

The Sabbath Recorder

The Denominational Building
will stand to the world as an
evidence of the Sabbath truth.

Will you have part in it and
so make known your faith?

F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.,
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

THE JOURNEY HOME

A journey I must take—it may be soon,
Along a path my feet have never trod;
What matter when or how the summons comes?
The way leads to the homeland and to God.

I may not linger here to greet the spring,
Nor till the garden which has been my care,
But in the homeland other joys await,
And cherished hopes find full fruition there.

The Father waits my coming, and the home
Is one his mercy and his grace prepares;
Why should my feet be loath to venture forth,
As though the fates led on—where—no one cares?

There is for me no terror of the dark,
Nor wildering paths on which my feet must roam;
For one beside me walks who is the Way,
The Truth, the Life, and he will guide me home.

—Fred Scott Shepard.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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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.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE No. 4,186

"O Lord, when we compare ourselves with the ideal which we cherish in our souls, we are humiliated. We pray that our wills may be strengthened so that we may live nobly as the followers of him whose Spirit is conquering in the earth. Help us to diffuse the fragrance of holy love. As men become conscious of our presence may they be reminded of our Savior. In his Name. Amen."

Important Work At Evening Time How many times in the harvest fields of early days on the farm have I come toward sunset with so much work that needed to be done before the night set in, that everything about me seemed to say: "Come, hurry up; it will soon be dark; it looks like rain, and we must get things in shape to be left before the night catches us."

The faithful workman will feel the impulse of such an hour and strengthen his hands and quicken his pace in order to put the work in the best possible shape before he leaves it.

Some such thoughts as these regarding life's day and its work will come crowding in as the passing weeks and months go swiftly by, and life's sunset draws rapidly near. Life never seemed so short as it does on this, my eighty-first birthday. As I look back it seems but a little while since the hopes of life's morning were fixed upon making my day count for the advancement of God's kingdom on earth. And now as I look upon the fields and see how much remains to be done, and how short the time before I must lay down my pen and cease my work forever, there comes an inexpressible longing to leave nothing undone that will promote our Onward Movement and make a better world in which coming generations of Seventh Day Baptists can live and make their lives count for the Master.

Some one has said, "A thoroughly useful life is *much in little*." It is necessarily little, for life is but a span. But I am glad that, even as one writing a letter with but little space left on his sheet can by close writing and quick work get in a good deal, so too we may crowd much into what is left of life, for God, for the Church, for

our families, and for our fellows, and for the causes we love.

What Seventh Day Baptists do now will largely settle the question as to what generations to come will be in the work of the kingdom. As we today enjoy the rich benefits of work done by our fathers, so will it be by and by, when others come to reap where we have sown. If I can only inspire greater zeal in work for the cause for which we stand—quicken the spiritual life, fill human hearts with greater hope for our future, strengthen faith in the final triumph of truth, and leave a substantial memorial building as evidence to coming generations of our loyalty to the faith of our fathers, I shall feel ready to face life's sunset full of hope and to leave the work to others to carry on in the great tomorrow.

There Is a Wide-Spread Interest and Commission meetings it was agreed that we should keep alive the

question of providing for the new denominational building to complete the work of the publishing house, so well begun, by placing the memorial building on the fine lot already purchased to receive it. We were not expected to make an intensive canvass for funds, but were to keep the matter before the people through the RECORDER. This we have done with the understanding that whatever the people should voluntarily give for the New Building Fund should never be used for anything else but should be kept invested for this purpose alone.

That there is a wide-spread interest in the matter is evident. Nine months of the year have passed, and the sum of \$1,301.55 has already come drifting into this fund from all over America, and that too without any special canvass for funds.

In this same way, without any one going out to ask for money, the funds have come for the splendid print shop; but this is only half the work we have undertaken.

Some who visit us from our churches do not like the unfinished appearance of our shop front, which must always look unfin-

ished until the main building is placed on the fine front lot awaiting it. As it now is, the unfinished appearance is unavoidable; and the longer it remains so the longer will it say to the world: "Those Seventh Day Baptists began a good and commendable work here but they laid down on their job when it was half done!" We do not want this building to be telling such a story to generations after we are gone. We do want to leave here a memorial of our loyalty to the faith of our fathers, something we shall not be ashamed of, and something that will show our faith in the Sabbath cause to future generations.

I can think of no better nor more appropriate memorial to be erected in honor of those who have toiled and sacrificed for the Sabbath cause and who have gone to their reward. I believe there are thousands among us who are anxious to see this work completed before they die, and who will soon furnish the money. They will be happy when it is done, and there is no reason why it can't be done soon if we have a mind to do our part. As this fund grows our courage will grow, and before we know it we shall see the building fully assured.

Still Cultivating A War Spirit! The extreme dogmatism manifested in some present-day religious controversies savors more of the war spirit than of the spirit of the Prince of Peace. The war spirit imbues men with the idea that we are everlastingly right and that the other fellows are altogether wrong. There can be no exceptions, no modifications, no concessions. Under the tremendous wave of war-passion no word of palliation—nothing to modify judgment regarding degrees of blameworthiness—could be tolerated. Every man not *wholly* enlisted and equipped on my side was a "Hun" in the estimation of many! There was no good thing in him in war time; nothing whatever could commend him to the favor of liberty-loving men.

I can not avoid the feeling that something of this same spirit has entered into the religious controversies that have distracted some denominations of late. Extreme dogmatism seems to assume that "we are everlastingly right, and those who see things in any different light are everlastingly wrong!"

I am becoming more and more disgusted

with the spirit of intolerance that makes no possible allowance for honest devotion to truth in the hearts of men who differ with us on certain doctrines. How can one look upon some of the controversies with any respect for the uncompromising self-assurance that stands off by itself and hurls epithets at every man, however sincere and practical he may be as a Christian, if he stands on the other side of some doctrinal line!

Both sides in the controversy are to blame somewhat. No good can come by denouncing honest Christians as "liberals," "heretics," "modernists" and consigning them to the land of the lost. And no good can come by subjecting honest Christians on the other side of the line to contempt, ridicule, and sarcasm for "mysticism," while they are trying to meet the truths of the modern world and at the same time are unwilling to cut loose from their life-long, sacred adherence to beliefs that were dear to their fathers and mothers of long ago!

Far better would it be for both sides if each would recognize the good in the others, put less stress upon the matters of difference, and enlist all their energies in practical Christian work—such as both can do well—for the saving of men and the uplifting of humanity. This would be in harmony with our Master and could not fail to receive his blessing.

Matters of Special Interest Several matters of special interest to our readers are coming to the front in these days. Personally I am very glad to see the report regarding the religious activities in Salem College which appears on another page of this RECORDER. It recalls the precious revival season of years ago when the college was young and the young people co-operated with the churches in revival work, many of them finding a precious Savior. In those days, if a young man went to the bad in Salem College, he had to go against the prevailing influences of good that sought to save him.

On one occasion a young man from a distant home came of his own accord to the president's home under deep conviction, and opened his heart, saying he dare not wait till he could go home for baptism, and asked if I would baptize him. The next day a little company of students witnessed the baptism in the brook near by the college,

and the young man went on his way satisfied.

It is a great satisfaction to know that Salem College is still giving a prominent place to spiritual things. Great blessings should come to homes among the West Virginia hills from a school that stresses the things of the Spirit in preparing young men and women for life's great work.

Another thing that gives us courage is the fact that the spirit of revival has brought blessings to some of our churches. Reports of special evangelical meetings and conversions always put new life into those who have been praying and hoping for revivals in our churches.

Messages of pastors to their nonresident members have been interesting, because they show that special efforts are being made to strengthen the tie that binds our scattered ones to their home churches.

Again, who can see the evidences of loyalty among our young people—the activities in Christian work such as were never known in the days of my boyhood—without a thrill of hope for our future? For these things we thank God and take courage. Our Children's Page in the RECORDER is most helpful and inspiring.

Rev. R. J. Severance, our missionary in the southeast, has accepted the call to the pastorate at Marlboro, N. J. We bid him Godspeed in his new field and hope some other good man may soon be found to take up the work in Gentry and in the fields left by Brother Severance.

All friends of Daytona, Fla., and of Hammond, La., will be glad to learn of the excellent winter's work and the good results of the missions of Brother Wing and of Brother Socwell with those two worthy little flocks.

Do You Know the Real, Helpful Jesus? Gipsy Smith tells the story of a minister who was called to the bedside of a dying woman and found himself helpless because he knew only the historic, theoretical Christ. It was in the dead of night when a poor girl, with a shawl over her head and wooden shoes on her feet, rang his bell and pleaded with him to go with her and "get mother in." The minister, supposing her request was to get an intoxicated woman in out

of the cold, hesitated. He thought of the impropriety of being found at midnight helping such a woman. But the girl managed to make the preacher understand that her mother was dying. She said: "O man of God, make haste! make haste! my mother is dying!"

After some excuses he reluctantly went with her. The dying woman was in a chamber over a house of shame, where bad men were drinking and carousing. The minister began to tell her about the only Christ he knew—the Jesus of history, Jesus the good example, Jesus the teacher, the good man. But the distressed woman exclaimed, "Mister, that is no good for me! I am a sinner. My life is lived. I have wasted it. I haven't a chance. I am dying. Can't you tell me of some one who can have mercy on a poor sinner and forgive her sin?"

Then and there the learned, theoretic Christian realized that with all his learning he had no message, no gospel of help and comfort for a dying sinner pleading for mercy! He was helpless in the midst of sin and death and began to feel distressed because his ministry was no good to such a woman.

What could he do? For her sake he went back in memory to the days when as a child he knelt at his mother's knee, and simply began to tell her what his mother had told him about the Christ who died on the cross for poor sinners because he loved them and that he was able to save the worst of sinners; and the poor woman looked up through her tears and said: "Now you are getting at it, tell me some more."

Then he did tell her more, until she found the peace that Jesus alone can give. When this minister told this story to Mr. Smith and Dr. Jowett, he said: "I did get her in; and blessed be God, I got in myself, and my ministry was revolutionized."

I sometimes wonder if it would not be a good thing if some other ministers could "get in" enough to stop their disgusting contentions over non-essential theories, and enough to give them a message suitable to the needs of dying sinners. Here we are quarreling with one another over questions upon which the wisest men have never been able to agree—matters that would do no good for poor sinful mortals to accept—while all about us multitudes know little or nothing of the real saving gospel of Jesus

the Christ! Christians are disgusting the world of sinners by their contentions over theoretical doctrines, while the chasm between them and the church widens as the years go by.

What, think you, would be the effect if men would stop slamming one another over matters of belief and go to preaching a practical gospel, Christ and him crucified, in the churches and begin to seek to save the swarming multitudes of down-and-outs in the streets and in their homes of misery? They would not only "get in" many wanderers, but they too might get in themselves.

Come to the Association At Plainfield June 11 is the time set for the Eastern Association to convene with the church at Plainfield, N. J. We hope for large delegations from all the churches. Plainfield people will welcome to their homes all who come. Let us make it one of the best associations, a real spiritual Pentecost.

"HARMONY OF THE LAST WEEK"

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND
Leader in Sabbath Promotion

Sometime since a good friend and loyal Seventh Day Baptist handed me a book which claimed to prove that Jesus was crucified on Wednesday and rose from the dead on Sabbath evening. The title of this book is *Pagan Festivals in Christian Worship, Thoughts on the Day of Christ's Resurrection*, and the author is E. E. Franke, pastor of "The People's Church," (Sabbath-keeping) of New York City.

More recently a Seventh Day Baptist friend on the Pacific Coast sent me a book entitled *The Harmony of the Last Week*, written by Eugene Charles Callaway, evidently a lay member of the Ponce de Leon Avenue Baptist Church of Atlanta, Georgia.

I have read these books with a good deal of interest, and I believe also with profit. I must confess that I found difficulty in reading the first book mentioned above, but found distinct delight in the little volume by Mr. Callaway. Whether one is led to accept the conclusions of the latter or not, he can not help but enjoy its moving style and be refreshed by the apparent sincerity and the spirit of fairness of the author.

Mr. Callaway believes that the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem took place

on the Sabbath, and makes out a pretty good case for "Palm Sabbath"; thus, as he states it, "diseestablishing" Palm Sunday. The author accounts for every day in the movements of Jesus from Friday, Nisan 9, the day preceding "Palm Sabbath," to his crucifixion Wednesday afternoon, Nisan 14.

The date of the crucifixion of our blessed Lord has been a subject of controversy through the Christian centuries. Certainly if the time of the resurrection was as important as many seem to think, the exact date of that event would have been fixed beyond a peradventure or the possibility of a doubt. While one may not be able to accept every conclusion at which Mr. Callaway arrives, and while the treatment of certain scripture texts, especially Matthew 28:1, seems rather arbitrary and far-fetched, on the whole this book is the best presentation of the Wednesday theory of the crucifixion of which the present writer has any knowledge.

All who have any interest whatever in this question, and it is one that is worthy the consideration of all Christians, should get a copy of *The Harmony of the Last Week*. The book will be sent free, but there is a suggested price of twenty-five cents for a paper bound copy, and of fifty cents for the cloth binding. Address, Eugene Charles Callaway, 63 N. Forsyth Street, Atlanta, Ga.

LET RELIGION HAVE ITS PERFECT WORK

Unless our religion has sweetened us to a very considerable extent—given us control of our temper; checked us in our moments of irritation and weakness; enabled us to meet misfortune and, in a measure, overcome it; developed within us the virtues of patience and long-suffering, making us tender and charitable in our judgments of others, and generally diffusing about us an atmosphere that is genial and winsome—whatever we may have gained, one thing is sure—religion is not having its perfect work in us; and, even though our Christian life is clear and positive, it is only as a gnarled and twisted apple tree that bears no fruit, only as a prickly bush that bears no roses; and the very thing which of all others we should have, is the very thing in which we are most deficient. A Christian life without sweetness is a lamp without light.—*J. W. Johnston.*

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

WILLARD D. BURDICK, General Secretary
926 Kenyon Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

There will be no pre-Conference Ministers' Meeting this year.

Early in June you will find on this page a statement showing how much your church has paid in to the Conference treasurer during the last eleven months.

Is your church to be on the honor roll this year for having paid its Onward Movement quota? Several churches are approaching the goal.

Just *thirty-six* days after the date of this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER to get your offering for denominational work to Treasurer William C. Whitford, Alfred N. Y., so that it will be counted in the receipts for this Conference year!

A WEEK IN WEST VIRGINIA

The week following my visit at Salemville, Pa., was spent with our West Virginia churches. Prevailing rains had made the mud roads so bad that I gave up my plans to visit Berea and New Milton during the week.

While at Salem I conferred with President S. O. Bond in regard to the next meeting of the Commission, the Conference program, and other matters relating to the denomination and its work.

Never before had I seen the college buildings and grounds so crowded with students as on this visit. They told me that over nine hundred students had been enrolled in the different departments of the school during the year.

On Thursday night between seven and eight o'clock President Bond, Pastor George B. Shaw, and I met with a company of our young people at the college to consider some of the many questions that relate to their future usefulness as Sabbath keepers.

RECORDER readers will see elsewhere in the paper an account of the "Hour of Medi-

tation" that is being held in the college each week. On Wednesday night I went to the place appointed for this "Hour." On a folding screen in the front of the room, upon which the light shone, were these questions:

"Have You Made the Most of Today?"

"What Are You Going to Do Tomorrow?"

"Are You Making the Most of Your Opportunities?"

The effectiveness of the questions on the minds of the silent readers was the greater because of the picture, "The Angelus" that hung at the right of the questions.

While at Salem I saw several members of the Greenbrier Church—the majority of the members of the church live at Salem, I believe,—and one of them assured me that he would send one half of the Onward Movement quota of the church to Treasurer W. C. Whitford. I am hoping that the other members will see that the remainder of the quota is sent in before June 30.

It was a privilege indeed to meet with the Lost Creek Church on Sabbath morning. A church that is meeting its share of the denominational budget each quarter is sufficiently awake to be good listeners.

Plans are maturing for a Vacation Religious Day School this summer under the supervision of Mrs. H. C. Van Horn, the pastor's wife. Lost Creek has a fine company of children, and Pastor and Mrs. Van Horn, with the co-operation of the parents, are doing service that, I trust, will hold them true to the Sabbath and active Christian work.

Sabbath afternoon Pastor Van Horn with his wife and daughter, drove to Roanoke, taking me there for an afternoon meeting. The little company here keeps up its Sabbath school and Pastor Van Horn visits them once a month. That they are interested in our denominational work is evident in the fact that they subscribed their Onward Movement quota by nearly fifty dollars, and are probably the first of our churches to pay their full quota.

This was not a trip to *beg* money to carry on our denominational work, but rather to emphasize the importance of our work; as I believe we need more to realize the greatness and necessity of our work, and that this realization will help us to give more liberally.

HARLEM JEWS URGED TO CLOSE STORES ON THEIR SABBATH

[Last Sunday I clipped the following from a daily paper. The Jews do not feel satisfied in desecrating the Sabbath day as many of them are doing, and in agitating the question of better Sabbath observance they may cause the Christian world to consider more carefully the claims of God upon them to keep his holy day.—W. D. B.]

"New York, May 16.—A movement has been started by the Ohab Zedek Sisterhood to have stores owned by Jewish people in Harlem closed on their Sabbath day.

"A mass meeting was held at the Synagogue Zedek, No. 18 West One Hundred Sixteenth Street; and one hundred fifty storekeepers signed and agreed to keep their stores closed.

"The movement is being sponsored and backed by Rabbi Isaiah Levy, of the above synagogue."

FOUR SOLDIER BOYS OF '61

HOSEA W. ROOD

As these four soldier boys were in my own company, E of the Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry, from the time of their enlistment, I came to know them pretty well. We were all of high school age, yet because there were no country high schools, none of us had got further along than the eighth grade. Let me introduce them: Harlan A. Squire, enlisted November 5, at Madison; William Stowell, October 1, Seven Mile Creek, Juneau County; Clement A. Boughton, September 27, Delton, Sauk County; and Daniel A. Titus, November 1, Richford, Waushara County. The company joined the regiment at Camp Randall, Madison, November 1. The regiment left there January 11, '62, for service in the South. In the meantime many firm comradeships were being formed, some for life.

HARLAN SQUIRE

Harlan's father, Stephen, came with him to camp and both enlisted. Moreover they brought with them a half-grown black bear which was adopted by our company as a mascot. A big dry-goods box was fixed up for his quarters, and he contentedly made himself at home with us, becoming not only a pet of Company E but of the whole regi-

ment. He and Harlan were real comrades. Because of him we had much company in our street, and Harlan had ever so many questions to answer about him. When we took the train for Missouri he was given a place in one corner of our car, and so in due time arrived with us at Weston, across the Missouri from Fort Leavenworth, where he was soon at home in another big box. He was as playful as an overgrown puppy and made much fun for us and the colored folks who came to see him.

At Leavenworth it was said that we were to be sent on an eight hundred mile march over the plains to New Mexico. Harlan and his father agreed with our officers that such a march would be too much for our bear, so he was sold to a citizen of that place for seventeen dollars, and we had to bid him a rather regretful good-bye—especially so to Harlan.

Harlan was a sixteen-year-old boy, slender, light-haired, and fair-faced; if dressed for it, he could easily have been taken for a girl. Though gentle in manner he was as good a soldier as any other in our company. In the summer of 1863 our regiment was in the siege lines at Vicksburg. There Harlan was taken sick and had to be sent to the regimental hospital. We missed him very much, and on the twenty-eighth day of June, six days before the surrender, we were saddened by his death. We mourned as we buried him on the side of a ravine in which we had our camp a little back of our rifle pits. It was a sad day for us all. You may imagine the grief of his father. A beautiful young life was given for his country. I have twice in these later years stood by Harlan's grave in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg.

WILL STOWELL AND CLEM BOUGHTON

These two young comrades seemed drawn to each other from the first. They were the chummiest of comrades—much of the time together—all along up to the time of the big battle of Atlanta, July 21-22, '64. On the morning of the twenty-first our regiment and the Sixteenth Wisconsin were ordered into a charge upon the works of the enemy along Bald Hill close to the city. The assault was successful, our regimental loss being one hundred fifty-nine in killed and wounded. Among the mortally wounded were both Will and Clem. Will died on

the twenty-second, Clem on the twenty-third. Will fell in the charge and Clem in the fight immediately following it. Both were taken to the hospital quickly established just back of the fighting line. That night after the battle, hearing where the boys were, I went to see them. I found them lying side by side under a tree, their eyes closed. I undertook to talk with them, but they were barely alive and not able to speak. It was to me a sad sight—those two boy comrades of mine I had known so long together, always jolly and lively, dying there side by side for the flag they had followed together nearly three years. I turned away never to see them again. Five days later as I was walking near the place of that field hospital, I came across a group of newly covered graves. Two of them had a common hastily made marker bearing the names, "William Stowell and Clement Boughton." There they lay side by side as they had marched and fought and died together. True and loyal in life, in death they were not divided.

I am minded to copy here from a history of the service of the Twelfth a paragraph concerning this battle:

"Immediately after the charge Clem Boughton, who was that day acting as sergeant major of the regiment, asked Colonel Bryant whether he might not go up to the front and help the boys there in some way. He did not feel at all content to remain out of the thickest of the fight while his comrades were there. He begged the colonel at least to let him go and carry ammunition up to the boys of his company. Succeeding in getting a reluctant consent he took all the ammunition he could carry and went up to the captured works. As thick as bees the bullets were buzzing through the bushes. He found a squad of us lying very flat on the ground so that the Confederate shot might pass over. This one and that one called, 'Clem, give me a bunch'; and as he passed along he tossed them gaily here and there as if he had no thought of danger. So he went out of sight into the bushes in front of us. Soon Ed Denness exclaimed, 'Clem is wounded!' and ran to his assistance. As we looked at our wounded comrade, though he made no sound, we could see in his face an expression of intense pain. He was trying to get back to us. Ed threw his arm around the poor boy and helped him

back to the rear. He died in two days of his wounds. He was a clean boy, said to be the son of a minister. I have heard Colonel Bryant in these later days speak of Clement Boughton as 'the typical American soldier.'"

DANIEL A. TITUS

On July 28, a week after our charge upon Bald Hill, our regiment was engaged in what was called the battle of Ezra Church, and there Daniel was instantly killed. His home had been close by my own, and we were schoolmates there before we were close comrades in the army. He was the support of aged parents, who, with his six sisters, loved him as your folks do you. It was a painful task for me to write the letter that told them about his sudden death. Dan was a generous-hearted boy. More than once he had shared his last hard-tack and coffee with me. The very morning before the battle in which he was killed he had done cheerfully a kind deed for me, because I had been slightly wounded and was not well. Though his parents and sisters were overwhelmed by their sad loss they bore it bravely.

THOUSANDS OF OTHERS

Boys and girls of 1925, I have told you this story of four boys of 1861 for a purpose. They were as wholesome and jolly in school as you are now—their lives just as dear to them and their home folks. They were very much like you, but with not half of your advantages. Let me ask you not to forget that very much of what you enjoy today those manly boys of '61 by their patriotic courage and self-sacrifice—death in many thousands of cases—made possible for you. God grant that you may never be called to like service and sacrifice. May you, however, think of what they did and be grateful for it. Though not all of them died in the service as did these four soldier boys about whom I have written, many thousands of schoolboys thus gave their lives that our country and its free institutions might live.

While we should every day be grateful to them, Memorial Day is a set time for us in a special way to manifest our gratitude to them by going to the graves of our dead comrades with the sweetest flowers of spring as a fragrant offering to their mem-

ory. Let us all get into the flower laden procession to the silent city and make it a day of grateful and sacred memory, with nothing of hilarious games and amusement.—*In Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.*

DANIEL, MY CHUM

[In the same issue of the *Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual* from which we take Brother Rood's "Four Soldier Boys of '61," we found this poem, also written by our "Uncle Oliver," in memory of one of those four soldier boys.—Ed.]

I once had a playmate,
Goodhearted and true—
Playmate and schoolmate,
And seatmate, too.

We played games together
And fished from the brook;
We studied our lessons
From the same schoolbook.

We grew to big boyhood
And did more than play;
We chopped, plowed and planted,
Cut corn and raked hay.

One morning in April,
Eighteen sixty-one,
Came news from Fort Sumter—
"Our Flag's fired upon!"

Then all through the country
The call quickly flew
From President Lincoln
For men brave and true.

Men and boys soon responded
From near and from far—
And Daniel and I
Marched away to the war.

We served there together
For Union and right,
In camp and on picket—
The march and the fight.

My comrade was gen'rous,
Big-hearted and free;
He'd share his lasthardtack
And coffee with me.

We shared our home letters,
And talked of home friends,
And planned what we'd do
"If this war ever ends."

We dreamed of our dear ones
At home far away,
And the joy of returning
Some glad, happy day.

But one day in battle,
A smile on his face,
My schoolmate and comrade
Fell dead in his place.

We scooped him a grave there
Close by where he fell,
And there in the Southland
My comrade rests well.

For reasons I know not
All through that long strife,
Its hardships and dangers,
God spared me my life.

Now I gather sweet flowers
Memorial Day
And think of my comrade
Asleep far away.

I wish I might go there,
I'd pick out the best
And scatter them over
The place of his rest.

But it's all one to Daniel
Whether there or here,
So I'll bring here my posies
To memory dear.

And I wish the school children,
When I can not come,
May still bring sweet flowers
For Daniel, my chum.
—H. W. Rood.

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST

The place that Jesus gave the child has made the work among childhood and youth the perpetual romance of Christianity. Unfortunately, the child has been maneuvered out of the central place that Jesus gave to it. He established the child's relation to the kingdom of God. His two sayings: "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God" (Matt. 18:3); and, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God" (19:14) are the Magna Charta of childhood covenant rights. The Spirit of God can work definitely in the soul of a child. Human goodness needs Divine grace, and moral and religious development is a work of the Spirit of God in man.

The childhood of the world is the supreme asset of the kingdom of God. We must claim that childhood for Jesus Christ as our foremost task as against reclaiming its adulthood. Educational evangelism is the commanding strategy of the hour. "Give us the unspoiled children of this generation to train in the ideals of the common good, and we will give you back a world of brothers in a single lifetime."—*William C. Pool.*

MEMORIAL DAY

George I. Sill

Dead of the Blue and Gray:
Today their graves are green,
And not unoften decked alike
By those descended from the foe
They bravely fought:
And this is well.

When wrested free
By mutual valor of the North and South,
From Britain's tyranny,
What were we then?
And what before the world?
A nation—one and indivisible?
Or were we bound together by a rope of sand,
A frail Confederacy of sovereign states
That civil storm might wreck?
Ah, to our bitter cost,
Vague and undefined the Constitution read,
And left the question
For the sword to arbitrate.

"Burst is the bubble!
And vanished all Democracy's bright dream!"
So said our enemies across the sea,
When Sumter fell;
And in that long fraternal strife
Of "Conflict Irrepressible,"
When dark the clouds enshrouded us,
And all seemed lost,
They mocked in bitterness,
And in derision asked:
"Where now the mighty leader of mankind?
The self-appointed, self-sufficient
Trumpeter of liberty?"

Then made we answer to the world!
And grand salute of final triumph gave
When songs of death
That roared from cannon's mouth at Gettysburg,
Had ceased.

In vain that Pickett's gallant charge
Illumes the page of history!
In vain the death-roll of heroic men
Beneath the Stars and Bars!
The cause was lost;
The erring sisters held for higher destiny:
The sword had arbitrated!

And those in blue and gray,
Who in that bloody chorus died
At Round Top, or at Cemetery Hill,
Died not in vain:
And future generations of a land
Made one and indivisible,
Shall still enjoy the heritage
Bequeathed by them.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES IN SALEM COLLEGE—A CHEERING LETTER

Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner,
Plainfield, N. J.

MY DEAR DR. GARDINER:

Believing the people of the denomination will be interested in the religious activities of our college, I am writing you this letter from which you may quote or use in any way you desire.

During the six years that I have been with the college, while I have been anxious about the increase of enrollment, the multiplying of courses, the number of graduates, and concerning the rapidly accumulating deficits, my deepest and most constant concern has been for the evidences of religious growth in the lives of the students. We have tried to solve this difficult problem in many ways. The pastors of the town cooperated with us during the earlier years, preaching regularly for a period of days. The results were not all that we hoped for. Then we had one of our strongest ministers, who presented the gospel as forcefully as one could wish. Another year we had one of our strongest missionaries spend a week, speaking twice each day and holding personal conferences. All of these efforts had some results, but a large number were untouched. This year we tried a new plan. The Christian associations organized a prayer-meeting group. At first only the cabinets, which are made up of the officers and chairmen of the various committees, were asked to attend. Later others were personally invited. The meetings were then broken up into smaller discussion and prayer groups. The discussions related to the best means of securing co-operation from those who were not actively religious. After a number of weeks in this preparatory work, the great student evangelist, J. Stitt Wilson, was invited to come to the college, where he spent three days. During his closing meeting a large group of students hitherto unidentified with any kind of

religious work pledged themselves to give their lives to the service of Christ and to walk humbly with him in the future.

Two of the seniors, knowing that the effects of these meetings would be lost in a measure if there were not some definite follow-up work, proposed that we establish as one of the permanent traditions of the college, a "Salem College Prayer Hour." This proposal was placed before the student body in a morning chapel exercise. It was agreed upon. Wednesday evening from seven to eight has been selected as the most appropriate time to observe this hour. The first one of these meetings fell on the night which had been previously appointed for the Junior-Senior Banquet, an annual event. This banquet was held this year at the Waldo Hotel in Clarksburg. When the seven o'clock hour came, one of the students proposed that this group observe the hour in a private room in the hotel that had been designated for their use during the evening. About sixty-five young people, with four or five of the faculty, observed this hour in that hotel room in one of the most impressive services that I have ever seen. The consciousness that other students and other members of the faculty were meeting back home in the college deepened their own interest. Probably no other group of students had ever met in the Waldo Hotel for a service of prayer.

These meetings have since been carried on regularly in the college, it being understood that no other college function will operate during this hour. It may be of interest to describe in brief the meeting of last Wednesday. The Y. W. C. A. room was filled with chairs leaving the aisles in such form that those who attended could come in and go out without disturbing the meditation of any other. In the front of the room were two pictures. One was the picture which inspired this hour in the mind of the senior who first proposed it. It is familiar to all as The Angelus. In this picture you will remember that at the ringing of the bell in the village near the sunset hour, two workers stand in the reverential attitude of prayer. On the other side was a companion picture which I believe is called The Hour of Prayer in the Desert. The one lone traveler has turned aside from the highway at the prayer hour and dismounted from his camel; he is seen kneeling in prayer. Hanging between these two pic-

FOUR MONTHS' LABOR AT HAMMOND

REV. E. H. SOCWELL

It was my privilege to spend four months, closing April 19, 1925, as pastor of our church at Hammond, La. The church has been depleted by deaths and removals until the congregation is not as large as it was when I was last there. But those who remain are for the most part earnest workers, having the welfare of the church at heart, and are anxious to do all they can to advance the Master's cause.

It was a pleasure to labor among such devoted people and to be able to depend upon their presence and help in every service.

Early in the present year the annual church dinner was held at the church and was attended by almost all the membership. It was a helpful and enjoyable event. During the winter we enjoyed a visit from Mr. Herbert Wheeler, of the U. S. Forestry Commission, also a visit from Mr. W. K. Davis, of the Davis Printing Company, of Milton, Wis. All of these visits were appreciated by the people of Hammond and were a source of encouragement.

Twice during my labor the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was celebrated, preceded each time by the covenant meeting, and these were occasions of refreshing. Once during the period of my labor death entered the ranks of our society and removed Sister Emma Goddard, who had been identified with our society for twelve years.

The weekly prayer meeting is held each Sabbath eve at private homes, and these weekly feasts were feasts indeed to all who attended, which included a very large part of the membership.

Several times during the winter one of our nonresident members, Mrs. Mary Jones of Kentwood, La., was able to meet with us on Sabbaths and take part in the service. Once during the winter another nonresident member, Miss Vesta Wascomb of Fernwood, Miss., had the privilege of meeting with us on our Sabbath eve prayer meeting and taking an active part in the service. The church was encouraged and helped by the presence and counsel of these faithful ones, and no doubt they themselves were also helped.

During the winter I preached in Happywood schoolhouse, about two miles west of Hammond, at the time of the services held

tures was a placard with three or four passages of Scripture. The light had been so arranged as to shine clearly upon the two pictures and upon the placard. There were no other lights in the room. At this particular meeting no audible word was uttered. In an adjoining room one of the students played softly some of the great hymns of the ages. At the door was a table on which lay a record book where each one signed his name, using gold ink. At the close of the service ninety-six names had been recorded. Some others had passed out, not waiting until the pen was not in use.

I have never seen any religious interest grip the students all alike as this beautiful thing has done. Great good is coming to the individual students from the observance of this hour and great blessing is coming to the college as a result of its establishment. It came from the students themselves and is being managed by them. A committee has been provided which shall have it in guardianship. A member of the senior class will always be its chairman. The other members of the committee are chosen from different groups of the students. They have asked permission to have a formal transfer of this responsibility at some time during commencement week. At that time the chairman, a senior, will turn over the responsibility to such member of the junior class as has been elected for the ensuing year.

No other one thing has been done during the past six years which to my mind will result in so much good. This doubtless brings to your own mind the experiences of twenty-five years ago when meetings quite similar were being held in Salem College. Knowing that this will be of special interest to you and hoping that any write-up that you may give it in the RECORDER will be helpful to others, I remain

Fraternally yours,

S. O. BOND.

May 12, 1925.

Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort's art,
That thou mayst consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy.
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart;
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch.—Anna F. Hamilton.

each Sunday by the Church of God. On another occasion I preached in Zenobia schoolhouse, three miles east of Hammond, where a physician from Hammond has conducted a Sunday school for many years. In each of these schoolhouse appointments we were greeted by a large and attentive audience. By invitation of the pastor I preached in the Baptist church at Baptist Station, five miles west of Hammond, at their regular Sunday morning service, to a large audience, and made many pleasant acquaintances. At the invitation of each of the two pastors I preached in the Macedonia Baptist church, colored, and the St. James Methodist Episcopal church, colored, both in Hammond, at their regular Sunday service and to a large and very attentive congregation in each place.

The Christian Church of Hammond, having no pastor, secured me to preach for them at their regular Sunday service, both morning and evening; and upon each occasion I was greeted by a large and appreciative congregation.

At the close of the evening service I was requested to prolong my stay in Hammond and conduct a revival meeting in the Christian church, which I should have been glad to do if it had been possible. Rev. S. S. Powell and wife live at Ponchatoula, five miles south of Hammond, and are regular in their church attendance and a great help in church and Sabbath school work.

Mrs. Powell's son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stillman of Madison, Wis., spent the year at Ponchatoula, where Mr. Stillman was engaged in teaching; and we very much enjoyed their presence and help in our services.

The good people of Hammond remembered the recreation side of life by providing me with numerous automobile trips, including several to Baton Rouge, one to Covington, one to Osyka, Miss., and a three-day visit in New Orleans. On the evening of April 18, the night before I departed from Hammond, the people tendered me a farewell sociable at the home of Brother R. J. Mills, which was well attended and enjoyed by all. At its close came the warm handclaps and the farewell words which left many of our eyes moist and hearts sad.

During the four months I preached twenty-six sermons, conducted sixteen

prayer meetings, visited thirty-eight families, located in Hammond, Ponchatoula, Baton Rouge, Baptist, Kentwood, Roseland, Arcola, Springfield, and New Orleans.

Very much personal, heart to heart Christian work was done, and the results in some cases were very touching and tender. How much real good was accomplished? I do not know. I do know, however, that not as much good was accomplished as I had hoped for, prayed for, and labored for.

The people all said good had been done, and I think this is true. The people were kind to me, very kind, and made the winter very pleasant. May God bless them and keep them is the prayer of one who has a deep interest in each one of them.

ESSENTIALS OF A RELIGIOUS EDUCATION PROGRAM FOR A LOCAL CHURCH

What elements of a religious education program may properly be termed essential? Whatever else we may wish to include, the following must surely be considered:

1. *An adequate goal* should be clearly in the minds of those who are responsible for the program. This goal should be something larger than information, even though that information consist of all Biblical, missionary, and historical knowledge. It must be more complete than any set of religious habits, however valuable these may be. The goal can be nothing less than the growing ability and deepening purpose to meet life in the spirit of Jesus Christ! In other words, "the ultimate test in religious education must always be the extent to which persons are learning to live the Christian life." The implications of this and similar statements will furnish the goals towards which each school will strive and the criteria by which we must judge all the agencies, materials, and processes of religious education.

2. The constructive principle of a program of religious education will be *the pupil's developing needs*. Jesus set the child in the midst. He declared that the Sabbath (and, in principle, all other agencies and institutions) was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Our public schools have fallen under severe criticism because they have been more concerned to teach subjects than to teach children. Church schools expose themselves to the same criticism when they assume that to drill Bible and

missionary facts into children's minds is necessarily religious education. We need to move forward to Jesus' point of view and endeavor to understand and meet the growing needs of life.

If we are going to place the pupil at the center, *we must know the pupil*. What are the typical needs, problems, and interests of a five-year-old boy, of a fourteen-year-old girl, of a young mother, of a middle-aged business man? And further, what are the special needs of this particular person? Then we ask the additional question: How can we as religious educators help this five-year-old boy to be the best kind of five-year-old boy? How can we aid this fourteen-year-old girl to be a thoroughly Christian fourteen-year-old girl? And so on. The earnest effort to follow Jesus in this regard will not be easy, but it can not be evaded.

3. A third essential in a program of religious education is *a clear recognition of the fact that to a moral and religious being every life-experience has moral and religious significance*. A man's business life, his social life, his political life, are all influenced by, and in their turn influence, his religious and moral standards and attitudes. The distinction between sacred and secular is false in fact and mischievous in effect, suggesting as it does that different aspects of life can be kept separate from each other. We need to see distinctly that each form of activity has a profound bearing upon the spiritual life.

Two far-reaching implications follow from this principle. The first is that the task of the church is the Christianization of all life. We will not seek any the less to win individuals to Christ, but we will consciously seek to bring all relationships into subjection to Christ.

The second implication is that our program of religious education, to be complete, will include not only instruction and worship, but also recreation and service in order that each aspect of the pupil's life may make its largest contribution to his personal enrichment.

4. No adequate program of religious education for a local church can be framed that is not based upon *an accurate knowledge of local needs*. While it is true in a general way that certain situations exist more or less commonly, it is also true that each community has certain distinct and definite problems of its own which an adequate program must face. For instance,

if a comprehensive program is impossible because of the lack of proper building and equipment, this element must have a large place in our program. If commercialized recreation in the community constitutes a grave menace to the moral and spiritual life of our young people, the recreational program of the church school will need especial emphasis.

The one way to determine the exact conditions which any church is facing is by means of the religious education survey. Dr. Bower's little book, *A Survey of Religious Education in the Local Church*, will provide the necessary guidance for any group which really desires to study its own situation and which is willing to give patient thought to the planning of a program to meet its own needs.

5. Finally, a program of religious education that does not *measure results* is likely to be exceedingly haphazard and is probably failing to accomplish its task in any large way. In a crude form we have always attempted to measure results. Our standards, however, have usually been narrow and our measurements inaccurate. Attendance records, general interest, and additions to the church constitute the sum of the average church school worker's standard.

It is perfectly possible now to set up definite and complete standards of measurement. We shall make a list of all the functions that a church school should perform, and assign to each function a certain "weighting." Within these larger divisions we shall make a list of the essential elements of each function and assign to each subdivision its appropriate percentage. With such a hundred-point or thousand-point chart in our hands we can measure our school of today and can grade it according to its worth.

After we have discovered our school's weak points, our goals for the coming year will seek to strengthen those weak spots. At the end of the year, we can measure our school again, and the results will show gain or loss.

One thing is certain, no school can simply "hold its own." Any school that is merely marking time is falling to the rear of the procession and is failing to meet the Divine challenge of this age in which we live.—*Frank Otis Erb in International Journal of Religious Education.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion—to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

EMMA TEFFT PLATTS

On Sabbath afternoon, May 9, 1925, there was laid to rest in the Milton cemetery the mortal part of one of the most forceful and most effective women of our denomination.

Seated near her casket in the church, and

standing together beside her open grave, was a group of women who, under the name of the Woman's Board, had been closely associated with Mrs. Platts through many years of Christian service. These women now desire to offer their testimony to the manner of woman she was and to the value of her long and useful life.

Mrs. Platts was unusually endowed by nature, and every natural gift was cultivated and used to the full, for one of her strongest characteristics was an indomitable industry and perseverance which demanded the utmost of endeavor from herself as well as from those about her.

As wife and mother and home-maker; as helper to her husband in his work, both of pastor and of editor; as college teacher and as Sabbath school worker; she never spared herself, even when advancing years made labor difficult.

During the ten years when Dr. Platts was editor of the RECORDER, there was one winter when a failure of health compelled him to give up his work and spend some months in Florida. In his absence Mrs. Platts efficiently filled his place on the paper; and, at all times, she gave many hours to reading proof and selecting material for the RECORDER.

Music was to her a delight, and her teaching in Milton College was not a dreary routine, but a matter of pride and joy.

It was, however, among the women of the denomination that Mrs. Platts' influence was most manifest; and it was in the work of the Woman's Board, of which she was a chief founder and a faithful member for many years, that she became largely known for those basic virtues we recognized as the firm foundation of her character—personal rectitude in conduct, loyalty to her convictions of truth, perseverance in good works, and scorn of light-mindedness and of pretense.

It was in 1884, in the Conference held in Lost Creek, W. Va., that Mrs. Platts and Mrs. A. K. Witter arranged for an informal meeting of the women in attendance; and Mrs. Platts tells us, in her article on the Woman's Board, in *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*, Vol. I: "Previous to this session thus called for, that there might be something definite upon which the meeting should take action, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Platts, then secretaries of the Confer-

THE YELLOW PROMISE

MISSIONS IN EAST CHINA

[The following interesting article by Mrs. Edith Gurley Estey, published by the Northern Baptist Convention for the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, is so full of good things we gladly give it place in the SABBATH RECORDER. It is published in a neat tract of thirteen pages.—T. L. G.]

China—what a baffling subject! How shall we describe her? China with her hoary antiquity, now like a child going to school to the West! China with her unfamiliar sights and sounds and indescribable smells! China with her ancient courtesy and her rude curiosity! China with her baby girls floating down the river to death and her boys wearing one earring to cheat the gods into thinking them girls! China with her paper gods and her wooden gods and her Christians laying down their lives rather than deny their faith! China with her crumbling old examination halls and her students eager for Western science! China with her canal boats, wheelbarrows, sedan chairs and jinrickshas, her railroads and her steamers! China with her striving for a modern government and the baffling problem of her great people accustomed only to alien misrule! China no longer a sleeping giant, but wide awake, eager, earnest. The eyes of the world are upon her, and will be in days to come.

Shanghai is the gateway of China. Into it passes the ocean borne traffic from abroad and on the waters of the Yangtse and its tributaries flows the domestic trade of over half the country. As one of our missionaries has phrased it (*Glimpses into East China*), if the Mississippi River ran from the Rocky Mountains east through the center of the United States and emptied into the Atlantic, and New York were located near its mouth, it would be as advantageously located as Shanghai. The Yangtse River drains over half the territory of China, a territory supporting a population of about two hundred million.

Already the most important city in China, and with at least four times the population in its hinterland of any other great city of the world, it bids fair at some future date to rival New York or London. In a half century Shanghai has grown from an unimportant country town to the greatest city

ence, drew up a very simple plan for the organization of such a board. This was approved by the meeting which was fully attended by both ladies and gentlemen, and was presented by Miss Mary F. Bailey, secretary of the meeting, to the Conference, which adopted the plan and referred the nomination of the contemplated board to its own regular Committee on Nominations."

This plan, in substance, has remained in effect ever since.

Mrs. Platts was the first corresponding and recording secretary, those two offices being then united; and she held many other offices in the board in succeeding years—president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer.

All the significant elements which produced the strength of Mrs. Platts' character were to be discerned in her loyalty to the Sabbath truth. With her there was no compromise on that question, and she had but a single aim in her devotion to the Seventh Day Baptist denomination.

In her private life Mrs. Platts met with some great sorrows, but they could never submerge her intrepid spirit; and those of us who were intimately associated with her will always recall her as we saw her in the board meetings from month to month—a vital personality imbued with a steadfast determination to advance the cause in which her convictions were firmly rooted. Let us listen to her own words as she speaks of the board, and of the women the board represents:

"With unshaken faith in the purpose and ability of our women, born of the manifold experience of the past, we confidently leave the unfoldings of the future in their hands, believing that they will be directed and blessed by him who is all-patient, all-loving, and all-powerful."

The women whom she served bring this wreath to her memory.

A. N. D.

In Times Square, New York City, a dentist has opened an all-night office, in response to the great demand for one who can serve night workers and those who have to be relieved at night from bad toothache. The office is opened at midnight and closed at five in the morning, and he and his assistants are kept busy every minute of the time.—*The Girls' Weekly*.

of China with a population of nearly two millions. Its chief position is that of a commercial center, since about forty per cent of the foreign trade of China passes through its custom house. It contains shipping and engineering works, cotton mills, silk mills, printing houses, factories for paper, flour, chemicals, railway equipment, cigarettes. Along the bund are the foreign concessions with post offices of the various nations. You can buy a two cent United States stamp and mail your letter home as if you were in your own country. Of the twenty-two thousand foreign inhabitants, two thousand are Americans. Street cars, electric lights, telephones, high office buildings, paved streets, a good police system, hospitals, and many schools show the progressiveness of its modern city life.

The story of the Prodigal Son in Chinese recounts how he took his journey to Shanghai and wasted his substance on Foochow Road. There are many tragedies behind the brightly lighted windows of its tea houses; and here Cornelia Bonnell, called the "Angel of Shanghai," established the Door of Hope where many Chinese girls have been rescued and saved.

From Shanghai various means of conveyance carry one around the East China Mission. From Shanghai to Ningpo, the distance of one hundred seventy-six miles is made by an overnight steamer. From Ningpo to Shaohsing, seventy-three miles, is a trip by train and canal boat, taking twelve hours. From Shaohsing to Hangchow, thirty-five miles, is a trip by canal launch and chair, of eight hours, or by houseboat of fifteen hours. From Hangchow to Kihwa, one hundred forty miles, is a trip by river launch and houseboats taking three and one-half days. From Hangchow to Huchow, seventy miles, means an eight-hour trip by canal. From Shanghai to Nanking, one hundred ninety-three miles, takes eight hours by train, in defiance of the Chinese dragon who has been sorely disturbed in its long slumbers by the laying of rails and the thundering of engines. From Shanghai to Hangchow, one hundred twenty miles, takes four and a half hours by train.

It is a curious experience to travel over night in a Chinese canal boat. The boatmen occupy the ends, where they wash vegetables in the water and cook their rice and make their tea, propelling the boat slowly

by means of long poles. The passengers spread their comfortables in the bottom of the boat and go to sleep with only the sliding bamboo covers of the boat between them and the sky. They are wakened in the morning by the shouts of a crowd of eight or ten Chinese holding on to the sides of the boat and dragging it up over one of the divisions that separate the portions of the canal and down the other side to a different level. Large boats provide more seclusion but may be still quite primitive.

A visitor had been riding in a sedan chair, borne on two poles over the shoulders of men. A shower commenced and she took off her hat and turned it upside down in her lap. The ride over, as she started to board the boat on which she was to continue her journey she put her hat on her head without fastening it with hatpins, and as it hit the overhanging deck it fell into the dirty water. A Chinaman accommodatingly picked it up with his toes and returned it to her but in a bedraggled condition. Its glory had departed.

Sedan chairs are the favorite means of conveyance through the narrow streets of Chinese cities. The first impression is that of the crowds. A man carrying a can on each end of a pole balanced over his shoulder shouts to every one to keep out of his way. Blue-clad people jostle each other. Many shops with open fronts line the narrow street. Here antique embroideries are sold, here meat is exposed to view, here Chinese shoes are shown. In front of one shop a baby has been placed in a barrel. He can not get up or down, so he is quite safe. At another spot a man sits unconcernedly shoveling rice into his mouth. An infant, screaming, lies out in the street, its body all broken out with smallpox, while the crowds pass by unheeding.

Or perhaps you are on a residence street. The high walls in front of the houses are meant for the evil spirits to bump up against. All paths are crooked in China because evil spirits have to go in a straight line. Behind these walls the Chinese household lives perhaps in dirty bare rooms opening out of a central court, perhaps in more luxurious quarters where the court contains a flower garden. Here one is ushered into a large room where a big wooden bed marks the place of greatest honor and straight chairs are ranged primly along the wall with

small tables between them for serving tea, and one sits down near the door as the place of least honor, waiting for the hostess to say as in Bible days, "Come up higher."

One of the curious sights in Hangchow is the Taoist Temple of Heaven and Hell. Little figures, a miniature chamber of horrors, represent the tortures of hell; and the people throw cash down among them to insure freedom from so ill a future. Another temple has many golden statutes, one of them oddly enough representing Marco Polo, who praised this city after his voyage long ago. "Above is heaven, below are Hangchow and Soochow," runs a Chinese proverb.

The East China Baptist Mission was begun in 1843, by a medical missionary who entered at night, a stranger among unfriendly people, the old city of Ningpo. He wrote, "Alone, a perfect stranger, and entirely ignorant of the dialect of the place (had it entered into my plans to employ an interpreter, I could not have obtained one: no person here can speak English), I entered the gates by night and found lodgings in the house of a broker, with whom I remained an unwelcome guest for several days. Finding that the people were afraid of admitting me to their city, I began to despair and would perhaps have been compelled to return had not the Master interposed by sending a merchant to me, who offered a whole house in the center of the business part of the city free of rent."

Dr. D. J. McGowan, with a patience and devotion like that of his Master, gradually won his way among the people till their distrust gave way to admiration and they praised his skill as a "celestial physician." He wrote of treating 12,986 patients in the year 1849. His spirit is seen in this quotation from one of his early letters: "The relief which the practice of surgery affords to my fellow men here is a source of inexpressible pleasure. I am not happy in the work nor can be until my familiarity with the language will enable me to tell of the Savior's love."

Dr. Barchet, who served as medical missionary from 1875 to 1890, was known far and wide for his skill and self-forgetful service. Since 1889 the hospital and district work have been in charge of Dr. J. S. Grant. He recognizes a fourfold ministry: to the missionaries and their families, to the

thousands or more students in our mission schools, to the city for a program of public health and sanitation, and to the many suffering individuals who require aid. Important as all these calls are, the last naturally presses most insistently and constantly and takes most of the staff's time and strength. The preaching of the gospel began at once with the opening of the first hospital and has gone steadily on until there are reported to be over six thousand church members connected with the various missions. The son of a Ningpo Christian preacher, Dr. C. T. Wang, achieved international fame as envoy of all China to the Peace Conference.

The permanence and success of mission work depends so largely on trained Christian leaders that emphasis has been laid on Christian schools for boys and girls. Our Baptist work includes a Christian Home-makers' School for Women, an academy for boys, and a strong school for girls, the Sarah Batchelor Memorial. Here, as in Huchow, Shaohsing, Kihwa and Hangchow, the Christian kindergarten spreads its light through the children into the homes.

Not far from Ningpo a girls' school has recently been opened at Ding Hae. It was built by Chinese, at the request of the gentry. It is in charge of Chinese teachers, under the supervision of missionaries, and through a resident Bible woman makes its influence felt in the region around. Ningpo with a field population of four million has thirteen Baptist churches with a membership of about a thousand. A large well equipped church as a center of Christian work is recognized as an urgent need.

Following the request of a Kihwa man converted as early as 1853, our mission (Woman's American Baptist) began work in 1861, though on account of opposition and lack of workers the first church was not organized until 1881 and a resident missionary not located in Kihwa until 1883. Evangelistic, educational, and medical work are carried on here and are all in a thriving condition. Recently the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society turned over the responsibility of this varied work to native leaders. Our women missionaries remain to assist the Chinese Christians.

Shaohsing, called the Venice of China from its many canals, is a stronghold of conservatism and idolatry. One of the chief industries is the making of idol money, lead-

foil rolled very thinly on paper, used in worship and believed to turn into real money when it is burned. Progress of Christian work, though begun by our society in 1869, was slow for many years, but the splendid medical work with a modern hospital has broken down prejudices, boarding and day schools for both boys and girls have helped, and the church work has been strengthened by a better building. Within the old city wall live about three hundred thousand people, while the population of the field reaches eight hundred thousand. We have nine churches. At least a dozen large market towns within reach of Shaohsing are without any mission work. The field is wide, the needs overwhelming. Our women workers of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society aid the doctors as nurses in the Christian Hospital and are training Chinese nurses. A Bible woman reaches the patients and visitors with the gospel constantly and the Great Physician is brought into touch with needy souls. At the Brooke Fleet Pyle Bible School women are trained for the life of enlightened Christian mothers. The building is adequate but the appropriations were withdrawn and an already over-burdened missionary's wife is trying to keep the school open for the present by the sacrifice of herself and gifts from missionary and local sources. Much was hoped for this promising school, but it can not go on without money. A girls' boarding school and several day schools make some impress on the youth of this city.

Feeling the inconsistency of Christians supporting themselves by making idol money, and the hindrance to the gospel from the fact that this was the only means of livelihood of many in Shaohsing, Miss Marie Dowling opened an industrial home where Chinese dolls are made and charmingly dressed in the costumes of the country, and later added embroidery on linen. In this industry the Chinese women have an opportunity to support themselves, and the gospel is given to them at their work every day.

One of the most attractive cities of East China is Hangchow. Here the general Foreign Society, which began work in 1889, conducts an excellent boys' school, Wayland Academy, and the Woman's Society unites with Northern and Southern Presbyterians in maintaining the Union Girls'

High School. Wayland Academy is the only Christian high school for boys in this city of eight hundred thousand, and is one of the chief feeders for Shanghai College. The Union Girls' High School is the largest mission school for girls in the province, and includes a normal and a kindergarten training department.

In 1915 our mission began its kindergarten work in East China, in connection with the Union Girls' School. It was hard for the Chinese to realize that a lady who took care of children while they played should be dignified by the title of *teacher*. Was she not merely a sort of nurse? Another difficulty was the lack of self-reliance among the higher class children. They were carried around and waited on hand and foot, and their nurses were shocked to see them expected to do things for themselves. With a good building and equipment the Hangchow Kindergarten is thriving and its influence is reaching the mothers and the homes for Christ. This school is worth mentioning because the teacher is Kan En Vong, the Chinese girl whose smile charmed all who saw her when she visited America as one of our Jubilee guests. Adopted when a little waif by Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Sweet and called by them Grace Sweet (which just suits her) she has amply repaid her benefactors as she grew to young womanhood, a proof and a promise of what Christian training can do for the girls in China. There are two Baptist churches and a Christian Center located in the heart of the city of Hangchow, where various classes and other activities minister to the community. Over fifty thousand made use of this center in one year, showing how it is appreciated. Over half the cost of maintenance is raised among the Chinese.

Huchow, a city of one hundred twenty thousand, is in the heart of a section which leads the world in the production of both silk and rice. A self-supporting church in the city and ten country preaching centers show the evangelistic strength of the work. Northern Baptists opened work in 1888. They united with Southern Methodists and the China Medical Board in the Huchow Union Hospital, for whose new concrete building liberal gifts have been received from the Chinese themselves. There are boys' and girls' schools and the famous School of Mothercraft, the first of its kind

in China. Ninety-eight per cent of the girls of our boarding school become Christians before they leave. Thoughtful, earnest, thoroughly trained, they withstand the heathen environment to which they return, and as teachers or mothers help to make a new and better China.

The Mothercraft School, founded by Miss Mary I. Jones, is intended for young married women who were unable to go to school as little girls and whose husbands desire them to have an education. Only in a very recent yesterday were schools for girls established. Today not one per cent of China's girlhood is in school. Many men studying in the higher institutions of learning are married to women of the ninety-nine per cent class, who have no schooling. The course of study is very interesting, covering six years, through two years of high school. Every subject is related to everyday life in a practical way. Bible study is a required daily subject. Home economics is given special emphasis and character and the Christian training of children are rewarded with credits. The children of the students are cared for while the mothers are studying, but for a time after school each day and before school in the morning the children are in their mothers' care. Kindergarten teaching, naps, feeding, baths, outdoor and indoor play are directed according to the best standards. In a recent class, the following were graduated from the Preparatory Course: the wife of a Peking University student, the widow of a former viceroy, the wife of a student at Soochow University, a farmer's wife, a minister's wife; from the Special Course, the wife of a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

All new missionaries designated to East China spend at least a year at Nanking studying at the Language School. At Nanking is located Nanking University. Several mission boards co-operate in this union institution for men, Baptists co-operating in the department of Agriculture and Forestry. Ginling College for women is one of the famous union colleges for the Orient. Our Woman's Society is represented on the faculty.

Whether by steamer or train, by footboat, houseboat, or sedan chair, all roads in East China lead to Shanghai. Shanghai College was founded in 1909 and incorporated in 1918 under the laws of Virginia by the

American Baptist Foreign Mission Society and the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. This is the only institution of higher learning in all China controlled entirely by Baptists. China has always placed scholarship at the head of all pursuits. New China, learning from the West, has changed the content of her learning, but not her ideals of its importance. Material prosperity, a stable government, an improved society, all call for leaders—trained leaders—leaders with Christian ideals. Nothing else will do. To this end Shanghai College was established. Its faculty includes fifteen foreign and ten Chinese teachers. Five groups of courses are offered: education, social science, natural science, religious work, Chinese language and literature. Students in college have been prepared at sixty-two schools, and come from the eighteen provinces of China, Singapore, Java, Borneo, Australia, Seattle, Korea, and Manchuria. Ninety per cent of the graduates are Christians, the proportion of Christians growing each year. A census of the alumni taken in 1920 showed that since graduation fifty per cent had gone into teaching, three-fourths of these in mission schools, and the excellent proportion of eighteen per cent were in the Christian ministry. Shanghai College was reported to have the largest number of students preparing for the ministry of any Christian college in China.

A women's school is carried on in connection with the Shanghai Baptist Seminary for the wives of theological students and children's classes for their children. The aim is to fit the women to be the right kind of pastors' wives, who will establish Christian homes where they go and set an example to the community.

Thus through the crowds of China's walled cities Christ is moving in the person of his missionaries. In hospital and dispensary Western skill is demonstrated. Our Christian doctors are like Peter Parker "opening China at the point of the lancet." Once again, "The healing of the seamless dress is by our beds of pain." Superstition is being broken down as education is opening the eyes of the mind. But our schools are overcrowded, and it is hard for little inconspicuous preaching-places to compete with large and imposing temples. Persecu-

(Continued on page 668)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

LEADERSHIP

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 13, 1925

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Price: obedience (Num. 14: 24)
Monday—Reward: influence (Josh. 24: 14-28)
Tuesday—Price: sacrifice (Phil. 3: 7-9, 17)
Wednesday—Reward: helpfulness (1 Thess. 2: 19, 20)
Thursday—Price: humility (Num. 12: 1-13)
Friday—Reward: power (1 Kings 18: 17-46)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Leadership: its price and its rewards (2 Cor. 12: 11-21; 2 Tim. 4: 6-8)

SOME PRINCIPLES OF LEADERSHIP

"The true leaders of human progress are those who are blazing trails toward something better. They are the missionaries of politics, the missionaries of education, the missionaries of science, the missionaries of religion. The true leaders of human progress are not the noise makers. They are not the negative men who simply howl down the present state of society or the present government or the present science or the present system of morals or education or religion.

"Let us be quite clear on this point before we go further. The real leaders of progress are not destroyers; they are builders. They do not separate themselves from their brothers; they live among them, love them, lead them up. You will not lead the crowd in a better way by simply saying 'no' or 'don't.' Nor will you help much by withdrawing into a shell of self-righteousness. You will not become a leader by styling yourself one or making a lot of noise.

"You will be a leader as you are fearless where others fear; as you see clearly what others grope for; as you proclaim in confidence what others feel but can not express. You will be a Christian leader only as you connect yourself with the indwelling God and try constructively to do his will."—Fred Eastman in "Playing Square with Tomorrow."

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

Some people are born leaders, others must be trained for leadership. The best training school for leadership in Christian work is the Christian Endeavor society. In our small societies especially, each member is given a definite task to perform, and by doing his work faithfully and well he soon develops his latent powers for leadership. As his abilities are seen he is given still larger duties, and gradually his ability as a leader develops. The price of leadership is training and self-sacrifice, and the reward is that which comes to a faithful follower of Jesus—eternal life.

Battle Creek, Mich.

HOW SHOULD WE INVEST OUR LIVES?

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 6, 1925

Romans 12:12. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

1 Corinthians 10:31-33. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Give none offense, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God: Even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they might be saved."

In considering our lives as investments let us think for a few moments of the various points which make a financial investment desirable, for the two have many points in common. A business man will want to know a number of things about anything in which he may be intending to invest money, which may be grouped together into three questions, a favorable answer to which will be necessary. (1) Is it a safe investment? (2) What will it yield? (3) What will it cost, and will that cost yield a satisfactory return on what is invested?

(1) Is it safe?

We may well ask what is safety, and what things are surest to last. The expending of one's worldly possessions for the

gratification of lust, appetite, or aggrandizement will bring only the direct result of the moment, the immediate result of which is not even always as pleasing as might be desired; for to the clear thinking mind which is honest in its thought, there is usually an unpleasant reaction at the time; and when one sees his possessions dwindling without satisfaction, there comes bitter remorse. Or if he is one of those apparent geniuses whose prodigality but produces only the more worldly wealth, honors, or possessions, then the hollowness and sham of his success makes him bitter, morose, and dissatisfied with the mockery of his useless life.

Transient and physical glories, then, do not abide; what then shall we say of spiritual values? We have scriptural authority as well as personal experience to teach us that the spiritual, the unseen things are eternal. Spiritual values are never wasted or lost but are *the only things which endure and abide and can never be destroyed*. Spiritual investments being everlasting and abiding would fulfill the condition of safety.

(2) What will such an investment yield?

We may as well assure ourselves at the outset that it is not likely to bring much return in money, honors, or glory from the standpoint of worldly success; and to such as seek this form of success the Christian life has very little if anything to offer unless it be a future reward in the life to come; and to enter the service of the Master for that reason would, in fact, be an overwhelming impossibility. There are, however, real and vital things which will inevitably result from honest spiritual service.

Firstly, it will bring the highest type of personal satisfaction and gratification which any human being can experience. With a full and consecrated devotion to such a cause one can feel no mitigating circumstance or condition which will leave any sense of dissatisfaction or regret.

Secondly, it will yield the respect of one's fellow men, at least those of them whose visions are accommodated to spiritual things; and more than that it will yield a most satisfying amount of self-respect, a consideration of the utmost importance to any right-thinking mind, and which can scarcely be measured in temporal, or earthly units.

Thirdly, it will bring the commendation of one's conscience and even more—it will

bring the knowledge that his life and actions have the commendation of his God. This, to one of spiritual vision, is the highest good which could possibly occur to him, for it is something which he can carry with him into the heavenly kingdom knowing that his heavenly Father will greet him with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

(3) What will it cost?

It is likely to cost very dearly in terms of sacrifice of temporal things, for it means that one will have to give willingly and generously of time, means, and effort. In spiritual living one can not count or reckon what the cost will be in temporal or physical terms. The cost will be whatever is necessary to accomplish the spiritual tasks which fall to his hand to accomplish. To these he must give cheerfully, willingly, and without stint. Not infrequently the Christ life costs much in the way of personal friendship and temporal success—so much, that those who are tempted to count the cost beforehand will never have the courage to take the step. Hence, those who are drawn by wealth, glitter, applause, and earthly glory will never be able to make the investment. In point of fact, only he whose vision has caught a glimpse of things eternal will be able to see any value at all in such a life. But the man or woman whose eyes are trained to see the Divine will be able to recognize spiritual values for what they are and will seek after them far more eagerly than after gold, jewels, or honor.

How then shall we invest our lives?

"By presenting them as living sacrifices, holy, unto God; by doing all to the glory of God; by being pleasing to men in all things not for our own profit, but that they may be saved."

Chicago, Ill.

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

S. DUANE OGDEN

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Topic for Sabbath Day, June 13, 1925

HOW CAN WE IMPROVE OUR CONVERSATION?

PS. 19: 14; EPH. 4: 29-32

REV. GEORGE B. SHAW

First of all we must not fail to recognize that listening is a large part of conversation. Many of us are very poor listeners. We need to cultivate interested respectful atten-

tion. Is it not also true that if we listen without protest and without necessity to improper talk that it becomes a part of *our conversation?*

It is sometimes said that we have lost the art of letter writing. It may not be out of place to consider the elements that are destroying the art of conversation.

But what the author of this subject had in mind, and what the Bible references point out, is the language we use and the thoughts that are responsible for that language. These words and thoughts are not easily separated and may very well be considered together.

Our words should be *true*. Possibly there may be times when it is not best to speak all the truth. But we must not lie. There are many colors and shades of lies.

Our words should be *reverent*. Of course we will not use profanity, notwithstanding its strange popularity, but irreverent language is bad language. There are many shades of irreverence and it is not easy to draw the line. It is altogether best to be on the safe side.

Our words should be *clean*. Our lips and our ears should not be defiled with foul language.

Our words should be *kind*. Kindness is fairly tested by the Golden Rule.

Our words should not be "*idle words*" for every one of which the Bible says we must give an account in the day of judgment. Idle words are the foolish, silly, good-for-nothing, vain, boastful words and include all the divisions spoken of above and more.

But the Bible references given for the lesson call attention to conditions of mind and heart that are more fundamental and important than that which we think of as conversation. Reference is made to wrath, and bitterness and anger and the meditations of our hearts. Here is where improvement in our conversation must begin. Improvement implies change, and in a case of this kind requires effort. The older we are the more effort will be required to make any change for the better.

When all other subjects are exhausted we might consider the use of slang and the effect of the popularity of "Comic Supplement English."

Salem, W. Va.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR JUNE 13

Let one boy tell the story of the friendship of Jonathan and David and let another tell how Jesus treats his friends or followers. Still another boy might tell how he likes to have his friends treat him. These may be written out before the meeting if it would be easier for the boys.

Make this a *boys' meeting*; have one boy lead the meeting, another the music, two or three might sing a song, etc. If one of them is a scout let him tell how the scouts are good friends.

The superintendent's talk may be in the form of a blackboard illustration, fully explaining each part before it is written. Across the top of the board write, "In order to be good friends we must be"

Faithful
Righteous
Interested in others
Earnest
Noble
Deserving
Sympathetic

Ashaway, R. I.

A LETTER FROM FOUKE

DEAR FRIENDS:

I'll celebrate May day by writing to you. The little folk made May baskets at school yesterday, so they could bring flowers this morning to fill them, they said. The children have considerable fun here hanging baskets.

The school year is rapidly drawing to a close. Three weeks from next Tuesday we will send the grade children home for the last time this spring. I'll continue the work with the high school pupils till a little more than a week later. Our attendance keeps up well; some have dropped out, as usual, but a few others have come in. There was a time shortly after I wrote you last when sickness kept different ones at home for a time. I, too, took my turn entertaining la grippe, but was absent from school only three days. About the middle of March two of our teachers left us. Mrs. Sutton went home to welcome her little grandson, and when she might have returned, only six weeks of school remained, so it seemed not

to justify the expense. Ohnie Jones, a second year high school girl who didn't mind losing her credits when she could help out, has been teaching the primary grades very acceptably in Mrs. Sutton's place. The next week Miss Greene received a telegram summoning her home because of her father's serious illness. Fortunately we were able to find one among our young people here, Ira Davis, a graduate of our school. She too, is doing her part gladly and well to help us finish the school year in a creditable manner. I am the only one still remaining of our teachers who began the year's work last fall.

As usual at this time of the year I am wondering about our teachers for another fall, who will live at the hall, and so on. Alma Wilson, Ohnie Jones, and I are the only ones at the hall now. It seems quite lonesome to us. No one has yet offered to help with the high school subjects; perhaps you are just the one to be numbered among our teachers; if so I'd be glad to hear from you.

We have quite a garden for us, thanks to Mrs. Sutton's efforts before she left us, lettuce, radishes, onions, spinach, peas; and beets and carrots will soon be large enough to eat. Then I hope there may be cucumbers, squashes, and corn before we leave. I have twenty little chickens, too, and some of them will be big enough to fry ere long. Spring came early after a rather cold, dry winter, and many things are ahead of anything I remember here. Mulberries are already ripening, and plums are beginning to turn. The many unusually warm days have surely hurried things along. Some farmers are already chopping cotton. Just now we are having a cold spell following a very much needed rain, but it is beginning to warm up again.

Picnic time has come again. Different groups of the school have each had picnics, and some have been out twice. The primary grades had Easter eggs and rabbits and chickens of candy, enough to make them sick! Every one has survived, however, and is still able to study. The last of March we had a holiday to attend the county rally at Garland, where contests in music, speaking, reading, spelling, track sports, and so on made an interesting day. The basketball contests had been played off earlier. The three Fouke public school teams carried off

all three silver loving cups—girls' and senior and junior boys' teams, all winning over other rural schools in the county. The city schools of Texarkana do not compete in these contests, nor can we enter because we are a private school.

Sincerely yours,

FUCIA FITZ RANDOLPH.

Fouke, Ark.,

May 1, 1925.

THE GIFT THAT JESUS WANTS

A missionary was preaching to the Maori tribe of New Zealanders, telling them of the sufferings of Christ for them.

Then stood forth a plumed and painted chief, the scarred warrior of many fights, and as his lips quivered, he spoke:

"And did the Son of the Highest suffer this for us men? Then the chief would like to offer him some poor return for his great love. Would the Son of God like to accept the chief's hunting dog, swift of foot, and keen of scent; the tribe has not such another, and he has been my friend?"

But the missionary told him that the Son had no need of such gifts. Thinking he had mistaken the gift, he resumed:

"Yet, perhaps he would accept my well-tried rifle, unerring of aim; the chief can not replace it."

"No, not that."

For a moment the chief paused; then, as a new thought struck him, suddenly despoiling himself of his striped blanket, he cried, with childlike earnestness: "Perhaps he who had nowhere to lay his head will accept the chieftain's blanket."

Touched by love's persistency, the missionary tried to explain to him the real nature of the Son of God; that it was not gifts, but men's hearts he yearned for.

For a moment a cloud of grief darkened the rough features of the old chief; then, as the true nature of the Son of God slowly dawned upon him, laying aside his blanket and rifle, he clasped his hands, and looking up into the blue sky, his face beaming with joy, he exclaimed:

"Perhaps the Son of the Blessed One will deign to accept the poor old chief himself?"

—*Western Recorder*.

"An unenlightened person is not a safe leader."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

A GOOD FRIEND

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 13, 1925

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A good friend keeps secrets (Prov. 11: 13)
Monday—Good friends do not gossip (Prov. 17: 9)
Tuesday—Good friends help in need (Prov. 17: 17)
Wednesday—Abraham, Lot's friend (Gen. 14: 14-16)
Thursday—Friends of Jesus (Matt. 27: 55-61)
Friday—Friendly helpers (Acts 18: 24-28)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Being a good friend (1 Sam. 18: 1-3; 20: 12-42)

MRS. EMMA JEFFREY

Superintendent of Nortonville Society

I suppose if you were to be asked if you have any friends you would say, "Yes, lots and lots of them." We all like to have lots of friends. And if you were asked if you think any more of some of them than you do of others, you would say "yes." We often speak of our best friends when we mean those whom we can trust, who are always kind and ready to help us. Sometimes we call those with whom we associate and play, friends; and yet they are sometimes selfish and unfair in their play, or maybe they talk about us to others; yet they are our friends when everything goes their way. We can not call them our best friends.

In one of the verses of our lesson it tells us what a friend is. "A friend loveth at all times." This means the true friend, and that is the only kind worth having at all.

We all need friends. We could not get along without them. What a lonely world this would be if it were not for the good friends who visit us when we are sick and are always ready to help in any way they can.

You noticed when you read the first two verses of our lesson that they told us what good friends will do. The next ones tell us about people who did friendly deeds. The

last one, which is our topic, tells us how to be a good friend to others.

I wonder if we are always loving and kind, thoughtful and unselfish to others. If we are to be friends to others we want to be good ones, for that is the kind we ourselves like to have. Would this be a good place to apply the golden rule? You all know what that is. Now I wonder if you know where to find it in your Bibles. I am sure if we try to live it out we will have no trouble in being a good friend.

Nortonville, Kan.

FLORRIE'S MAGIC BEANS

"It's about time to plant the beans," Father Finch said at the breakfast table one sunny morning in spring. "The frost is out of the ground, and the sun seems to mean business. I'll start plowing and furrowing the field today."

Then, the next morning Florrie saw him going toward the field with a heavy bag and some stew pans. "Wait, daddy! I'm going to help," she called to him and shut the garden gate so that her funny shadow, the fat, frisky puppy could not follow. "No, Skeezics, you can't plant beans," Florrie told him firmly. "Remember how naughty you acted about my pansy seeds."

Skeezics whined and tried to lick her hand through the crack. He had watched her plant posy seeds the week before. He had seemed very curious and cocked his head to one side as if saying, "Dear me! What is she burying?" Very soon Florrie discovered Skeezics digging for dear life in that very spot. Every seed was uncovered but puppy was puzzled. He could not find the bones Florrie had buried for him!

Father was glad of such willing help and such cheery company. In the vines that covered the porch the house finches in their rosy vests chirped and twittered and built their nests. Out in the field little girl Finch sang and chattered as she dropped the big white butter beans in their nursery and covered them snugly.

"I believe you're going to be a farmer-ette," laughed her father as Florrie followed along, not complaining though it was hard to stoop over. After half an hour, those rows looked long enough to reach clear to South America.

"Aren't you tired?"

Florrie straightened up, felt of the kink in her back and answered honestly.

"A little. But aren't you, too? I guess I won't feel any tireder than if I ran and played with the puppy, or roller skated all morning." She dropped more of the smooth white beans, humming the old song every little girl knows, only Florrie changed the words:

"This is the way we plant our beans, plant our beans, plant our beans;
This is the way we plant our beans, so early in the morning."

While she sat down flat to stretch herself and listen to a saucy "bob-white" from the far away fence, she thought suddenly of Jack and his beanstalk in the old fairy tale. "Wouldn't it be nice," she said to father, "if some of these were truly magic beans?" She held up three extra large ones. "And they would sprout and make a ladder that I could climb and be at Aunt Rose's in the city? I'd love to go with Cousin Benny and see the park where there are animals, and boats on the lake, and a merry-go-round!"

"Well, now, Florrie," began Father Finch in his slow, pleasant way, "you're so fond of making believe and acting out stories. Suppose you play they are magic beans, and even if they don't run away and shoot up to the sky and scare us stiff, maybe they might take you to Aunt Rose's anyhow. You and mother."

Florrie gasped and opened her eyes wide. "What do you mean, father?" she squirmed excitedly and spilled a few beans. "Are you just making believe?"

"No, ma'am! I'm speaking the truth," declared father. "In plain farmer American—you help me with the beans and if the crop turns out fine, you and mother get a trip to the city in vacation. How does that strike you?"

For a breathless jiffy it seemed to strike her dumb. Then she did a happy little dance of her own between the long rows, and after that, how she did work! By night the field was planted, the white beans (because they were in their nighties, of course) tucked to sleep, and then it was up to the weather to do its part.

"Sun and shower, shower and sun,
Do your share! My work is done!"

Florrie chanted this charm as she ran out daily to see whether the beans had napped

long enough and were getting anxious to see the world. She and puppy had a great romp for celebration when the first tender shoots peeped up to say, "Here we are, Florrie!" Before long, with the help of sun and shower magic, the big field was green with growing, thriving plants.

The weather man was extra kind that summer. It was as if he guessed Florrie's plans and meant to show that beans may be magic, even in these days when fairies are neither seen nor heard. So there came a happy day when all the Finch family, including the frisky puppy, piled into Uncle Jim's new car and skimmed away for a jolly visit with Aunt Rose.

"The beans did it," explained Florrie as Cousin Ben took her to the park where she watched the monkeys and fed the baby bears. "This is more fun than climbing a beanstalk and finding the giant's castle." Then she went to ride on the merry-go-round.—Selected.

MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"Good riddance to bad rubbish."
Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN.

FORTUNE NUMBER EIGHT

A journey you shall go
A full twenty miles or so.

There was a determined look in his eye as he marched into the optician's shop.

"I want a pair of glasses immediately," he said. "Good strong ones."

"Good, strong ones?"

"Yes. I was out in the country yesterday and I made a very painful blunder."

"Indeed? Mistook a stranger for a friend?"

"No; a bumblebee for a blackberry."

A dentist had to crawl under his auto in order to make some adjustment in the machinery. Applying the monkey wrench to it he said soothingly, "Now this is going to hurt just a little."—*Outlook*.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—*Madame De Stael*.

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

KEEP OUT OF THE RUT—IF YOU CAN

It is, is it not, possible for a Sabbath school to become somewhat monotonous, dull or listless, even when it is supposed to have in it the breath of life. It exists, perhaps, because it is the thing to do—not really to give up and die, but manage somehow to keep a-going—after a fashion. It may be—sometimes is—said of this or that other organization, even a church. I remember once hearing it said of a certain teacher, "Mary is a good girl, yet just marking time—keeping up some motion—but not getting anywhere." It may have been that way with her school—very likely was. It is sometimes that way with a prayer meeting. I can about half remember an old prayer meeting hymn which began something like this:

"Dear Lord, and must we ever live
At this poor dying rate?"

It was sung to a doleful tune by the very few present. They were good people, yet did not succeed in making their prayer service attractive.

I say it is barely possible for a Sabbath school to drag along at a rather dying rate—yet not at all likely, for there are youngsters present, and they are apt to inject some life into whatever is going on. It takes, however, some tact on the part of the superintendent or teacher so to utilize that life, or "pep," so that it may happily be made a means of grace. I have heard of a "saving sense of humor."

Our good brother, pastor, friend, Lester Randolph, once said that he had asked the members of his class of boys to give each a verse from the Bible as he put his penny into the box. One of them "just for fun," as he dropped his, quoted, "A fool and his money are soon parted." This made the other boys laugh—and Lester laughed, too. Now I suspect that another teacher would have unpleasantly reprimanded the boy, but not so Lester. After all had laughed he turned the incident into good account with a pleas-

ant talk about a wise use of money, which he was so well fitted to give.

I once heard a minister say that his wife, who had a class of boys, got somewhere a little penny-shooter by means of which a boy could shoot his penny into a hole in the box; and not one of her boys would ever miss his chance of shooting a penny into that hole. It is a resourceful teacher that can think up new and interesting ways of doing to make things go. It takes a live person to give life and energy.

Several years ago when I had a class of high school boys I began asking one or another of them to prepare questions on the lesson for the next week and thus lead the class. They were a little shy at first yet by and by took up the leadership well. It was a new way of doing in which they were interested, and by which they profited. There came a time when I asked the pastor to let them take charge of the service one evening, which he did; and they surprised their friends with the papers they prepared upon such topics as they chose. This method of having different persons in a class of young people or adults as leaders is one way of keeping up the life of a Sabbath school. It stimulates thought in those who lead, and may have its value in training for teaching.

I have heard lately of a superintendent of a rather small school who interests both old and young by his lively and practical method of conducting a general exercise upon the lessons after the class work.

Anything is good that in one way or another stimulates interest and keeps the church, the school, the prayer meeting alive and out of a monotonous rut. Blessed are they who can wisely help do it.

TWO FAMILY PEWS

I once used to sit in church where the people in two certain family pews were of special interest to me. There were five in one family, six in the other. They came regularly together to Sabbath school, went to their respective classes, and when that was over came together into their accustomed places for the church service. I enjoyed seeing the parents and children together, especially so as they seemed somewhat chummy—companionable; a great deal pleasanter than if the parents had sent the children to Sabbath school and then come later to church—the children scattered around here and there wherever it pleased them to sit during the service.

I think now how pleasant it must be for those thus associated in Sabbath school and church service to look back from manhood and womanhood upon their early days. Sweet indeed will be such recollections, for happiness does not depend altogether upon what good there is in the present or hope for the future. Older people live much in the past. Happy is he whose recollections do not torment him.

When parents say, "Come, children, let us go to Sabbath school," rather than sending them, they will be likely not to quit going when they grow into big boyhood or big girlhood. But by all means the invitation "Come" must be pleasant, persuasive, rather than—

LESSON X.—JUNE 6, 1925

PETER'S BROADENING VISION

Golden Text.—"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." Acts 10: 34.

DAILY READINGS

May 31—The Vision of Cornelius. Acts 10: 1-8.
June 1—The Vision of Peter. Acts 10: 9-16.
June 2—Cornelius Sends for Peter. Acts 10: 17-23.
June 3—Opening the Door to the Gentiles. Acts 10: 34-43.
June 4—The Holy Spirit Given. Acts 10: 44-48.
June 5—Peter's Explanation. Acts 11: 1-18.
June 6—The Glorious Prophecy. Isaiah 61: 1-9.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

MEMORIAL DAY

A nation is built on its memories. Happy the nation with noble and inspiring memories. Every nation commemorates certain events in its history that appeal to national pride or national emotions. The emotions that stir a whole nation are deeper and stronger than any man knows. Those emotions demand our highest respect—aye more, our honest reverence. Nations celebrate them and keep them in memory.

Since 1868, this nation has set aside one day each year to commemorate its soldier dead. The idea of thus honoring our soldiers was conceived by a soldier of the Civil War, Adjutant General N. P. Chipman. The suggestion struck a responsive chord in the hearts of American people that insured success. The first Memorial Day was observed by the whole nation. The soldiers who were living marched together to the cemeteries and decorated the graves

of their fallen comrades and held memorial services for them. This beautiful service once observed could not be abandoned. Each year thereafter this memorial service was repeated. Each year the number of graves and the number of flags increased. Each year the number of those who marched became smaller, their step became feebler and some could march no longer. But still the nation remembered its soldiers on Memorial Day.

Then came other wars, and other soldiers joined those who were sleeping. Other homes were broken, and other hearts were stricken. The comrades of these soldiers, too, march on Memorial Day—young men now beside the old. Again the line of those who march is long. Again we bow our heads in mourning for those recently gone from among us.

Memorial Day needs no proclamation to insure its observance. It is observed in the hearts of the people. It is a great national emotion of mingled pain and joy, born of untold loss. The loss to the nation of the finest and noblest of its splendid young manhood—who can measure it. It will be felt for many years to come. The gain is spiritual. Out of the patriotic devotion and heroic sacrifice of these young men, was born a new body of inspiring memories to the nation. A new resolve came to the people to live worthy of this great sacrifice and to bring to pass the ideals for which the sacrifice was made.

A nation is built on its memories. Happy the nation with noble and inspiring memories. Long may we cherish the memory of our patriots!

For " * * peacefully still at rest they lie
And little it matters whether
Alone they sleep in their nameless graves,
Or in churchyards close together;
For a grateful country in its heart
Is fresh their memories keeping;
So scatter flowers with a generous hand
Where a nation's dead are sleeping."

—Governor John J. Blaine.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

The Michigan-Ohio Semi-annual Meeting will meet with the church at Jackson Center, Ohio, on May 29 at 7.30 p. m.

W. D. TICKNER.

"Every thought bears fruit after its own kind."

CHURCH FATHERS AND SUNDAY

"Do not the writings of the early church fathers (Barnabas, Ignatius, Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian) prove Sunday was recognized from the death of the apostles on and so are conclusive evidence of divine authority for the change of the Sabbath?"

It is most significant that on the Sabbath question "the Bible only," which is otherwise the sole recognized authority of Protestants, is abandoned, and "the traditions of the fathers" are gullibly sought to prove what Scripture does not sustain. Protestants thus assume the ground of the Catholic Church, accepting both the Bible and tradition. How anyone who really knows the character of the writings of the fathers, crammed with proved forgeries, contradictions, heresies, interpolations, from which every apostasy of the ages can be sustained, will cite them as authority is an amazing mystery.

Let us scrutinize briefly the "fathers" cited: The Epistles of Barnabas (about A. D. 135) are forgeries, full of absurdities and agnostic philosophy. They give no sacred title to Sunday but refer to a mythical "eighth day."

The Epistle of Ignatius to the Magnesians is full of interpolations and is contrary to historical fact. It was condemned by Calvin as "abominable trash." Sunday advocates have misquoted by substituting "Lord's day" for "Lord's life," to forge the first link in a questionable chain of Sunday evidences.

Justin Martyr (114-160). This converted (?) philosopher's words are deliberately changed from "the day called Sunday" to "on the Lord's day." He advocated no-Sabbatarianism and was reproved by Trypho.

Irenæus, bishop of Lyons (martyred 202). The evidence usually attributed to him does not occur in his genuine writings but is a remodeled section from the pseudo-Ignatian Epistles. This substitution by Dr. Dwight, a former president of Yale University, and quoted so widely in ecclesiastical literature, is an inexcusable fraud.

Clement (d. 220), the eclectic philosopher and teacher of much serious error, with a Stoic and Platonic bent, is the first to mention the "Lord's day," applying it to Sunday.

Tertullian (A. D. 160-220) was the gifted lawyer of Carthage, whose writings are the foundation of Roman Catholic theology. He mentions offerings for the dead and the sign of the cross. He blows hot and cold for and against the Sabbath and says, "If for these and other such rules you insist upon having positive Scripture injunction, you will find none. Tradition will be held forth to you as the originator of them."

Surely the evidence is neither gratifying nor conclusive for the Sunday festival which was introduced gradually during the first four centuries, slowly displacing the Sabbath, as a protest against Judaism and more especially to conciliate and win the heathen. Observed simultaneously for a time, Sunday finally superseded the Sabbath in proportion to the growing power of the bishop of Rome.

Shall we take the questionable evidence of the "fathers" and their tradition rather than the dictum of "the Bible only"? Remember Sinai. God gave his moral law to Israel. Yet within forty days the "fathers" of Israel made images to and worshiped the Egyptian sun god, Apis. (Ex. 32:1-5.) If they apostatized in so short a time, is it incredible to believe that the early church fathers in the course of two or three centuries could depart from the commandment of God, especially when his word predicted it? (See 2 Thess. 2:3-7.) Neither should we forget the Master's searching declaration, "Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition, . . . teaching for doctrines the commandments of men?" Matt. 15:3-9.—*The Watchman Magazine.*

THE YELLOW PROMISE

(Continued from page 659)

tion has shown what stuff the Chinese Christians are made of. They are abundantly worthy of the best that we can give them.

A tiny seed found a bit of soil in the crevice of an old pagoda. Insignificant to the eye, it had life. It took root, it grew; the pagoda cracked, the tree grew out of its top, green, living, conquering. So rises the Church of Christ invincible upon the crumbling dust of ancient civilizations.—*Mrs. Edith Gurley Estey.*

THE GOLDEN RULE IN ACTION

A few years ago I was working for a construction company which employed a large number of foreigners. A gang of Italian employes had the reputation of being a bad outfit. In fact, they had chased the foreman, a big bully, off the job. The superintendent asked me to take the gang, which I did on the condition that I could manage them to suit myself. The retiring foreman advised me to get a gun and to keep my distance from those dagoes, or else they would surely "get me." I told him I would take the matter under advisement; but instead, I went to my shack and spent a good part of the evening brushing up on Italian history.

The next morning at the camp the time-keeper introduced me as the new foreman and I greeted them with a "Good morning, gentlemen." My salutation seemed to puzzle them considerably. I then got hold of one fellow who could speak fairly good English and asked him what part of Italy he came from. The man, dropping his shovel and looking at me with perfect amazement, exclaimed: "You been Italy?" I told him no, but that I had read extensively about his country and should surely like to see it. We then discussed crop conditions in that part of his country. After spending the first hour with the new gang in getting acquainted—much to the disgust of the time-keeper—we went to work. After working two hours, I told the men to sit down for ten minutes and take a smoke. It was heavy work and they needed a rest. Their appreciation was shown by their increased willingness to work afterwards.

When evening came the men offered to make up the hour we had lost in the morning, but we compromised on half an hour. I then went to the dining car for supper. The other foreman had always had his meals served separately, but I sat with the men and helped myself to Italian dishes. The cook, in amazement, exclaimed: "You like Italy cooking?" I told him I certainly did. This seemed to win their hearts and after supper the men showed me pictures of their homes and families. Needless to state, my friendship and appreciative interest stopped most of our labor troubles, and their loyalty to me was wonderful. I always refrained from hurting their feelings by calling them dagoes and wops; instead, I addressed them

as gentlemen, and spoke about them as Italians.

In a few days the superintendent came up to inspect the work. After watching the men and noticing their increased willingness, good will, and friendly contentment, he wanted to know what I had done to the gang. I replied, "I have treated them only as human beings."—*Carl E. Swanson in The Baptist.*

ROUGHING IT

Six hundred Y. M. C. A. secretaries, lay officers, and other leaders in boys' work, are going into the Rockies on June 4 to "rough it." Having first encountered the vicissitudes of camp life, they will turn their attention to an eight-day struggle with many pressing problems.

Out of this Third General Assembly at Estes Park, Colo., are expected to grow some practical solutions for the incessant question of how to keep up with the times. The problems of association boys' work will be discussed in many phases.

The leading problems have been carefully outlined and studied in advance, through a survey conducted in the forty-eight states, Canada, and the Hawaiian Islands.

A leading question will be the promotion of co-operative relationships between church and association. The old question of membership and the problem of higher secretarial standards will also have thoroughgoing consideration.

Among leaders who will attend the conference are Dr. Basil Mathews, of Geneva, Switzerland, Miss Margaret Slattery, Kirby Page, Professor W. H. Kilpatrick of Columbia University, Rev. Dr. E. F. Tittle, of Evanston, Ill., E. M. Robinson, Professor H. S. Elliott, S. Wirt Wiley, and Dr. John Hope.—*Y. M. C. A. Fortnightly.*

A PRAYER OF THANKS

Dear Father, when about my work today,
I ask that thou wilt hear me as I pray.
This is a prayer of thanks for little things:
The beauty of the swallow's skimming wings;
My garden with its flowers bright and fair,
That lift sweet faces in the sunlit air;
The trees that raise up arms of praise to thee,
Or droop their leaves at noon to shelter me;
The rosy glow of dawning just begun,
Or golden glory of the sinking sun;
The light in eyes that shine with love for me;
The little head asleep on mother's knee—
For these and much besides, dear Lord, I pray
That thou accept my grateful thanks today.—*Sel.*

MARRIAGES

PERRY-CHILDERS.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, Salem, W. Va., May 13, 1925, by Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Grant B. Perry of New Haven, Mich., and Erma E. Childers of Salem.

DAGGETT-SANFORD.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage in Dodge Center, Minn., on April 30, 1925, Mr. Lester R. Daggett and Miss Dorcas E. Sanford, both of Dodge Center, Rev. Edward M. Holston, officiating.

WOODMANSEE-CRANDALL.—At the home of the groom's mother, Mrs. Emogene Woodmansee of Rockville, R. I., Rev. Paul S. Burdick officiating, were united in marriage on the evening of April 25, 1925; Mr. Lloyd E. Woodmansee and Mrs. Ella Eliza Crandall.

DEATHS

BARBER.—Jared G. Barber was born April 2, 1840, and died at Hope Valley, R. I., May 4, 1925.

He was the son of Gilbert Barber and Densie Young. He was married to Artemissa A. Burdick, October 9, 1863; and to them were born three children: Ernest A. of Hope Valley; Samuel O., who died a few years ago; and Mrs. Bessie L. Hammond of Wickford, R. I.

On October 25, 1873, Mr. Barber united with the Rockville Seventh Day Baptist Church by letter from the Wood River Baptist Church, and remained a loyal member of the church till his death. For a good many years his home had been on his farm near Rockville, but with the death of his wife in 1918, he went to live with his children.

He leaves, beside a son and daughter, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

The funeral was held at the home of Ernest A. Barber, at Hope Valley, Rev. Paul S. Burdick, officiating. Burial took place in the Rockville Cemetery.

P. S. B.

COOK.—Mrs. Gelsemina (Wooley) Cook was born at Wright's Corner, Dearborn county, Ind., early in 1855, and rested from her labors after years of suffering on May 1, 1925, at Riverside, Calif.

She came of missionary stock, her father having done faithful service as missionary in Jamaica. She was left fatherless at an early age, and her childhood days were punctuated with some very tragic experiences, her widowed mother's home being located in the track of the famous

Morgan raid through southern Ohio and Indiana, in 1863.

After living for many years in Milton, Wis., the family removed to Riverside in 1907, where two years later her companion was laid to rest. After the death of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Brown, she continued to be the home-band for her nieces, the Brown girls, well known in educational and Christian Endeavor circles of southern California.

"Aunt Gelsie," as she was familiarly known, both by old and young, had been an invalid for many years with a very painful affliction. With all her suffering she was always patient, cheerful and uncomplaining. She was a "shut-in" in body but her sweet Christian fortitude and godly life were broadcasted as widely as her name was known.

When her growing affliction deprived her of the privilege of the weekly prayer meeting she still continued to meet with her friends by a favorite hymn and appropriate Scripture, which she sent by a calling friend. When she realized that the longed-for relief was nearing she told her attending nieces that they would find some instructions in her Bible. These proved to be a request that Romans 8: 35-39 be read and "How Firm a Foundation" be sung at the parting service. The hymn was rendered by a quartet of Riverside business men.

The Preston funeral chapel was filled at the morning hour, Monday, with the many friends who came with their floral tokens of sweet memories to say good bye for a time.

Mrs. Cook enjoyed her life-long Christian service in fellowship with the Seventh Day Baptists. The Monday morning service was conducted by Rev. E. S. Ballenger, assisted by Pastor Hansen, and she was laid to rest in Evergreen cemetery.

Mrs. Cook is survived by four nieces: Miss Gelsemina M. Brown, Orange, Calif.; Mrs. Viola Knight, Calippatria, Calif.; Miss Mary Brown, Corona, Calif.; Mrs. Nancy Babcock, Riverside; and a nephew Edward T. Brown, Detroit, Mich.

She is also survived by the children of her half sister, Mrs. Emma Jordan Thomas, Chicago; Mrs. Carrise Adams, Hunter, N. Dak.; and Mrs. Annie Downey of Ordney, Colo.

E. S. B.

CRANDALL.—Sarah California Coon, daughter of Abby Greene and Alonzo A. Coon, was born in DeRuyter, Madison county, N. Y., on May 22, 1840, and died at Nile, N. Y., on May 10, 1925, at the age of eighty-five years.

Her parents moved to Wisconsin when she was quite small, and after living at Milton, Milton Junction, and Utica for a few years, they finally settled at Dakota, Wis., where she accepted Christ as her Savior and joined the church.

She was married the following year to William Delos Crandall of Nile, N. Y. In 1860 she removed with him to his former home at Nile and joined that church, of which her husband was still a member.

Two children were born to this couple: Alice Crandall Greene on May 20, 1859, and Wm.

Henry Crandall on July 26, 1863. The latter died March 30, 1892. Her husband, Wm. Delos Crandall, died in August, 1921, at Nile, N. Y., and after his death she came to live with her daughter, Mrs. Clark Greene.

"Aunt Cal," as she was lovingly called by many, was always interested in the work of the church, attending its appointments whenever possible to do so. She was a member of the Sabbath school, the W. C. T. U., the Missionary and Ladies' Aid Societies, serving as president, secretary, or treasurer as circumstances required. She was president of the Ladies' Aid for twelve consecutive years.

She was the member of longest standing of the Friendship Seventh Day Baptist Church, having been a member for sixty-five years.

She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Clark Greene of Nile, N. Y., five grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

"Thy day has come, not gone;
Thy sun has risen, not set;
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,
Not ended—but begun.
Oh, noble soul! Oh, gentle heart!
Hail! and farewell."

L. G. O.

"Love ever gives,—
Forgives—outlives—
And ever stands
With open hands.
And while it lives
It gives.
For this is Love's prerogative,
To give—and give—and give."

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"TO MERIT THE FAVOR OF ALMIGHTY GOD"

The President's inaugural address was the speech of a most practical, clear-headed man. It was pre-eminently the voice of common sense. But this was not the great thing about the speech. The great thing about it was the President's public declaration of faith and reliance upon almighty God.

The French Revolution jeered at God. The Soviet or Bolshevik Revolution of Russia made its chief sport the hanging of effigies of Christ in the public places to be laughed at and jeered at and treated with the vilest contempt. All the nations of history in the days of their power either totally ignored God or went further by shaking their fists in defiance in his face.

And we know what has happened to them all. Whether a man be a believer or an unbeliever in that supreme Power called God, he can not escape recognition of that Power. History records disaster for all political governments that ignored or defied God. "America," said President Coolidge in his inaugural address, "seeks no earthly empire; built on blood and force. No ambition, no temptation lures her to thought of foreign dominion. The legions which she sends forth are armed not with the sword, but with the Cross. The high state to which she seeks the allegiance of all mankind is

not of human but of divine origin. She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favor of almighty God."

So stands America on Sinai with the Tablets of the Law in her hands, speaking face to face with the Lord God of the ages.

A GLORIOUS PAST AND MORE GLORIOUS FUTURE

Well may all true Americans felicitate one another in that splendid hour when the President of the United States entered upon his term of office.

Glorious has been our country's past; more glorious still shall be her future.

When, out of the blood and travail of the Revolution, our new Republic sprang into being, the wisecracks of the world said it would not endure. The historian predicts the future from the recorded facts of the past. And the facts of history were that republican forms of government are ephemeral.

Yet, America has endured. Through storm and stress, in the face of foes from without and within, she has endured. And the reason she has endured is that she loved her neighbors and feared the Lord.

In that long line of Presidents who have occupied the executive chair at Washington, not one of them all, from the first to the last, has ever disgraced the office.

Let us, therefore, salute our country. Let us gather the folds of the flag to our lips. And let us, on bended knees, pray almighty God to perpetuate and save the nation for the good of all mankind throughout all time to come.—*John S. McGroarty, in Los Angeles Times.*

The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses, and lawyers all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length.

For some time Paddy stood thinking, then, "About four miles as the cry flows," came the answer.

"You mean 'as the flow cries'!" corrected the man of law.

The judge leaned forward. "No," he remarked suavely, "he means 'as the fly crows.'"

And they all looked at one another feeling that something was wrong somewhere.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

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EARLY TO RISE

Carl E. Farley's hair is curly—
Some folks call him Curly Farley.
He was hired to plant some barley
By a man named Charley Morley.
Farley didn't get there early;
This made Charley Morley surly.
Farley said, "I got here fairly
Early, though I'm feeling poorly."
Morley merely answered Farley:
"You I've been expecting hourly."
Carl E. Farley, big and burly,
Saw that Morley wouldn't parley.
Morley pasted Farley squarely,
Pasted Curly Carl E. Farley.
Farley left this hurly-burly
World and passed the gates called "pearly."

—*Charleston News-Courier.*

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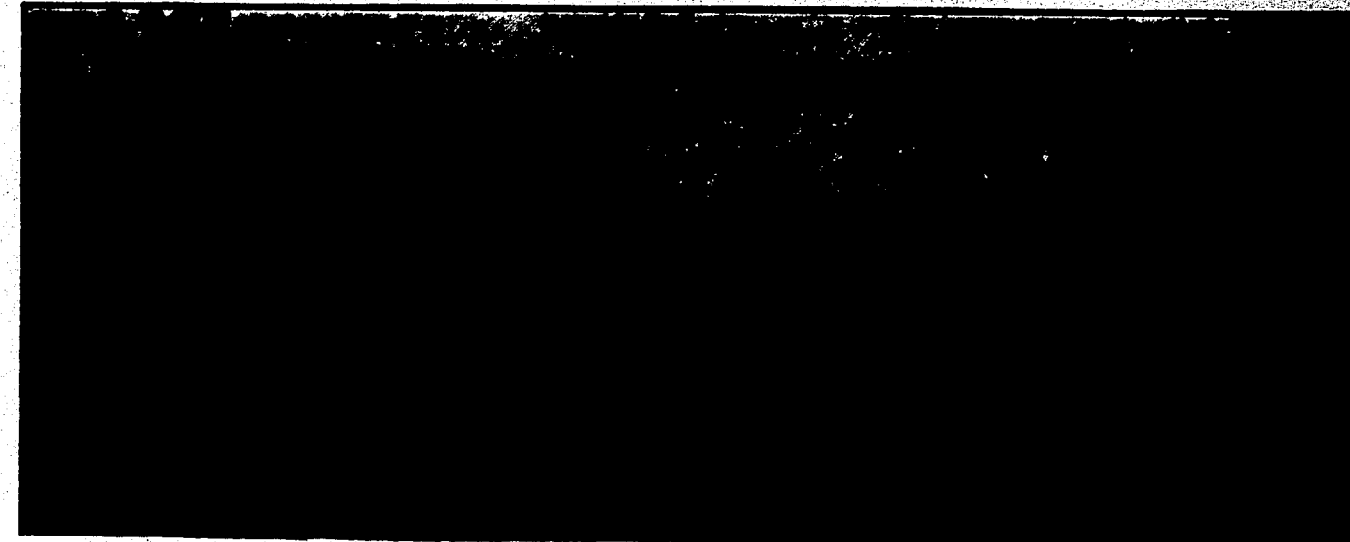
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evidence of the Sabbath truth.

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so make known your faith?

F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.,
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

With God's promise to the true Sabbath keeper, "And I will cause thee to ride on the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob," and with its fulfillment in so many conspicuous cases in our history, there ought to be no misgivings as to the future prospects of Seventh Day Baptists. Misgivings will surely follow careless disregard for God's command and for ignoring the good example of the obedient. But with God's assurance of far-reaching mercies to the obedient, the loyal need not fear.

The rewards for obedience are far-reaching—to thousands of generations—while the penalties of disobedience are limited to three or four generations. So if we live right, the mercies have the advantage. But if we sow the seeds of distrust and discontent until our own children lose all love and respect for God's holy day, how can we hope to grow? On the other hand, devout, conscientious, self-sacrificing Sabbath keeping has behind it the promise of God which can not fail. Isaiah 58: 13, 14.

T. L. G.

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