

# The Sabbath Recorder

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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.

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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.

## CONTENTS

Editorial.—One Brother Has It On His Heart.—How It Looks to the World.—There is Hope in the Vacation Bible Schools.—Thomas Buchanan Reed and "Sheridan's Ride."—Loving Consecration Manifested by the Tithe.—A Good Showing, But We Can Make It Better.—"Getting Away From Love of Things".....	673-676	Education Society's Page.—Washington College .....	685
The Challenge of Seventh Day Baptist Youth .....	676	The Greater Christ .....	686
Where Sunday as a Rest Day Came From .....	677	Woman's Work.—With the Eyes of a Child .....	689-691
Seventh Day Baptist Onward Movement.—Our Bulletin Board.—A Sabbath in Shiloh and Marlboro.—Our Denominational Budget .....	679	Young People's Work.—The Hurdle Race.—A Thought for the Quiet Hour.—Intermediate Christian Endeavor.—Junior Work .....	692
Our Memoir-Annals .....	680	Musings on an Old Cemetery.....	695
Improved Roads.—Young People's Program .....	681	Children's Page.—Kindness to Animals.—Hugh's Sight-seeing.—An Honest Man.—Helpers.—Safe—My Grandma Used to Say.—Fortune Number Nine .....	696-698
Missions.—On the Wing Again.—Our Supreme Task .....	682	Assurance .....	698
Needs and Methods of Home Study in the Sabbath School Lessons.....	684	Love Sabbath Keeper's Page.—Ancient Virgins and Their Modern Imitators .....	699-701
		The Silent River .....	701
		Sabbath School.—North Loup Sabbath School.—Lesson for June 13, 1925 .....	702, 704
		Marriages .....	703
		Deaths .....	703

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

# The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE No. 4,187

*"Help us, O Lord, that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we may do all things to the glory of God. May we avoid the very appearance of evil! May our consciences be as the noonday clear! May we be animated by the desire to win our fellows to the cause of Christ! Make us gracious and generous in disposition. For Jesus' sake. Amen."*

## One Brother Has It On His Heart

A good friend in a distant state is getting in a hurry to see our new building completed and writes very enthusiastically about it. Such letters are encouraging for they reveal something of the rising tide of feeling regarding this important matter. It is indeed cheering to see the wide-spread and growing interest in the new building. This is just what we hoped would come to our people, far and near, when we agreed not to make an intensive campaign this year but to keep the matter alive and on our hearts through the SABBATH RECORDER.

Just as soon as a large number of our people come to feel as this brother feels, the building will be an assured fact inside of a year. When the descendants of the fathers who subscribed for such a building seventy-two years ago feel as this man does, and take hold to help according to their ability, the fund will grow by leaps and bounds, and we will make quick work of this long delayed and almost forgotten movement of our fathers.

But I must not forget to give you some of our friend's letter:

Before rising this morning I was thinking of the memorial building and your efforts to make it a reality. Now is the time. It ought to be completed before next fall. What do the loyal readers of the RECORDER say? What a day of Thanksgiving we would have in November! I feel sure the returns, financially and spiritually, would prove gratifying to all Seventh Day Baptists, and to some others. . . . If you have no plan for collecting the necessary amount of money, why not ask RECORDER readers to consider the subject carefully, prayerfully, and then suggest a plan? The building can and should be erected at once.

—An Interested Friend.

So far as the building is concerned, our plan has thus far been by freewill offerings. It is indeed quite remarkable that since our last Conference in West Virginia, in 1916, the funds for the shop part have come to us in this way, without our ever sending out a man to canvass and collect.

I have faith to believe that our people will respond just as liberally for the last half of the work as they did for the first half—the shop part.

In my opinion the building will be all the more a blessing to the good causes we love if it can stand before the world as a freewill offering of a loyal people to the faith of their worthy fathers.

There are several families, prosperous today, who could do no better thing than to put ten thousand dollars apiece in such a memorial, in the name of their fathers.

Oh, friends, it is bound to come! I feel it in my very bones. The fund we have can be used for *nothing* else, and we look for it to grow rapidly. I hope to live to see the building in its place. Then I can lay down my pen satisfied.

**How It Looks To the World** "So Many Gods, So Many Creeds" is the heading of an editorial in the *New York Evening World*, in which is shown the natural effect of the religious controversies between fundamentalists and modernists. One of the very bitterest contenders is the man who a few years ago preached the world-famous sermon on the Prince of Peace.

If, in harmony with the spirit of his Master, this man would turn his matchless gift of eloquence into warm-hearted service along evangelical lines to reach and save the lost and to rescue the down-and-outs, it seems to me that much more good would come to this sin-sick world. To act like mad men in behalf of a religion of love is sure to drive the world's people away from the Church and from the Christian religion.

Oh, that strong Christian leaders would stop "swinging their battle axes" in combat over doctrines, and all go to work together

in loving gospel services for the salvation of lost men.

Here is the way it looks to the *Evening World*:

"SO MANY GODS, SO MANY CREEDS"

Mr. Bryan is in town denouncing the evolutionists and the scientists, and handling some of his clerical critics in rough fashion. Ministers of the modernist school are raking their vocabularies for abusive phrases to apply to Bryan. Columns of the newspapers are given over to the bitter controversies between the modernists and the fundamentalists, and the public is settling down to enjoy the legal battle over the law against the teaching of evolution in Tennessee in much the same sporting spirit with which it would make itself comfortable for a slugging match at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

In none of it is there anything remotely suggestive of toleration, much less of kindness; and but for the passing of a few centuries of civilization, we should hear by now the crackling of the flames at the stakes where religious controversies were settled in the old days. Nothing in human nature is quite so inexplicable as the fact that men never hate so heartily as when they disagree on the religion of love.

All of this is delectable to the intellectual groups, and to those who are not bothered about beliefs; but none of the combatants, swinging their battle-axes, the veins of anger standing out on their necks, are interesting themselves at all in the effect on the multitude, which is elemental and easily confused by the refinements of logic. It is quite possible that this effect may be to create something of distaste for all "their houses" and the loss of faith in anything. More of the spirit of real religion in these futile fights might serve.

After all, the poet who was not excited over creeds or science had the right idea when he wrote:

"So many Gods, so many creeds,  
So many roads that wind and wind.  
When just the art of being kind  
Is all the old world needs."

**There Is Hope in the Vacation Bible Schools** Some one has said that childhood and youth are the battlegrounds where victories are to be won for God. The Church of the future will go forward, stand still, or go backward just in proportion to the attention this generation gives to religious education. We do not yet seem to realize the full import of these sayings.

The *International Journal of Religious Education* informs us that more boys and girls of day-school age in North America are not receiving religious instruction of any sort than there are of boys and girls and adults in all the church schools combined.

If the Church is to survive there must be some way devised to change these conditions. The hand writing on the wall is too plain to be ignored; and we wonder at the apparent indifference of the Church regarding its work of *teaching* as well as *preaching*.

Our churches should get over the idea that the Bible school is not a part of real church work. The school should never be regarded as a separate institution, secondary to the Church, but should be given its rightful place and full recognition as a most important part of the work of the Church itself.

There must be a strong, wise, and sympathetic tie between the heart-life of the Church and the Bible school for its children. If the figures presented by the religious education people are true, only an average of one church member in four in this country is identified with the Bible schools in any way. And if the figures are correct, only two cents out of every dollar given by the church members goes toward the important work of religious education.

No wonder the churches seem to be losing ground. The most fruitful harvest fields all about them are being neglected, and Satan gets the majority of the children in the fairest land on earth. And the fairest land on earth forbids its schools to teach religion!

**Thomas Buchanan Reed** Some of the older people will remember the thrill that went through the land when sixty-one years ago next October the news came of the battle of Winchester, Va., when General Sheridan after his twenty-mile ride turned a stampede into a glorious victory.

**And "Sheridan's Ride"** Then again, when Thomas Buchanan Reed published the most popular of all his poems, the country was stirred as it seldom ever was, over "Sheridan's Ride."

When in Chester County, Del., the people were celebrating Mr. Reed's birthday, his widow told them how her husband came to write the poem. They were in Cincinnati in the home of a friend when the morning paper came in with a picture of Sheridan on his famous mount, named "Winchester." The friend passed the picture on to Mr. Reed saying, "There is a story in this. Write it." When he went to his

room he wrote the poem and that evening it was read in Murdock's Theater, arousing great enthusiasm which soon spread throughout all the land.

This famous old horse was presented to the general by officers of the Second Michigan Cavalry, in 1862. He was in fifty battles. When he died in 1878 he was mounted, saddled and equipped as he was when ridden by Sheridan, and kept at Governor's Island, N. Y., until 1922, when, with appropriate ceremonies, accompanied by Grand Army boys, some of whom had seen him and his master in that famous ride, he was removed to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C.

No relic in all that great museum had greater attraction for me than did this famous old horse. As one stands beside him he can not help admiring the steed and thinking of his eagerness to bear his master to the battle front, as described in the poem when the ride was just half done:

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls:  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

**Loving Consecration** My heart was touched by a letter from an aged widow, daughter of one of our old-time ministers, who sent me her tithe, of money earned by her own hands, for the New Building Fund.

She wrote as follows:

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I am sending you one-tenth of the money I have earned by cleaning house. I have been praying for strength to work, and the dear Lord has not only given me the strength to work, but he has also given me work to do. So I have been able to earn ten dollars, one tenth of which I am sending for the denominational building, in memory of my daughter who has been in heaven more than two years.

I am sure she would be pleased, for she always gave her tenth when she used to work and earn money. I wish it were more. Can I not give it in her name?—Your friend and well wisher.

When I read such a letter with its evidence of loyal and loving devotion and self-

sacrifice, I can not avoid a feeling of shame over my own poor service for my Master's good cause.

Friends, what do you think the outcome would be if every Seventh Day Baptist were prayerfully and lovingly giving one tenth of his income to the good work of the Master? I think our denominational interests would immediately receive such an uplift as we have never dreamed of, and that, as *individuals*, the happiest days of all our lives would dawn upon us.

**A Good Showing But We Can Make It Better** Sometimes, when we think we are not making good, it may be well to compare our record with that of other peoples. If we find the comparison favorable to ourselves, it may cheer us some and inspire us to do still better. We all long to see the subscription list to the RECORDER growing, and we regret that so many families never take it. I think perhaps some of us have seen a great cause for discouragement, feeling that we are losing out because so few are interested in our paper; but let us not paint the picture so dark that it will tend to dishearten and unnerve us until we hinder rather than help.

The *Western Christian Advocate* has taken great pains to learn the ratio of church members in several denominations who take their religious papers. I confess that the result is surprising to me, for I find that Seventh Day Baptists, after all our misgivings, make a better record than any of the others.

The published data show that among the Methodists only one to every fourteen takes their paper. Among the Presbyterians only one in seventeen; among the Lutherans the ratio is the same; among the Disciples it is one in nine, while among the Episcopalians it is only one in forty-four members of their churches!

It occurred to me after reading this that our ratio could be no worse than some of these; so I went to the *Year Book* for our total membership at home and abroad, divided that by the number of actually paying subscribers to the RECORDER, and found that our ratio is a little better than one in five. Our record is about twice as good as the best of those named above.

Will it encourage you to know this, or will it make you feel that we are doing well

enough so you need make no special effort to enlarge our subscription list? Some way, I feel that a word of good cheer often brings better results than can be secured in any other way.

Here is a company of workmen with a very heavy job which does not seem to go forward as it should. The overseer is particularly anxious to hasten the work along. Which will give the better results—for him to scold his men saying, "You are loafing and not doing the work as you should"; or for him to tell them they are doing well, even better than the men on the other jobs, that he is pleased with the record they are making, and that he would be very happy to see every man doing his best to bring the work to a successful completion?

Have you not seen cases where a few words of compliment or commendation have put new life and increased willingness to work into the hearts of men, until they did better than they had been doing?

Do you know, I have a feeling that the comparison of our ratios as given above may work just that way with the toilers upon whom falls the duty of gaining new subscribers for the RECORDER.

Cheer up, my friends! We are not half so near dead as some people think we are; and every cheerful, willing worker will put new life into the cause we love and new strength into the people who stand for it.

**"Getting Away From Love of Things"** The friend who sends us the sermon begun in the Lone Sabbath Keepers' Page, after saying: "I wish every lone Sabbath keeper might hear its message, to encourage them in their most necessary efforts to influence the youth for the future," refers to the words of one of our new missionaries and says, "I feel that the inspiration 'to get away from the love of things and to become in love with the good work,' is a noble one. And if the youth in Sabbath keeping families can be helped to see the difference between the noble and demoralizing things in our productive present, the good work we wish done in the future will not lack for willing workers."

An excellent way to brighten dark days is to throw yourself whole-heartedly into some good work for others.—T. L. G.

## THE CHALLENGE OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST YOUTH

AHVA J. C. BOND  
Leader in Sabbath Promotion

For many months the leader in Sabbath promotion, who happens to be Life Work Recruit superintendent of the Young People's Board, has been thinking about, and planning for, a series of group meetings of our young people for the purpose of considering with these youths of our churches their relation to the Sabbath cause. He has had it in mind all along to associate with himself in this important undertaking the Intermediate superintendent of the Young People's Board, Mr. S. Duane Ogden, of Alfred, N. Y.

Early in the year we took the matter up with Mr. Ogden by correspondence, and on the occasion of our visit to Alfred during the last days of February we discussed with him the question of the best time for such meetings as we had in mind, and the character of the program. The matter has been followed up since, through correspondence with Mr. Ogden, and with certain pastors and churches where it was thought such meetings might be held with least inconvenience to all concerned. The present plan is to cover the eastern section of the country during the early summer in four group meetings. Later it is hoped to hold similar services in other parts of the denomination.

In making our plans we have been greatly encouraged by the reception that has been accorded the idea and plan, and by the readiness with which every church interviewed in the matter has agreed to entertain these young people, providing homes and meals and an evening fellowship luncheon at the church. The churches selected for these meetings as being most convenient to the groups to be served, respectively, are the churches at Alfred Station, N. Y.; Verona, N. Y.; New Market, N. J., and Ashaway, R. I. The meeting at Alfred Station will include the churches of the Western Association; the one at Verona the churches of the Central Association; the one at New Market, the churches of the Yearly Meeting of the New Jersey, New York City, and Berlin, N. Y., churches; and the Ashaway meeting will comprehend the New England churches.

The first of this series of meetings for Seventh Day Baptist youth will be held at Alfred Station, N. Y., Thursday, June 25,

beginning at ten-thirty o'clock in the morning. The plan here is to have a morning and afternoon session only, with a fellowship luncheon at the supper hour. There will be some time for recreation, and for personal conference in the interest of the young people and their life work.

The topics which now appear on our tentative program are as follows: "The Importance of the Sabbath," "Successful Sabbath Keepers, Past and Present," "Sabbath History," "Our Opportunity." These themes may be changed, but they are given here as indicating in general what we have in mind for these meetings.

We were speaking of our plans for meetings of our young people at one of the association meetings last September, and at the close of the session a good woman who earns her money by teaching school came to me and said, "I tithe my income for the Lord, and I should like to give something to promote this work with the young people." This woman has been informed of our developing plans, and I have received her check for fifty dollars for this good cause. Of course I was not soliciting funds, and this offer came quite unexpectedly. The heart interest of this one woman has been an inspiration and a stimulus during these months. The money can be used for expenses incidental to getting the young people together for these meetings, but what we prize even more is the interest and prayers with which this woman will follow these meetings. We trust that this announcement of our plans may awaken in many others an interest which will find expression, not in gifts of money, but in encouragement and support of the work contemplated. Especially is it our hope that in every church where there are young people who should attend these meetings the men of these respective congregations will back us up, and will boost the attendance by seeing to it that these young people are provided a way to get to the place of meeting. We believe these meetings have possibilities of great good. It ought to be of great value to get our young people together for a day's consideration of the Sabbath. Let us hope that lasting impressions may be made, and that influences will be set going that shall carry through all the years of the life of the younger generation of Seventh Day Baptists, and on out into the future beyond them and their day.

There will be no evening session at Alfred Station because the Western Association will convene that evening at Alfred. The other meetings will be all day meetings. The meeting at Verona will be held July 6, and the one at New Market, July 8. Possibly the one at Ashaway will be held the following week. The week beginning July 5 Mr. Ogden will be on his way from Alfred to Waterford, Conn., where he is to take up his work as pastor, which makes it convenient for him to stop over for a day at Verona and New Market, respectively.

We have in mind for these meetings our young people of both sexes, and of the "teen age," but young people over nineteen and those under thirteen will not be excluded. Doubtless many such should attend, and they will be very welcome, but we are having in mind what is usually designated as "The Teen Age Group." We have waited until the schools have closed for the long vacation in order that all our young people may attend.

## WHERE SUNDAY AS A REST DAY CAME FROM

It (the Roman Catholic Church) has reversed the fourth commandment, doing away with the Sabbath of God, and instituting Sunday as a holy day.—N. Summerville, in *History of the Christians*, page 418.

Question.—How prove you that the church has power to command feasts and holy days?

Answer.—By the very act of changing the Sabbath into Sunday, which Protestants allow of; and therefore fondly contradict themselves by keeping Sunday strictly, and breaking most other feast days commanded by the same church.—*Abridgement of Christian Doctrine by Rev. Henry Tuberville, D. D., of Douay College, France (1649) page 58.*

Question.—Have you any other way of proving that the church has power to institute festivals of precept?

Answer.—Had she not such power she could not have done that in which all modern religionists agree with her, she could not have substituted the observance of Sunday, the first day of the week, for the observance of Saturday, the seventh day, a change for which there is no scriptural authority.—*A Doctrinal Catechism by Rev. Stephen Keenan, page 174.*

The Catholic Church of its own infallible authority created Sunday a holy day to take the place of the Sabbath of the old law.—*Kansas City Catholic*, February 9, 1893.

The Catholic Church, . . . by virtue of her divine mission, changed the day from Saturday to Sunday.—*Catholic Mirror*, official organ of Cardinal Gibbons, September 23, 1893.

Question.—Which is the Sabbath day?

Answer.—Saturday is the Sabbath day.

Question.—Why do we observe Sunday instead of Saturday?

Answer.—We observe Sunday instead of Saturday because the Catholic Church, in the Council of Laodicea (A. D. 336) transferred the solemnity from Saturday to Sunday.—*The Convert's Catechism of Catholic Doctrine*, by Rev. Peter Geirmann, C. S.S.R., page 50, third edition, 1913, a work which received the "apostolic blessing" of Pope Pius X, January 25, 1910.

You may read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and you will not find a single line authorizing the sanctification of Sunday. The Scriptures enforce the religious observance of Saturday, a day which we never sanctify.—*Cardinal Gibbons*, in "The Faith of Our Fathers," edition 1892, page 111.

The above is Catholic testimony. We will now turn to some eminent Protestant historians and writers.

Is there no express commandment for observing the first day of the week as Sabbath, instead of the seventh day? None whatever. Neither Christ, nor his apostles, nor the first Christians celebrated the first day of the week instead of the seventh as a Sabbath.—*New York Weekly Tribune*, May 24, 1900.

The Scriptures nowhere call the first day of the week the Sabbath. There is no scriptural authority for so doing, nor, of course, any scriptural obligation.—*The Watchman (Baptist)*.

The observance of the first instead of the seventh day rests on the testimony of the Church, and the Church alone.—*Hobart Church News (Episcopalian)*, July 2, 1894.

The Christian Church made no formal, but gradual and almost unconscious transference of the one day to the other.—"The Voice from Sinai" by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, page 167.

Mr. Morer, a learned clergyman of the Church of England says, "The primitive Christians had a great veneration for the

Sabbath, and spent the day in devotion and sermons. And it is not to be doubted that they derived this practice from the apostles themselves."—*Dialogues on the Lord's day*, page 189.

The earliest recognition of the observance of Sunday as a legal duty is a decree of Constantine in 321 A. D., enacting that all courts of justice, inhabitants of towns, and workshops were to be at rest on Sunday (*venerabili die Solis*) with exception in favor of those engaged in agricultural labor.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, ninth edition, article Sunday.

We might go on with such testimony for a number of pages, but will close with one or two more from the Catholic authorities:

All things whatsoever that was duty to do on the Sabbath we have transferred to the Lord's day.—*Commentary on the Psalms*, Cox's Sabbath Literature, Vol. 1, page 361.

It was the Catholic Church, which, by the authority of Jesus Christ, has transferred this rest to Sunday in remembrance of the resurrection of our Lord. Thus the observance of Sunday by Protestants is an homage they pay in spite of themselves to the authority of the (Catholic) church.—*Plain Talk About the Protestantism of Today*, by Mgr. Segar, page 213.

McAlester, Oklahoma,  
November 30, 1921.

To Whom it May Concern:

I, a Catholic priest of McAlester, Okla., do hereby swear and affirm, that it was the holy Catholic Church that changed the day of rest from Saturday the seventh day of the week to Sunday, the first day of the week, and that Protestants have no scriptural authority whatever for their day of rest, "Sunday."

Signed: REV. F. M. FUENTENBURG.

It is hoped that this tract will aid those who are seeking for the truth to settle this much discussed question to the honor and glory of our Lord and Creator.—*The Bible Advocate*.

We hear men often speak of seeing God in the stars and the flowers; but they will never be truly religious till they learn to know him in each other also, where he is most easily, yet most rarely, discovered.—*James Russell Lowell*.

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

### OUR BULLETIN BOARD

Eastern Association at Plainfield, June 11-14.

Just twenty-nine 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 SABBATH IN SHILOH AND MARLBORO

When I stepped from the train at Bridgeton, N. J., on the afternoon of May 22, Pastor Eli F. Loofboro greeted me, and soon we were on the way to Shiloh, not on the old gravel road, but over the splendid new concrete road that joins Bridgeton and Salem. I hope that some Shilohite will send in for the RECORDER a description of this road in comparison with the old toll road that served so well in its day, not neglecting to speak of the changes at the *Shiloh corners*.

According to arrangements I spoke at Shiloh on Sabbath morning at half-past ten and at the Marlboro church at twelve. Good sized and attentive audiences greeted the messages concerning denominational interests.

In the afternoon I attended a baptismal service of the Shiloh Church, Pastor Loofboro baptizing eight persons, two of whom were his oldest children.

In the evening I attended the commencement exercises of the eighth grade in the schools of Hopewell and Stow Creek townships, at the school building in Shiloh. The exercises were all good, but we were especially interested in the conferring of the \$5 prize given by the W. C. T. U. to the pupil offering the best essay on stimulants and tobacco. The successful contestant was a colored boy, who wrote against the use of tobacco. While he was reading the essay, I wished that I might have it to place before

our young people in this column of the RECORDER.

I heard many good words about the work of Pastor Loofboro, and of Elder J. H. Hurley, who served so acceptably as pastor at Marlboro for two or three years. And now Marlboro is looking forward expectantly to a good work under the pastoral care of Brother R. J. Severance, who is to come to them early in June.

### OUR DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

At the beginning of this, the last month of the Conference year, I wish to direct your attention to several things about our denominational budget, not only that we may realize as much as possible on this year's budget, but to help in pledging and paying on the budget for next year.

#### HOW WAS THE BUDGET ASSEMBLED?

"It has been arranged from the budgets which were sent to the Commission by the various boards and societies, and represents in a single budget the interests of our entire denomination, according to the best judgment of the Commission after long, careful, and prayerful study."—*From Annual Report of Commission*.

#### THE BUDGET APPROVED BY THE DENOMINATION

The committee appointed by the General Conference to consider the report of the Commission recommended the adoption of the budget and the apportionment of the same to the churches, and this report was then adopted by the General Conference.

#### GENERAL SUMMARY OF BUDGET

The budget, amounting to \$58,264, was for the following objects:

Young People's Board	\$ 2,200.00
Woman's Board	4,300.00
Historical Society	500.00
Education Society	1,500.00
Missionary Society	16,450.00
Tract Society	8,195.00
Scholarships and Fellowships	1,000.00
Supplementing Pastors' Salaries	1,500.00
Ministerial Relief	4,000.00
General Conference	5,973.46
Emergency or Contingent Fund	9,045.54

#### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR TEN MONTHS

The treasurer of Conference reports that churches and individuals have sent him \$28,469.41 in the ten months ending April 30. These contributions were sent in for the following objects:

Forward Movement .....	\$ 6,669.24
Parallel budget .....	2,379.80
Onward Movement .....	17,280.54
Special objects .....	2,139.63

## SUPPORT OF THE BUDGET PLAN IMPORTANT

Some people are anxious that their contributions shall be used for work in which they are especially interested. The Commission in recognizing this right urged the importance of a support of the budget plan in the following: "While holding firmly to the principle that the churches and individuals have freedom in designation of their gifts, a cordial support of the budget plan is recommended."

A good illustration of what happens when large sums are diverted from the Onward Movement Budget is seen in that of the \$2,139.63 that was sent in for special objects, but *five dollars* was designated for the General Conference, and this, too, when the General Conference debt is large.

## GENEROUS RESPONSES NEEDED IN JUNE

If the boards do the work assigned them, without increasing their debts, we shall have to respond generously this month. Will not every church treasurer send all denominational money in hand, to Treasurer W. C. Whitford, before the last day of June, so that your church may be credited for the same in this year's reports.

And I wish that many L. S. K.'s and others in the churches who realize that the work is suffering for lack of funds to carry it on, would send in offerings during this month.

I hope that the treasurer's statement of receipts in May will reach me in time for me to prepare a statement for the next RECORDER showing the amounts paid by the different churches during the eleven months of this Conference year. Doubtless the May statement will show that some of the churches have already paid, or overpaid, their quota, and in that case they will appear on the honor roll.

The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master, the very genius of his religion. . . . It requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness.—*David Livingstone.*

China has one missionary for each 65,000 inhabitants. India has one missionary for each 62,000. Africa has one for each 24,000.—*Brethren Board.*

## OUR MEMOIR—ANNUALS

ELMER AKERS

We have just passed through a period of personal history-making fraught with tremendous significance to most of us. Each of us has a memoir—annual containing contributions from more than a hundred of our student friends. They are of many and extremely different kinds of thought. These heterogeneous books will be one of our most precious possessions throughout life. Why? In attempting to answer this question, let us distinguish the different kinds of contributions.

The most usual contribution is a reminder of a past event or pursuit shared by both the contributor and the owner of the annual. In many cases this is the best entry we could make. Certainly it is the easiest to write; and if we can not think of a humorous incident, a deserved compliment, a heartfelt wish, or an apt quotation, then a mere "reminder" will do as a last resort.

A bit of humor is frequently the "burden" of a contribution. Indeed, sometimes a recollection of a humorous incident is most appropriate.

A heartfelt wish aptly expressed is a frequent contribution. Wishes may be like air-castles, inexpensive and not taxable; but we all know that when they are an expression of a friend's good will, they are worth more than property. We would do well to act upon the principle that a wish expressed, is worth more than many unexpressed.

A quotation, usually poetic, is sometimes given. Unless the thought of the quotation is applied to a particular event or characteristic of the life of the friend, its value is doubtful. If it is applicable, well and good. But whatever is said must savor of personality. They are worth but little unless they express a part of the very nature of the writer or the person designated or something common to both.

The best contribution, perhaps, is a compliment, or an appreciation. Does not each of us treasure words of encouragement and praise given us in years gone by—perhaps by a high school mate, or a teacher, or some other friend? Such words stand out in our memory like apples of gold in a picture of silver. They stay by us, they become part of us and are sources of courage and hope in our work. Surely it is immensely worth our while to put a ray of hope and courage

into a friend's life. A stanza of the poem "Tell Him Now," expresses this thought in these words:

More than fame and more than money,  
Is the comment kind and sunny,  
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;  
For it gives to life a savor;  
And it makes you stronger, braver;  
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it;  
If you love him, let him know it:  
Let the words of true encouragement be said.  
Do not wait till life is over,  
And he's underneath the clover,  
For he can not read his tombstone when he's dead.

These books would be a fruitful field of investigation for students of human nature and for psychologists. Human nature affords the most universally interesting study, and when it is understood the fundamental secrets of the universe stand revealed. These thoughts afford, in most cases, true glimpses into the personality. They are like a drop of water from a spring. All the properties—metal, mineral, and bacteriological,—of the spring's waters are represented in the one drop. They often indicate our chief interest in life. They reveal two types of mind—one living in reference to the past and present, and the other in reference to the future. H. G. Wells calls them the legal type of mind, and the creative type.

If a word of praise from us will give a friend a boost toward a high and far goal, let us give it. Praise, like gold and diamonds, may owe its value to its scarcity; but if we never bestow any of it, what good is it? Its value lies in use. There will be many times in life when we can not help with gold and silver, but we can give a coin of cheer.

## IMPROVED ROADS—YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRAM

N. W. SHEPPARD

We are modernists in Shiloh now. We believe in the evolution of dirt roads into concrete highways, lined with bungalows, and that when these bungalows are inhabited by God-fearing people that they are fundamentalists.

The direct road from Bridgeton to Salem running through Shiloh is now sixteen miles of reinforced concrete state highway costing approximately \$50,000 per mile. We are

on the highway from the Great Lakes to the seashore, and on the hard surface road from Washington to Atlantic City. Besides, we are on the state system of roads connecting the county seats.

The corner at the center of the town where the six roads meet is no longer a dangerous curve when modern automobile Jehus come this way. The Grange hall, post-office, and general store across the way, and two residences have been moved back, making a crescent shaped concrete line plaza about one hundred feet wide and four hundred feet long. This highway is the main artery of commerce in this section, and it is on Sundays a pleasure boulevard for thousands of motorists. In case of domestic insurrection or foreign invasion, it would be a great military highway.

Sixty homes have been built on this highway since we can remember, nearly half of them within the last few months; and there are still four miles of geographical latch strings out and possible building lots available for future home makers.

In retrospect, we can see the Indian trail, the blazed way through the forest; the primitive dirt road of the early settlers, with now and then a stump in it; the gravel road of our youth, the macadam broken rock roads; and now the concrete and asphalt avenues. In prospect we can see these roads as old fashioned and the air full of state regulated, registered, and licensed airplanes and dirigibles, singly and in flocks like the migration of birds.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S CUMBERLAND COUNTY PROGRAM FOR 1925-26

*Mothers' and Daughters' Week*  
May 10-17

*Campers at Winnepesaukee,*  
September

*Field Day and Picnic,*  
Early in September

*County Young People's Rally,*  
October 14

*Fathers' and Sons' Week and Banquet,*  
November 8-15

*State Young People's Meeting,*  
January 27-28-29

*Young People's Class,*  
February

*Young People's Conference,*  
April 1

"If a man has no conscience in regard to small matters, do not trust him in large ones."

## MISSIONS

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

### ON THE WING AGAIN

The Missionary Board has been endeavoring to widen and strengthen the work on the home field. For many years we have had two faithful churches in Iowa. That their needs might be better understood, the board some months past instructed the secretary to visit this field.

#### THE PENNSYLVANIA FIELD

On the way to the West it seemed best to stop off and go to Coudersport and Hebron, Pa., that I might go over the interests of that field with the missionary pastor, Rev. Elizabeth F. Randolph. This field has been unoccupied the past three years, and last fall the board, through its secretary, sent Miss Randolph to the Hebron churches. A few weeks after she began her labors, the churches called her to be pastor. This call she accepted, and the work on the field has already begun to look up.

It is nearly one hundred years now since Sabbath keepers occupied this territory. The churches have never been large, but a good work has been done, and there are a goodly number of faithful ones today. The churches will never be large, because there are not people enough in these communities to make large churches, for one reason; but it is a field that no other denomination occupies and never has. There have been no other churches organized in all this section except in the two remote corners of the township and these are small and inactive. To desert this field is to leave it churchless and Godless for no other denomination will be able to establish a church there in many decades. Here is an opportunity to serve God and humanity by maintaining our churches in this section.

#### A FAITHFUL SERVANT

While in western Pennsylvania I visited Elder George P. Kenyon, of Shinglehouse, Pa. Elder Kenyon is over three score and ten, and has been in the ministry nearly fifty years. He has not been before the

public gaze as much as some of us, but he has been a faithful servant, and it may be in God's eyes more trustworthy than some others. For the last five years he has been in poor health; but though feeble, he is deeply interested in the kingdom of God.

#### WELTON, IOWA

Sabbath day, May 16, found me in Welton, Iowa. It was a very rainy morning and some of the congregation live five or six miles from the church, but a goodly number braved the storm and mud. It had been arranged that dinner should be served in the basement of the church and that meetings should be held in the afternoon as well as morning. This plan was carried out and the last session of the day was a church meeting at which time the church unanimously called Rev. Claude L. Hill to become their pastor. Over four hundred dollars had been subscribed by the first day people in the community, and the church people hope to raise enough more to give the pastor a living salary, which is thought to be about one thousand dollars.

Many Catholics have settled in and around Welton and are fast getting control of civic, school, and religious affairs. Protestants are becoming alarmed and are inclined to unite against a common foe. Welton at present has no Protestant minister, and the Seventh Day Baptist Church is the only Protestant Church having a standing that will enable it to serve the entire Protestant community.

The Welton Church is in a very rich farming section. It has a fine property, which is kept up in a tasty manner. Once the church had a large membership, but in the last fifty years many families have moved away to form and help build up other churches; but though smaller than in other days, it has the unique opportunity of serving the entire Protestant community and saving it from the clutches of Catholicism, a thing for which we should devoutly pray.

### OUR SUPREME TASK

[Under the above caption the Executive Committee of the Baptist World Alliance issues a most stirring call to Baptists. It appeared in the *Watchman-Examiner* for April 23. It states things as applicable to other denominations as to the Baptists, and a part of the document is given below.]

#### EVANGELISM

Soul winning is the primal, most important, and most universal duty of every child of God. It presses our hearts at the date of our second birth and abides with divine pressure till the day of our death. Christ placed evangelism first in his and in our spiritual program. His forerunner was a soul winner. He made the first duty of every preacher to be a "fisher of men." He organized his first church into a soul winner's band, commissioned them to "go into all the world and make disciples of every creature." He himself did personal evangelism all through his glorious earthly ministry up to the dying hour on the cross. After the ascension he started the Jerusalem church on its worldwide mission in a mighty soul winning campaign. Peter, Paul, and the others in apostolic days made soul winning primal and pre-eminent. The churches through the ages have prospered most when they made evangelism their first and foremost duty. We face unmeasured and dangerous perils to all the things we hold dear if we take the emphasis from this first duty of us all.

#### CURATIVE AND PRESERVATIVE

Evangelism in its spirit and power is the preserving salt of the kingdom of God. It cures spiritual ills in our churches, welds together broken fellowships, unites discordant divisions, saves preachers, churches, schools, seminaries from spiritual death, and will interfuse into the whole life of the denomination a conquering dynamic which will make our people a militant army for gospel conquest. It will generate a spirit of liberality as will nothing else. It is God's inspiring dynamo, sending currents of power to all our gospel machinery. It is the breath of God making our organizations into organisms of life and power. Without it we will become dead engines on the gospel track. With it transfusing the life-laden power of God, we will become more and more mighty trains of truth carrying Christ to a lost world.

#### OUR PRESENT NEED

We need to put supreme emphasis on four vital factors now.

1. Prayer, united prayer, by all our people for all our people to go afield with the Spirit's enduring power to win men to Christ. We need all sorts of evangelism—personal, domestic, church, roadside. We

need to pray mightily, in secret, in homes and everywhere, for God's power on us to cause us to seek souls. Prayer is God's avenue to power, his key to his supply sources. We should organize to pray, and pray while we organize.

2. Passion, spiritual compassion, for lost souls everywhere. We need kinship to Christ in spiritual compassion. Burdened hearts and spiritual longing are conditions for successful soul winning. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy" is God's law of the harvest. We would call our leaders and people to tears, to burdened hearts for this sinful world.

3. Organization to win. If we win in the widest way, we must organize to win. We urge our denominational boards to employ evangelists, our churches and schools to organize winners' bands, to train them, and send them out after the lost.

4. Preach and teach an evangelistic gospel in the Holy Spirit's power. Nothing will save a lost world but Christ and him crucified. His blood shed in love on the cross is God's only solvent and cure for the malady of sin, and we must preach it, teach it, and live it in the power of his Spirit if we make it effective. We urge our preachers in every pulpit, our teachers in every Bible school, college, and seminary in all the world to make the New Testament gospel, the heart of which is Christ crucified, regnant and dynamic in every place, and that it be done in the hot fires of Holy Spirit evangelism and power. We urge our Baptists in all the world and Christ's friends everywhere to join us in a consecrated and whole-hearted effort to re-emphasize soul winning and in a consecrated endeavor to win lost men, women, and children to Christ by multiplied thousands during 1925 and beyond. Christ promised his conquering presence if we "go winning, baptizing, teaching" the lost in all the world. Our prayer is that our people shall make this year the greatest in our long history in New Testament evangelism.

L. R. SCARBOROUGH,  
J. H. RUSHBROOKE,  
L. K. WILLIAMS,  
C. A. BARBOUR,  
WILLIAM KUHN,

*Committee of Baptist World Alliance.*

"Some folks find thinking so irksome that they do it by proxy, if at all."

## NEEDS AND METHODS OF HOME STUDY IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

MRS. MYRON GREEN

(Read in Battle Creek Parent-Teacher Association)

Probably no Christian would question the need of Bible study for his own personal development and progress in the Christian life; but the topic assigned me deals with the study of the Sabbath school lessons, which in too many cases is limited to the time spent in class on Sabbath day.

This applies to those who count themselves as children of God and have come to feel the need of feeding upon the Word, and as well to those who as yet have only a mental interest in the accounts of Holy Writ.

The need in either case is of vital importance; since in order to reach a place of Christian maturity, a systematic study of the Bible as outlined in our Sabbath school lessons will lead one in spiritual development from the stage of infancy in Christ when the "sincere milk of the Word" is all one is able to assimilate, to the time when childish things are put away and the spiritual system requires strong meat upon which to thrive. And then, for the children and others of the Sabbath school who have not yet felt the inward thrill of the divine life, the need is just as vital; since the unfolding of spiritual truths as they advance step by step in systematic study reveals to them the beauty of Christ and the unselfish principles of his lovely character; and as this consciousness dawns upon the mind, the heart is thrilled with the wonder and beauty of it all, and a desire is created to become like the One altogether lovely.

The hour spent in Sabbath school is entirely inadequate to meet the need for such study, so it is of utmost importance that each day in the home some time is set aside for the study of the Word. In the hurry and rush of present day life, in too many homes the family altar has been torn down, or at least been allowed to crumble away. Some who have clung tenaciously to this time-honored custom have found it beneficial to use the Sabbath school lessons as a basis for the daily devotional exercises.

When the graded lessons are used, as in our school, if there are children in the home, the daily readings from the *Junior Quaterlies* may be used with profit when the family

is assembled at the breakfast table, and at this time also the younger ones taught their memory verse for the week. This method starts the day with a spiritual atmosphere and requires but very little time as the scripture readings are short, and one or two repetitions of the memory verse each morning is sufficient to fix it in the minds of the little ones. The conversation during the meal could be directed in a way to make clear the teaching of the Scripture just read.

It would be well for the children using the intermediate lessons to begin practicing the habit of private devotion, using for meditation the daily readings given in their quaterlies.

Then for the evening devotional period, with either the whole family or just the older members assembled, the daily readings relative to the lessons for adults would be appropriate. With informal discussions and private meditations on the topic in hand, each one participating will be prepared to discuss the lesson intelligently in the class room on Sabbath day; and their own lives will be enriched by the better understanding of the Word and a closer acquaintance with the Author divine.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S NEW FREEDOM

Almost three hundred years after they had lost their independence, the Czechs regained it and became once more united with the Slovaks, who had for years been under Hungarian rule. In October, 1918, the Austrian government renounced the last vestige of her dominion over the Czech people, and a little republic about the size of England and Wales combined, took its place among the nations.

Czechoslovakia, composed of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Slovakia, and Russia, with its seat of government at Prague, has a population of over 13,500,000. More than half this number are Czechs or Slovaks. The rest are Germans, Ruthenians, and Poles.

The courage and endurance which enabled the people of Czechoslovakia to achieve independence have helped them to establish the foundations of a free, democratic, enlightened republic, based on "social and racial order and justice and unremitting effort on behalf of social and political democracy."

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

### WASHINGTON COLLEGE

Several good folks having inquired about Washington College, I believe the readers of the RECORDER will be glad to know something of this fine old institution established by far-sighted Maryland pioneers for the promulgation of Christian citizenship.

Washington College is one of the oldest institutions of higher learning in the United States. Its origin is lost in the past, for it began as a school established at Chestertown some time before 1723. In that year the assembly of the Province of Maryland passed an act appropriating land and providing an organization for a public school in each county. This was one of the earliest public school systems in America. The school already established at Chestertown is said to have been incorporated in the new system.

The history of Kent County public school is lost, but in 1782 the institution was so flourishing that it was thought wise to raise it to the rank of a college. This task was undertaken by Rev. William Smith, D. D., a close friend of Benjamin Franklin and one of the best known scholars and divines in the colonies. He was the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Smith interested prominent men in the enterprise, chief among whom was General George Washington. In 1782 a charter for the college was secured from the Maryland assembly. This charter provided that the Board of Visitors of the Kent County School might enlarge its numbers to between seventeen and twenty-four and undertake the founding of the college. When it should secure an endowment of not less than £5,000 current money, including the estate of the school, it was to be declared a body corporate with full power to conduct a college, to direct the holding of examinations, and to confer degrees. This is the present charter of Washington College.

By soliciting subscriptions throughout the Eastern Shore—i. e., the nine counties of Maryland lying east of Chesapeake Bay—

and by the sale of leases for lots belonging to Kent County School Dr. Smith raised the initial fund amounting to £10,300. General Washington was one of the original contributors, subscribing fifty guineas to the cause. General Washington also gave permission to call the college by his name, making Washington the first educational institution to bear his name with his personal consent. He also accepted a position on the Board of Visitors and Governors, and is known to have attended at least one board meeting in Chestertown. In this connection General Washington wrote Dr. Smith as follows:

Headquarters, Newburgh,  
18th August, 1782.

I have had the honor to receive your favor of the 8th ult. by Colonel Tilghman, who arrived here about ten days ago, and to whom I have committed the charge of forwarding this answer. To the gentlemen who moved the matter, and to the assembly for adopting it, I am much indebted for the honor conferred on me, by giving my name to the college at Chester. At the same time that I acknowledge the honor, I feel a grateful sensibility for the manner of bestowing it; which, as it will remain a monument of their esteem, can not but make a deep impression on my mind, only to be exceeded by the flattering assurance of the lasting and extensive usefulness of the seminary.

If the trifling sum of fifty guineas will be considered as an earnest of my wishes for the prosperity of this seminary, I shall be ready to pay that sum to the order of the Visitors, whenever it is their pleasure to call for it—it is too trifling to stand in any other point of view—nor would I wish it to do so.

When that period shall arrive, when we can hail the blest return of peace, it will add to my pleasure to see this infant seat of learning rising into consistency and proficiency in the sciences, under the nurturing hands of its founders.

I have the honor to be, Reverend Sir,  
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Your most obedient servant,  
To The Rev. Dr. Smith, of Chester,  
in Kent County, Maryland.

At the commencement of 1789 President Washington was made a doctor of laws of the college. His letter of acknowledgment and appreciation shows his continued interest in the welfare of the institution:

To the Corporation of Visitors and Governors and the Principal and Faculty of Professors of Washington College, in the State of Maryland.

GENTLEMEN: Your very affectionate address, and the honorary testimony to your regard which accompanied it, call forth my grateful acknowledgment.

A recollection of past events, and the happy



termination of our glorious struggle for the establishment of the rights of man can not fail to inspire every feeling heart with veneration and gratitude toward the Great Ruler of events, who has so manifestly interposed in our behalf.

Among the numerous blessings which are attendant upon Peace, and as one whose consequences are of the most important and extensive kind, may be reckoned the prosperity of colleges and seminaries of learning.

As, in civilized societies, the welfare of the State and happiness of the people are advanced or retarded in proportion as the morals and education of the youth are attended to; I can not forbear on this occasion to express the satisfaction which I feel on seeing the increase of our seminaries of learning through this extensive country, and the general wish which seems to prevail for establishing and maintaining these valuable institutions.

It affords me peculiar pleasure to know that the seat of learning under your direction hath attained to such proficiency in the sciences since the Peace; and I sincerely pray the great Author of the universe may smile upon the institution, and make it an extensive blessing to this country.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

New York, July 11, 1789.

The first building of the college was erected in 1783. It was placed at the present site of the college, on an eminence on the land that had been laid out for the county school in 1723. This building was one hundred sixty feet in length, and seems to have been a very pretentious school building for that day. It was burned in 1827.

The history of Washington College has been one of many struggles. After the destruction of its first building in 1827 classes were held in rented houses in the town for about seventeen years. The institution, however had sufficient vitality to survive this period of depression, and in 1844 another building was erected, now known as Middle Hall. Ten years later the present East and West Halls were erected. Just previous to the Civil War an active campaign was conducted on the Eastern Shore, and a greatly increased attendance was secured. During the post-bellum period the college again languished until it was reduced in 1886 to only two professors and about thirty-five students.

In the charter, the state undertook to provide funds for the maintenance of the college. This obligation was but partially met; and by a series of agreements, legislative enactments, and judicial decisions, this provision was abrogated. All formal connection with the state then ceased. About 1890, however, the state began to appropriate

more largely for college education, and Washington College has since received a considerable annual appropriation.

The outstanding feature of Washington College is its remarkable vitality. It was created in a time when life in the colony was extremely crude. It was enlarged into a college when the country was in a most depressed condition. It has had periods of low fortunes, but it has survived because it fills a real educational need. It is just completing its second century of usefulness and service, and it stands today more pre-eminent than it did two hundred years ago—the oldest college in Maryland and the only college on the Eastern Shore.

### THE GREATER CHRIST

[This illuminating sermon is of great interest not only because of the preacher, but because Dr. Jones is the first nonconformist ever asked to preach in the ancient cathedral of Canterbury, the Archbishop's church. It is a sign of the growing friendliness between the Anglican Communion and the Free Churches. A great throng was in attendance, we are told, coming for many miles to see Dr. Jones, a Congregationalist, in the Archbishop's pulpit.—EDITORS CHRISTIAN WORK.]

"Let us follow on to know the Lord."—Hosea 6:3.

It is curious to notice how swiftly the world moves and how the pioneer of one age is left in the far distance by the next. Men who are a long way in advance of their own generation are a long way behind the generation that succeeds them. It is just twenty years ago since the Wright brothers of America invented the first aeroplane that really flew. It did not fly very far, but it flew. It was considered a tremendous achievement, and so indeed it was. But in twenty years an amazing advance has been made, and the Wright aeroplane of twenty years ago would today only be a curiosity for a museum. Last week I came across a picture of the first railway train that ran between Manchester and Liverpool. It was considered a mighty triumph of engineering at the time—for George Stephenson was in front of his age. But we have left that kind of railway, with its open trucks and its engine weighing only five tons, far behind. Indeed, they have put George Stephenson's

engine, the Rocket, on a stand in Darlington station, that people may realize how vastly conditions of travel have altered and how far George Stephenson the pioneer has been left behind. And it is not only in the realm of mechanics that movement is thus rapid. It is so in every department of knowledge. Those of us who have reached middle age and perhaps a little bit more would be completely at sea if we returned to a modern school. The authorities of our day are authorities no longer. Hamblin Smith and Todhunter and Dr. William Smith no longer reign in the schoolroom, and even Euclid has suffered eclipse. Newer and, I suppose, better methods have been discovered of teaching arithmetic and algebra and geometry and the ancient languages, so that the old masters are discarded as obsolete, superseded, and out of date. All this is specially true of the realm of science. Of course, the great scientific discoverers will always retain their name and fame. Copernicus, Newton, Kepler, Darwin, Lyell—their reputations are secure. Scientists of today take their work for granted, but they have advanced far beyond the positions they occupied. Indeed, so swiftly do events march in the region of science that in less than five and twenty years a science textbook becomes wholly out of date, so that the advanced thinker of one age becomes a survival in the next.

There is what I might venture to call "a law of supersession" working in life. The race is constantly catching up to and passing the men who were its leaders. For humanity is constantly on the march, and where the vanguard stands today the rear will rest tomorrow. Indeed, men who live into age are made to feel all this. In their youth they were themselves perhaps regarded as advanced men; but, as the years passed and a new generation has arisen, they have been made to feel that they belong to the past and are superseded and out of date. I do not know that we need complain of this. It is a case of "he must increase, but I must decrease." It is the inevitable working out of what I have called the law of supersession.

So far as the ranks of ordinary humanity are concerned that law seems to work constantly and without any break. But there is in the history of our race one gloriously conspicuous exception. There is one Person who has not been superseded or left

behind, who has not become antiquated or out of date, and that Person is Jesus. He has been in the world for two thousand years; but, while every other great man who has appeared in the course of the twenty centuries has been surpassed and left behind, Jesus remains still in front. He remains still the great Leader, the Pioneer. The race has not yet attained unto him; it is still reaching forward unto the things that are before. It has not exhausted and mastered Jesus; it is still, in the words of the prophet which I have quoted as my text, "following on to know the Lord."

There was a catch-phrase which was very popular five and twenty years ago, especially in those unofficial circles which prided themselves on being liberal; it was the phrase "back to Jesus." The implication of the phrase was that the Church had entirely misinterpreted Christianity because it had allowed Paul rather than Jesus to shape its ideas of what Christianity was. Back from Paul, that is what the phrase really meant, to Jesus. And the suggestion was that, if we left Paul and got back to Jesus, we should find Christianity a much simpler thing and Jesus himself a much more human Person than the Church and the creeds made them out to be. Now, if I were intent upon criticising this "back to Jesus" cry, there are two or three things I should wish to say.

First of all, I should say it raises the very fundamental question whether the apostles really were inspired men, and whether these men who stood close to Jesus or we who are removed from him by twenty centuries are the more likely to be able to give the true interpretation of his Person and work.

In the second place, I should say this, the idea that, by neglecting and ignoring the apostolic witness and limiting ourselves to the Gospel story, we get rid of the super-human Christ, is an entirely mistaken one. The divinity of our Lord is woven into the fabric of the Gospel narratives. He is in them the same wonderful Person he is in the epistles. To reduce him to the limits of manhood, even of manhood at its best, the Gospels would have to be torn to tiny shreds.

But it is not the challenges and criticisms to which the cry "back to Jesus" exposes itself that I am concerned about this evening, but the inappropriateness of the cry itself. For Jesus is not behind; he is in

front. You may go back to Plato, you may go back to Marcus Aurelius, you may go back to Roger Bacon, you may go back to Copernicus. The race has left them behind. But you can not "go back" to Jesus. Jesus is ahead. Jesus is far in front. We must go forward if we want to find him. And go forward as we may, we shall never catch up to him. He will always be in front, and, while the world lasts, that is what men will be doing—"following on to know the Lord."

And that is what I want to do this evening. I want to sound forth the old prophetic appeal, "Let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord." It is a strange thing that Jesus should have been in the world for twenty centuries, and that still men should not know him in the sense of understanding. We feel it to be an amazing thing that the disciples should have so often misunderstood him in the days of his flesh, but Christian people all down the centuries have been guilty of the same fault. We have not yet got Christ's view of life. I am not suggesting that we do not love him. But then love may go—as in the case of the first disciples—with a very complete failure to understand Christ's mind and spirit. And that is one reason, I believe, why the world is not conquered and subdued by the Christian faith. It is not the mere preaching of Christ that is going to convert the world but the actual vision of Christ himself living over again in his disciples, and that is exactly what the world has not seen. I do not say that it has not caught glimpses of Jesus. But it is only a partial, imperfect Jesus it has seen, and there has not been enough attraction in that partial Jesus to win its heart. What it wants and waits to see is a larger vision of Jesus—or perhaps I might almost say a vision of the larger Jesus—the Jesus who speaks to us out of the pages of this Book and who is so much larger and greater than we Christian people make him out to be. Larger conceptions of Christ himself and then a larger and nobler representation of him in life—that is our urgent need. We want to press on towards Christ, to get nearer to the great Pioneer of our faith who is so far ahead of his people. "Let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord."

You remember Tennyson's lines prompted by the ringing of the New Year bells, which

begin, "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, the flying cloud, the frosty light." The last stanza in that familiar song runs thus:

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The poem reaches its climax in that last line, "Ring in the Christ that is to be." It is only by ringing in the Christ that is to be that we shall ever be able to ring out the darkness of the land. And that is exactly what I want to plead for this evening—a larger conception of Christ. Let us get out of our ruts and grooves and conventions and bring ourselves face to face with Christ, and then by his grace seek to reproduce him in life and conduct. Let us not be content with what is considered the usual respectable Christian life; let us make our way up toward Jesus himself; let us follow on to know the Lord.

For example, let us make Jesus' view of life our own. I do not think anyone can really bring himself up against Jesus without feeling self-condemned. We are able to live as we do simply because we do not bring ourselves into the light of Christ's countenance. The exposure would be too humbling. We measure ourselves by our fellows, and we are content if we pass muster as respectable members of society. But Jesus came into the world to preach and teach a "way of life." He not only preached and taught it. He was it. "I am the way." And the first Christians were known as the people of the way. I want to call your attention to the fact that the way of life which Jesus taught and illustrated was not simply a better way than the way of the world; it was a totally different way. It had different notions, different aims, and a different goal. It is this primary but all-important fact that Christian people have not yet grasped. The Christian life is not merely a better life than that followed by the man of the world; it is a different one. Christian people all recognize that superior obligations rest upon them, obligations to refrain from certain forms of wrongdoing, obligations to practice something extra in the way of beneficence; and as a rule they discharge these superior obligations. And yet the basal principles of life, the main motives of life, remain the same very

(Continued on page 691)

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### A CALL TO PRAYER

*Realizing that the success of our Onward Movement is imperiled by lack of funds and believing in the efficacy of prayer, we, the members of the Woman's Board, pledge ourselves during the remainder of the Conference year to remember in prayer, at the noon hour, our denominational interests; and we call upon all who are like minded to join us in this service.*

### ONE THING AT A TIME

Duties filled all of my life;  
Yonder and here and there  
They waited, till I had no time to rest,  
Scarce time for a hurried prayer.  
And I was tired, so tired,  
Fretted and ill at ease,  
Longing for more of the graces of life,  
And more of the things that please.

"Do one thing at a time, dear,"  
Said a sweet old friend one day;  
"Don't think of the others, but work with cheer,  
And sing; 'tis the better way.  
Oh yes, I've tried them both, dear;  
Once I was hurried, too;  
I was worn with a thousand little things,  
And grew fretted, just like you.

"And tired and discontented,  
Longing for leisure and peace,  
And the time that seemed so far away,  
When some of my cares should cease.  
But I prayed for a quiet heart;  
And I did one task at a time,  
And sought for the brightness in every day,  
And no borrowed trouble was mine."

I pondered the kindly words,  
And their wisdom I made my own,  
And found in the midst of my many cares  
Such calm as I had not known.  
And I grew young again,  
And laughed and sang as of yore,  
I had just as many duties to do,  
But their power to vex was o'er.

Now the sunshine brightens my rooms,  
My days are with blessings filled,  
The hearts-ease blossoms about my door,  
And the worries all are stilled.  
So to gladden some other life,  
And banish its fret and fear,  
I am passing my old friend's message on—  
A message of wholesome cheer.—Selected.

In a letter just received from Dr. Palmberg announcement is made of the engagement of her daughter, Eling, and Mr. Sung. Miss Eling made many friends during her residence in this country, and all will be glad to wish her the fullest measure of happiness.

Mr. Sung is a member of the Shanghai Church, a graduate of the Baptist College and is now teaching. Miss Eling has been teaching this year in Soochow. Later letters from Shanghai report that the parents of Mr. Sung had issued invitations for a dinner at a Shanghai hotel at which time formal announcement of the engagement was to be made.

Recent letters from Shanghai do not bring encouraging reports from Mrs. Nettie West, who was badly burned last winter. She is not improving as fast as her friends wish, and the doctors have decided that a trip home may be beneficial. Plans are made for her to return to this country on the *Empress of Canada*, sailing July 13 and arriving at Vancouver July 27. As she is unable to come alone, one of her daughters will accompany her; just now we are unable to say whether it will be Miss Mabel or Miss Anna. Mrs. West's many friends wish for her a pleasant, health-giving journey; and while all deplore the fact that she must return, all will be glad to see her and have her in our midst again.

### WITH THE EYES OF A CHILD

My grandmother's library—a great, sun-splashed room lined with row upon row of books—is a place that will always live in my memory. I can close my eyes, today, and see again the dull heavy rugs and the broad fireplace and the faded, comfortable furniture. And I can see myself, a small girl with tight little pigtails and scratched knees, snuggled down into a great arm chair with a book in my two chubby hands.

I will never forget the joy that reading brought to me. I felt, when words first began to take on definite meanings, that I had made a new and wonderful discovery. I felt that a world of precious facts, that a veritable treasure store lay before me. And grandmother's library was the personification of the treasure; was the garden in which the precious facts grew.

A great many books had grandmother. It seemed that she had every conceivable

sort of a volume upon some shelf—as if no subject had been neglected. There were wide leather books and narrow cloth bound books and rare old books and brand new books. There were books of sermons and books of biography and history books and novels. And I dipped into each one of them—each one of them that I could reach, for some of the shelves were very high—as an eager little bee dips into one flower after another.

I realize now, that I read many books that were far—indefinitely far—beyond my young comprehension. I realize now, that many of the stories that I read were scarcely juvenile. I realize it now, but then I did not realize anything. I just read on and on—passing lightly over those things that I did not understand.

Certain days in that sun-splashed library stand out in high relief against the blurred background of the past. There were certain moments when I leaned against grandmother's satin clad shoulder; other times when we stared, together, into the fire and watched the leaping flames build pictures. And there was one time in particular when I crept in to borrow a book and found that grandmother was serving tea to three white haired ladies of quite evident importance.

They were kind to me, the ladies, with the unveiled condescension that some grown-ups always display toward children. They patted my head and told me that I was growing very fast and that they hoped I would always be a good girl. Yes, they were very kind until grandmother—who was never in the least condescending to children—asked me what I wanted.

"I came up to—to borrow a book," I faltered, "may I take one home with me?"

Grandmother was busy with her teacups, but she laughed as she answered.

"What a little bookworm it is!" she said softly. And then—"But of course you may take anything you want."

It was then that the kindness of the three ladies was dissolved, as a rainbow dissolves into the darkness.

"Certainly," inquired one of them, with lifted brows, "certainly you do not permit that child to read anything she wants to read?"

"There are books here," another one of the ladies added, "that it is not right for a child to read!" And—

"I would not let the little girl have very many books," the third said sternly, "she will be getting precocious ideas into that small head of hers. I should give her only a few books to read—carefully selected ones!"

I waited, standing first on one foot and then on the other, for grandmother to speak. And, as I waited, I saw my treasure store being shut away from me—saw my garden of precious facts with a high, blank unclimbable wall all about it.

I waited, and then grandmother spoke. And when she spoke the weight of apprehension rolled swiftly from my mind.

"I'm afraid," said my grandmother, and though her voice was exceedingly pleasant the tone of it was firm and decided. "I'm afraid that I can't agree with you. My granddaughter is too young to be hurt by anything that she may stumble upon in a book. The good that she gets from her reading will be far greater than any possible harm! I am sure that she will pass very lightly over any of the things that she does not understand!" And then grandmother said something, very softly, about the mind of a child.

As I look back, over the books that I read when I was a very small girl, I am sometimes astounded at the number that I managed to skim through—at the sophisticated titles and subjects that I dipped into. Some of the books I met, years later, in school; some of them I have found in church libraries and old book shops. Some of them I have read again, recently, and I have found many new things in that second reading. And some of them I have understood in a very different way.

I doubt if any of the books in my grandmother's library were children's books. But they formed the basis of many joyous days, of many bright hours. They, some of them, mentioned subjects that children are unfamiliar with; but none of them had to do with matters that a grown-up would in any way disapprove. And that is why my grandmother's decision was such a wise one.

If grandmother, following the advice of her friends, had forbidden me to read any of her books, I might have felt that all books were wrong! I might have thought that there was something bad about the books—I might have thought that my grandmother read books that weren't

proper. There were perhaps things in nearly every volume that might have troubled me—had I noticed them. But I didn't. For the child mind does pass very lightly over places that might be questioned. The child mind takes in only the best.

Sometimes I find myself wishing that the people of this world had the ability to see only the good of things, as children do. Sometimes I think that, if they had, the earth would be a very different place. When I read criticisms of things that were never intended to be unpleasant—when I see folk looking for objectionable places in beautiful works of art and literature—I sigh in longing for the child heart that accepts the earth as a wonderful place, and the people of earth as worth while!

It is easy to find unpleasantness in nearly everything—if you are looking for unpleasantness! There's hardly a rose that's perfect, if you pick apart the petals in search of flaws; even the blue sky gets its color from the dust that is in the air. The best people in the world have little habits that are irritating to other folk; the best books in the world might be misunderstood if you insist upon giving certain words and phrases a wrong construction.

Try to look at life and the things of life with the eyes of a child, friends of mine! Try to pass over the bits that might be misunderstood, with a clear mind. Where there is evil—well, that is different! When wrong exists you should try to help exterminate it. But when you have to look for unpleasantness—when you think that you may possibly have misunderstood—be charitable with the clean-hearted charity of a child! For, in looking for faults and unpleasantness, you may miss many of the most beautiful things. In looking for faults and unpleasantness you may come, in time, to the point where you can see only ugliness.

Child eyes are tolerant. And they are kind—kinder than the eyes of grown-ups, often. And they are a living illustration of the old proverb—"Unto the pure all things are pure."—*Margaret E. Sangster in Christian Herald.*

A farmer living in Cornwall informed the local magistrates that he had no idea that there had been a European War. Our sympathies are with him when he tries to find out who won it.—*Punch.*

## THE GREATER CHRIST

(Continued from page 688)

much as in the case of the non-Christian. It is a sort of worldly life that most Christian people live. But again I say, Jesus' way of life is not an improvement on the worldly life; it is something totally different from it. The fact of it is, my brethren, we really have not recognized Christ's mastership. We call him Master, but we really have not adopted his way because his way is different from the way that ordinary men travel. For example, take his teaching about rights and duties. He came into the world where a certain self-assertiveness was an element in its conception of the ideal man. The great man was the man who maintained his rights and insisted on his place. I do not know whether anyone writing today would include self-assertiveness, insistence upon rights, as an essential element in human greatness, but what I do know is this: that as a matter of practice men do insist upon their rights. It is a word that is for ever upon their lips. They talk far more about their rights than they do about their duties. And the world is where it is today because of that false emphasis.

Now Jesus' conception of a right, as Dr. Speer points out, was of something that its possessor was justified in giving away. Duties were at all costs to be loyally done; but rights were things a man was free to surrender. Jesus did surrender them. We are living still under the shadow of Bethlehem. And what was Bethlehem? It was a glorious and subduing surrender of rights. For before he was born in Bethlehem, Jesus lived in glory with his Father. The highest place in heaven was his by right. He had a right to the homage and worship of the angels, for he was in the form of God. If Jesus had insisted upon his rights, there would have been no Bethlehem, there would have been no Calvary, there would have been no Atonement, there would have been no forgiveness of sin. But for love of us men and for our salvation Jesus willingly surrendered his rights. "Being in the form of God," says St. Paul in a mighty and moving passage, "he counted not his equality with God a thing to be grasped at and clung to, but emptied himself, and being found in fashion as a man he humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, yea the death on the cross." Come look at this little

babe born of a poor lowly maiden, with a stable for his first nursery and a manger for his first cradle—that little babe is just the eternal Son of God. What a surrender of rights is here! Duty, the will of his Father, was everything with Jesus—his rights he freely gave away. And what was the way for him is the way also for his followers. But have we walked it? As a matter of fact, have we not placed all the emphasis upon rights? Rights of men, rights of women, rights of nations, rights of capital, rights of labor—how we have insisted upon them. And is not all the havoc and shame of the world due to this insistence? For when a man insists upon his rights, what is he doing but setting self at the very center of things? And Christ put at the center not self, but the will of God; not self, but service and sacrifice.

Now what the world wants and waits to see is Christian people really accepting Jesus' way, letting him really be Master, interpreting life in terms not of rights but of duties, not of self but of sacrifice. Are we ready to get out of our grooves and get rid of our conventions and make our way towards that Jesus who is still so far ahead of us? It is the appeal of Christmas, as an American poetess puts it:

But the King of heaven who made them all  
Is fair and gentle and very small.  
He lies in the straw by the oxen's stall.  
Let us think of him today.

And as we want to acknowledge his mastery in the individual life, so do we want to acknowledge his mastery in our civic and national life. There is no solution for our problems but a shift of emphasis from rights to duties, an interpretation of life not in terms of self but of sacrifice. Nothing else but that will settle our industrial strife at home. So long as each side stands upon what it conceives to be its rights, there will be no end to friction and strife. But strife would end tomorrow if the emphasis were shifted to duties, and men really believed that life was given for service and ministry. Nothing else but this will really give us peace on earth. Every war has arisen from an insistence upon natural rights. Only the practice of Christ's way in our international relations will make war impossible. And at this point I put in a plea for a larger conception of the mission of Christ. He came not simply to save individual souls.

He came also to establish a kingdom. His mission was not simply to individuals, it was also to society. But a great many Christian people have overlooked or neglected the social aspect of Christ's mission. They have ignored the kingdom of God. They have thought of him as a personal Savior; they have not thought of him as Lord and Law-giver for all social and business and civic life. We have unduly narrowed and limited and contracted notions of Jesus. We must get bigger ideas of him. We are a long, long way from fully appreciating him. He is infinitely far ahead of us. But let us press on toward him. "Let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord."

Then, once again, we need a larger conception of the power of Jesus, such a conception of his power as shall restore to us the limitless and triumphant faith of the early days. I wonder whether you have noticed that, as a well-known American theologian points out, the one great outstanding word of the New Testament is power—not love or peace or hope, but power. Some painstaking person has gone through the New Testament and has discovered that the word power occurs three times as often as either the word hope or the word prayer and twice as often even as the word love. It is the characteristic New Testament word. That is what characterized Jesus himself, power, which in Greek is similar to our word dynamite. It characterized his speech. He spoke as one having authority. It characterized his actions. It had power and authority over all devils. The power of the Lord was present with him for healing. And the same power characterized the speech and work of the apostles as they proclaimed. With great power gave the apostles witness. They preached Christ, and he proved himself to be spiritual dynamite breaking up evil hearts, blowing up ancient prejudices, smashing down evil customs and tyrannies. Dynamite! In Jesus, these first disciples felt they had limitless power—the power of God that was equal to the task of saving anyone and everyone. So with a magnificent confidence they went everywhere preaching the word and turned the world upside down.

We want their faith in Christ as power. We need an altogether bigger conception of our Lord. We want to see him freed from  
(Continued on page 694)

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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### THE HURDLE RACE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
June 20, 1925

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Overcoming temptation (1 Cor. 10: 11-13)  
Monday—Overcoming doubt (John 20: 24-29)  
Tuesday—Overcoming hatred (Rom. 12: 17-21)  
Wednesday—Overcoming fear (Ps. 91: 1-16)  
Thursday—Overcoming misfortune (Job. 1: 13-22)  
Friday—Overcoming selfishness (Rom. 15: 1-7)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Life as a hurdle race (Heb. 12: 1-4)

"Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties."—Edward Thompson.

### A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

Did you ever notice that in a hurdle race some of the contestants jump over the obstacles quickly and easily and soon reach the goal, while others fall and drop out before they have gone far? So it is with life. Life is a hurdle race, along whose course there are many obstacles which must be overcome. There are many people who go through life, overcoming their obstacles easily, while others are overcome by them and fall by the wayside. They are the ones who need help, and who can help them? Paul says, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." It is he who can help you overcome your obstacles and make you strong. Will you let him do this?

### INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

S. DUANE OGDEN  
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Topic for Sabbath Day, June 20, 1925

DOES EDUCATION PAY? PROV. 4:1-13

REV. WALTER L. GREENE

This is an age of education. Our schools are crowded as never before. Compulsory education has influenced numbers, but there

has been a growing appreciation of the need and value of education. Without considering the reasons, the people of the present are saying by crowding the institutions for education that they believe education pays.

Some would say it pays from a business point of view, and business is more and more asking for liberally trained men and women. Hence the technical and vocational schools are filled. Others say that education pays, not because it pays financially, but because of the cultural values received. It pays in enriched life and character and makes possible a larger knowledge and keener appreciation of the great spiritual possessions of the race, that come with acquaintance with literature, science, art, and religion. This cultural side of education pays in satisfaction and happiness. Education, then, would seem to pay both from the utilitarian and cultural standpoint. If in acquiring one we miss the other, we fail of a complete education; for "Education implies not so much the communication of knowledge, as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of principles, and the regulation of the heart."

Our answer to the question as to whether an education pays ought also to be considered in the light of the cost. Education costs money, time, and effort—more money than when your fathers and mothers secured their education, probably double; more time because there is more in the curriculum, yet we might say education has always been lifetime process. Shall we say more effort? Hardly, for always it has called for our best efforts.

That education which touches the heart-side, the head-side, and the doing-side of life is the well rounded education. Ruskin in his "Traffic" strikes this same note when he says: "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice."

The Wise Man in the scripture lesson regards sound wisdom and instruction as giving a chaplet of grace and a crown of beauty and long years in the paths of righteousness without stumbling, and as bringing fullness of life. Shall we not readily say such an education pays?

## JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

## SUGGESTIONS FOR JUNE 20

When boys and girls realize that our animals belong to God and are gifts from him for our pleasure or our help, they will think more about being kind to them and helping them. It displeases God very much when we mistreat his animals, but oh, how happy it makes him when we are kind to them.

The following blackboard talk was taken from *On the Highway* by Ella N. Wood. "At the previous meeting ask the pupils to be prepared to tell the different things that our animal helpers do for us, also ways in which we can pay or cheat them. When these are drawn out in the meeting, arrange them in braces somewhat in the following manner:

## HOW ANIMALS HELP US

Horses—Are driven  
Work  
Are ridden  
Dogs—Watch  
Hunt  
Draw sledges  
Cattle—Give milk  
Work  
Are food  
Fowls—Supply eggs  
Are food

## HOW WE PAY THEM

Treat them kindly  
Feed them  
Water them  
Love them  
Pet them

## HOW WE CHEAT THEM

Beat them  
Tease them  
Neglect them  
Handle them roughly  
Overwork them  
Hurt them

*Ashaway, R. I.*

"I never go to church," said the aggressive millionaire to the quiet little priest as they sat on the deck of the mail steamer. "Would you like to know why?"

"It might be interesting," answered Father Tom.

"Well, I'll tell you why. There are so many hypocrites there."

"Oh, you needn't let that keep you away," said Father Tom with a smile. "There is always room for one more."—*Exchange.*

## THE GREATER CHRIST

(Continued from page 692)

all limitations and restrictions set upon his power. Why is it that in these days we get so dispirited and depressed? The early Christians were not depressed; they were a jubilant and triumphant set of men. They were thus jubilant because they knew Jesus as the power of God. But we have Jesus still, and he is the same Jesus. His touch has still its ancient power. Why should not we be jubilant too? Can it be because our Jesus is a smaller Jesus than the Jesus of the early Christians? Perhaps the critical and half skeptical writing of the past half century has had its effect upon us, and unconsciously almost we have whittled down our conceptions of Jesus until we preach him today as the best and wisest of teachers, but not as the mighty power of God. And preaching will never be mighty to the pulling down of strongholds until with unfaltering confidence and courage we preach Jesus, preach him as equal to every emergency, sufficient for every need, able to break every chain. And perhaps to that end it is a large experience of the power of Jesus in our own lives that we need. Suppose we let the power resident in Jesus flow into our lives to break in on our bondage to old habits, to give us the victory over besetting sins, to rescue us from easy compromises, to make us equal to high enterprise and endeavor—then we shall preach him as power. As things are, we are weak when we might be strong, we are feeble when we might be powerful, we are poor when we might be rich, we are despondent when we might be jubilant, and we are beaten when we might be triumphant. For there are resources in Jesus on which we have never drawn. He is God's dynamite. There is no limit to his power. Let us experiment with this mighty Jesus.

And I finish by saying this: we need bigger and more exalted views of Christ's person. In the long run the kind of faith we have in his power will depend on the view we take of his person. And that is what we have been suffering from in these later years, inadequate views of the person of Christ. I am no stickler for orthodoxy, I am no theological bigot, but I want to say this: that the humanitarian view of Jesus leaves us without a mighty emancipating gospel, a Jesus stripped of all his supernat-

ural qualities and reduced to the limits of a prophet—the charming peasant-prophet of Renan's dream, for example.

A Church with just a beautiful pathetic human Jesus to preach is bound to be a helpless and ineffective Church. I do not want to minimize the importance of the historic earthly life of Jesus. Our gospel springs out of the facts of his birth, his death, his glorious resurrection. But that cry "back to Jesus" is not only wrong in that Jesus is never behind but in front; but it is wrong also in the respect that, if you concentrate your thoughts on the earthly life and think that you have formed the right conception of Jesus when you think of him as the little child in the manger, as the despised and rejected of men hanging upon the cross, you are completely mistaken. He was the little babe, he was the dying sufferer and he is the ascended, glorified, and almighty Christ. He sits on the right hand of God the Father, from henceforth expecting till he has made his enemies the footstool of his feet. That is how the apostles knew him—not simply as the human Jesus, but as the mighty Lord. We shall recover the apostolic power when we recover the big apostolic conception of Christ. It is the only conception of Christ that meets the facts; it is the only conception that can be squared with the gospel story; it is the only conception that accounts for the redemption and emancipation accomplished by him through the centuries. When Peter declared that he was the Christ, the Son of the living God; when Paul said that in him all the fullness of the Godhead dwelt in bodily fashion; when John said that the "word was God"—they were simply giving expression to a belief about Jesus to which—strict monotheists though they were—the facts constrained them. The facts constrain us to a like faith still. And I plead for a recovery of faith in this great and exalted and divine Christ. I plead for a franker and braver proclamation of it. A recovery of faith in the glorified Christ, the divine Christ of apostolic belief, will give us back the apostolic confidence and power. The cry for us is not "back to Jesus"—that puts us on the wrong track; the cry for us is "on to Christ." "This is the victory that overcometh the world," says St. John, "even our faith." And then he adds this significant sentence, "And who is he

that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

A greater Christ, a bigger view of Christ—that is what we want. We have been gathering around his cradle recently. But it is not in that manger we shall find him today, as our child's hymn puts it:

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high.

It is that great Christ we must recover. "Let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord."—*J. D. Jones, in Christian Work.*

## MUSINGS ON AN OLD CEMETERY

A DESCENDANT

I love the dear old burying-ground where the dead rest with "no fashion at all about the way their graves are furnished up and kept." They look so peacefully dead, the tombs gray with lichens and the names like shadows upon them. The tall grasses wave in the wind above them and the birds flutter about and sing.

"Where heaves the turf o'er many a mold'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

They hewed the forest, cleared the land, endured hardship and suffering from cold and exposure, with crude homes and scanty comforts. They made possible by toil, hardship and courageous struggle the rich heritage of progress that has been handed down to us. Compared with them those of us who are still hurrying and worrying about our little business seem very small indeed. It is sweet on awakening in the early morn to listen to the small bird singing in the tree. No sound of voice or flute is like to the bird's. Or on a perfect evening when a beautiful sunset makes the sky a marvel to complete the background of the picture, we sit on the porch and look across on this peaceful scene and think:

"These are they who have journeyed through;  
They have kept the faith; they have builded true.  
And the way will never be quite so long  
Because they have wrought so fair and strong."

"Keeping the commandments of God is to regard them as God's standard and bringing ourselves into conformity to them through the love of God."

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
June 20, 1925

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—God cares for animals (Exod. 23: 12)  
Monday—A good man is kind (Prov. 12: 10)  
Tuesday—Moses' counsel of kindness (Deut. 22: 6, 7)  
Wednesday—Sheltering animals (Gen. 33: 16, 17)  
Thursday—Help for animals (Deut. 22: 1)  
Friday—A rule of life (Matt. 5: 7)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Showing kindness to animals (Num. 22: 21-34)

MRS. ELVA LAWHEAD  
Superintendent of the Jackson Center Junior Society

In being kind to animals we show that we have the love of Jesus Christ in our hearts. The Bible tells us that God notes every sparrow's fall; so if we wish to be Christlike, we must be kind and considerate to the little birds as well as to animals. When we find a little bird lying on the ground suffering from a broken wing or a broken leg, let us pick it up tenderly, giving it shelter and caring for its injury as long as is required. When we are quite sure that this little bird can take care of itself let us set it free so that it may continue its flight in God's great wide and beautiful universe; and sometime God will reward us in some way for this one kind deed.

Children, do not think for one minute that you can not be of any use in this great Christian work until you are grown up, because if you do, you are badly mistaken. For doing a kind deed similar to the one stated above makes you as pleasing and acceptable in God's sight as any great minister or missionary. No matter whether we are young or old, all have a work to do.

Almost all children enjoy having a nice friendly dog for a pet; and you know that as long as you are kind to this dog, he is willing to stand by you faithfully and act as a watchman, lest some evil befall you. Thus a dog makes a splendid pal when shown love and respect from his master.

It is very wicked to be cruel to these animals, and by so doing you are very displeasing to your heavenly Father, and he is sure to punish you in one way or another.

Although we say animals are dumb, I believe we are mistaken to a certain extent. For example, in Numbers 22: 21-34 we find that Balaam was very cruel to animals, especially so to the ass which was trying to protect him. When she tried not to pass the opposing angel which God had sent because his anger was kindled against Balaam, the latter smote her very cruelly. Of course, Balaam did not see the angel was standing in the road, and he could not understand what made the ass behave in this manner. Thus he was very much angered. The second time she saw the angel, she thrust herself against a nearby wall, thus crushing Balaam's foot. Again he smote her shamefully, and finally and lastly the angel appeared in a very narrow passage where there was no way of turning either to the right or to the left. On seeing the angel again, the ass fell to the ground under Balaam, and the latter was so angered that he struck her with a staff, at the same time saying he would kill her if a sword were near at hand. At this, the Lord caused the ass to talk, thus asking Balaam if she had ever done this before; and the only answer was "no," as she had always heretofore been very faithful to Balaam. Suddenly the eyes of Balaam were opened, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing with a drawn sword, in the middle of the road, and at this sight he fell flat on his face. Then the angel told him that if the ass had not turned from the way, he would have been slain, and she saved alive. Therefore, Balaam was very sorry and asked forgiveness.

So, children, let us learn a little lesson from this story, which is to be kind to all animals; for sometime in one way or another they may be a great help and protection to us; and by always showing kindness, we will never have to feel sorry and ask forgiveness as Balaam did.

Also we will be pleasing to our heavenly Father by doing these kind deeds, because he placed animals on this great earth for some purpose, the same as he did man, and therefore he cares and watches over them the same as he cares and watches over us.

May God help you, children, in performing these little deeds of kindness.

### HUGH'S SIGHT-SEEING

Hugh found no end of wonders in this big city where Aunt Esther lived.

"Are there really some Chinese and Japanese children here, too?" he asked.

"Yes. Some day I will take you to a street where we can see dozens of little Chinese children and Japanese children and Mexican children and cunning Negro babies at play. This afternoon we will go sight-seeing in the big stores."

"Sight-seeing, sight-seeing, sight-seeing!" whispered Hugh, as if it were a little song.

"Is it sight-seeing to go where the Chinese children are, auntie?"

"Yes, indeed. Some of them are very charming sights to see."

Hugh liked the stores, but he grew tired of waiting while his aunt bought things. He felt queer in these crowds of grown people. By and by they were on the street again. The street was as crowded as the store, but Hugh found it more fun.

"I 'most wish Aunt Esther would keep hold of my hand," he thought. "It's a good thing she has on that pretty striped skirt. I can watch that when there isn't room to look up in her face."

"See these strange birds, Hugh. Would you like to watch them while I go into the shop?"

"Oh, yes, I could stay here all day, Aunt Esther."

Aunt Esther said she would not be gone that long. In a very few minutes Hugh caught sight of the pretty striped skirt coming through the door.

"My, I'm glad I looked! There are so many people that auntie doesn't see me. I do believe she has forgotten all about having a boy with her today!"

Hugh squeezed and twisted and pushed through the crowd till he could almost touch that hurrying skirt. He hurried, too. He was thinking what a joke it would be when he told Uncle John how auntie forgot her company.

At last they came to a corner where there were fewer people about. "Aunt Esther," called Hugh. He looked up to see if she would look surprised.

Dear, dear! he was the surprised one. This lady wasn't Aunt Esther. There must have been two skirts just alike, and he had followed the wrong one!

Hugh whirled around and started to run back to the bird store. He ran and ran. He

bent his head and burrowed through crowds. At last he went slower and looked carefully about.

Surely he had come far enough to be at the bird store, but it wasn't anywhere in sight. Hugh did not remember seeing any of these buildings before.

"Guess I'd better find a policeman to help me hunt that store," he said. "That's what papa told me to do if I'm ever lost."

Hugh tried to say that scary word just as if it had been any other. He held his head high and clenched his fists to keep brave.

There was a big jolly-looking policeman in the next block, but he was not looking this way. Hugh ran toward him, but he could not catch up. So he stood still and looked around.

The buildings here were not very different from where he had been, but there were foreign-looking things in every window. There were strange names on the store signs. All the people near had brown or black or yellow faces.

Just ahead, some children were playing a game on the sidewalk. They looked exactly like a picture in his Chinese story book! How cute the littlest ones were! The littlest ones were shy, but the rest smiled in a friendly way. One boy came toward him.

"You want something?" he asked. "Do you like to watch us play?"

"Oh, I'd like to, but I've lost my auntie. We were at a bird store, and I thought she came away. It was another lady in a skirt like hers. I don't know the way back." Hugh tried to smile at the friendly boy, but oh, how far away he seemed from everyone he knew!

A man came out and spoke with the boy. They talked in words Hugh couldn't understand at all. The boy smiled.

"Was it the bird store where there is a parrot in a high wooden cage outside—a green parrot that acts cross?"

"Yes, yes! Do you know how to get there?"

"We'll take you," said the boy. The man had gone into the store. Now he came out. Hugh and the boy started after him. Hugh knew this was a good man, for the children all liked him. Some of the children waved their hands to Hugh. He waved to them and smiled.

Soon they were back at the bird store. Aunt Esther was just coming out. She and

Hugh thanked the kind Chinese boy and his father.

"I am coming to your street again," said Hugh. "Maybe I can stop and play a game with you."—*Children's Friend*.

### AN HONEST MAN

A man well known in New York, and the possessor of much dignity of the impressive sort, was strolling through a Long Island village recently when a well-dressed pre-possessing little girl of perhaps seven years halted him.

"Are you an honest man?" the child queried.

The dignified citizen gasped.

"Yes, I—I think so," he replied.

"But are you quite sure?"

"Yes, I am quite sure. Why?"

"Because you can hold my dolly while I tie my shoe."

And it came out that way.—*Selected*.

### HELPERS

You who are the oldest,  
You who are the tallest,  
Don't you think you ought to help  
The youngest and the smallest?

You who are the strongest,  
You who are the quickest,  
Don't you think you ought to help  
The weakest and the sickest?

Never mind the trouble,  
Help them all you can;  
Be a little woman!  
Be a little man!

—*The Picture Lesson Paper*.

### SAFE

"When all the birds are singing,  
And all the world is fair,  
When bees and butterflies have come,  
And flowers are everywhere,—  
I know the Love that gave it all,  
So bountiful and free  
Will guard and guide and safely keep  
A little child like me."

### MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"A new broom sweeps clean."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN.

### FORTUNE NUMBER NINE

An authoress you shall be  
And many a tale tell to me.

### ASSURANCE

[The "I know" of real trustful Christian experience is worth more to mortal man today than all the theories about the long ago upon which "wise men disagree." One little poem like this is worth more to a dying world today than all the arguments and theories of doubting men. The great need of human hearts is *Assurance*, such as Mr. Merrill expresses here.—T. L. G.]

They say that Christ worked miracles  
When he walked in Galilee;  
That he healed the blind, and raised the dead,  
And stilled the stormy sea.

But some there be that shake the head  
At these tales of the long ago;  
And, when the wise men disagree,  
How can the plain man know?

But the simplest man is very sure  
Of what he can hear and see;  
I know that the Christ works wonders now  
For all mankind and me.

Perhaps he fed the multitude  
With just a bit of bread;  
But think of the millions of souls today  
By his grace sustained and fed.

He may have touched the blind man's eyes  
And given him back his sight;  
But I know of lives once lost in the dark,  
That walk today in his light.

I can not prove that he calmed the sea,  
And bade the storm be still;  
But I know that his love has mastered me,  
And curbed my restless will.

About the tomb in Bethany  
Hang clouds of doubt and strife;  
But I know his grace has given to me  
The power of an endless life.

I know that wherever the Christ may come  
The kingdom of God draws near;  
With love in the place of selfishness,  
And faith in the place of fear.

So let them question about the past,  
If this or that be true;  
I know that the glory of that one life  
Is making our whole world new.

—*William Pierson Merrill*.

A cross-word puzzle is one of those things in the home that lead from one word to another.—*Philadelphia North American*.

Don't pity the missionary. Suppose his task were to convert the heathen at home.  
—*Associated Editors (Chicago)*.

## Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

### ANCIENT VIRGINS AND THEIR MODERN IMITATORS

[One of our loyal lone Sabbath keepers sends us this sermon preached by Rev. William B. Ayres in Wollaston Park, Mass., and reported in the *Boston Transcript*. While we give it place in the Lone Sabbath Keepers' Department, in two installments, we want it distinctly understood that we think it just as appropriate for the home folks as for those who are scattered abroad. The text is the story of the Ten Virgins, Matthew 25: 1-13.—Ed.]

I have often wondered where those girls' mothers were at the time.

The story reads in a thoroughly modern way. Certainly those girls were very like our own. They were independent and self-sufficient. Apparently they were unbossed and unchaperoned and they were engaged in a rather daring "stunt."

They were out late at night in a dark, lonely place—unattended, except by the doubtful flicker of a few good and a few failing torches.

I have often wondered what their mothers thought as the hour of midnight approached and the girls did not put in an appearance. Indeed the case is worse than that: The party was just commencing at midnight and it would be difficult to hazard an opinion as to when it broke up. At least this much must in fairness be said for the girls with the empty torches; they probably got home earlier than their friends and to that extent appeared more respectable to their neighbors—but the moral this story is intended to teach is not that of early hours, but of foresightedness in matters of human relations.

A great, and, to a young girl, exciting event was transpiring in the town—a wedding; and, according to custom, a fine and festive time was observed by the friends when the groom brought to the new home the bride.

It was customary for a group of friends to meet them at the gate to the town and form a festive procession to the new home. It was all to be in the twilight hours, but in the early gloom a torch was needful to light

the path and give color and brilliance to the scene.

### ALWAYS TWO KINDS OF GIRLS

So these girl friends planned the affair and they rushed home for their torches. There were ten girls and in the ten were two kinds of girls—there are always two kinds—in any grouping of humanity. The prodigal's father had two sons and the mothers have two daughters—and the Infinite Father has two kinds of children—and that's just the trouble with humanity; we are not one, but two—and we are hostile in our views and visions and purposes. We don't see alike and perhaps we never will. Now one is uppermost and now the other. There are two kinds.

The division was equal: Five of these girls rushed into the house and snatched hastily the first thing in the nature of a torch that came to hand.

Each was a fine wholesome girl, undoubtedly. It simply never occurred to her to examine the oil well of the lamp. . . . "It would be all right, of course, it was just a good stunt—soon over. They would only need the lamps for a little while."

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

The girls lacked foresight—that was all. It never occurred to them that something might happen. And isn't it odd, that those five careless girls, those girls who didn't think and didn't have foresight and caution were the daughters of mothers exactly like them? Their mothers were careless housekeepers, of course, or the lamps had been filled so late in the day, and they were careless mothers, careless of their duty to their daughters or they would have rebuked their haste and told them to fill the lamps.

The mothers should have told these girls that something might happen—for something always does happen; no life is without its emergencies and its tests of character and resource. The unexpected is always occurring and it is the unexpected that sweeps us off our feet—unless we have discounted every emergency.

Here is a story of failure: Five of these girls failed in their object and returned defeated and crestfallen because they were careless; they were free and easy, and their mothers were free and easy before them.

For some unaccountable reason the bridal party was delayed and five of the lamps failed for want of oil and the five careless

girls must needs search about in the dark and get a merchant out of his slumbers and into his shop. We can imagine what *he* had to say about them.

#### A PARABLE WITH A CHALLENGE

The parable is a challenge to preparedness in character. We are treated to a great deal of loose talk these days about the responsibility and the cure for looseness and lawlessness—you can take this old story and find in it every lesson needed for the present hour for it is the record of humanity in every time.

The greatest pastime of Americans is that of handing along the blame and responsibility to someone else or some *thing* else. We are a garrulous and loquacious people. We seem to have come to the idea that when we have stated the case and blamed somebody or some condition for it that we have made our contribution to its cure; so all over the land we are telling, with the spiritual glow and ecstasy of pioneers and discoverers, what a wicked world we are living in and what we have discovered to be the cause.

Most of this talk is loose and exaggerated, and a great deal of it is in the interest of self-justification. A great many people are trying to prove themselves good by making the world utterly evil and then showing how they themselves keep their integrity amid such surroundings.

#### THE DIVINE RESTRAINT

The world is not going to eternal perdition by any means. The story of man's life on the planet is the record of man's failure to be as wicked as he would like to be. It is the record of the pressure of a divine Spirit on man's intuitional life that will not let him forget God or forever go contrary to *his will*.

Man has his fling and, like a rebellious boy, asserts his day of freedom . . . but like that same boy he is glad enough to crawl back home when the darkness settles down and hunger and loneliness creep over the soul.

There are two classes of human nature and there are two types of thought and activity. . . . and back and forth between these two humanity swings: We *will* have our freedom, and we *will* assert our rights to do as we please. . . . until the lights go out and we wish that we had had different kinds of mothers and fathers and we long

for the tyranny and the discipline exercised by a wise and far-seeing love. When freedom swings to its limit, it reaches that point where we see that unrestrained liberty is not what we want, and we start back to discipline and reverence and authority. Humanity swings this way and that way like a skater, but its line of progress is midway between the two extremes of motion.

No mood of humanity is utterly sovereign; nothing even lives long, in the realm of ideas or activity, unless it be something balanced by an antagonistic thought or power. Even youth comes to its senses . . . even if its parents have no senses . . . it is driven to sense by its own failure and folly and comes to the point where it will wish anything for the world but to be like its own senseless, lawless self. The wickedest man in the world has to make his final appeal to the forces of law and order . . . even though he has violated them all he expects these things to protect his rights.

#### EVIL IS ALWAYS EVIL

These girls were thoughtless, careless, lazy and lax. That is the worst that can in justice be said for them, and all of that can be said for their mothers. The same thing holds good today. There are no evils today that were not in the world when we were boys, but they are dragged out into the light now where we are all more or less aware of them.

Certainly the world is not more wicked for the want of organizations to make it good. Uncounted multitudes are drawing pay to direct us, and through hundreds of organizations trying to direct us and tell us what is right. The sources of knowledge and direction are manifold, and yet it is in the midst of this condition that youth is pronounced hopeless and the world almost irredeemably lawless.

#### THE STRENGTH OF HEREDITARY TRAITS

Suppose we say that, like the girls that Christ spoke about, the girls and boys of our day are careless—about many things, that this carelessness does not take into account the fact that the careless life is the one that is eventually crushed by the inevitable exactions of life and by its testing emergencies; and then let us trace this free and easy quality to its sources.

It will be found in the nature of peo-

### THE SILENT RIVER

M. E. H. EVERETT

At my feet the silent river flows,  
And when I am called to rise and go,  
Over my feet must its cold water flow.  
I shall dread it but shall not fear,  
For whom God called for his very own  
He never will leave to journey alone;  
He will part the waters and roll them back;  
He knows each step of the hidden way  
That leads from darkness to perfect day.

Some strong-armed mortals have striven to swim,  
But the current bore them out of sight,  
A look of fear on their faces white.  
Some weaklings have sunk in the cold dark  
waves,  
But they loved God and his arm was there.  
He lifted them up with a Father's care.  
My eyes can not look to the farther shore,  
Yet when God calls me to rise and go,  
He will make a path for my feet, I know.  
Coudersport, Pa. (Dictated.)

### ADVICE TO CHAPEL SPEAKERS

We feel that visiting chapel speakers should take into consideration the likes and dislikes of the students and endeavor to please them. Hence we rise (metaphorically speaking) to give this advice.

1. Always tell a funny story, preferably an old and decrepit and stereotyped one on either Professor Fred, Professor John, or Professor Stringer.

2. Always pray long and earnestly and don't forget to pray for us students.

3. Be sure to say that this is the most intelligent looking student body you ever had the honor to speak to.

4. If you are an old student, don't fail to reminisce at length and tell all the crude things that students of whom we never heard ever did.

5. Never close your remarks before the last bell rings. Be sure to speak at great length.

6. By no means tell any new and original stories.

7. Be sure to say you hadn't intended to speak, and that you were prevailed upon to do so much against your will.

8. Don't stop when you are through: tell at least one or two more stories and make a few more thirdlies and fourthlies.

9. After you have reached the height of eloquence in stating some particularly profound thought, wait for us to laugh. We don't want to miss your next inane remark.—*Milton College Review*.

ple, and the nature of people is the nature of their parents and their homes and the long years of habit-forming discipline for good or ill.

I have been in one parish for nearly sixteen years, and in that time I have seen the children grow up—in almost every case they are the reproduction of old conditions. Old family traits persist and reassert themselves. Old habits of parents, not bad in themselves, only careless, reproduce themselves in their children; but because the parents were more guarded and protected by custom than are the children today, who plunge into commerce early and shift for themselves in matters of choice and conduct, the petty carelessness of the parents has more serious consequences in the children.

The girls and boys who are problems today are in many cases the children of good and well-meaning parents who are listless and lazy and lacking in that quality of persistent moral enterprise that is sufficient to maintain the strain of a moral ideal and a rigid discipline.

#### BAD TENDENCIES ACCENTUATED

Who is the boy or girl indifferent to the obligations of honor? It is the son or daughter of the man or woman indifferent to small obligations of principle.

Show me a thief, and I'll show you a father who was careless of his small obligations. Show me a bad girl, and I'll show you an untidy mother or an indifferent mother or a gad, who finds it easier to run the streets and attend the endless variety of organizations than to fulfill faithfully the obligations of maternity. Show me children whose promises are of no avail, who can't be depended on, who are impudent and irreverent and lawless, and I'll show you parents who are too lazy to get up and go to church and who have never stirred themselves to do what did not for the moment appeal to them.

If the present age is lawless, it is because the last age was careless. If the children are arrogant fools, it is because the parents were too lax and lazy to keep up the strain of a wholesome example. We are resourceful in making money and in all the material enterprises we undertake—but when it comes to the gravest responsibilities of life we grow tired and follow, often, the line of least resistance.

(Concluded next week)



## SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.  
Contributing Editor

### NORTH LOUP SABBATH SCHOOL

I have asked Oscar T. Babcock, of North Loup, now a senior at Milton College, to tell me something about his home Sabbath school, and he has done it in this way:

"Our school is the largest in the denomination, having two hundred fifty-two scholars and twenty teachers. Rev. Leslie O. Green, principal of high school, is the superintendent, and Mrs. Jessie T. Babcock has charge of the graded department.

"The adult department uses the *Helping Hand*, and the grades use such graded lessons of our denomination as are published. The other graded helps are those published by the Presbyterians. The Rev. Oscar Babcock Scholarship at Milton College is financed by birthday collections in the Sabbath school. We think we have a very efficient school with a good regular attendance and interest. Several of the classes are organized, but not all. The adult classes and the upper ones of the grades elect their teachers, but the teachers of the lower grades are appointed by the grade superintendent.

"Vacation Bible schools have been held the last three summers, the first in charge of Miss Zea Zinn, the last two under the supervision of local teachers, Marcia Rood and Vesta Thorngate. The attendance the first year was very gratifying, but not so good in the second and the third years. Those who attended the school put on a fine program at the close.

"Children's Day is usually observed by the school, in which those of the lower grades sing appropriate songs, recite selections, and act short plays. I do not believe any school in the denomination can show better ability in such exercises than ours at North Loup. The children in the grades learn memory verses and are often given an opportunity to recite them before the whole school.

"After the opening exercises of the school as a whole, the children of the graded department march to their class rooms in the

basement and the balcony for their lesson work, after which they return to the audience room for the closing exercises.

"Nearly every year there is a Sabbath school picnic near the river for both old and young, where all engage in such games as they like."

Oscar has told about the North Loup school as he has known it in the past, not in detail as it has been since he came here to college. He is certainly loyal to it when he says that he does not believe any other school in the denomination has been, or is, more efficient. Our people at North Loup take a pardonable pride in the number of their young people who have become missionaries and ministers. Four of our present missionaries in China: Rev. Eugene Davis, Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate, and Dr. Grace Crandall, are North Loupers; also there have been Royal R. and Charles W. Thorngate, Angeline Abbey Allen, Jesse Hutchins, and Leslie O. Green—perhaps others—who became ministers of the gospel. "By their fruit ye shall know them." I am glad to have heard that others of the North Loup young people are thinking of becoming ministers. We need them.

I had the privilege last year of attending the Sabbath school at North Loup and was much pleased to see it in action. I was glad to see the opening and closing exercises for the whole school. The presence of the little folks gave life to the service, and it was an interesting procession when they marched down the aisles to their class work, many of them keeping step to the music. It was inspiring, too, to watch them come marching back in good order, and then to hear the whole school sing together. The music, led by a young lady, was particularly enlivening. It is good for a large school with separate class rooms thus to be together at least once during the session, so that all alike may feel as if they "belong"—a community feeling.

I am wondering why it is that during the three or four months since I had printed on this page in the RECORDER a Sabbath school questionnaire, I have received only one response. Is it because superintendents and secretaries are opposed to giving the desired information, or indifference, or perhaps did not notice the questions?

Who can tell me?

## MARRIAGES

MESSENGER-HUNTINGTON.—At the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Geno Rogers, in West Edmeston, N. Y., at 10 a. m., Friday, May 22, 1925, Rev. James H. Messenger, of Stillwater, N. Y., and Miss Luella Huntington, of West Edmeston, N. Y., were united in marriage by Rev. F. E. Peterson, assisted by Mrs. Lena Crofoot.

## DEATHS

BURDICK.—Mary Ann Austin was born in Banbridge, Ireland, December 23, 1851, and died at her home in Ashaway, R. I., April 26, 1925. She came to America when but sixteen years old. In October, 1870, she was married to John I. Burdick of North Stonington, Conn. Mr. Burdick died April 9, 1918. For more than fifty years Mrs. Burdick had been a resident of Ashaway, and for more than thirty-five years a member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, of Ashaway, R. I. For nearly two years Mrs. Burdick had been sick, and yet her death came rather suddenly and unexpectedly. During all her sickness she was tenderly cared for by her son, Wm. H. Burdick and family, with whom she made her home during the latter years of her life.

Mrs. Burdick is survived by her two sons, William H. of Ashaway, R. I., and Eugene D. of Huron, S. D., by a sister in Banbridge, Ireland, and by seven grandchildren.

Funeral services were held from the home in Ashaway, April 29, conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. L. Davis, and the body was laid to rest in Oak Grove Cemetery.

A. L. D.

BABCOCK.—Albert Russel Babcock was born January 1, 1847, and died at his home in Adams Center, N. Y., April 23, 1925.

Mr. Babcock was one of a family of two sons and three daughters of Nelson and Lucy Lee Babcock and has spent most of his life here near the place of his birth. He was well and favorably known, having been for many years a painter, and for several years the collector of taxes in his school district, as well as an insurance agent. Thus he came into close touch with nearly everyone in the community and was admired for his pleasant, kindly disposition and his stalwart integrity.

On April 24, 1873, he was married to Flora A. Coon, with whom he enjoyed a most happy home until the wife passed away about three years ago. They had no children.

Mr. Babcock was an earnest Christian. He joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church here when only fifteen, but he used to say that he had always belonged to it as he had attended it with his mother ever since he could remember. She was a great lover of the church and the Bible, and had read her Bible through during the last year of her life. And the faith that dwelt first in his mother dwelt also in him. He was faithful to the church, being one of its trustees. His wife was an invalid during her last years and he prayed earnestly each day that he might be

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spared to care for her as long as she lived. His prayer was granted, and for seven years he cared for her and kept the house and tended his garden in a way that was a marvel to all who knew him.

His nearest surviving relatives are three nephews and two nieces.

Funeral services were conducted at his late home by his pastor, April 26, a large gathering of friends expressing their love and sorrow by their presence.

L. F. H.

**DAWSON.**—Mrs. Myra Langworthy Dawson was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y., September 22, 1883. She was one of a family of six children born to Daniel Lee and Agnes Burdick Langworthy. Her untimely death occurred May 3, 1925, at her home in Newport, R. I.

At the early age of thirteen she made a public profession of Christianity and was baptized into the fellowship of the Andover Seventh Day Baptist Church, June 2, 1896, by Rev. Lewis A. Platts. She remained a faithful and loyal member of the Andover Church to the time of her death. On August 24, 1910, she was united in marriage to Mr. Harry Dawson of Newport, R. I., where they have since had their home. To this union were born five children: Herman L., Ramond, Marjorie, Franklin, and Annis.

She was taken sick the day of the annual pilgrimage of the Seventh Day Baptist Churches to Newport last October, and for these months had suffered severely. Through it all she was an example of Christian patience and fortitude until her last "good-bye" to the aunt who had so tenderly cared for her in this illness. Funeral services were conducted from her late home by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church of Westerly, R. I., and were attended by a large number of friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Clayton Burdick sang two comforting selections during the service. The body was taken to Alfred, N. Y., where it was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery between Alfred and Alfred Station. The services at the grave were conducted by her former pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, who is now pastor at Alfred Station, N. Y.

Mrs. Dawson leaves to mourn her loss besides her husband and children, her mother, and five brothers: LaVerne D. of Westerly, R. I.; Franklin A. of Plainfield, N. J.; Egbert A. of Genoa, Ill.; Edson C. of Andover, N. Y.; and Lynn L. of Alfred Station, N. Y. There are also many more distant relatives.

Mrs. Dawson was a faithful wife and a fond mother. She was a Christian of real character and worth, exemplifying in her life and death those qualities which made the life of her Savior so beautiful and helpful. She had a host of friends, who paid their last tribute in the many beautiful floral pieces which literally covered the casket at the grave. But more fragrant than the flowers was the life of Mrs. Dawson, which will be held in memory by her many friends.

C. A. B.

E. D. V. H.

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

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### Sabbath School. Lesson XI.—June 13, 1925

#### THE CHURCH IN ANTIOCH

*Golden Text.*—"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." Acts 11: 26.

#### DAILY READINGS

June 7—The Church in Antioch. Acts 11: 19-26.

June 8—A Ministering Church. Acts 11: 27-30.

June 9—A Missionary Church. Acts 13: 1-3.

June 10—The Message from Jerusalem. Acts 15: 22-29.

June 11—Harmony in the Church. Psalm 133.

June 12—Joy in the Church. Psalm 122.

June 13—A Song of Thanksgiving. Isaiah 12.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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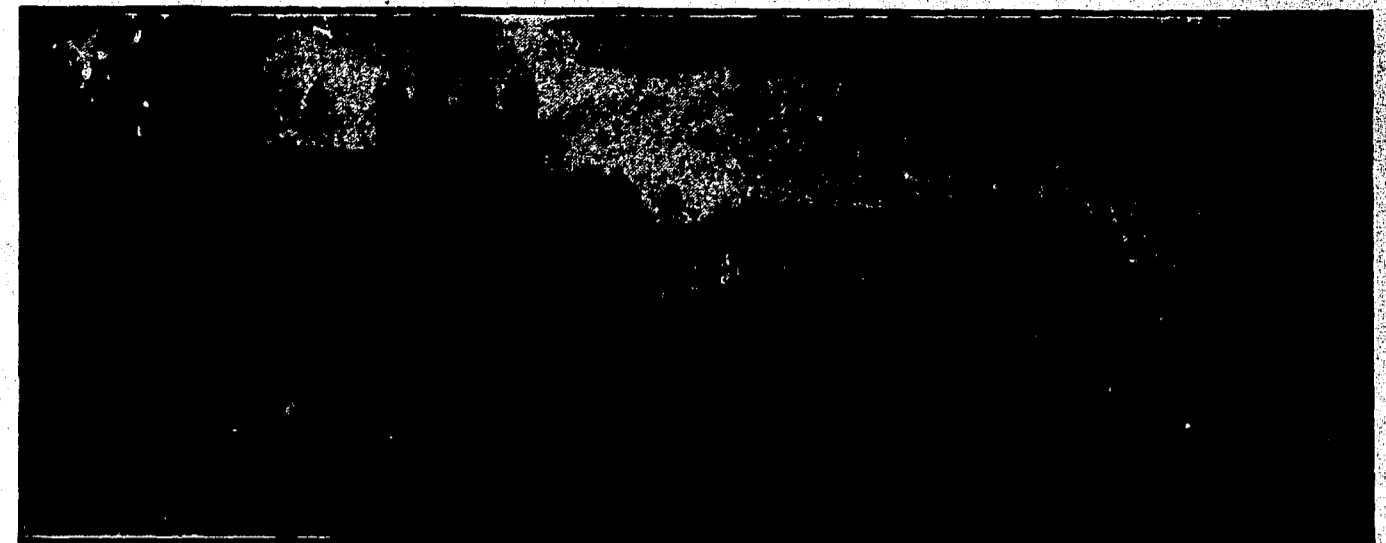
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Sad is the life of him who has no eyes to see the common blessings scattered about him like flowers in springtime. He loses the foretastes of heaven which God designed for his comfort on earth.

What a miracle of mercy comes to us in every good night's sleep, from which we awake with renewed health and strength to face a new day! What of the blessing of a quiet, pleasant meal with one's own household three times a day? Is not that a thing to be thankful for? What banquet can be compared, so far as real good is concerned, with the daily feast of wholesome food prepared by true and loyal hands, enjoyed in a home where love is enthroned and where peace reigns supreme?

Happy is the man who sees the divine hand in the ordinary gifts of good things that come each day to make him comfortable and to enlarge his life. To him the sunshine fills the earth with beauty, and the storms are God's messengers to bring him health and prosperity. He hears every bird-note in the field, and sees with glad eyes every picture painted by the divine Artist. When dark days come, he whose faith in God has thus been strengthened sees the silver lining to every cloud and thanks the Father who leads even in the darkness.

T. L. G.

## CONTENTS

Editorial.—How the "Christian Sabbath" Seems to a Son of Islam.—"Christian Paganism" Explained by a Baptist Leader.—A Loyal Lone Sabbath Keeper's Response to Church Roll Call.—Friends of "Pioneer Days."—Please Read it Again.—"Our Mission" Just the Same Today.—Lest We Forget.—An Old Editorial. "Yes, It Is Personal Work".....	705-709
English-American Bonds.....	709
The Presence of God.....	712
Seventh Day Baptist Oward Movement.—Our Bulletin Board.—God's Name.—General Conference—Receipts for May, 1925.—The Standing of the Churches.....	713-715
An Appeal.....	715
Missions.—On the Wing.—A Letter From Liuho, Ku, China.....	716
Pioneer Days in the Old Republican Valley.....	717
Woman's Work.—A Call to Prayer.—Hands.—Toast to Daughters.—Extracts From Journal of Rev. Nathan Wardner.....	719
When Is a Baptist Not a Baptist?..	720
Young People's Work.—The Missionary Challenge.—Intermediate Christian Endeavor.—Junior Work.—Ease Tendeth to Iniquity.....	722
Children's Page.—India.—Following the Red Cap.—On Flag Day.—Better Not Ask.—My Grandma Used to Say.—Fortune Number Ten.....	724-726
Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page.—Ancient Virgins and Their Modern Imitators.....	727-729
Home News.....	729
Sabbath School.—Conversion.—Lesson for June 20, 1925.....	730
Our Weekly Sermon.—The Sabbath, a Sacred Day.....	732-734
Marriage.....	735
Deaths.....	735