

The Sabbath Recorder

Have you included
The Denominational Building
 in your Christmas Thoughts?

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

FOR THE NEW YEAR

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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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Salem, W. Va., August 18-23, 1925.

President—S. Orestes Bond, Salem, W. Va.
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Terms Expire in 1925—Esle F. Randolph, Great Kills, Staten Island, N. Y.; George W. Post, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Henry Ring, Nortonville, Kan.

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

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Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.

The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.

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

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
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Treasurer—Elvan H. Clarke, 229 N. Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trustee of United Societies—Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.

Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.

Junior Superintendent—Miss Elisabeth Kenyon, Ashaway, R. I.

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G. Merton Sayre, Milton, Wis.
Miss Eunice Rood, North Loup, Nebr.

Southeastern—Miss Maybelle Sutton, Salem, W. Va.
Southwestern—Miss Fucia F. Randolph, Fouke, Ark.

Pacific—Gleason Curtis, Riverside, Cal.

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General Field Secretary—Mrs. Angeline Abbey Allen, Fouke, Ark.

Assistant Field Secretary—Miss Lois R. Fay, Princeton, Mass.

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Robert B. St. Clair, Chairman, 3446 Mack Avenue, Detroit, Mich.; Carl U. Parker, Chicago, Ill.; E. S. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y.; George W. Davis, Los Angeles, Cal.; John H. Austin, Westerly, R. I.; D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.; Holly W. Maxson, West New York, N. J.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

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

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 29, 1924

WHOLE No. 4,165

"Old Year, Farewell" As evening shadows come creeping in on this dark day in winter, my thoughts turn toward the holiday season and the approach of a new year. For some hours I have been wondering what message my pen can form for New Year's. I had even said to a friend, "This will be the New Year's number of the RECORDER, but what new thing can one write after so many years of effort to frame New Year's messages, and after everything has been said that could be thought of?"

We are in the evening of a commonplace year, and the year of our Lord 1925 is likely to be ushered in, in a commonplace way. We had already expressed our thanksgiving thoughts upon the good things that have come to our country this year and for signs of spiritual life and the spirit of revival in many churches, and now what more can we do regarding the old year but to bid it farewell.

In my search for a message that would not be threadbare, I stumbled upon our old friend, Mrs. Mary Bassett Clarke's poem in *Autumn Leaves*, entitled "The Old Year," and there I found that any ordinary, commonplace year may give rise to many practical and important questions as we contemplate the coming of New Year's Day.

In the first two stanzas these questions are asked:

What has the old year brought
Save weariness and care,
The year which dawned so bright,
With promises so fair?

What record has been borne
Across the silent sea,
Where garnered stores from time
Await eternity?

Then after referring to the little changes the year brings, in every life, by way of disappointments, the failure of cherished dreams to come true, and some misunderstandings and some sorrows over loss of friends, Mrs. Clarke goes on to show the blessings and good things the year has brought:

But mid the wrong and ruth,
Some better things appear,

Something undying, brought
By the poor, dying year.

For those who fell asleep,
Rest from all earthly pain,
While love assurance gives
For them, "to die is gain."

Have not the living plucked,
Along the thorny way,
Some bright, unfading flowers,
Too precious for decay?

A firmer faith in God,
As human friends have failed,
And brighter hopes beyond,
As earthly joys have paled.

The strength endurance gives,
The peace which follows pain,
The joy of sacrifice,
Some greater good to gain.

A deeper consciousness,
Though all things else may fail,
That truth and righteousness
Shall in the end prevail.

That God, unchangeable,
His purpose doth fulfill,
Through us, or over us,
According to our will:

Through us, when willingly
We walk in wisdom's ways,
Though e'en the wrath of man
Shall manifest his praise.

We greet thee then, Old Year,
Hail, and farewell, to thee!
May other years still bring
Our ships, from o'er the sea.

Our ships, with treasure filled,
Whose worth, time can not tell,
We wait eternity,
Till then, Old Year, farewell.

All Hail the New! It is well to look **Now for Better Service** upon the past long enough to see where mistakes have been made and to count the blessings God has given; but the golden age for old and young always lies in the future and not in the past. Every onward movement contemplates the future. The success of our Onward Movement in denominational matters, and of our advance in individual spiritual life depends upon how fully and unreservedly we are willing to do God's work in the days that are just before us.

We can not serve the past but we can

serve the future. If we have come short in fulfilling our hopes and in realizing our anticipations of last year, if we have blotted or stained the pages of our record for 1924, we now have offered us a clean, new page upon which to begin anew. Nature has turned a new leaf, and invites us to improve upon our record.

Let us all remember that good work in the kingdom of God is never done haphazard. It must be planned for and arranged beforehand. Without wise and careful plans we shall not be likely to make any better record in the new year than we have made in the old. Why not hail the new year with hopeful spirit, and begin to use it as we would desire to if we knew it were to be our last year on earth?

As we hail the new year let us remember that there is no work on earth that gives greater satisfaction than work for the Master. Let us set our hearts on doing more to promote his cause than in any previous year of our lives.

No matter how indifferent and half-hearted we have been in the past; no matter how far short we have come from doing our full part in kingdom work; we now have a new chance to make good. What folly it will be if we fail to improve such a golden opportunity to redeem the time!

If our promised land has persisted in lying on the other side of the river during 1924, let us still look forward with hope and good cheer for our 1925. The chance never was better, for God still speaks to his children, "that they go forward." All true thoughts about the Master's work are instinctively *forward* and not backward. This is proved by every forward movement the Church has ever made.

Again, if all the years of a man's life thus far have been spent in sin, if he has forgotten his God and lived for self only up to the close of 1924, for him—yes, even for such an one, God gives a new chance now, if he will only accept it. He, too, has a new, clean page offered him, and a perfect Master stands ready to help him write thereon. However dark a man's career may have been, he may, if he will, start from the threshold of 1925 with the hope of a new sun by day and a new star by night to guide his feet and light his pathway the rest of his days. For him as certainly as for any other man on earth, if he so wills

it, the Sun of Righteousness will light all his days, and the Star of Bethlehem will drive away the darkness of his nights, and he shall have the witness of God's Spirit with his that he is a saved child of a loving Father.

At the beginning of this new year, God is anxious to give you a new chance. He offers to take you just as you are, provided you are willing to become what he wants you to be.

What a glorious revival would come to all our dear churches—a Pentecost that would fill the entire world—if every saint and every sinner would in all sincerity begin the year 1925 with a determination to be what the Father wants him to be, and to do what the Father wants him to do.

All hail to the new year! Let "Onward and Upward" be the motto in every land, and we shall soon see the days of heaven on earth.

Why So Few Conversions?

In searching the records of earlier years in our denominational life I have been impressed with the frequent accounts of revivals and of large additions to the churches. It is also noticeable that there has been a painful decline in conversions, and some persons in all denominations are asking if the work of winning souls for Christ has become a lost art.

There is encouragement in the fact that so many Christians are concerned about the matter, and that there seems to be a growing desire for spiritual revivals.

The question as to why there are no more conversions in these days may be answered in more ways than one. Some may say that in these later years the Sabbath school is educating the children in spiritual things, thus bringing them up in the "nurture and admonitions" of the Lord. Others say that times have changed and the work of the Church has taken a more practical form of service in these days. Some will account for the small number of conversions by showing the vastly increased temptations and the allurements of the pleasure-seeking world; but this reason makes the demands for a live Church all the greater.

There is truth in all these reasons and in several others that might be given. I am the last man to discount the modern forms of Church work. The more we have of

them the better. I have been a pastor too many years to forget that pastors have much else to do aside from the matter of winning souls. After men and women have been brought into the Church the pastor's work with them has only just begun. They must be set to work and kept in the line of faithful service as the years go by. This work of keeping souls alive after they are born from above is a tremendous work.

Souls must be fed on spiritual food if they grow in grace. Where this is lacking, spiritual power in the Church declines. Who shall say that this decline, due to lack of spiritual food, is not after all the real answer to our question: Why no more conversions?

It is true, as I said above, that the pastor has much to do aside from the mere matter of winning souls in revival work. Is it not also true that lack of properly feeding his flock may be the very thing that handicaps him when special effort at revival work is undertaken?

A pastor will hardly be successful in winning souls when a sleeping, half-dead, spiritually-starved church lies between his pulpit and the world. Only when the church has been spiritually well fed and has been built up in the divine life can we expect to see conversions.

The very absence of conversions proves a dearth of spiritual life in the church. Our churches are too much like well garrisoned forts in which the soldiers mark time, take their rations, and congratulate themselves that they are able to keep the enemy out. They seem to be satisfied to accept the surrender of here and there one who comes to them, when they ought to be moving on the enemies' works, capturing their strongholds and counting the captures for the Lord by the hundreds rather than by here and there one.

No matter how able may be the pastor, any church that is like an army in the fort, but not like an army in the field, will never win the day for the Captain of the Lord's hosts.

Let us not overlook the importance the Lord himself placed upon the preaching. It is his own plan for reaching and saving men. By it the sheep of the Good Shepherd must be fed. He makes a sad mistake who tries to feed them on worldly chaff.

New Jersey Yearly Meeting A Historical Sketch Since the excellent spiritual yearly meeting in Plainfield, N. J., I have tried to learn something about the origin and age of the Yearly Meeting in New Jersey, but with very little success. The only record book I can find begins with October 15, 1852.

Our early fathers did not seem to realize the importance of keeping records for the information of the generations to follow them, and, wherever we do find minutes of their meetings, they were written in the fewest words possible. Sometimes the very things we most desire to know were not mentioned at all.

The yearly meeting was first organized with but two churches, Shiloh and New Market, as members. In 1852, the records state that the organization was effected "more than a century ago," and that in 1852 the other New Jersey churches—Marlboro and Plainfield—were invited to join the meeting.

In Bailey's history of the General Conference we learn that these meetings in New Jersey were of the same general character as the Rhode Island Yearly Meetings—seasons of spiritual reunion, devoted almost entirely to preaching and devotional exercises.

If early traditions and certain correspondence between "East and West Jersey" can be relied upon, these meetings must have begun as early as the organization of the Shiloh Church in 1737. While the Rhode Island meeting was discontinued many years ago, the New Jersey meeting has continued until the present time, and is probably the oldest annual meeting among us.

Several times the question of discontinuing them has been before the New Jersey churches, as shown by the minutes of 1858, 1886, 1888, and 1889; but the people have not seemed willing to give them up. In 1875, the New York City Church, upon invitation, became a member of the yearly meeting; and in 1909 the church at Berlin, N. Y., was invited to come in.

The minutes of the year, 1909, contain a request that the Plainfield Church take charge of the minute book, which was then full; and since that date the book has been kept in the safe of the Plainfield church.

Our readers will see by the report of the

last yearly meeting, held in Plainfield, and reported in the RECORDER of December 8, page 707, that this venerable meeting is still very much alive.

It has kept up with the times, and while possessing the same spirit of devotion to religious services, extant one hundred eighty years ago, it has taken on modern methods of Christian activities, such as Sabbath school and Christian Endeavor work, which the fathers never knew.

What a change would confront them today if those who made the two days' journey from Shiloh to New Market more than a century ago, in their old fashioned "carryalls" and lumber wagons, could now make the run with automobiles in a few hours and enter present-day congregations with their organs and pianos attuned to the service of God and see the crowds of young people "carrying on" for their Lord and Master!

A Good Man Gone In the death of Rev. Simeon H. Babcock, of Albion, Wis., the denomination loses one of the sweetest spirited men it has ever had. We all loved him for his kindly ways. The blessed influences of his warm-hearted gospel preaching and of his sweet songs in God's service have stirred many hearts to nobler living, and the memory of these will linger in our hearts through life.

On another page you will find a life sketch by his pastor. It should have appeared in the last week's paper, but was unavoidably crowded out in the final make-up.

DETROIT CHURCH RESPONDS TO THE CALL OF THE NEAR EAST

ELDER R. B. ST. CLAIR

At our last General Conference, the work of the Near East Relief received unanimous approval.

Early in November invitations reached the Detroit pastor requesting him to appoint a number of laymen to attend a Golden Rule dinner in the Hotel Statler. Elders Scott and St. Clair and Brother Ralph Brooks were in attendance and received very favorable impressions of the program of the evening. They concurred in a decision to recommend to the church that a speaker from the Near East Relief be invited to address the Detroit group on Gol-

den Rule Sabbath, December 6. The church endorsed this recommendation and the pastor acquainted Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald, state director, with the decision.

Mr. V. P. Blaine, of Cleveland, Ohio, was sent to the church and Sabbath school services on Sabbath, the sixth of December. He gave graphic accounts of the appalling situation in the Near East, telling of the thousands and tens of thousands of Armenian and Syrian children orphaned by the war and the measures taken by the Relief Conference to preserve life. One would surely be less than human, to say nothing of Christian, to turn a deaf ear to such an appeal.

Mr. Blaine is a successful young business man, is giving his time gratis in the present campaign. He thought that it would be nice if the Detroit Seventh Day Baptists could supply \$120 per year, thus feeding two of the orphans. But did Mr. Blaine know our loyal and consecrated Detroit group? Well, not fully.

When the ushers returned, they had brought \$259.07 in cash and pledges, so that not only two, but four orphans will feed at the expense of the Detroit group this year. And Detroit is happy for the privilege, wishing only that it could do more. Later returns may show that the \$19.07 surplus over the sum (\$240) needed to take care of four children, is augmented sufficiently to pay full charges for a fifth child. As it is, there is enough on hand or pledged to keep a fifth child four months.

The Christian Endeavor society, as usual, did its bit in giving of its consecrated money for this godlike work, pledging \$12 toward the relief fund. The Christian endeavorers, likewise, sent a contribution to the Michigan Tuberculosis Association to pay for two hundred Christmas health stamps. After delivering their donation to the association to be used for the Detroit Tuberculosis Sanitarium, the writer dropped in to meet Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald, the state director of the Near East Relief. Mr. Blaine was there and introduced the two. Both Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Blaine were very enthusiastic in their praise of the Detroit group for the response made. Mr. Fitzgerald told of his pleasant relations with Seventh Day Baptists of Milton and Milton Junction, speaking especially of Dr. A. L. Burdick, of the Sabbath School Board.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

REPORT OF CONFERENCE TREASURER

For the Five Months, July 1, 1924, to November 30, 1924

William C. Whitford, Treasurer,

In account with

Seventh Day Baptist General Conference

	Benevolent Funds			
	For. Move.	Parallel	Onward	Specials
Adams Center	\$ 51 00		\$ 71 25	\$100 00
Albion	12 00			
First Alfred		27 00	498 28	1 00
Second Alfred		29 80	56 30	
Andover	17 00	12 00		
Battle Creek	1,300 00	25 50		17 50
Berlin	20 00	10 09	25 00	
Boulder		10 00		
First Brookfield			90 75	10 00
Second Brookfield	22 00	11 00	74 08	
Chicago	3 00	100 00	51 00	
Cosmos	20 00			
DeRuyter		29 00	50 00	
Dodge Center	14 50	2 00	56 50	14 30
Farina	138 00	10 68	109 42	20 00
Fouke	10 00	12 00	55 00	
Friendship	213 65	25 50	65 00	
First Genesee	11 25	130 00	68 60	
Gentry			26 00	
Hartsville			10 00	
First Hopkinton		20 00		
Second Hopkinton		10 00	26 65	
Independence			100 00	
Jackson Center		10 00	10 00	
Little Prairie		2 30	13 00	
Lost Creek			100 00	
Marlboro		10 00	50 00	10 00
Milton	189 48	30 00	236 22	30 00
Milton Junction	120 00	188 60	100 00	5 00
Minneapolis				5 00
New York			150 01	
North Loup	1,912 54	206 00		50 00
Nortonville		15 00		
Pawcatuck	650 00	810 00	1,000 00	
Piscataway		20 00	148 90	
Plainfield	493 00	255 00	250 20	
Riverside	622 64	103 50		23 99
Rockville		30 57	19 00	
Salem	212 80	5 00	301 00	
Salemville				20 00
Scio	5 00			
Shiloh				30 00
Syracuse			14 50	
First Verona		5 00	25 00	
Waterford	50 00	10 00	113 00	
Walworth			50 00	27 00
Welton			100 00	
West Edmeston				
White Cloud		50 00		
E. Kenyon	2 50			
A. B. West		50 00		
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crosby	20 00			

	For. Move.	Parallel	Onward	Specials
L. Stillman		10 00		
Leora Gray				15 00
Mable West				10 00
Miriam West				20 00
C. West estate				50 00
C. Swenson				15 00
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Boss			19 00	
Interest	3 66	11 85	9 76	
Footings	\$6,114 02	\$2,287 30	\$4,143 42	\$473 79
Total				<u>\$13,018 53</u>

Disbursements

Supplementing pastors' salaries	\$ 294 22
General Conference expense account	1,142 40
Contingent account	643 26
Scholarship and Fellowship	146 13
Historical Society	73 07
Theological Seminary	187 70
Alfred College	262 56
Milton College	262 56
Salem College	262 56
Ministerial Relief	608 52
Woman's Board	810 39
Young People's Board	326 49
Sabbath School Board	495 70
Denominational Building	1,369 90
Tract Society	1,615 00
Georgetown	134 85
Boys' School	608 58
Girls' School	660 72
Missionary Society	3,113 92
Total	<u>\$13,018 53</u>

General Fund Receipts

	Forward	Parallel	Onward
July	\$455 81	\$128 88	
August	93 33	20 72	\$ 49 44
September	6 72	3 39	46 24
October	6 78	1 96	166 57
November			162 56
Total	<u>\$562 64</u>	<u>\$154 95</u>	<u>\$424 81</u>
Manuals sold			\$1,142 40
Total			<u>\$1,144 90</u>

Disbursements

Balance overdraft, July 1, 1924	\$2,398 46
A. J. C. Bond:	
Salary, three months	\$275 00
Expenses	171 43
Angeline P. Allen, L. S. K. work	446 43
W. C. Whitford, blank book	50 00
J. N. Norwood, expenses at Conference	2 80
C. F. Randolph, on minutes	41 22
J. N. Norwood, on minutes	34 53
A. E. Whitford, et. al., music at Conference	7 90
Stenographer at Conference	\$ 57 49
D. N. Inglis, deficit at Milton	27 00
	565 66
Total	<u>650 15</u>

W. D. Burdick:	
Salary, two months	\$183 34
Expenses	32 24
American Sabbath Tract Society, \$26.31, \$56.45, \$6.71, \$52.98, \$34.00	215 58
Davis Printing Company	176 45
P. E. Titsworth	42 25
M. Wardner Davis	\$112 04
Esle F. Randolph	68 30
D. Nelson Inglis	108 75
Henry Ring	6 00
Alva L. Davis	55 00
Edwin Shaw	104 95
Theodore J. Van Horn	5 65
	40 50
Interest, \$1.25 and 50 cents	501 19
	1 75
Leaving a balance overdraft	\$4,568 71
	<u>\$3,423 81</u>
	<u>\$1,144 90</u>

Scholarships and Fellowships Receipts

	Forward	Onward
July	\$ 60 77	
August	12 45	\$ 8 28
September	90	7 44
October	90	27 88
November		27 21
Total	<u>\$ 75 02</u>	<u>\$ 71 11</u>
		<u>\$146 13</u>

Disbursements

Balance overdraft July 1, 1924	\$ 60 45
Leaving balance on hand November 30, 1924	85 68
Total	<u>\$146 13</u>

Supplementing Pastors' Salaries Receipts

Balance on hand July 1, 1924	\$176 47
July	\$151 94
August	31 11
September	2 24
October	2 26
November	40 82
Total	<u>\$187 55</u>
	<u>\$106 67</u>
	294 22
Total	<u>\$470 69</u>

Disbursements

John F. Randolph	\$ 75 00
Leaving balance on hand November 30, 1924	395 69
Total	<u>\$470 69</u>

Contingent Fund Receipts

August	\$ 74 86
September	70 03
October	252 21
November	246 16
Balance on hand November 30, 1924	<u>\$643 26</u>

Special Funds
Receipts

Collection, Sabbath day at Milton	\$426 51
Collection, Sunday at Milton	138 21
Salemville, for Near East Relief	10 00
Cosmos, for Cornelia Slagter	10 00
Milton, for Fouke School	5 00
	<u>\$ 589 72</u>

Disbursements

Missionary Society, specials	\$ 15 00
Missionary Society	142 17
Tract Society	142 17
Education Society	142 17
Woman's Board	46 07
Sabbath School Board	46 07
Young People's Board	46 07
Near East Relief	10 00
	<u>\$ 589 72</u>

Bills Payable

Balance at July 1, 1924	\$2,135 00
New loans, \$250, \$100, \$100, \$400	850 00
	<u>\$2,985 00</u>
Notes paid, \$100, \$250, \$100	\$ 450 00
Leaving outstanding notes	2,535 00
	<u>\$2,985 00</u>

Balance Sheet

General Fund overdraft	\$3,423 81
Cash	235 82
	<u>\$3,659 63</u>
Scholarship and Fellowship	\$ 85 68
Supplementing Pastors' Salaries	395 69
Contingent	643 26
Bills Payable	2,535 00
	<u>\$3,659 63</u>

Respectfully submitted,

William C. Whitford,
Treasurer.

November 30, 1924.

SOME DREAMS COME TRUE

GEORGE IMBRIE SILL

Gone are the summer days:
And now our northern land's asleep,
In snowy blankets wrapped,
While winds with frosty breath,
Sing boisterous lullaby.

Snug in the ground,
Neath yonder sheltering hill,
With cedars crowned,
The woodchuck slumbers on
And dreams of sunny clover fields,
Or of some guardless garden that he knows,
Full stored with luxury.

His dream shall be fulfilled!
For when the ardent sun

Has waked the mead with warmer kiss,
And gemmed its swelling bosom
With a thousand blooms,
And birds from tree and shrub
Pour notes melodious;
Then he, the arrant little rogue,
Mischievous and alert,
With sleek fat sides, and clumsy legs
That bravely bear him through
The grassy verdure's tangled maze,
Will there be found.

Or when the dark, mysterious night has come,
The time of bat and hooting owl,
In eager foretaste of a joyous feast,
He softly ventures forth
And seeks the garden of his dream—
A paradise, delectable.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL

The Book of Daniel has been particularly exposed to hostile critics, both by modern critics and critics of the early part of the nineteenth century. Dr. Arnold said that it is curious that, while confessedly apocryphal books existed under the name of Daniel, as, for instance, the stories of Susannah and Bel and the Dragon, they should have been rejected because they were only known in the Greek translation, while the Book of Daniel was received in the lump, because it happened to be in Chaldee. But as a matter of fact, these stories are not translations, they were originally written in Greek, but the Book of Daniel was written in Hebrew and Chaldee. No one would imagine that a book written originally in Greek had Daniel for its author. We are able, in fact, to gauge the growth of modern criticism by going back to Dr. Arnold's statement. He was probably in advance of most critics in his day, and yet he was not aware of the entirely different ground occupied by the apocryphal from that of the canonical Scriptures. We receive the canonical Scriptures on the deliberate judgment of the Jewish elders. Can we suppose that such godly men as Ezra, and Nehemiah, would falsify the history of their people, whom they served so faithfully, with such ardent devotion, and self-sacrifice? These were the men, assisted by the great synagogue who, after the return from exile, formed the Old Testament Canon of Scriptures; and we receive the Book of Daniel as being one of the books of the canonical Scriptures. We receive these canonical Scriptures on the deliberate judgment of the Jewish Church inasmuch as to Jews were committed the oracles of God. Slowly and gradually the great synagogue felt its way, until a rule or canon was formed by which certain writings took their place as authoritative, while others were excluded. And we accept them upon the judgment of those who had far larger knowledge of their history and much better means of forming an opinion upon their nature and claims than we can possibly have. The apocryphal books stand upon a completely different footing. Most of them came to us through the Septuagint to which, as the Alexandrian edition of the Scriptures, the Egyptian Jews added such of their own writings as they deemed most valuable. The

rest came to us by chance, some of them in separate manuscripts, but most of them as additions to the Scriptures appended to some Biblical manuscript by the fancy or ignorance of some Monkish scribe. Our Lord never quoted from the Apocrypha, as an authority for any truth that he spoke, or taught his disciples, nor from the writings which were not received into the canon of the Jewish Scriptures; but Jesus did quote very frequently from the Law, the Psalms and the Prophets, especially naming Daniel as a prophet. "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, stand in the Holy place"—Our Lord knew what he was saying. He was not referring to a mythical man, but to a real person, who had foretold certain things that would be a sign of the siege of Jerusalem and the sorrow that would follow. For many years the unbeliever has concentrated his attacks on the Book of Daniel, because they know that if Daniel is authentic, if Daniel is historic, if his writings can be claimed to be inspired, then you can accept the Bible as the Word of God.

For a long time the critics used to enumerate a long list of supposed Greek words in the Book of Daniel, and argue from them that it was written in the days of the Maccabees, but the increased acquaintance both with the laws of languages and with the dialects of the east, has removed all of these words but three. These three words are the names of musical instruments, and even these three names may have been derived from the Aramic. For really Syraic and Chaldaic are simply dialects of Aramaic. The exact comparison of the Chaldee of Daniel with that of Ezra has clearly proved that they are of the same age, while, nevertheless, there are sufficient points of difference to show that the one is not an imitation of the other.

It has been said that the Book of Daniel was not written until the time of the Maccabees, which would be about one hundred fifty years before Christ; but it is obvious that it was written earlier than the time of the Maccabees. The contents of the book indicate a much earlier date. The time of the Maccabees was intensely Jewish. The Book of Daniel is cosmopolitan. The Maccabees were wronged and persecuted by Antiochus Epiphanes. They hated the Gen-

tiles with a great hatred. The book of Daniel regards them with large-hearted affection. In that age the people mourned over the absence of the prophetic spirit, and the withdrawal of all external signs of God's presence. The Book of Daniel belongs to a time when prophecy and miracle are still things of the present. And when we take into consideration the historical accuracy of the book, its thorough acquaintance with the minute details of the Babylonian and Medo-Persian empires, its perfect mastery both of the Hebrew and the Chaldee languages, and the deep interest it displays in the fortunes of heathen empires, we may feel quite certain that such a work as the Book of Daniel was not a product of Maccabean times.

JEWISH NARROWNESS DISAPPEARS

In this book, all Jewish narrowness and exclusiveness has disappeared, and we feel ourselves standing on the very threshold of that love for all mankind which has made the Church of the New Testament worldwide in its sympathies. This spirit can not be found in the writings of Maccabean times. The critics claimed for a long time that the name Belshazzar, whom the Book of Daniel describes as the last king of Babylonia, was purely mythical, and Daniel's story of his death impossible. All the Greek histories agree that the last king of Babylon at the time of its capture by Cyrus was Nabonidus, and that he was not in Babylon at the time; but in Zorsippa, a few miles away, that he was captured by the Persian king, and kindly treated by him. Rawlinson's important discovery was an historical inscription of Nabonidus, in which the following passage occurs: "And as to Belshazzar, the exalted son, the offspring of my body, do thou,—the moon God,—place the adoration of the great Deity in his heart; may he not give way to sin, may he be satisfied by life's abundance." Thus it was fully demonstrated that Belshazzar was an historical person and not a fictitious creature of mythology, as the critics have with persistency stated; and also that the writer of the Book of Daniel had a personal knowledge of the facts which were unknown to the Greek historians. This being true, the promise made to Daniel, "That he should be the third ruler in the kingdom," would be fully explained by the fact that Belshazzar was the second ruler.

We have also the testimony of the stone

columns. The authenticity of the Book of Daniel is confirmed by the famous inscription of Nebuchadnezzar which was recovered from the ruins of Babylon, and is now in the museum in London. This long record of his triumphs has been written upon ten stone columns, and it contains in all five hundred eight lines. It was graven apparently by the king's orders, and it is a wonderful exemplification of his boast, "Is not this Great Babylon that I have built?" It gives us a wonderful picture of Nebuchadnezzar with all his pride of position and power, his passionate devotion to his gods, and his untiring labors in the building of his beautiful capital.

We now have a corroboration of the statement of Jeremiah and Daniel concerning the gods he worshiped and the city he built. But he omits the story of his humiliation, and it gives no hint of that lesson in which Nebuchadnezzar was taught that "the Most High ruleth in the Kingdom of men and giveth them to whosoever he will."

Dr. Havernick says: "In later times the Book of Daniel has been questioned by a number of Biblical critics, who have made elaborate attacks upon it. The objections of these writers have been fully met and confuted, and it has turned out that several of the arguments against its authenticity are now used in its defense. The existence of a King Darius, mentioned in chapter six is now an historical fact, which, however, is not mentioned in the fabulous and historical chronicles of Persia, yet it was known and mentioned by Daniel in the book bearing his name. This fact is, in itself, a proof of the high historical authority of Daniel. The temple in which Nebuchadnezzar's golden image was worshiped is now being uncovered at Ur of Chaldea, by the expedition of the University Museum of Philadelphia, which confirms the story, as told in the Book of Daniel, relating how the three Hebrew brothers refused to bow down before the golden image set up by King Nebuchadnezzar. How could any writer in Maccabean times have known anything about that golden image?"

Besides these facts which have been stated, there are many infallible proofs that the Book of Daniel was not a product of Maccabean times, but that it was written by Daniel the Prophet, in the land of his exile, and in Babylon, the city of his triumphs.—*H. Symons, in Montreal Witness.*

MISSIONS

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

THE COLORADO FIELD AND ITS WORK

Rev. William L. Burdick, Corresponding Secretary.

Ashaway, R. I.

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

Colorado is a big state. It is my particular missionary field. But it seems that Elkhart, Kan., in the northwestern part of that state, may also be counted in this field. We have some people in the southern part of Colorado, some in the eastern, some in the western, and some in the northern part of the state. Many thousands of people outside of our own numbers in the state are in great need of our message.

Boulder, where is our only church in the state, is in the north central part. In a straight line from east to west across the state it is three hundred, eighty-seven miles. Or, if you go from north to south, it is two hundred seventy-six miles. The length of the state is about equal to the distance from Philadelphia to Portland, Me.; or, from the city of New York to Toronto; or, from New York to Cleveland. If you should go from Elkhart to Moffat County, in the northwestern part of the state, where are some of our people, you must add about a couple of hundred miles to the longest distance suggested above. That means if you go in straight lines. People going over the backbone of our continent in this mountain state know nothing about going in straight lines. Its width is equal to the distance from Chicago to St. Louis.

To put its size in another way: If you should put England, Scotland, and Wales into Colorado, you would still have room to spare. Or, to put it this way: Should you find twelve states the size of Massachusetts, and then make them all into one state, it would not be as large as is Colorado. It is about twice the size of Iowa, or about like New York, Ohio, Connecticut, and New Hampshire combined. We have single counties in this state that are larger than are a number of single important states. Colorado is a big state—big on ter-

ritory, small on population. The city of Philadelphia has more people than can be found in the entire state of Colorado. Little Connecticut has a larger population than has the big state of Colorado. I am not blind to these things. Nor would I deny that there may be many states where we may have a right to expect much larger missionary harvests for consistent, prayerful, persistent evangelistic efforts put forth. There are larger states. There may be more needy and more promising fields.

But I have thus tried to help you to visualize this part of our great field. I know it is a very needy one. Our people are scattered almost all over this great state. Some of them are far removed from railroads. To reach them and the many others we should touch with our message in traveling by railroad and auto hire, would often be a very expensive and inconvenient proposition. Many of the people we visit have no facilities for keeping even one or two besides the members of their own families over night. But a more hospitable people, according to their means and opportunity, you will not find.

It should be easy for one knowing these things to understand that if efficient missionary work is to be done here measures outside of the ordinary should be employed. All agree that no farmer can succeed in carrying on his work without having at his command certain tools and implements suited to his needs. No more necessary is his equipment for successful farming than is the equipment of the missionary for successful missionary effort. Of course the missionary who is not "thoroughly furnished unto all good works" with the inspired Word of God and the power of the Holy Spirit will never successfully use any other equipment. Best service on this field with hope of attaining largest and most permanent results can be secured only by conducting evangelistic services for a series of weeks in each locality where such work can be done.

You will readily understand that some provision for the transportation of the missionaries and for their keep when laboring in such a field as this, should be made. That is why I purchased a Willys-Knight sedan. It is needed for this work. No board, no church, no society, nor any individual or set of individuals furnish the car for this

service. I paid for that out of my own pocket to be used for the glory of God. The people have seen that we needed tents for living in and a camping outfit for use when on the field. Voluntary contributions for this work have come from interested people in Colorado, Michigan, and Massachusetts. One man in our own church here gave fifty dollars; another in Battle Creek gave twenty-five dollars. Others in Massachusetts gave in this way for this work more than any others. Many more have shown their interest in the work by giving their bit. Without these gifts it would have been impossible for us to have done the little we have. We keep an itemized account of all receipts and expenditures for this work. Thus far expenditures exceed the voluntary receipts and that part of the expenses paid by the Missionary Society. But we have two good tents, one of which is a seven by seven foot auto tent with an awning. Two people can sleep comfortably in this tent. Three can be crowded in on cot beds. The umbrella tent is a nine by eleven foot one, also with an awning. This is the tent where we cooked and ate and studied, etc. Besides making this our living tent, two or more people can sleep comfortably in it. Kind friends loaned us cot beds for the summer.

Of course you understand that Mrs. Coon and our three daughters gave their services freely and gladly without one cent of financial compensation. Good friends, interested in the work, furnished most of the money for the camping outfit that made it possible for our family to go together for this glad service. Some days when we camped at the Bobtail schoolhouse, where we were holding meetings, weather would be so hot in the middle of the day we would have to take refuge in the schoolhouse to escape the intense heat in the tent. Nights were always cool. Only once while laboring at the Bobtail schoolhouse did we have a bad storm. We were all visiting among the people during the day. Near its close we saw a big thunder cloud coming up from the northwest. We hurried to camp. Fearing a bad windstorm, we took things from the tents into the schoolhouse. Then the rain came in torrents and the wind blew agale. We soon saw from the schoolhouse windows that the rain was making the dry dirt into soft mud. The fierce wind was

loosening the tent pins from the mud. Tacy and I hastened out hoping to make them secure. Then we hurried into the house again only to look back and see that the small tent had blown down. We hurried out and took the tent inside. Then the big tempest was too much for the larger tent, and down it went. Out Tacy and I rushed again to bring that in. Yes, we had a lot of fun, and got drenched to the skin. A young man and his sweetheart were the only ones who came that night. They visited with us till a late hour. They are married now and have started another Christian home. That was the only night we missed having a meeting. We slept in the schoolhouse that night. The next morning was bright and clear. The tents were put up and soon dry. The people were back to the service that night, and the work moved on.

Why do I write all this? Surely there is nothing in it of which I can boast. I felt deeply humiliated because so little was accomplished for the Master during the summer's work. I felt that had others had charge of the work probably much more worthwhile things might have been done. It was a matter of great satisfaction to know that at least fifteen people had declared their determination to live a Christian life, and that several families are studying the Sabbath question from the Bible point of view, and that everybody attending the meetings wants us to return for more services of the same kind. It is a great delight to try to help such appreciative people to a heartfelt understanding of the teachings of Jesus.

"Why write this?" Last winter the most popular pastor and preacher in Boulder conducted a series of evangelistic meetings in his church for two weeks. His church numbers seven hundred members. He preached most excellent sermons with a real gospel message in them. They were just such as his people and all people need. But, do you know, we had a larger average attendance and a much larger evident interest in our little old Bobtail schoolhouse in a country place on the plains than this able pastor and preacher had in his big church in the city of Boulder.

"Why write this?" If my feeble efforts can encourage some one to go where the need is great, and where it is felt, and where people are willing to be helped nearer to

(Continued on page 821)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

MEDICAL MISSIONS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 17, 1925

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—An appeal to sympathy (Matt. 8: 5-13)
Monday—The appeal of need (Matt. 8:28-34)
Tuesday—The appeal of faith (Matt. 9:27-31)
Wednesday—A great commission (Matt. 10: 1-8)
Thursday—The appeal of pity (Acts 3: 1-10)
Friday—Opposition (Acts 16:16-24)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Friendliness as expressed through medical missions (Acts 14: 8-18; Matt. 4: 23, 24)

"Medical missions attract people as people were attracted to Christ. The fame of the doctor goes forth, and people come with their needs and hear of Jesus and salvation."—*Endeavorer's Daily Companion*.

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

Jesus was a medical missionary and so was Paul the Apostle. They saw that in many cases, in order to heal the sin-sick soul they must first heal the body, for in so doing they could touch the heart of the individual. All denominations believe in this principle, and so medical missions have come into existence.

At this time, young people, we need to remember our medical mission at Liuho, China, and the consecrated workers there. Through the columns of this paper we have learned of the terrible destruction to our hospital and the sorrow it has brought to our missionaries. The building which cost years of sacrifice and labor has been very badly damaged and the equipment and personal belongings of our missionaries, almost totally destroyed or looted. One missionary stated in a letter that they need our prayers more than financial help just now. Let us pray for them as we have never prayed before, and let us also give them financial help. One of our societies has

started raising money for this cause. Let every society respond liberally when the call comes.

Battle Creek, Mich.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

This list of things which are acceptable to the mission, and which young people, individually and as societies, can provide, was compiled long before the disaster to our hospital. They will be needed now, more than ever. I have been hoping that the doctors would send a list of their greatest needs to the RECORDER; and perhaps they will do so soon; but until they do, we may be safe in preparing and sending any of the things mentioned here, as they can always be used.

There is always need for old linen, towels, wash cloths and hospital jackets. The jackets are made of muslin after the same pattern as those used in hospitals here.

Dimity or other light weight bedspreads in half or three-quarter bed sizes would do much to make the hospital attractive, as would also simply framed pictures for the walls.

Pieced quilt tops, four and one-half feet by six feet, are acceptable. They are placed on a cotton pad and a sheet which forms the lining is folded over and basted to the outside of the cover, thus making a quilt which is easily taken apart for laundering.

The Chinese children delight in picture cards, and the post cards which we receive in such abundance are very welcome. A piece of plain paper should be pasted over the back of the used cards, so that a Bible verse may be written on them in Chinese, before they are distributed. R. C. B.

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SABBATH DAY, JANUARY 10, 1925

WHAT MADE DAVID A GREAT MAN?
Ps. 40: 1-8

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

Did ever a casual meeting of a person give you a pretty fair estimate of his character? It would not always be fair to judge a man by a single act, would it? Think of single events in the life of David: caring for the sheep, being anointed by Samuel, killing the giant, making a covenant with

Jonathan, sparing Saul's life, extending his kingdom, showing kindness to Mephibosheth, mourning Absalom's death, building an altar unto Jehovah. Which of these is a better measure or index to David's greatness? The leader of this meeting might like to give this question to several members and ask for a discussion.

What in the fortieth Psalm, if taken into one's life, would contribute to his greatness? Intermediates who are studying foreign languages in school will find an interesting answer to this question in a Hebrew construction which occurs in the first verse of this Psalm. It is the use of the infinite absolute with a construct form of the same verb. Grammatically, the infinite absolute has no relation to other words in the sentence; but it serves to intensify the meaning of the verb when it is placed just next to the verb from the same verb stem in construct relation. "Waiting, I waited for the Lord." That is intense and active waiting, not just passively folding the hands and letting time go by until the Lord sees fit to impose himself upon me! It means, I waited, and waited, and waited—oh, how I waited for the Lord. No wonder that the next line is, "And he inclined unto me and heard my cry." Will such active waiting before the Lord contribute to greatness? If not, then what will?

How many of the really great men of history have been men of deep and abiding religious convictions! There is a reason for these deep convictions. If a carpenter wishes to brace a structure, he will not nail his brace to a rotten piece. If a man would be great, let him anchor to the Eternal. "Waiting patiently for the Lord" is rewarded by his "hearing my cry." And neither appears without the other. The waiting and the hearkening are two parts of the one operation. The great musician, Mendelssohn, in his "Hymn of Praise," beautifully expresses this by dividing his chorus: one part begins, "I waited for . . ."; the other part begins, and while the second part is singing of the waiting the first part is singing of the hearkening, and the waiting and the hearkening are blended in one "Hymn of Praise." God is the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, and the gifts which produce greatness are obtainable only from him. "Blessed is the man that maketh Jehovah his trust" (Ps. 40:4).

HOW WAS DAVID GREAT?

S. DUANE OGDEN

The career of David was a varied one. He had his failures and his triumphs. One is particularly impressed, in surveying the life of David, with the fact that he was entirely human. He showed weakness as well as strength. He wanted to be upright, but he sometimes sinned. This sinning is what showed that he was human, for the tendency to sin is an inherent weakness of humanity. Every human being sins more or less.

Now there is nothing great in being human, and David's inability to keep from ever doing wrong (his humanness) did not make him a great man. What made David a great man was that *his soul was inclined toward God*. He had the right attitude toward Jehovah all the time, even though he often fell short in his living. The fact that he didn't always do right isn't the important thing; the important thing is that *he honestly wanted to do right*, and he repented when he sinned. It is vastly important what kind of lives we live and the kind of things we do. It is important that our acts be good, but what is more important than that is that we have a *bent to right living*; that the set of the soul is toward God. Without this desire to be good we are not apt to succeed very well in being good. Unless one has the right attitude toward God, there is small chance that he can live as uprightly as he could with God's help.

Judged in the standards of our day, the life of David is far from ideal; but judged in the light of the times in which he lived (which is the only fair way to judge him), we see that his life is on a much higher plane than those about him. But even this is not the real measure of his greatness. David was great because his heart was right; because his soul was set toward God. He *wanted* to be upright.

The importance of the "set of the soul" is brought out very beautifully in the following lines by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

One ship goes east, another west,
While the selfsame breezes blow.
It's the set of the sails, and not the gales
That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the air are the ways of
Fate,

As we journey along through life;
It's the set of the soul that determines the
goal,
And not the storm or the strife.

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SABBATH DAY, JANUARY 17, 1925

WHAT HABITS ARE HARMFUL? HOW OVER-
COME THEM?

1 Tim. 6: 9-12

DEAR INTERMEDIATES:

You are in the "in-between" age, and that is a most uncomfortable age to be in. The juniors have a good deal done for them, and the seniors are old enough to take care of themselves. That sometimes leaves the young people of the "in-between" age stranded. There are not many Intermediate societies on this account. Your parents are thinking wistfully of how much easier you were to manage when you were younger; and you, yourselves, are in a hurry to become men and women. So it seems as if no one wants you to be just what you are. And yet it seems to me that the intermediate age is the most important of all. We have an Intermediate society at Hopkinton that is almost the life of the church.

The intermediate age is most important because it is the age at which your habits are becoming settled upon you. It is the age at which you are beginning to direct yourselves instead of being directed by others. So I am glad that this topic has been given us for study this week.

Most bad habits can be reduced to three. They are: *dependence*, *sloth*, and *distrust*. And they are to be overcome by putting in their place three virtues: *independence*, *industry*, and *trust*.

You will be apt to say to yourselves that you are not in any grave danger of falling into the three bad habits. Let us consider them. The person who is "dependent" is one who lets others do his thinking and planning for him. The student who has to be driven to his studies by fear of what his teacher will say or do to him; the boy or girl who can not accomplish a piece of work for parent or employer unless every detail is planned for him,—these are examples of the dependent habit. The virtue of independence must be striven for by putting our very heart and soul into what-

ever we are doing. Do not wait for your companions to "set the pace." The girl who refuses to use slang or to go to extremes in the matter of dress may find herself having a hard road at first, but will soon find other girls following her lead. The boy who is independent enough to follow his own better judgment in the matter of cigarette smoking will find in the end that others who were weaker and gave way to temptation will honor him with respect and confidence above their fellows.

Young people, especially, dislike to be accused of the second bad habit, "sloth." Are they not so busy from morning till night, with school and work and social activities, that the day is never long enough? And yet how much of this ceaseless activity is of enduring value? We are lacking in a plan or system that will help us to leave out the useless, and concentrate our energies on the valuable activities. It will be found from the study of the lives of great men, that they made such a plan for their time and also for their life as a whole. The hit-or-miss life may seem to be most busy, when it is really most slothful. It lacks the energy to lay out a plan, and the determination to stick to it.

Of the last of the bad habits, we must say that "distrust" is what gives rise to criticism of all good things and people. "Distrust" makes us cynical and sneering toward the good, and finally toward religion itself. We are to put in its place "trust." Men with most true "independence," and vital "industry" are also the ones who feel most the need of "trust." Especially do you need it, young people. In the words of Longfellow:

Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing
more

If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me."

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands today have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Let us, then, strive and pray for more
independence, *industry*, and *trust*.

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

For the topic for January 10, draw on the blackboard a picture of a radio. This should be at the bottom of the board. Near the top make some clouds, printing the word "God" on them. Connect the radio on which is written the word, "Ourselves," by zig-zag lines with the clouds. Write on these lines messages which the juniors suggest as messages we can send to God, such as, "Thank God for the things he gives us," "Thank God for taking care of us," "Thank God for salvation," "Ask God for help, guidance, and protection," "Praise God for his goodness," etc.

This year have the juniors learn this invocation to repeat just after their opening songs at every meeting. Everything should be perfectly quiet before the invocation is said and that will help the whole meeting. This is taken from *Object Talks and Illustrated Talks*, by George F. Kenngott.

"We fold our hands, that we may be (Hands folded)

From all our play and work set free;
We bow our heads as we draw near (Heads bowed)

The King of kings, our Father dear;
We close our eyes, that we may see (Eyes closed)

Nothing to take our thoughts from thee.
Into our hearts we pray thee come,
And may they each become thy home;
Cast out the sin and make them free;
Pure like the Christchild may we be.
This is the prayer we bring to thee.
Then raise our eyes, thy light to see, (Eyes opened)

Lift up our heads to praise thee still, (Heads raised)

Open our hands to do thy will." (Hands unclasped)

Ashaway, R. I.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NEWS NOTES

MILTON, WIS.—The regular social of the Milton Christian Endeavor society was held in the church parlors, early in November. The social opened by playing "Two Deep," after which the group was divided into two sections, each section deciding on a stunt to give before the other section. One section prepared a human potato race, in which eight girls took the place of potatoes, and two boys the place of the runners. The other section prepared a track meet in which several races were run. The first

section received the prize of a fancy wafer.

To cool off, we played "Going to the Show," in which nearly all participated. As we were sitting down some one started "Gossip." We then played "Streets and Alleys."

As the hour was late, refreshments were served, after which some light songs were sung by the boys.

The social ended with the singing of "In the Service of the King," and sentence prayers.

ELISABETH LOWTHER,
Corresponding Secretary.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WEEK

A special committee of the Young People's Board is preparing a program for Christian Endeavor week, which will give suggestions for a social and for special meetings during the week from January 24 to 31. This material will be sent to the societies early in January. R. C. B.

DR. J. C. BRANCH PREACHES TO THE DOWN-AND-OUTS IN THE DETROIT MIDNIGHT MISSION

ELDER R. B. ST. CLAIR

Dr. J. C. Branch, of White Cloud, Mich., pastor of our Seventh Day Baptist Church at Muskegon, made a flying trip to Detroit on December 1 and 2. He called upon the pastor of the Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church; and the two made a side trip to Pontiac, Oakland county, returning to Detroit in time to attend the monthly Christian Endeavor Convention, which was held in the Immanuel Presbyterian church. On the morning of December 2, the two ministers visited a cancer sanitarium, the hospital, and also the county jail. At this latter place, very earnest conversation was had with a young man who promised to give his heart to God. At 1:40 p. m., Dr. Branch left by Pere Marquette train for White Cloud.

It was after the C. E. Convention on Monday night that they made their way to the famous Midnight Mission, 710 Randolph Street. Through the self-sacrificing work of Superintendent Stucky and his loyal workers, this mission has, over a period of years, grown from an unknown experiment to an attested demonstration of

practical Christianity. Thousands upon thousands have received spiritual and industrial aid from the mission. Thousands have had free lodging and meals.

Quite recently, plans were made to enlarge the scope of the work, and the city was divided into districts. The division assigned the Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavor society was from St. Antoine Street, to East Grand Boulevard and from Mack Avenue to the Detroit River. The serious work of raising the district's quota of the \$100,000 fund had but begun, when, on the advice of certain financial interests, it was postponed until a more auspicious time.

Meetings are held daily and nightly. There are two services each night, the later of the two beginning at 10 p. m., an hour when most good Seventh Day Baptists are sleeping the sleep of the just. It was to this service that Dr. Branch was taken. He was introduced to Rev. Lee Coons, the conductor of the Monday night meetings, and was asked by him to deliver the message of the evening. Brother Coons, for twelve years in the regular Baptist pastorate, resigned in order to come to Detroit to engage in mission work. He is employed at Ford's and all his work in the mission circles is gratis. He is a deeply consecrated man and eminently fitted for the task he has been called to undertake. Brother Coons introduced Dr. Branch, and the good doctor proceeded to break the bread of life to the strangest audience he had ever met in all his varied career. Men of many countries and of various hues, most of them "down-and-outers," were seated before him. Not one left. This would have been a physical impossibility as the doors were locked. And then, too, there was another potent reason for their remaining to hear the doctor. At the conclusion of the service, the men were to be allowed the privilege of remaining in their seats all night. Some even fell asleep ere the doctor concluded his stirring appeal to the unsaved. But then, the doctor has seen some Seventh Day Baptists doze in their pews—and this, too, when they did not intend to make an *all night* lodging house of the church,—so this feature made him feel somewhat at home.

The doctor's message was full of the

love of God. It exhorted sinners to accept the Savior and to allow God's grace to come into their hearts. The appeal was not in vain. Many were deeply touched. The doctor, Rev. Mr. Coons, and the Detroit Seventh Day Baptist pastor went down into the audience and personally invited men, without regard to race, creed, or color to yield to the overtures of mercy. Quite a number expressed their interest, yet, like Felix of old, deferred the decision until the indefinite and altogether too convenient future. Hands went up for prayer that mother's God might be their Savior, too; and two men, one a fine young man from Lewiston, Maine, came forward to the altar of prayer. A little later the meeting was dismissed and the two seekers, with the three Christian workers above mentioned, went into a room set apart for prayer. Here instruction was given them, followed by earnest prayer. Both of the men announced that their hearts and lives had been given to God. This filled the hearts of God's servants with joy. Elder Coons presented a portion of the Scripture to each, urging faithful reading of God's Word. One of the two men had a portion of the Scriptures and declined the duplicate copy, promising to read his copy faithfully.

The doctor and his Detroit host left the mission feeling deeply impressed with the excellent quality of work being done. Certain of our male Christian Endeavor workers have declared their intention to drop in when they can and lend a helping hand to Brother Coons in the midnight meeting.

Courtesy in business is a necessary investment, which pays.

A nursemaid, taking the baby out for a ride, was asked by her mistress to do an errand at a certain store. When she reached the store the sidewalk was so crowded that she hesitated to leave the baby alone. The owner of the store, noticing her, opened the door and said:

"Baby carriages are welcome!"

The maid's employer, who was a rich man, began to trade at that store. Soon the merchant put a sign in the window, "Baby Carriages Welcome!" and hired a girl to look after them. He used to say he became rich and prosperous through his courtesy to the nursemaid.—*Record of Christian Work.*

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

MRS. L. A. WING

A Compilation

"We stand upon the threshold of the year,
And wistful, peer into the dark unknown.
Each heart-throb tells us we must face alone
What lies beyond. None may our armour
wear,

Nor fight our fight. Not even one most dear
Can fill the place that is our own,
Or stand for us before the judgment throne.
Yet one is with us; he the cross did bear
And bade us follow him. He hath said
'Lo, I am with you alway.' By him led
Through all life's trials, we need have no
fear.

The seven sealed book is opened and read.
He knows what is to come, and ever near
Will hold and guide us through the coming
year."

"Have you and I today
Stood silent as with Christ, apart from joy
or fray

Of life, to see by faith his face;
And grow by sweet companionship more true,
Now nerved to lead, to dare, to do,
For him at any cost? Have we today
Found time, in thought, our hand to lay
In his, and thus compare
His will with ours, and wear
The impress of his wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Throughout the year; will help us walk erect
Through storm and flood; detect
Within the hidden life, sin's dross, its stain;
Revive a thought of love for him again;
Steady the steps which waver; help us see
The foot path meant for you and me."

"How wrought I yesterday? Small moment
now

To question with vain tears or bitter moan.
Since every word you wrote upon the sands
Of yesterday, has hardened into stone.
How shall I work today? O soul of mine!
Today stands on her threshold, girt to lead
Thy feet to life immortal: Strive with fear;
Deep pitfalls strew the way. Take heed—
take heed."

"If when the old year glides away,
A weary wraith in the snow or cold,
We could but begin on New Year's day
A clean, new life, and could drop the old;
Old sins, old shames, old thrusts of pain,
And the myriad things God only knows;
And into the sweet year, clear of stain,
Could slip with freedom of sweet repose,
What blessings untold would to us be given.
Scarce in our hearts would be room for
heaven."

"His lamps are we
To shine where he shall say:
And lamps are not for sunny rooms
Nor for the light of day;
But for dark places of the earth.
Where shame, and wrong, and crime have
birth;

Or for the murky twilight gray;
Or where the light of faith grows dim
And souls are groping after him."

"We are but organs, mute until a Master
touches the keys;

Verily, vessels of earth into which God pour-
eth the wine.

Harps are we, silent harps that have hung
on the willow trees,

Dumb—until our heart strings swell and
break with a pulse divine."

"We read life's music from a hidden score,
Unwinding slowly, and can only see
The note the moment gives us. Joyously
And full of hope we voice it, or heart sore
And praying, we may sing it never more.
We can not hear the perfect symphony
God hears. Its faultless blended melody
Is drowned for us in what ourselves out-
pour.

Fear not the notes writ in the scale for you.
A mighty music Master made each strain
To suit the voice that was to sing it
through.

The majors and the minors each are best;
The burst of joy, the tremolo of pain.
And in each score God writes at last a rest."

"Our eyes are holden that we do not see
How patiently he stands, how lovingly,
The while we pause, affrighted, at the way
Ere we have crossed the threshold of the day.
The fullness of joy he'd have us know
Oft times we miss, because we are so slow
To trust him, even when we hear him say,
'Fear not, lo I am with you all the way.'
Sometimes he lifts the veil and lets us see
How close beside he stands to you and me.
Ah! then we know it is his hand, his touch
Moves this and that, that hinders over much,
And learn at last unfalteringly to say
I know he will abide with me this day."

"God will not change. The restless years
may bring

Sunlight and shade, the glories of the spring;
And silent gloom of sunless winter hours;
Joy mixed with grief, sharp thorns with fra-
grant flowers.

Each light may shine awhile and then grow dim,
But God is true, there is no change in him."

"Wherefore murmur?
Since God doth will that some shall dwell at
ease,

And others shall know hardness, this is sure
The lot that fits each nature he foresees,
And wherefore murmur when we shall en-
dure?

Some day his loving wisdom shall be plain,
As the sweet sunshine following after rain."

"So take Joy home
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow and cherish her;
Then she will come and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrow.
It is a comely fashion to be glad.
Joy is the grace we say to God."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

CUDDLE BEAR'S WINTER NAP

Little Cuddle Bear was getting sleepy.
It was fall, you know, and that is a little
bear's sleepy time.

"Ho-hum!" yawned Cuddle Bear, "I
must find a bed to sleep in this winter."

"Sniff, sniff!" went his little black nose
along the path, until he came to Old Oak
Tree.

"Where are you going, dear little Cud-
dle Bear?" asked the Old Oak Tree.

"To find a bed to sleep in this winter,"
answered Cuddle Bear. "I know a fine
place." But he really didn't, he was just
too proud to let Old Oak Tree know he
didn't.

"Goodbye, Cuddle Bear," sighed the Old
Oak Tree. She was lonesome, for the
leaves that she had rocked all summer had
flown away to cover the flowers, and the
birds she had nested all summer had flown
away too, to the sunny Southland.

"Winter is a lonesome time," thought
Old Oak Tree, "even Cuddle Bear is going
off to sleep. It leaves me with such a hol-
low feeling inside. I wish he'd stay with
me."

But it was too late, Cuddle Bear was
clear out of sight. His little black nose
was going, "Sniff, sniff!" down the path.

By and by he came to a cave. Cuddle
Bear knocked at the door. The door
opened and Henry Hedgehog peeked out.
He wore big round glasses and looked quite
fierce.

"Please, Henry Hedgehog, may I sleep
here this winter?" asked Cuddle Bear.

Then Henry Hedgehog scolded, "No-no-
no-no, as if I didn't have a family of my
own. No-no-no-no, trot right along."

And Cuddle Bear did. His little black
nose was going "sniff, sniff," down the
path.

By and by he came to a cunning little
mound house by the riverside. Cuddle
Bear knocked at the door. In a minute
Mrs. Muskrat stuck her nose out the win-

dow. It was a long, sharp nose and quite
snifty.

"Please, Mrs. Muskrat, may I sleep here
this winter?" asked Cuddle Bear.

Then Mrs. Muskrat squeaked, "No-no-
no-no! I can't put up with any extras, no-
no-no-no! trot right along."

And Cuddle Bear did. His little black
nose was going "sniff, sniff," down the path.
It was growing late and Cuddle Bear was
getting sleepier than ever, and the wind was
blowing.

By and by he came to a hollow log.
Cuddle Bear knocked at the door. Bertha
Bee opened the door, and all her little Bees
buzzed around her.

"Please, Bertha Bee, may I sleep here
this winter?" asked Cuddle Bear.

Then Bertha Bee buzzed, "No-no-no-no!
I'll have no bears around. No-no-no-no!
trot right along," and she even stuck out
one of her stingers.

And Cuddle Bear did trot. His little
black nose was going "sniff, sniff," down
the path. He was very tired now, for he
had trotted all around the forest and was
back where he had started under the Old
Oak Tree. He sat down on the ground and
began to cry.

"Why Cuddle Bear, is that you crying?"
asked the Old Oak Tree.

"Yes, ma'am," whimpered Cuddle Bear
louder than ever, for it was the first kind
word he had heard all day and he was very
sorry for himself.

"Why Cuddle Bear, what can the matter
be?" the Old Oak Tree asked again.

"I can find no place to sleep this winter,
and I am cold and sleepy, oh dear, oh
dear!"

Then the Old Oak Tree just laughed and
said:

"I know a place all ready for you."

"Where?" asked Cuddle Bear, for he
could not believe his ears.

"Just you climb up my trunk and stick
your little black nose around my first limb
on the south side and you'll see. Didn't I
tell you I had a hollow feeling this morn-
ing? Just you climb and see."

So Cuddle Bear climbed up and stuck
his little black nose around the first limb
on the south side and what do you think
he saw? As round a hole and as snug a
nest as any small bear could wish for. Why,
there was even a little shelf of acorns there

should he get hungry, and the wind had left a soft little pile of leaves in the very warmest corner.

"Oh, thank you, Old Oak Tree," said Cuddle Bear, "This is the loveliest bed in the whole forest," and he cuddled down and curled into a tiny, furry ball, and was soon fast asleep.

"You are most welcome," hummed the Old Oak Tree in the wind, "Now I shall not be lonesome all winter."

And she was right for Cuddle Bear kept her heart warm all winter long.—*Storyland.*

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

Martin Luther used to teach his children to read the Bible in the following way: first, read through one book carefully, then study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and lastly word by word, for, he said, "It is like a person shaking a fruit tree; first shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterwards each twig of the branch, and last of all looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains. In this way, and in no other, shall we also find the hidden treasures that are in the Bible."—*Children's Friend.*

WHAT TOMMY TOOK

"Tommy, did you take my knife?" asked Uncle Jim, in a hurry to sharpen a pencil.

"Oh, I did borrow it, yesterday. I'll get it," said Tommy readily.

But several minutes of Uncle Jim's time had been wasted in hunting for it. He had missed his car and was fifteen minutes late in getting to his office.

"Tommy, have you seen the book I was reading?" asked mother the next day.

Tommy thought a minute. "I was reading it, and I left it upstairs. I'll get it," he offered.

"No, never mind. I had a minute or two and thought I'd read a little before baby woke, but there wouldn't be time now," answered mother.

"Tommy, did you take my arithmetic?" asked Lucille.

Tommy had, he remembered, because he had been too lazy to go and find his own. He ran to get it, feeling very sorry, for Lucille was in a hurry.

"I don't mind your borrowing it, if you would put it back with my books," she said, as he brought it. "You are too fond of taking other people's things, Tommy!"

"Taking!" cried Tommy. "Don't I always bring them back? Anybody'd think I stole them!"

"You don't steal them, but you do steal a lot of other people's time, hunting for them, and their time is valuable," replied Lucille over her shoulder, as she rushed off.

After that Tommy decided to break himself of the habit of taking people's time to search for their belongings, which he had borrowed and forgotten to return.—*Sel.*

MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"Never put off till tomorrow what can be done today."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

H. C. V. H.

"He is the most tender-hearted man I ever saw."

"Kind to animals?"

"I should say so. Why, when he found the family cat insisted on sleeping in the coal bin, he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal."

The Yellow Sea is really a yellow sea. The water is always colored a yellowish tinge. This is caused by the mud-laden rivers of China, which empty into it. The rivers deposit this yellow mud in the sea, coloring it. The sea is shallow, also, so that the yellow bottom is always visible, which deepens the color.—*Selected.*

"It's no use," sighed Freddy. "I never can learn to spell."

"Why not?" inquired his anxious mother.

"How do you s'pose I can ever learn," he demanded, hotly, "when the teacher changes the words every day!"

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," she announced, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well Tommy?"

"The porcupine."—*Selected.*

NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY TO HELP IMMIGRANTS LEARN ENGLISH

At the one hundred fifteenth anniversary service of the New York Bible Society held in New York on Bible Sunday evening, report was made that in the year now closing more than seven hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures, in sixty-six languages had been circulated. This distribution was made in the hospitals, the prisons, in the homes of the desolate and needy, among sailors and the immigrants arriving at Ellis Island. Hundreds of copies in raised type were given to the lonely blind and thousands of Bibles were placed in the guest rooms of the great hotels where the weary strangers may read them.

A new and big feature of the society's work during the year was the first issue of Scriptures published in two languages in parallel columns, known as diglot Scriptures. The first to be issued came from the press a few days ago, that of English and Italian published on opposite pages. In a few weeks English-German will be published and other languages parallel with English will follow as quickly as friends of the society provide the funds. The distribution of these diglot Scriptures is both a religious and Americanization work as it promotes the learning of English by the immigrant and alien populations. The foreign speaking people are eager to learn English as soon as possible and there is no simpler or better way to help them learn the language than to furnish them with portions of the Bible printed in two languages in parallel columns or pages, their own native language and English. The immigrants read each word on every page and as they read they will learn of the standards and ideals which are the basis of our American life and they will also learn the real message of the Book—the Love of God through Jesus Christ. These portions of the Bible published in two languages are issued at five cents per copy, the actual cost of production, and they are in large, easily read type.

The solution of the immigration problem is the Bible and the hope of our country is the Bible. A while ago Mr. Coolidge wrote the New York Bible Society these strong words:

"There is no other book with which the Bible can be compared and no other reading

that means so much to the human race. It is the support of the strong and the consolation of the weak; the dependence of organized government and the foundation of religion."

The New York Bible Society is appealing for generous support in order to carry out its larger program of Christian and Americanization service. The office of the society from which this great work is carried on is the new Bible House at No. 5 East Forty-eighth Street, New York.

(Continued from page 812)

God and faith in Jesus Christ it may be that my greatest task will be done. Why should not more of our people attempt this line of work? It is a wonderful thing to point a sinful soul to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Why shall not more of our young men and young women dedicate their lives to this form of real Christian service? Why not more of the older ones as well? Why spend so much time and money just for personal and family pleasure during the summer months and at other times when the greatest service ever committed to man is open to them accompanied with the sure promise of infinite and eternal reward for such service? Let whole families engage wholeheartedly in this work. God grant that they may do much better than we did. If these can not go and do this work themselves, can not some of them find other consecrated souls who can be trusted to go and give to the needy ones a real, true, gospel message? Why shall not those who are able, say to such when found, "Here is a car for your use; here is a tent if you need it; here is an equipment that shall be at your service just as long as you prove that you are dedicating your life to leading people to God? We will stand by you and with you and pray for you and support you while you labor in the great harvest field of our Lord?" My hope is that our churches and people will multiply this form of service in a permanent way in many places and see what the Lord will do. My heart is full of this as always. This is why I write. May the Lord richly bless and direct you.

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

1946 Walnut St., Boulder, Colo.,
December 2, 1924.

HOME NEWS

ROANOKE, W. VA.—Friends who have not seen the name of Roanoke in this column of the SABBATH RECORDER for a long time may be surprised, and perhaps pleased to see it now.

There are signs of new life and interest here. The church building, for some time in sad state of repair, recently has been well fixed up. The leaky roof has been patched, cemented, and painted. The sills have been raised and the floor leveled. New ceiling has been put on, and the pulpit platform made safe for a restless preacher. A clean, white coat of paint applied outside and fresh decorations on walls and seats have beautified and renewed the whole house. Two new gas stoves insure adequate heat on the coldest days. New steps—to be put in later—and a platform carpet and pulpit cover will effect still more completely a change in the physical appearance of this old house of worship. The many who contributed out of the hard times of their means to make these improvements are already being blessed.

Services were held for the first time in the renovated sanctuary the first Sabbath in December, when Pastor H. C. Van Horn conducted three services on the Sabbath and Sunday. All are looking forward hopefully to the special evangelistic services which the pastor has announced to begin December 28.

The church may well rejoice that in a recent canvass its quota for the Onward Movement was more than fully subscribed. Practically the name of every resident member, and children and young people in our homes, not yet members, appear on this subscription list. As far as yet reached the nonresident members are also represented.

The Roanoke Church ought to grow! It is a rural situation and community. "Sabbatarian Valley," at the mouth of which the church stands overlooking the scenic West Fork River, is one of the most beautiful and best spots in West Virginia.

There are several families near the church who worship with us but are not of us, although they naturally ought to be. It is important that the folks of this church so conduct themselves as Sabbath keeping Christians as to win for Christ and his Sabbath these families.

Several heavy gas wells have recently been

drilled around this community, but so far none on Seventh Day Baptist territory. But boys and girls are larger assets than gas wells, and our folks have a goodly number of these. One of our young men is in his second year medical course in the University of West Virginia. Three of our young women are teaching school, and the husband of another is also a teacher. One of our young married men, formerly a teacher, has established a small print shop in the community and is building up a modest business.

"Uncle" John Hevener, a faithful teacher of the children's class for at least three generations, although eighty-eight years of age, is still able to do the most of his farm work. Last spring he grubbed out an old orchard and raised a fine field of corn.

Deacon Charles Bond, now located at Salem for educational advantages for his family, with his wife came home for the November quarterly covenant and communion service. On account of the uncompleted repairs on the church the meeting was not held. We were glad, however, to welcome them and to realize their continued interest in the old home church.

CORRESPONDENT.

VERONA, N. Y.—The *Reflector* is the name given to Verona's little four-page hectograph publication, giving church news and good cheer to the members of the First Verona Church. Volume I, Number 10, came to the RECORDER, just before Christmas. It is written in a snug, plain hand, and multiplied, I guess, by the use of the hectograph. It certainly serves its purpose well, is well executed, and shows how, by the help of its young people, a church can keep in touch with all its members, both resident and non-resident.

The number before me is a "special edition of the *Reflector*" with the nonresident members in view. Every one is requested to report to the annual meeting, and urged to cheer the church by the assurance of loyalty to it and to all the causes we love.

From this little paper we glean some items of church news:

LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

The November meeting, held with Mrs. George Stone at Canastota, was a busy one. Sewing on aprons and rug rags was continued. A chapter in the mission study book

was read. Adjourned to the call of the chair. On the way home a truck skidded against Mr. Decker's car, damaging it. Fortunately no one was injured.

The birthday social was a unique affair and afforded much innocent fun. The birthday cakes showed real artistic feeling as well as culinary skill. Net proceeds about \$12.

An excellent teachers' training is organized with members from four different classes. The members are studying Barclay's *Life of Christ*.

Have you made your half-year's payment on the "Onward Movement"?

Christmas exercises are to be held by the Sabbath school on the night of December 20. The classes will make their "white gifts to the King," as usual.

Persons desiring extra copies of the *Reflector* to mail to friends, can help defray the expense of stationery, ink, etc., by paying a nickel per copy.

May the closing days of this year bring you joy in reminiscence and confidence of great victories in the year just dawning.

"And may the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."

Miss Margaret Williams, our oldest member, will celebrate her ninety-fifth birthday on December 20, 1924.

DERUYTER, N. Y.—DeRuyter is still active, although we must admit that there is need for more constant, earnest, inspiring help from *all* church members in the activities and services of the church, especially in the weekly prayer meetings, which we so often hear called the thermometer, or the pulse of the church, and certainly one of the greatest helps to the pastor of any church service.

Our society is quite scattered, many of the families living on farms. Still they are very interested, and the church could hardly live without them.

Death has entered our ranks, and every time earnest, active workers are taken; we miss them so much.

Two of our members, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wing, soon leave for Daytona, Fla., for the remainder of the winter, having received a call from our Seventh Day Baptist people there.

Our church and Sabbath school gave Pastor Randolph a surprise birthday party the evening of December 18, the next day, Friday, being his birthday.

We are looking forward now to the help-

ful influence coming to us from the association, which meets with us the coming summer. We would be glad if we could then meet the faces that are the owners of the many names we read in our RECORDER, including the ministers, secretaries, and others, such as Lyle Crandall, R. B. St. Clair, Frances and Ruby Babcock, Lois Fay, the Clarkes, Burdicks, Posts, etc.

Our pastor attended the Conference and Western and Southwestern Associations, from which he brought very interesting reports to the people who could not attend them.

E. C. B.

WHAT COLLEGE COMMUNITY LIFE SHOULD BE

Above and beyond all else, a genuine religious life and culture should be dominant in a college community. The community life should be surcharged with spiritual magnetism—delicate, sensitive, ethereal currents, that thrill and quicken all coming within its influence.

As all systems have a unifying principle, as all beings rise in gradations to the highest, so all lower modes and ends spontaneously rise toward the religious. Piety, the blending of filial love and trust and loyal obedience, raises individuals and communities from the plane of the simply moral to the religious. This is the highest inspiration in all culture, the source of all spiritual graces, the basis of all lofty character. It should, therefore, guide, control, and inspire in all educational processes, as in all other activities. . . . Loyalty to truth and law, inspired by reverence for the Author of this truth and law, is the source and spring to all right living and noble work. In proportion as individuals, communities, peoples, embody truth, become enlightened, follow the lead of law in loyal glad obedience, will they become strong and great in their work, get influence, power, leadership.—*President Jonathan Allen, D. D., LL. D.*

"I love to plant seeds," said a young woman, deformed and crippled from birth, "for the homely little insignificant seed comes up a beautiful green plant, and blossoms with a lovely flower, and then I remember that if I do the best I can where I am, I may some time grow out of this homely body into beauty."—*Selected.*

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

THANKSGIVING

MARY E. FILLYAW

The day for a nation-wide thanksgiving has come and gone; but not so the mercies of God, for they come but do not go. While many of them are new every morning, the merciful "touch" of each remains through life, and helps in ways we often fail to recognize, to carry us safely over rough places, through many a difficulty, and by many a pitfall.

"One, whom I in childhood loved, went from my dreaming gaze" to an early grave, as the result of accidental poisoning. She lived only a few hours after the entering of the poison into her system; but while life lasted she was the same happy Christian that she had always been ever since I had known her; and her dying words, repeated to me by one who heard them, have been an influence in my life ever since. She said, "We are not thankful enough, for when we get into trouble we pray for help, but when the trouble passes we often forget to return thanks." And with exhortations to the bystanders to be more thankful, and not to forget to return thanks for their daily blessings, she died. The memory of her sweet and pure life is one blessing for which I have cause to be thankful daily. Some years before her death she lost her mother, and the care of her baby brother fell largely upon her. The little fellow grew and seemed healthy and happy, good natured and sweet. But diphtheria cut short his earthly life, and so young was he that no one had thought it necessary to tell him about death until death itself appeared to be at hand. Then his sister-mother told him that he was going to die, and he replied, "I do not want to die, I am afraid." Then she told him of the loving Jesus who had come from his home in heaven and was once a little baby, and then a little boy like him, and grew to be a man, and then gave himself up to die, so that everyone who believed on him would go to him and live with him in heaven, and that if he wanted Jesus to come for him, Jesus would come and take him back to heaven

with him. The little boy remained silent a few minutes and then said, "I am not afraid to die now, for Jesus is with me," and expired. This I had from her own lips after the burial of her little brother.

When the Shunamite woman answered the prophet's question, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" and she answered, "It is well," although her child was dead, she knew that its spirit was safe in the everlasting arms of God. And King David said concerning his dead child, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." And from these two Scriptures we may learn that disembodied spirits do not come in that state and talk through mediums, or otherwise. And we should never repeat any of those so-called ghost stories in the hearing of little children, lest we make a false impression that we can never erase.

There should be such a pervading spirit of thankfulness that all of our days should be full of praise and thanksgiving, then our nights would be full of the "peace that passeth understanding." Our bodies might be full of pain, but our souls would enjoy that "perfect peace" which comes only to those whose minds are "stayed on God." To them it is always well, for they are they who "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God." "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him."

'TIS WELL

On every sunny mountain,
In every gloomy dell,
Whate'er the robe that wraps the heart
'Tis with the righteous well.

Chorus

'Tis well, 'tis well;
'Tis with the righteous, well;
In pleasure's light or sorrow's night,
'Tis with the righteous well.

What words of holy comfort!
Their sweetness who can tell?
Within the vale and o'er the flood,
'Tis with the righteous well.—Cho.

Though dripping clouds may gather,
And grief the bosom swell;
The trusting heart will ever sing,
'Tis with the righteous well.—Cho.

And when the strife is over
And hushed the solemn knell,
Within the gates, around the throne,
'Tis with the righteous well.—Cho.

The above hymn, found in a little hymn book, was the first hymn that I can re-

member committing to memory, and having never heard it sung, and never having seen the tune in the little note book intended to go with the little book, because our Sunday school had none of those little note books, I had to improvise a tune to go with it; but I have enjoyed singing that hymn more than fifty years; and when I stand within the gates and see the Holy One, I then shall sing, "in tones more sweet, more loud, more clear," 'tis with the righteous well.

R. 4, Fayetteville, N. C.,
November 30, 1924.

LETTER FROM A LONE SABBATH KEEPER IN THE SOUTH TO ONE IN THE NORTH

DEAR FRIEND:

There have been delays that I did not expect in getting this letter ready to mail to you. Somehow, when I start a letter, thoughts come faster than I can find—in my small vocabulary—suitable words for their expression. Hence, I use many words to express what another would express in a few well-chosen ones; and I leave out what later has to be interlined or leave some sentences almost without meaning.

Four days I was sick, and had to forgo any attempt at writing. When I began to feel like writing to you again, an article appeared in our morning paper, which left the main point unsettled; and I made an attempt at a reply, because the question involves the standing ground of every doctrine or practice of those who profess faith in Christ.

The question to be settled was whether the New Testament contains the whole of Christ's teachings, in such a way that certain practices—especially the use of instrumental music in church worship and the observance of the seventh day Sabbath—belong exclusively to the period before the crucifixion of Christ.

The use of instrumental music was mentioned, because that was the disturbing question in certain church circles. In 1844, when the Holston Conference was formed by the union of one circle of believers in Kentucky and one in Tennessee, this disturbing question of instrumental music had to be disposed of; and it was condemned by the Holston Conference when it convened in Louisville, Ky., in 1845. In this

state the same question was agitated about the same time; but those favoring it were so many and those opposing it so few, that nearly all churches in this state now have instrumental music, and those which do not are financially unable to have it, as far as my knowledge goes.

Now, since the question has come up again, calling for a settlement based upon New Testament grounds, I commenced searching the Scriptures for evidence; and I was richly rewarded. When I thought of the many thousands who read that daily paper published in the capital city of our state, there came a call for me to make a true and faithful reply to that article, which, if published, I want you should see.

It was a call similar to the one I felt when the Sabbath question first came up for consideration. I had been told that when Christ arose on the first day of the week, that day was ever after the Christian Sabbath; and that satisfied me until the fall of 1887, when the call to settle it by the Scriptures of truth became so imperative, that on a Thursday I laid aside every kind of work, except the preparation of meals and necessary care of my little ones, for the purpose of knowing the truth, for I longed to be free from the bondage of tradition and the commandments of men.

On that memorable morning, nothing but the truth fresh from the Holy One of Israel could say to my soul, "Peace, be still"; and by noon the next day peace, like a quiet river, had settled the raging waves that sought to drown me in their depths.

So last Friday, I studied my Bible, taking notes as I went along, so that I could arrange them for a reply to be mailed as soon as possible. If it is published, I want to mail a copy of it to you, along with the article which so deeply stirred me.

Now I want to tell you about a lady and her husband who have been here several times during the last eighteen months. The lady seemed especially interested in some of my writings which appeared in our state paper, and her husband through her influence had become interested. I had made known my church relations to her in the beginning of our acquaintance and considered this sufficient. All went smoothly until two weeks ago he asked me if I was a Presbyterian, and I told him, "No."

But when a few days ago I gave him a copy of my "Sabbath Messenger," he took it and stood reading it as though much interested, for a while. Finally he asked if I was an Adventist. I told him I was a Seventh Day Baptist.

He asked, "What difference does it make which day I keep?"

I told him, "All the difference in the world: the difference between the Word of God and man's word."

He became very stern and bade me goodbye, but his wife spoke of coming again. Please pray for them.

As ever,
YOUR FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.

REPLY FROM THE NORTH

DEAR FRIEND:

Our landscape has become completely white since morning; soft, downy flakes have worked a transformation from brown to white, and are piling up to a depth that will bring out the sleighs of the horse-owners.

As usual, I was much pleased to receive your letter, but I have not been very prompt at answering. This state has had an unprecedented crop of apples. Storage houses are more than full, and hundreds of bushels are being made into cider, that debilitating and demoralizing factor of farm life. In the largest city, apples were given away to commuters in the railroad station, partly to advertise and partly to get rid of the apples. Bushels of inferior fruit have been left to decay on the ground, thereby multiplying insect and fungus pests, which make the raising of good fruit so difficult. Spraying overcomes some imperfections, but as long as over-production exists and fruit is left ungathered to rot on the ground, pests will multiply.

There has been considerable loss about here, some years, because of potato blight. My theory is that these spores of blight result from stray and inferior tubers left in the ground to decay after the main crop is harvested. Under ordinary conditions these spores can be kept in check by spraying, but when favored by an excess of moisture, these micro-organisms cause the loss of the main crop by so-called potato rot.

When you visited us, I remember you gave us an interesting description of the

Ku Klux Klan as it was after the Civil War in the South. You will be interested to know that the past week a young man brought us a copy of the klan's official organ, to read, with an invitation to join. In the fall, the klan's influence on the election was apparent, an influence for good; and after looking over the paper, I am impressed with its fearless opposition to Roman interference in American affairs. But I am not favorable to joining, for the klan has not, apparently, heard the call of true Sabbath reform. I am impressed, furthermore, with the opportunity for Sabbath keepers to show the falsity of Roman teaching regarding the sacredness of Sunday; and wherever the klan makes a successful break in the wall of Roman dominance, there we ought to be, pressing forward bearing the banner of Sabbath truth. The klan seems willing to break up the ground and do the rough preparation; and we ought to be even more willing to quietly sow the good seed, by word, example, and printed leaflet. The situation looks to me like a grand opportunity.

You wrote in your next to last letter something about modern observance of Halloween, and you will be interested to hear how a lone Sabbath keeper in an adjoining state was benefitted by a commendable celebration of the day. The other women of the village—which is a Sunday keeping community—arranged for her a surprise party, each one bringing her a generous contribution to add to her winter supplies; and because Halloween came Friday night, and they knew she believes the Sabbath begins at evening, they thoughtfully made their presentation Thursday evening. I think that was a way to celebrate which would be delightful to carry out in any community.

There have been many interruptions since I commenced this letter, and I have not told you half I wanted to, but I much approach an ending so as to be sure it reaches you before the Christmas rush of mail begins. Don't you wish Jesus were here in person so we could ask him what would please him most on his birthday?

I can not imagine his liking the extravagance, revelry, and Santa Claus worship. I think he would say he did love to have us do thoughtful, generous things to help the poor, unfortunate, and afflicted; but I am not sure he would like to have us limit our

generosity to just one day, for he permitted the record of the exact date of his birth to be lost. But there is reason in dispensing kindness when the rigors of winter prevail, when snow, sleet, and biting winds vex body and soul. Then it is that cheerfulness and generosity betoken the kinship with the divine Comforter.

Now I must say goodbye, and promise a prayer for the two souls who showed an interest in the Sabbath truth, hoping to see a copy of your article, if published.

YOUR FRIEND IN THE NORTH.

REV. SIMEON BABCOCK

Rev. Simeon Huffman Babcock, son of Elder Simeon and Elizabeth Denny Babcock, was born in Pike Township, Clark County, Ohio, January 21, 1841, and died at Mercy Hospital, Janesville, Wis., November 18, 1924, aged 83 years, 8 months, and 27 days.

February 21, 1861, he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth McCormick. Both were residents of

Shelby County, and members of the Jackson Center Church of which his father was pastor. There were eight children in their family. Those living are Mrs. D. F. Whitford, of Edgerton; Milton J., of Albion; Mrs. M. L. Brown, of Whitewater; Louis A., of Milton, Wis., and Mrs. H. C. Van Horn, of Lost Creek, W. Va. There are seventeen grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Both by heredity and training Brother Babcock was naturally a Christian. His father was in the sixth generation of the Babcock family in America. He was in the Seventh Day Baptist tide of emigration by way of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia (now West Virginia) and Ohio. He was a man highly esteemed for his piety and fidelity. He ministered to the scattered groups of Sabbath keepers in the Ohio settlements with no other compensation than the gratitude of a needy people

and the joy known only to those who render unselfish service. All the Sabbath keeping Van Horns are supposed to be descendants of one Abram Van Horn. A daughter of his was married to Moses Huffman, they were Sabbath converts and important factors in the early history of the Lost Creek Church. Their family consisted of six daughters, whose descendants like the famous Murray family of South Africa, have been conspicuous for character and piety. There are numbered among them college presidents, state legislators, teachers, officers in church and civic positions, prominent citizens, in large numbers in various states. Rev. S. H. Babcock's mother, Elizabeth Denny Huffman, was the fifth of these daughters. She was a pioneer in advocating the right of women speaking in religious meetings. When left a widow by the death of her first husband, Milton Stout, she refused to part her three little boys, and labored at such employment as she could obtain for their support. After five years she was married to Elder Babcock and removed to his home in Ohio. There were three children by this union—two sons and a daughter.

It is not then strange that Brother Babcock became a Christian in his ninth year and that when his church expressed their confidence in his character and ability by asking him to devote himself to the gospel ministry and become their leader, he consented, though in his twenty-ninth year, and having a family of three children to support. After serving them for a time he removed to Wisconsin and, in order to better qualify himself for his sacred calling, became a student at Albion Academy. The Albion Church licensed him to preach March 2, 1872.

In response to the request of the Jackson Center Church, which had called him to return to them and become their pastor, a council, composed of the quarterly meeting group of southern Wisconsin, ordained him June 29, 1874. His public services were pastorates at Jackson Center, Ohio, Albion, Wis., Walworth, Wis.; field worker of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society; a second pastorate at Albion, and lastly at Little Genesee, N. Y., from which place he retired on account of failing health. His public ministrations were en-

hanced by his Christian character, his manliness, his congenial personality, his pleasing voice,—pleasing both in speech and in song—and are rewarded in immeasurable benefits. Everywhere the grace of God was upon him and glorified his work. His companion was well chosen and together they made a home that was a tower of strength wherever they lived. This happy union was broken by death August 31, 1916; and he must complete the journey of life alone. These years were spent in the family of his son, Milton J. at Albion.

The years of retirement have been a benediction. His presence in church and Sabbath school, where he was a teacher, and in the community, has been helpful. He never ceased to be a factor for good. His faculties did not wane. His power in song to the very last was remarkable. His family will ever cherish the priceless heritage of godly living he has left them. His name will ever be held in loving remembrance by his many friends.

Funeral services were held at Albion Seventh Day Baptist church, November 21, 1924. Pastor Seager spoke of his beautiful character of which the lovely flowers that adorned the casket were but a suggestion. Like Timothy he had "carried on" in the noble characteristics of his forebears, the personal and spiritual descent, an example of the fruit of right living—the ground of hope for the generations to come. Pastor E. A. Witter spoke of him as co-worker in the gospel as they were associated in the pastorates of neighboring churches, his goodfellowship, hearty cooperation, wise counsels. Pastor E. E. Sutton spoke of his public work, his power in song, the charm of his personality, its lasting influence upon him as a boy, the loving remembrances of him he found among the people where he succeeded him as pastor. Pastor J. L. Skaggs spoke of their friendship, his influence in inducing him to come to Milton College, the admirable home life, the deep interest in young people. The songs rendered by Reverend and Mrs. C. S. Sayre, were well chosen and added greatly to the impressiveness of the services.

His body was laid to rest beside his wife in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR BELOVED BROTHER, REV.
SIMEON H. BABCOCK

From achievements in human endeavor,
With their hope and ambition and strife,
One was led his relation to sever
By the lure of a worthier life.

There are eyes that behold the eternal,
There is music for ears that discern,
There's a field always fruitful and vernal,
There are hearts that for God ever yearn.

There's a light from the mansions in glory,
Lending peace and contentment and love;
There is joy in reciting the story
Of a home in the mansions above.

Oh, beware by what standard you measure—
There is blindness and fraud and conceit—
Lest you miss all your honor and treasure
In the light that makes known all deceit.

He has left a good mem'ry to cherish—
Loving father and pastor and friend;
His reward is never to perish,
For by faith he endured to the end.

REPLY TO BIRTHDAY LETTERS

REV. SAMUEL R. WHEELER

My ninetieth birthday brought me numerous individual letters and cards. Some messages represent a number of friends. The pastor of a church where I was once a pastor said his message represented the entire church.

Surely, to respond to every one individually would overtax my time, brain, and body. The best I can do is to earnestly pray God to bless, cheer, and give you success in your life and Christian work.

For some time it has been my daily prayer for God to increase pastors, churches, and membership in numbers and in spiritual power. Perhaps this is a very, very important prayer at this time.

632 University Avenue,
Boulder, Colo.

HOLINESS OF HEART

As children of the heavenly King, we should be distinguished as consecrated disciples. Our hearts should be sanctified by the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit. All bitterness and strife should depart from our lives and we should so walk that people might note that we had been with Jesus and learned of him.

A church of holy people will soon draw others to the Christ of Calvary. A revival will be a foregone conclusion.

R. B. ST. C.

DRASTIC LAWS THREATEN

The Lord's Day Alliance has organized its forces for the biggest fight this fall and during 1925 it has ever had in all the thirty years of its history, according to Harry L. Bowlby, its general secretary. A permanent lobby has just been established in Washington, D. C., for the purpose of keeping in constant touch with congressmen, and crowding them into an acceptance of the Sunday law program of the alliance.

The alliance has also carefully and permanently organized its forces in every state east of Illinois and north of the Mason-Dixon line, except Delaware, has organized Kentucky and Tennessee, and is organizing Texas and other Southern States. California, which has no Sunday law, has not escaped, for Mr. Bowlby declares the alliance has in that state one of its strongest organizations. In fact, every state in the Union is to be put on an organized basis by this association, which Mr. Bowlby says is supported by eighteen religious denominations, and which is working for the most drastic Sunday laws—mild laws first, the drastic ones as soon as possible. "Make no mistake about it," he said recently, "this coming year is going to be one of the biggest years in our history. We shall have the biggest fight we have ever had."

With forty-four legislatures meeting in as many states, and with the Lord's Day Alliance bringing upon the lawmakers every pressure possible to force them into making Sunday laws more stringent than any yet enacted,—laws which are in direct violation of the rights of the people, and contrary to the guaranties of both national and state constitutions,—there doubtless will be a more vigorous forensic contest than this country has ever seen.

The Sunday law cohorts tell the lawmakers that they are interested in the health, morals, and general welfare of the community; they tell the laboring man they are very anxious that he have a day of rest; but when they speak to their supporters in the churches, they make it very plain that they want people to go to church on Sunday. And they intend to make it so hard for people to do anything else, that they will have to go.

Every man has a God-given right to choose for himself, not only what church he will attend, but what day he will keep. Sunday laws violate that right. Moreover, no civil law can change the heart. Religious laws only make men hypocrites. The Sunday law reformers are attempting to do by law what only the power of God can do. Americans who cherish the religious freedom for which their forefathers sought these shores, who braved the hardships of pioneer life among wild, untamed savages, in order that they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, should oppose the work of so-called religious reformers with eternal vigilance.—*Liberty*.

FAIR PLAY AND EQUALITY SELDOM GRANTED

A stranger who casually picked up the *Liberty* magazine, was very much impressed with its message, and wrote:

"I think the person who hallows the seventh day as the Sabbath has as much right to work on Sunday as the man who hallows Sunday has a right to work on Saturday."

It is difficult for Sunday observers to see the justness of this position. There are a lot of people who believe in religious liberty, but they believe in religious liberty only for themselves, and not for the man who holds a divergent belief.—*Liberty*.

MUCH DELAYED COPY

Probably due to the over-crowded Christmas mails, copy for some of the departments reaches us after this paper is made up. This is a short week, and copy was needed early; a matter that may not have occurred to our correspondents. The delayed matter will appear next week.

T. L. G.

"I should have been an atheist," said a noted divine, "had it not been for the recollection of a time when my mother used to take my little hand in hers and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'"

Memory of a mother's love hallows and blesses, while the memory of our neglect of her burns and curses.—*Selected*.

DEATHS

BABCOCK.—In Mercy Hospital, Janesville, Wis., Rev. Simeon H. Babcock, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Extended obituary elsewhere in this RECORDER.

GREENE.—Elizabeth (Briggs) Clarke Greene, was the daughter of Hon. Asa S. Briggs and Mary Caroline (Burdick) Briggs. She was born in Ashaway, R. I., April 1, 1865, and died, after a lingering illness, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alexander Ferguson, 38 Highland Avenue, Westerly, R. I., November 28, 1924.

When a young girl she became a member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, of which she remained a member till death, ever loyal to the church, the denomination, and her pastor. About two years ago she was made a deaconess of the church. She was also a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, and, at the time of her death, a member of its Evangelistic Committee. She was a public spirited woman, having the honor of being the first woman from Hopkinton, chosen to serve on the Republican State Central Committee. She was a member of Phebe Green Ward chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, having held the offices of regent, secretary and chaplain.

In December, 1885, she was married to Charles W. Clarke of Ashaway. To this union one daughter, Jessie, now Mrs. Alexander Ferguson, was born. Mr. Clarke died October 14, 1913.

On January 21, 1924, she was married to Orville D. Greene of Syracuse, N. Y., who still survives her. In addition to her husband and daughter she leaves two brothers, Dr. A. B. Briggs and L. A. Briggs of Ashaway, and one sister, Mrs. Earl P. Saunders of Alfred, N. Y.

Funeral services were held from the home of Mrs. Alexander Ferguson, Westerly, R. I., December 1, 1924, conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. L. Davis, assisted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick. Interment was made in Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway.
A. L. D.

WARDNER.—Nathan Summerbell Wardner was born at Alfred, N. Y., December 15, 1874, and died in the New York Hospital, December 13, 1924, within two days of the fiftieth anniversary of his birth.

Mr. Wardner spent several years of his early life in the West, later returning with his mother, two brothers and a sister to Alfred. It was while he was living there that he was baptized by his maternal grandfather, Rev. James Summerbell, and joined the Second Alfred Church. He attended high school in Friendship, N. Y., and then went to Leonardsville, N. Y., where he worked in the foundry of H. D. Babcock. He subsequently learned photography, and for a number of years he had been a successful photographer in Plainfield, N. J., to which city he came with his mother twenty-four years ago.

Nathan was the oldest member of the family of four children, and he early accepted it as his task to care for his mother, and there are many who can attest the faithfulness and devotion with which he carried out that early desire and abiding purpose.

Nathan Wardner was quiet and unassuming in his manner, true and constant in his devo-

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tion to all that is right and good. He was a lover of music, was a member of the Symphony Society, and of the Elks Band. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce of Plainfield, and of the Elks Lodge. He was a member of the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church, and was for fifteen years secretary of the Sabbath school.

Surviving Mr. Wardner are his mother, Mrs. Sarah L. Wardner, of 524 Park Avenue, Plainfield; two brothers, Dr. James F. Wardner, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Thomas B. Wardner, of Youngstown, Ohio; and a sister, Mrs. Rachel W. Caris, of Starkey Seminary, Lakemont, Yates County, N. Y.

His last message to the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath school, which he served so long and so faithfully, is not only characteristic of him, but reveals the dominant traits of his life: "Remember me to all the members of the Sabbath school. I greatly appreciate all the many kindnesses shown me all my life, and now, as I face the hereafter, I greatly regret all the good deeds I have left undone. I wish I had been more faithful." As his spirit was about to depart from the wasting body, memory faced him with no misdeeds. Many were his good deeds.

Farewell services were held in the Sabbath school room of the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist church, where he had been a familiar figure for many years, as he went from class to class to get his records, or read his weekly report. Pastor Bond was assisted by Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner, who read the scripture lesson, and Rev. F. J. Bakker, who offered prayer. The latter was brought to a knowledge and observance of the Sabbath by Nathan's grandfather, Elder Nathan Wardner, in Holland, many years ago. Appropriate and impressive selections of music were sung by a male quartet consisting of Raymond P. Lewis, Dr. O. B. Whitford, Ernest Whitford, and Guy Sutton, secretary of the Plainfield Y. M. C. A. Interment was made in Hillside Cemetery.
A. J. C. B.

MCBURNIE.—Edward McBurnie was born in Franklin County, Ohio, January 16, 1845, and died at his home in Jackson Center, Ohio, December 13, 1924, aged 79 years, 10 months and 27 days.

In 1861, while only sixteen years of age, fired by the nation's call, he enlisted as a private in the Fifth-seventh Regiment, Ohio

Volunteers, and remained with his regiment till the close of the war. December 31, 1863, he received an honorable discharge, but enlisted the same day with the rank of corporal. He was engaged in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Mission Ridge, Snake Creek Gap, Dallas, Kennesaw Mountain, and Atlanta, Ga., besides numerous skirmishes. July 4, 1864, he was captured by the Confederates, and for two months he, with others was nearly starved to death in Andersonville Prison. Upon being exchanged, he rejoined his regiment under General Sherman and accompanied that general in his famous march through Georgia. After his discharge from service, August 14, 1865, he attended Alfred University for a time.

May 23, 1867, he was united in marriage with Mary M. Maxson. No children blessed this union, but four children were reared in this home.

Later he attended the Ft. Wayne School of Medicine, from which he was graduated March 3, 1885, receiving his degree of doctor of medicine. For years he practiced his chosen profession in Jackson Center and vicinity until, warned by advancing years and their consequent feebleness, he retired from public life.

He is survived by his wife, one sister, Ellen E. Meeker, of Jackson Center, Ohio, a half brother, Rolandus Babcock, of Troy, Ohio; and a host of friends who mourn his departure.

Funeral services were held in the Seventh Day Baptist church, conducted by the pastor. The remains were laid to rest in the Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery. The American Legion in a very befitting manner honored this veteran of the Civil War, and in a beautiful ceremony assisted the pastor in the burial service.
W. D. T.

PEABODY.—In Westerly, R. I., October 30, 1924, Effie Diana Peabody, wife of J. Alonzo Peabody, in the sixty-first year of her age. She was the daughter of Edward and Lovica (Weaver) Whiting, and was born in Montville, Conn., December 12, 1863.

Her early life was spent in that section of the state. When young, she confessed Christ and united with a first day Baptist Church. She was married to J. Alonzo Peabody, Jan-



uary 23, 1881. When the Seventh Day Adventists held services near her home, she embraced the Sabbath during the preaching of Rev. George E. Fifield, and united with that body of believers. Many years ago the family moved to Westerly, and about the time that Mr. Fifield severed his connection with the Adventists, she, with the other members of the family, withdrew from that body, and June 5, 1908, joined the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church of Westerly, of which church she has since been a loyal member.

Our sister had been, for some time, in failing health, and through weeks of growing weakness finally fell asleep October 30, 1924. The funeral service, conducted by the pastor, Clayton A. Burdick, was held Sabbath afternoon, November 1, 1924. Mrs. Peabody left of her immediate family to mourn her loss, beside her husband, J. Alonzo Peabody, two daughters, Edna A., and F. Ethel Peabody, and one son, T. Edward Peabody, with his wife and two children, Thelma Ruth and Donald Emory, all of Westerly, R. I.

C. A. B.

RESOLUTIONS OF LOVE AND SYMPATHY

In the going home of our sister, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Greene, the Ladies' Sewing Society of Ashaway have met with a great loss.

She gave her time and strength, unselfishly, in the work for her Master.

As a leader, she was especially gifted, and usually held some important office in our society.

We shall deeply miss her loving counsel and cheerful personality; we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family.

In our sorrow, let us remember, "The eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee, in all thy ways."

MABELLE E. COON,
AMELIA K. CRANDALL.
Committee.

A man in a public address slurred foreign missions. Instantly a Jew arose and said:

"Some years ago my bank sent me to look at some land in Porto Rico. The village I visited was the nastiest, vilest little hell I ever saw. Two years ago I was sent to the same town. It was a beautiful place, with neat houses and yards, clean streets, a pretty school for children, no vice or drunkenness in evidence, good gardens, and a church. What did it? A missionary had come there from the United States. I sought him out, and gave him a check. . . . Now when I hear such a slur as has just been given, I say, How ignorant and provincial such men are!"—*Record of Christian Work.*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

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Sabbath School. Lesson II.—January 10, 1925

THE LAST JUDGMENT

Golden Text.—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." Matt. 25: 40.

DAILY READINGS

Jan. 4—The Last Judgment, Matt. 25: 31-46.
Jan. 5—The Basis of Divine Judgment, Rom. 2: 6-16.
Jan. 6—Judgment by the Son, John 5: 21-29.
Jan. 7—The Certainty of Judgment, Acts 17: 24-31.
Jan. 8—Awaiting the Judgment with Courage, 2 Cor. 5: 5-10.
Jan. 9—Examples of Judgment, Jude 11-22.
Jan. 10—The Whole Duty of Man, Eccl. 12: 1-8, 13, 14.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. James 5: 20.

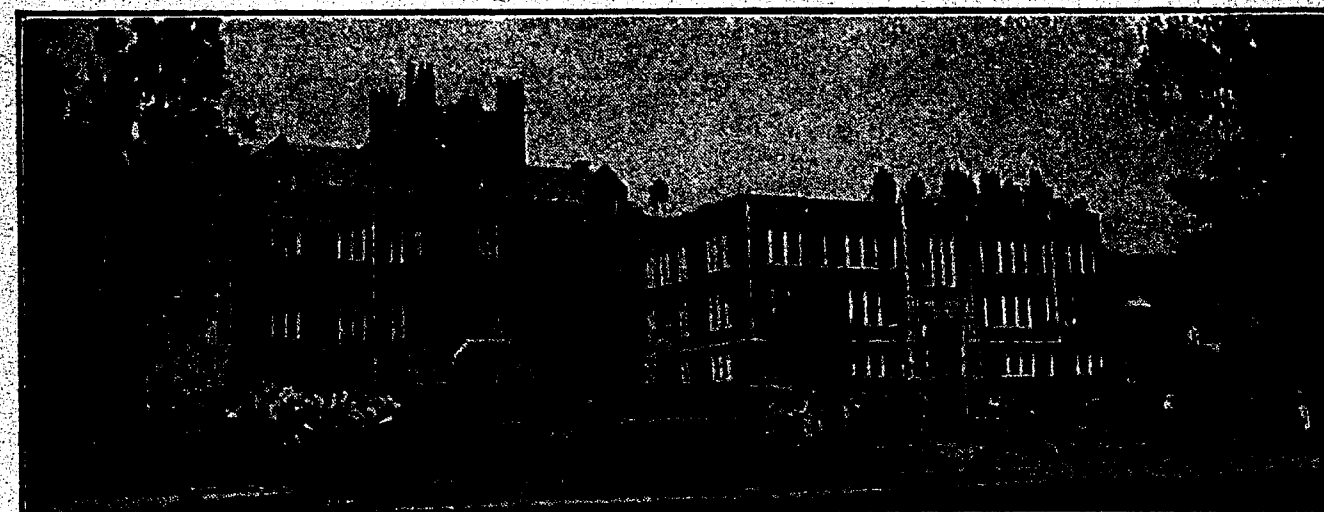
If you can not join the army yourself, try to gain a recruit! If you can not win thousands to Christ as the missionaries do, you can by doing the next thing in the kindest way, redeem one soul for him.—*Robert Russell.*

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