, to be sent out soon to lone Sabbath keepers.

Respectfully,

LYLE CRANDALL,
L. S. K. Superintendent.

Considerable time was spent in considering the feasibility of printing a mission study manuscript, prepared by Mrs. Ruby Babcock, and a book of socials, compiled by Mrs. Edna Sanford. No definite decision was made at this time.

Further discussion considered the question of how to mark the efficiency chart this year.

Reading of the minutes.

Adjournment.

Respectfully submitted,

MARJORIE WILLIS,
Recording Secretary.

Battle Creek, Mich.,
November 4, 1924.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

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Advertising rates furnished on request.

Sabbath School. Lesson I.—January 3, 1924

CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY

Golden Text.—"Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord." Luke 19: 38.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 28—Christ's Triumphal Entry. Luke 19: 29-40.

Dec. 29—The King of Glory. Psalm 24: 1-10.

Dec. 30—Children of the King. Matt. 18: 1-6.

Dec. 31—The Children's Praise. Matt. 21: 12-17.

Jan. 1—The Prophecy. Zech. 9: 9-13.

Jan. 2—The New City. Rev. 21: 1-7.

Jan. 3—In the Name of the Lord. Psalm 118: 21-29.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE RECORDER

The Seventh Day Baptists of Daytona hold meetings regularly during the entire year, either at the homes of members or at a local church. All who are planning to visit Daytona at any time will be cordially welcome to all of these services.

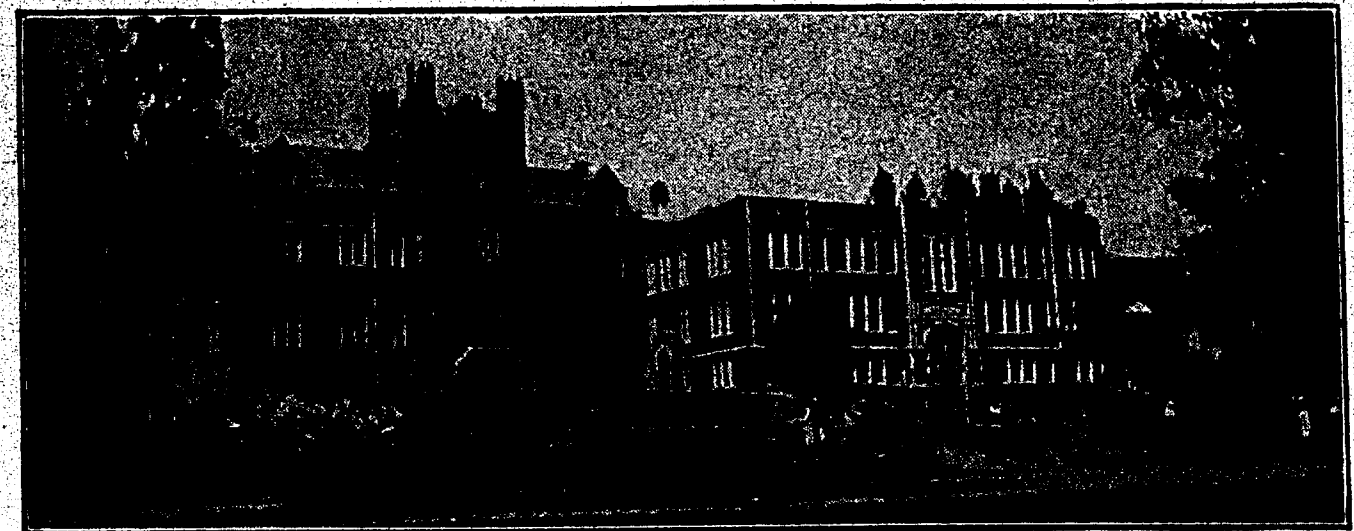
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Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray
 "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
 Of all who live I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done in my own way."
 Then shall I see it, not too great nor small
 To suit my spirit and to arouse my powers;
 Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours,
 And cheerfully turn, when the long shadows fall
 At eventide to play and love and rest,
 Because I know for me my work is best.
 —Henry Van Dyke.

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