

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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

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

LITTLE THINGS

George I. Sill

I think I heard you say:
"If I do this, a trifling thing,
Twill little difference make
A thousand years from now."

Consider, friend, you can not pierce
Futurity's dark veil;
I hint not of a realm of bliss,
Nor of an awful realm of woe,
As imaged in the eyes of man
For ages past:
Yet, we shall ever live
This life but now begun.

Despise not little things,
They matter much;
Perhaps our life is formed today
For time's eternal years,
By little things.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Alfred, N. Y., August 17 to 22, 1926.
President—Dr. George W. Post, Jr., 4138 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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

Terms expiring in 1928—George W. Post, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Alexander W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J.; Claude L. Hill, Jackson Center, Ohio.

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

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

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

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

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

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

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WHOLE No. 4,203

A PRAYER

*For this one day alone, dear God, I pray;
 Help me to walk the straight and narrow way*

*With cheerful mind;
 Help me to think, to act, the Golden Rule,
 To do my best with book, or beast, or tool,
 To serve mankind.*

*Help me to think before I speak a word
 That might, by chance, hurt one who overheard,*

*And make him sad;
 Help me to laugh with clean and wholesome mirth,*

*To scorn the thought that evil minds gave birth,
 Or actions bad.*

*Help me to see in sunshine and in rain,
 In daylight and in dark, thine hand again,
 Thy love alone,*

*And then at eve, when work is put away,
 Help me, dear Lord, to lift my eyes and say,
 "Thy will be done."*

—Margaret Rutherford, in The Christian Guardian.

Missionary Day At Conference Of course the Missionary Board had a good day in the General Conference. Its annual report appears in the RECORDER by sections.

The president was not present and Rev. Alva L. Davis presided. He spoke of his growing interest in our mission fields during his four years as a member of the board.

Secretary Burdick's heart was full and he spoke with fervency of the fields he had visited and the problems of the board.

Three religions are striving for the ascendancy, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity. We as a people make but a small part of the vast company of Christians who are interested in missions. He made a strong plea for help according to the very great need. Some think education is the main thing needed. But this alone will not do. Western civilization can not save the world. Indeed nothing short of the religion of Jesus Christ can do that. Our civilization must be Christianized or we can never help the heathen world to true manhood. The one great work of Christian missions is to make disciples.

Whoever really lets Christ have his way with him for several weeks will be transformed. He will become a new man. The object of missions is to bring the transforming power of Jesus Christ to sinful men. In this way we may co-operate with Christ in saving the lost.

In these days of change, when news goes to the ends of the earth in one day, we have reached the decisive point in world missions. The heathen world will soon decide between Christianity and the other great religions. They are persistently pushing their mission work, and Christianity must be persistent if it is to win. The success of missions means the promotion of real civilization.

Treasurer Samuel H. Davis followed Secretary Burdick with an address upon the problems of the Missionary Board. He was glad that the Missionary and Tract societies were both out of debt; he spoke of the good work in China, and of the problem regarding moving the Boys' School to Liuho.

The home fields are in need and Brother Davis suggested that home churches might send their pastors on mission work for a time while the churches do their own preaching. It might help some churches to do their own preaching by the pews, rather than pay some outsider to preach and pray for them.

In the afternoon Rev. Gerald D. Hargis spoke on Evangelism, and Miss Mabel West, recently returned from China, described the present conditions in our mission in that field. Both these addresses were full of interest, and I hope the speakers will give them to our readers when convenient for them to do so.

Sabbath Eve At Conference A large congregation enjoyed an excellent meeting on Sabbath eve at Salem. Rev. George W. Hills, of Los Angeles, Calif., preached. His subject was: "The Way of the Cross Leads Home." Text: "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one cometh to the Father but by me." John 14:6.

Home is the sweetest word in our language. Early memories of dear ones are

closely bound together by the powerful tie of love. If you carefully cherish these inspiring memories, your life is sweeter, better, stronger for them. They help us to clearer views of the longed-for "Home over there."

In early days when around the family altar father read the much-worn old Bible and explained it to the children, as all knelt in prayer. What a glorious thing it was to feel that our father and mother were talking with God. Home is not of God's kind if there be no hour of prayer and communion with our heavenly Father.

The Bible stories our mother told us will go with us through life, and the influence of the prayers they taught us has brightened many a gloomy day.

But this text has a forward look. It points the way to the "Home over there"—a home where death never enters. Jesus says: I am the way to that home. There is only one way. There are not a number of roads to bewilder us; it is the way of the cross. This is the way of the new birth. Our Master himself went home by way of the cross, and we must follow him.

A good companion text for this is found in John 14:1-3: "In my Father's house are many mansions." He has gone to prepare our home and will give us the new life by the river of the water of life.

Friends, he that overcometh shall inherit the life and the home over there. This means that those who walk with Jesus in the way shall dwell at home with him in the spirit land immortal. To this home there is a glorious invitation: "The spirit and the bride say, come; and let him that heareth say, come; and he that is athirst, let him come" and take of the water of life freely.

Our readers do not need to be told that the after-meeting, led by Rev. Claude Hill, was one of the very best, in which many hopeful and inspiring testimonies were given.

Sabbath Morning At Conference As I look at my notes of the sessions on Sabbath day in Salem, taken just two weeks ago yesterday, I find myself in Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, at the last stage of a very pleasant vacation trip with Pastor Bond. The western sun of a delightful September day is bathing the earth—made green by yesterday's all-day rain—in wonderful beauty.

The scenes of Conference Sabbath seem like a dream—but a very pleasant dream—as I look back upon them from this distance of both time and space. Happy will it be for us all if the after days of life shall contain only pleasant dreams of Sabbaths past and gone.

On that Conference Sabbath more than one hundred fifty persons met at nine o'clock in Salem's beautiful church room for the communion service. Rev. Eli F. Loofboro and Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn led this service, and precious was the soul feast the dear Lord gave his children as they met in remembrance of him.

The morning was cool and bright, and the well-kept parsonage lot, so full of flowers and vines and fruit trees, with its fine home for the pastor and family, made a picture of beauty and contentment not soon to be forgotten.

Close beside the church on the hillside where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," I found, carved in granite and marble, the names of many dear old friends of other days.

Oh! what a panorama of old time scenes came before me as I stood and pondered over the record the years have made. There was the old-time box-shaped meeting house of nearly forty years ago, with its congregation of familiar faces whose children have grown to be the leaders of today. There in many a heart-burdened meeting the fathers planned for the building of their first parsonage over on the hillside, and then for the building of this fine brick church. Then came the months of toil in two different years to complete both buildings. Thank God for the faithful work of the fathers and mothers of Salem that made it possible for their children to enjoy these pleasant surroundings in their church life.

Never can I forget the days when we hung that good church bell, and when we dedicated the house to the worship of Almighty God. How the good friends of Salem and the surrounding country, of different denominations, did rally on that dedication day to help us dedicate our church out of debt! And they did it, too. When that day began, we were between three and four thousand dollars in debt; but when that great meeting closed—thanks to the Christian spirit of men and women of all faiths—the debt was all provided for.

But I must turn from the scenes of years

gone by to the active duties of today. The congregation has gone from the church to the beautiful college auditorium at the other end of the town. There I found a great audience awaiting the services of the hour.

Pastor George B. Shaw was in charge of this meeting, and an excellent program had been prepared. It was a real Sabbath morning worship in songs, repetition of the Commandments and the Beatitudes with responses by the choir; offerings for the Lord's work amounting to \$237.43 made a good beginning.

Then the pastor read the first fourteen verses of John's Gospel and Dean Main led in prayer. The choir responded with, "Bread of the World," and everybody sang with a will, "Faith of Our Fathers." When they came to the words, "We will be true to thee till death," it seemed as though every one meant it.

Then came the sermon by Rev. Samuel H. Davis, of Westerly, R. I. Well do I remember when this church licensed him to preach. His text was, John 1:1: "In the beginning." This first part of John 1, was devoted to a talk to children. In the beginning of life start right.

The speaker had climbed the hill that morning and started a stone rolling down the hillside, and when once started it did not stop until it reached the bottom.

After a life is started wrong, it is not easy to stop. It is easy to learn to walk when a child, but hard after the child comes to years. It is harder to become a Christian after one is fifty years old than when one is young. Like my stone the moral momentum of habit will carry one to the bottom if he continues in the down-hill road of life. Therefore, let me repeat to the children, "In the beginning start right."

Then Brother Davis called attention to the remainder of John 1. In the beginning "was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God."

He made a strong plea for the truths suggested by these words. He held a Bible which J. Frank Hubbard presented to his father many years ago, and referred touchingly to the use his dear father made of it.

He magnified the Christ as the promised one of Eden, whose coming brightened the years until his birth in Bethlehem. He exalted him as the Light of the world, and its Savior from sin, as the Resurrection and

Life, and as the one who has gone to prepare our eternal home, and who satisfies our longing for a future life.

It was a strong, helpful sermon, followed by a duet entitled, "The Old Rugged Cross," by Aubrey Morrison and Alberta Davis.

Editor and Pastor Take an "Outing" On Thursday, August 27, the editor and Pastor Bond of Plainfield started on the New York and Boston boat for a two weeks' rest in old New England. For both of us the work of the last few weeks had been quite strenuous; and when Conference in West Virginia was over, we were both quite willing to "take a trip."

The splendid, large Boston boat is a real floating palace; and we soon found that our choice of steamer travel, as much as possible, was indeed a good one; for it took us away from the rattle to bang and confusion of dusty streets and the congested traffic of noisy railroad trams, giving us, instead, the quiet, restful, invigorating comfort of a little time on the open sea with its life-giving air and far-reaching look.

Our plan was to go by boat to Boston, then by boat to Portland, Me.; thence in same way to St. John, N. B., and then across the Bay of Fundy to Nova Scotia, the land of Evangeline. But on reaching Portland we found that boats to St. John were discontinued, and it became necessary to change our plan. This we did by choosing the Rockland-Bangor route, which proved to be a most interesting one.

Before we got through we were glad that circumstances compelled us to revise our plans.

There is nothing like being able to do that sometimes; and happy is he whose changed plans prove to be better than his old ones.

Pleasant Surprises Thinking that the national headquarters of the United Christian Endeavor society would be a good place to learn about favorable homing places in Boston, we went there first. And to our surprise we found there Rev. Clarence C. Hamilton who addressed our Conference in West Virginia on the last evening and who occupied the platform with me just as I was to preach the closing sermon. He took us to the top of the Christian Endeavor high building on Beacon Hill, with its splendid panoramic out-

look of all Boston, and pointed out the many historic places in and around the city.

The next we knew we were in the office of the editor of the *Christian Endeavor World*, Mr. Amos R. Wells, where we found that he was acquainted with the SABBATH RECORDER, for which he spoke very good words.

Editor Wells bears the same name as his grandfather, the Amos R. Wells of our early history, who was the first home missionary Seventh Day Baptists ever sent out. Several of his reports may be found in our *Seventh Day Baptist Memorial*.

President Francis E. Clark, the father of the Christian Endeavor movement, was not in, but we enjoyed a visit to his office, and when we reached Portland, Pastor Bond enjoyed a service in Mr. Clark's old church where the organization had its beginning.

Boston and vicinity contain so many historic places that it is difficult to determine which to see first and what ones to leave out if one's time is limited. By joining one of the famous auto-excursions we were able to visit Cambridge and the Harvard College buildings and ride to Concord over the road Paul Revere took when he saved the day for Hancock and Adams, in the Clarke house where they were sleeping on the night when Revere's warning came. Probably no other old homestead contains so many relics of Revolutionary times.

Our visit to the battlefields of Lexington and Concord will not soon be forgotten. Among the old homes visited which were full of interest were those of Louisa M. Alcott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Longfellow's Cambridge home.

To us there were no more interesting places than this old "Hancock-Clarke house" through which we wandered to see the large collection of Revolutionary relics just mentioned. Then lovers of Louisa M. Alcott's stories for children found her old home, with its curios of her splendid work, quite as attractive as was the Hancock-Clarke house.

The very name, "Concord," brings to mind the names of Bronson Alcott, the famous teacher, and his literary daughter. Here, too, was the home of William Ellery Channing. The graves of these historic persons were pointed out in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

Concord was also the birthplace of our famous Concord grape, cultivated and started

here by Ephraim Bull in 1853. His home and vines were shown us by our guide.

It was worth something to see where the "embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard around the world," as Emerson puts it. We made a halt beside the monument marking the spot where the farmers as minute men fought the first battle for liberty. Close by this monument were the graves of three British soldiers who fell at Lexington.

But I must not weary you with too many particulars in this wonderful day in and around Boston. It was a great inspiration to stand in old Faneuil Hall—"the cradle of liberty"—with its portraits of famous men and its great painting of Daniel Webster addressing the United States Senate in his famous reply to Hayne. Here it was that Wendell Phillips made his first anti-slavery speech.

Then there is the old state house, that once sheltered British troops, near which occurred the "Boston Massacre" of 1770, and in which Garrison found refuge from a fierce mob that threatened his life for his anti-slavery speech—oh! the many, many historic events that make this the most interesting historical building in all the land. Every nook and corner of old Boston Commons has some story to tell, each one of which reveals something of the progress of American civilization since the days of the burning of witches and the public execution of all sorts of criminals.

But we must not tarry longer in Boston. A pleasant sail in open sea brought us to the city of Portland on Casco Bay. At the left as we enter the harbor, stands the first lighthouse erected on the Atlantic Coast. The bay is filled with picturesque islands; and the town with its many historic places and elevated promenades furnishes the traveler with pure air, grand viewpoints for scenery of mountains and islands and ocean, that can hardly be excelled in any land. Here, still standing is Longfellow's birthplace, and the home of his early manhood is carefully kept as a museum. On a clear day the peaks of the White Mountains, one hundred miles away, can be clearly seen.

Here is a town that in early days had its full share of pioneer hardships, settled in 1632, partly burned by Indians in 1676, totally destroyed by fire and savages in 1690, resettled in 1716, bombarded by the British in 1775, fifteen hundred of its buildings burned in 1866, and out of all its trials it

has come, a beautiful victorious city of peaceful homes and flourishing business marts.

Besides being the birthplace of America's most famous poet, it counts among its sons: N. P. Willis, William Pitt Fessenden, Neal Dow, and Thomas B. Reed.

The Best Was Yet to Come When we found it necessary to change our plans, from Portland on, we were quite disappointed, but determined to make the best of it, and began to look for the *best* way to do so. This we found in a daylight sail through Penobscot Bay, with its beautiful islands, to Rockland at the mouth of the Penobscot River.

This is a flourishing town surrounded by granite hills, and with beautiful stretches of sea and wooded islands looking far away toward the sunrise. From this place comes the famous Rockland granite used in many fine buildings throughout the eastern and central states. In 1853 the shipbuilders of Rockland built the fastest sailing ship crossing the Atlantic.

After another restful night on shore, we took the morning steamer up the Penobscot River for Bangor. This day was the best of all thus far, in regard to the inspiring panorama of natural scenery along the Penobscot. Such a sunrise as greeted us when Old Sol climbed out of the sea through a low-lying ocean fog bank, and sent his golden streak of light across the bay, reminded me of the famous Egyptian sunsets that have dwelt in memory for more than twenty-three years.

This made a glorious start for a wonderful day. Then came the sun-illuminated islands as we sailed out of the bay; the pine-clad hills on either side of the river, with gables or fronts of white cottages dotting the wooded hillsides; with here and there a fine home on the hill-tops; with fishermen's boats and tourists' yachts scattered among the islands where scarcely a ripple stirred the glassy waters; and with an ideal, clear, first of September sky glowing over all—oh! what pen *can* portray such a picture as we saw that day on "nature's open canvas" reaching from Rockland to Bangor on the Penobscot River? There is no use in trying. These pictures must be seen in order to be appreciated. So I will stop trying and say good-by.

But before I stop let me call attention to the heading of this article. When we had to change our plans, we were quite disappointed, but began seeking a remedy as best we could by using the best data at our disposal. Long before these two days were done we found that under the providence of God, our new way was far better. In the hour of disappointment we could not fully realize that the best was yet to come. But the realization came as we went along, and at the end we were thankful for our change of plans.

In Historic St. John Everybody knows something about St. John, New Brunswick, the city of high tides, steep hillside streets, fine buildings, shipyards, and immense paper mills; a city overlooking the finest harbor in New Brunswick, and where the noted "reversible falls" pour their floods inland and sea-ward as the twenty-foot tide rises or falls.

When the issues of the Revolution were settled and the United States became free, St. John received a great addition to her numbers by the influx of thousands who preferred citizenship under the British flag rather than under the Stars and Stripes. This really gave St. John its greatest movement toward its settlement as a Canadian colony.

It is now the chief city of New Brunswick; and the harbor, with its hundred islands, is one of the finest on the Atlantic coast. The fisheries of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are noted the wide world over.

The three days spent in St. John will not soon be forgotten. It is in a land where Uncle Sam's money is just as good as John Bull's; but I must confess that it did go against my feelings a little to hand out a nice, clean, twenty dollar United States note to pay a small bill, and have to receive change in dirty, crumpled-up rag money that looked as though it had been wadded up and carried for days in some old fellow's trouser's pocket. Indeed, I do not remember seeing a real clean straight bill of Canadian currency during our five days in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. I have a very distinct image of a certain ticket agent's drawer, literally packed with crumpled-up wads of bills, which he pawed over and over in search of our money; for I

had requested him to give me change in United States money.

It really did seem too bad to see so little respect shown toward the currency of the realm.

In Evangeline's Land Four or five hours' sail across the Bay of Fundy, brought us to Nova Scotia, the land of immense apple orchards, which has the distinction of being the greatest apple country of eastern Canada.

Of course, the main attraction for us was the land of Evangeline, made immortal by Longfellow's famous poem. Almost every step in Nova Scotia gave us something to dream about in days to come. We had come in touch with the Longfellow sentiments, as shown by the honors bestowed on his last home in Cambridge, Mass., and by the care taken of his earlier home in Portland, Me., and by the splendid Longfellow monument in one of the squares of the city of his birth; so we were well prepared to find that the main roads in Nova Scotia lead to Grand Pré, the home of the sweet-spirited Acadian maid—the heroine of his masterpiece.

Thousands of pilgrims visit the scenes of Acadian banishment, record their names in the new memorial chapel built on the foundations of the old church in which the Acadian farmers were imprisoned and from which they were transported to other lands, one hundred seventy-five years ago.

On a clear, bracing September day, we wandered over the broad and beautiful meadowland, redeemed from the sea by hard-working Acadian farmers, where once they dwelt in homes of peace; and we marked every sign of their labors in days of old. We strolled along Evangeline Beach, when the tide was out, and recalled the days when soldiers rushed the distracted peasants to the ships of exile. We visited the site of the village where stood the homes that were burned, and strolled through a hillside field, where still remain the cellar holes marking the spots where homes were burned after the owners were prisoners by the shore.

We read the story of Evangeline over and over, made all the more impressive by the surroundings of the saddest tragedy in American history.

A delightful sail from Yarmouth to Boston, and another from Boston to New York, made a good ending for our vacation outing.

Discussion Regarding the Size of the Year Book This General Conference was remarkably free from discussions. In fact there was a remarkable spirit of unanimity regarding all the problems that came before it.

There was one question, however, that did take up considerable time in one or two business meetings. The Commission's recommendation regarding the matter of reducing the size and cost of the *Year Book* was carefully considered in two different meetings.

Many thought that some \$2,000 was too much to spend annually for its preparation and publication. Some felt that such a book should contain all the details of importance as matters for reference for history. Some thought that once in four years might be sufficient for some of the lists of life members and statistics. The seventh section of the Commission's report, as finally adopted by Conference shows the result of the discussion.

THE SABBATH

PRESIDENT BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS

(Conference Sermon, August 23, 1925)

Text: "*The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath; So that the Son of man is lord even of the Sabbath.*" Mark 2: 27, 28.

These are the words of Jesus the Son of God, the world's Savior and Redeemer, who called himself both Son of God and Son of man.

They are spoken in answer to pharisaic criticism of the conduct of Jesus and of his disciples toward the traditions of the Jews regarding the Sabbath.

Four things stand out in clear perspective, in this authoritative utterance of Jesus. First, the Sabbath as an institution had its origin in a distinct creative act, by which the Creator of the universe combined the Sabbath idea with designated time, and thus definitely and formally established holy time.

Second, the Sabbath has a universal application to all men and is not limited to any one race or people.

Third, the act by which holy time was constituted Sabbath, had a definite purpose which it sought to accomplish, viz., the enrichment of the life of man.

Fourth, the Christ, the Lord of man, be-

cause of the purpose of the Sabbath, viz., human betterment, is Lord also of the Sabbath, and as such, not only vouches for its authenticity, but stands sponsor for its perpetuity.

I desire today, in this Conference sermon on the Sabbath, to raise aloft these four fundamental principles, clearly set forth by Jesus. In so doing, I desire to exalt him and to help you to exalt him who is Lord of the Sabbath.

Seventh Day Baptists as a people have had a wondrous and blessed history. Glimpses of it have been shown us in the preceding masterly address. The distinct organic existence of three hundred years has been illuminated by illustrious deeds of faith and heroism, born of spiritual sonship to the Divine, and of obedience to the divine Word. But for the preceding fifteen centuries, from the days of Christ and the apostles, to the days of John Trask and Peter Chamberlen, the Lord of the Sabbath seems not to have left himself without witnesses to its worth and power, even though these witnesses were sometimes scattered as despised Waldenses, Lollards, or Anabaptists, or as isolated members of the Romish Church itself. The Sabbath advocates and adherents who came down in tenacious succession from the disciples of Christ, to the organization of the Mill Yard Church in London in 1617, were as clear in their vision and as loyal in heart, and perhaps as efficient promoters, as any who have followed them in the three hundred years of organized denominational existence.

It is my hope today, building upon the authority of Jesus for the origin, scope, purpose, and destiny of the Sabbath, and inspired by the illuminating history of the past, that we may catch a new vision of the future and lay hold upon the present with new purpose and power.

I have referred to the inspiring history of Seventh Day Baptists and to the innumerable host who observed the Sabbath before the period of organized denominational life began, not to dwell upon that history and the details of the struggles and achievements of all those who have loved the Sabbath since Christ loved and honored it, as they have been so impressively reviewed by Dr. Main, but to make that history a background for the study today, in the twentieth century of the Christian era, of the fundamental principles enunciated by Christ

in this text. That history stands before us for suggestion and inspiration while we draw practical conclusions in regard to present day duties based upon these four fundamental principles enunciated by Jesus in the words of the text.

1. The Sabbath in its institutional idea and in its consecrated time is a part of the divine creative program and process. The seventh day, the Sabbath of which Jesus was speaking, is as definitely an integral part of creation, as are the moon and the stars; the trees, the grass and the cattle; the fish and the birds; and even man himself.

If God called the light he had created day, and the darkness night, he likewise called the seventh day which he had created, the Sabbath. If God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters called the seas, and if he saw that it was good; if God created man in his own image, male and female, and if God blessed them; if on the seventh day God rested from all his work which he had made; so also "God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it; because that in it he rested from all his work which God had created and made."

Thus I say that the Sabbath, as a sacred and holy day, is an integral part of the created cosmos, impossible of separation from it, or of transfer to any other day or time. And this I say, not solely or chiefly on the authority of the Genesis story of creation, or on the Mosaic Law, but on the authority of Jesus himself, who said that the "*Sabbath was made*," that it was a part of the plan and program of the Creator, that that plan was executed and carried out for a distinct and definite purpose—a purpose which we are now to study in greater detail.

From the Decalogue, which is the center of the Mosaic Law given to Israel, we learn that Israel was a people to whom the Sabbath was already known, and who needed not so much to be informed as to be reminded of the Sabbath's sacred and holy character. "*Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.*" What can be more evident than that the fourth commandment of the Decalogue is most of all a reminder to Israel of the then known fact that the Sabbath is inseparably linked with God's creative workmanship. "For in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; where-

fore Jehovah blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it."

II. That the Sabbath of creation has a universal application, obligation, and blessing-for all men, and is not confined to any one race or people is asserted by Jesus himself in his saying that, "The sabbath was made for *man*." The word "man" is the generic, universal term. He did not say the Sabbath was made for the Jew or for the sons of Abraham. Like all other creation it is for the race in its widest and fullest scope and application.

We have seen that Israel knew of the Sabbath, before the giving of the law on Mount Sinai. Furthermore, there is no duty imposed upon Israel in the Ten Commandments which is not equally incumbent upon all men everywhere, unless perchance it may be the duty to, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." Shall any man say that the fourth commandment is an exception to the other nine and that no universal significance is attached to it, while in all the others such universality inheres?

The history of primitive nations shows conclusively that many other ancient religions were familiar with the idea of sacred time and doubtless received from a common source the fundamental ideas of the Sabbath of creation.

In Babylon and India the calendar bore the marks of the Sabbath. Nomads and shepherds of the Lunar religion sacredly counted the four phases of the moon, and to them it appeared to stand still on the seventh day. Cuneiform inscriptions, recently discovered and deciphered, use the term "Shabattu," almost the exact equivalent of the Hebrew "Shavath," and having the same generic idea of rest, at the end of a seven-day week.

The seven-day week has been traced by scholars over a large part of the globe. Its remote origin and connection with the star cult, and the cult of the number seven, and with the phases of the moon, takes us far back into the ancient oriental world, where the seventh day as a weekly sacred day has the best support of modern scholarship.

It seems another evidence of Jehovah's wise method that he chose a Sabbath, marking a planetary week, and distinguishable by the moon's changes, to enable primitive man to have a fixed physical reminder and guide for the hebdomadal, or seven day cycle, on which all men were ultimately to engraft,

through many vicissitudes of evolution and revelation, the ideals of a divinely created and sanctified Sabbath. Thus Babylonia, Assyria, and India, before the days of a Hebrew nation, before a Moses, or a Decalogue, were laying the foundations under a divine guidance, for the universality of the Sabbath to be enriched and resanctified by Jesus the Christ, who is Lord of the Sabbath.

Homer and Hesiod, Greek contemporaries of the Hebrews, wrote of the Sabbath day as sacred for the quest of the knowledge of truth. The Sabbath is, therefore, as non-sectarian as truth or as prayer. "The Jews had no more exclusive right to it than they had to the air of Asia; neither did the Assyro-Babylonians, nor the classic writers of Greece. It belonged to all mankind then; it belongs to all mankind now."

With these facts of history well attested, the universality of the Sabbath implied in Christ's declaration, "The sabbath was made for *man*,"—for all the representatives of the race—becomes doubly convincing and doubly authoritative.

III. The definite purpose of serving the race is asserted of the Sabbath of creation in the declaration of Jesus that, "The sabbath was made *for man*; and not man for the sabbath."

The fourth commandment is a commentary on the mercy and kindness in the heart of the Creator who made the Sabbath for rest for all people and their cattle. "Thou nor thy son nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates," indicates the comprehensiveness of the love and sympathy of the all wise Father for his children for whom he made the Sabbath day for physical rest and for spiritual refreshment.

Professor Hutton Webster, in his exhaustive book entitled, "Rest Days," published by McMillan Company, and to which I am indebted for much valuable material on the prevalence of the seven-day week and the seventh-day Sabbath among oriental and pagan nations, makes this striking statement in closing his chapter on the Hebrew Sabbath: "Though Jesus regarded the Sabbath as still binding on his followers, his teaching that it is a *social* institution designed for practical benefit to mankind, and not as a fetish, brought him repeatedly into conflict with the Pharisees, and called forth those utter-

ances which have been so strangely neglected by Sabbatarians in after ages: 'For the Son of man is lord of the sabbath'; 'The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath'; 'My Father worketh (that is on the sabbath) even until now I work.'"

I call attention to this quotation in this place, to emphasize the social value of the Sabbath for man, which this modern scholar points out in the teaching of Jesus, and particularly in the passage we have now under consideration.

The Sabbath, as an institution as old as man himself, has its foundation in the necessities of man's physical, social, and spiritual nature. It is not strange, therefore, to find that these human demands coincide with divine provisions to meet them.

The need of physical rest one day in seven is acknowledged by science and industry alike, apart from the considerations of religion. An institution as ancient as the race is the family. No period of the world's history has put such a strain on the family life as our modern industrial *regime*. Where fathers and other bread winners are in factories and mills and mines from daylight until dark, six days in the week, the only real opportunity for a family fellowship which shall include the children, the heart of the home, is the Sabbath day. To how many of us do the sweetest recollections of childhood cluster about the Sabbath?

The Sabbath, the church service, the Sabbath school, and young people's meetings, furnish infinite resources for pure, uplifting social values, that a community without a weekly Sabbath could never know. These values all contribute to the soul nourishment which comes alone through Sabbath worship and religious instruction. For all of these, the institution of the Sabbath and its perpetuity as a day of religion are fundamental. And Jesus said, "The sabbath was made *for man*."

IV. By the statement of Jesus that he, "the Son of man is lord of the sabbath," we have his guarantee of its authenticity, and the announcement of his guardianship of its perpetuity.

What a sunburst of faith a new vision of this truth floods upon us. For three hundred years; Seventh Day Baptists have endured the pity, the scorn, and opposition of men who lacked this vision. We have sometimes questioned the future or we have stoically withstood opposition. We have

resorted to statistics, and counted our numbers or we have revised our machinery. My friends, today I bring to you and to the great world this glad message. Jesus is Lord of the Sabbath! The cause is in *his* keeping! Is he *our* Lord and Master? Are we faithful and trustful and obedient? If we are, the *cause* is secured, whatever the statistics may read, or the prophecies of fear forecast. His Word standeth sure.

If men tell you that the Sabbath has waited long and wearily to come to its own; if they tell you something else will do as well; if they say economic conditions are adverse; hold aloft Jesus' saying, "The Son of man is lord even of the Sabbath."

Jesus-Christ preached love. But a selfish, angry warring world still hates and robs and starves and kills. But, my friends, love will triumph because Jesus is Lord.

Jesus taught men to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and its righteousness and that all needful worldly goods would be added; but men still shut their hearts against the kingdom and bow down to the mammon of unrighteousness. Jesus taught the paucity of worldly wealth and the riches of spiritual graces. Yet men seek riches and starve the soul. The slow acknowledgment of spiritual values and the tardy coming of the kingdom cast no aspersions upon the great Teacher, and take nothing from the authority of his Word, or the certainty of ultimate victory of any truth for which he is sponsor. The same Lord is Lord also of the Sabbath.

V. Conclusion.

Another will speak of the constructive Sabbath program of the future. He is better fitted to do so than I am, because he is charged with the responsibility of leadership in that program. Before passing, however, to the conclusion of this discussion of the Sabbath as Jesus viewed it, permit me to speak a word in regard to the completion of the publishing house and denominational building, now begun by Seventh Day Baptists, in Plainfield, N. J. In that enterprise is not only a potent instrument, but a tangible evidence of life and interest which are essential to any forward looking program. To delay the completion of that building is to delay the program and the cause for which it stands.

All Christendom is distressed because of the present popular disregard for Sunday and the danger of a loss of the Sabbath

spirit from the Christian Church. Frantic appeals are made for legal, statutory protection for the sacredness of the day. In this uncertainty and distress, which is the inheritance of this generation from past centuries, augmented by changed economic and social conditions, the Church, with fasting and prayer, is crying to God for a practicable and effective deliverance. The sanctions of human nature must be re-enforced by the sanctions of religion and revelation.

The Sabbath of which Jesus is Lord, has these sanctions and offers to Christians of all churches new visions of Sabbath truth by which, in their own churches, and in their own way, they shall rise to greater blessing and greater power. No loftier mission can command the best talent and holiest consecration of the disciples of Christ in any church, than is to be found in this field of Sabbath promotion.

But it must be a religious and voluntary adherence, and not coerced and legal. The goal of this mission is not a sectarian goal, but it will be found in a willingness to see people accept and practice the truth of the Sabbath within the fellowship of their own churches.

The Sabbath is non-sectarian and is a basis for a new inter-church religious awakening and revival. All Seventh Day Baptists desire to do is to be evangelists who point men to God and truth. The religious revival which I foresee will give men liberty of conscience, and it will give them *conscience* because it will be a spiritual force and not a legal force.

That which is most spiritual can not come by external force. It must come by illumination, by experience, and by growth. So, God in heaven, not by any processes of coercion, but by spiritual processes with physical and spiritual sanctions, and by the necessity and inevitableness of spiritual goals, is turning men's minds and hearts back to the Lordship of Jesus Christ.

Men must come to see that the eternal Word, which was in the beginning with God, which shone dimly in the purest souls of pagan barbarism, and which has shone in ever brightening rays through media more and more fit for its transmission, has found its ultimate brilliance and illuminating power in the life, the consciousness, and the Lordship of Jesus Christ.

Men must come to feel that he came, not only to fulfill the Law and the Prophets of

Hebrew life, but that he came to fulfill the law and the prophetic experience of the universal life of mankind.

In such a universal faith in the Lordship of Jesus, his Lordship of the Sabbath will be an imperishable part.

There was no message from God in the storm, or in the fire, or in the earthquake. But in the "still small voice" Elijah heard the message.

Humanity's response to the message of Lordship to Jesus Christ in the Sabbath, as in everything else, will be its response to the "still small voice," not its response to the laws of states or to the thunders of men.

So, for the perpetuity of a Sabbath conscience and a Sabbath blessing in the Church, as for the perpetuity of love and unselfishness and service in the Church, I hold aloft the Lordship of a transfigured Christ who came to fulfill the law and life for a universal humanity and a universal Church.

To him the Sabbath was God's gift to the race, and not to any single nation or church.

To him the Sabbath was the gift of a special blessing to humanity, something God gave to enrich the life of all his children.

To him the Lordship of the Sabbath, the guarantee of authenticity for all men, and of its perpetuity for all time, was a part of his high commission from Almighty God.

Humanity will never know its ultimate redemption until it lives and functions in the pure light of that Lordship. Slowly but surely it is approaching that knowledge and that faith. Little by little the horizon is widening. Organized life grows, so spiritual life will go on growing under the unfolding glory of that Lordship, until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Travel upon rails has always been reckoned to be twice or three times as rapid as travel on the water. But the modern "speed boat," a shallow craft, engined up to six hundred horse power and riding, at speed, on top of the water instead of ploughing through it, can make the locomotives puff to keep up with it. Such a boat, named the Teaser, lately ran from New York to Albany in two hours and forty minutes, twenty minutes faster than the running time of the famous Twentieth Century Limited.—*Youth's Companion*.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

October 5, Fouke School opens.

Who is the new Onward Movement treasurer?

Rev. Harold R. Crandall, 3681 Broadway, New York City.

Who is treasurer of the General Conference?

James H. Coon, Milton, Wis.

Note that the Onward Movement treasurer received in August, \$682.62. He should have received \$4,166.67.

YEARLY, SEMI-ANNUAL, AND QUARTERLY MEETINGS

What a valuable book we would have if we could gather the histories of our yearly, semi-annual, and quarterly meetings and combine them into one volume!

In 1696—two hundred twenty-nine years ago—the Seventh Day Baptists began holding an annual meeting at Newport, R. I., "at which it was expected that all the brethren from the mainland as well as those upon the island, should be present. This annual meeting was continued through this entire period (to the organization of the General Conference in 1802), and may be regarded as the nucleus around which the General Conference was finally gathered. . . . These meetings were occasions of great spiritual refreshing. The preaching was with fervor, strengthening and encouraging the people of God, awakening the careless, and often leading multitudes to the foot of the cross for peace and pardon." (Rev. L. A. Platts in *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*.)

Later, general or yearly meetings were held in New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New York. Of these meetings Dr. Main writes in *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*: "These were seasons of social joy, increased fellowship and spiritual refreshing, the time being largely given to preaching and devotional exercises.

For the sake of these blessings some would travel a hundred miles by ox teams."

Most of the readers of the *SABBATH RECORDER* have attended meetings similar to these yearly meetings, and have realized much pleasure and help from the Christian fellowship enjoyed and the spiritual blessings received.

Such meetings held a very important place in my early life, and I doubt not but scores of our loyal Seventh Day Baptists agree with me that the early semi-annual meetings of the Dodge Center, New Auburn, Carlston, Alden, and Trenton churches in Minnesota, were very helpful to us as young people in interesting us in the Christian life and in our denominational work. And many other loyal Seventh Day Baptists would say the same of the influence on their lives of yearly, semi-annual, and quarterly meetings in other sections of the denomination.

We have several local union meetings in our denomination today, and they have a very important bearing on the spiritual life and development of the denomination. Some of these are yearly meetings, some semi-annual, some quarterly, and others having no set time but held occasionally.

Union meetings to celebrate the Lord's Supper, such as are held by the Milton and Milton Junction churches, and the Shiloh and Marlboro churches, and possibly others are sources of strength and help.

Some of the meetings that should be of great value to us this year are: the Iowa Yearly Meeting; the Quarterly Meetings of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Churches; the semi-annual meetings of—Michigan and Ohio Churches, Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin Churches, and the Brookfield Churches; and the Yearly Meeting of the New Jersey, New York City, and Berlin Churches.

These meetings can be attended by more of our people than are able to attend the associations and Conference, and while the business features of Conference are lacking in these meetings, they offer excellent opportunities for realizing the devotional, evangelistic, inspirational, and the fraternal elements of our united religious work, that are of great value.

In preparing and carrying out the programs of these meetings, let us aim to realize the most possible in the occasions, all of us praying and working to accomplish these things.

And then let us endeavor to have present at these meetings our nonresident members and those who seldom attend our services, so that we may enjoy their presence, and that they may share with us the rich blessings that God has in store for us in these meetings that the small churches as well as the larger ones can entertain.

And finally, write up an account of the meetings for the SABBATH RECORDER that its readers may share in the blessings received and enjoyed by those who were so fortunate as to attend them.

STATEMENT ONWARD MOVEMENT TREASURER, AUGUST, 1925

<i>Receipts</i>	
Alfred, First	\$ 60.79
Alfred, Second	39.50
Independence	48.50
Little Prairie	11.00
Milton	124.33
Pawcatuck	300.00
Salem	32.50
Syracuse	6.00
Lucia M. Waldo	10.00
Nile, Ladies' Aid society	25.00
	\$657.62
Special:	
Conference expense:	
W. H. Tassell, M. D.	\$ 10.00
Denominational building:	
First Alfred	5.00
Missionary Society, China:	
Lost Creek Sabbath school	10.00
	\$ 25.00
Total Receipts	\$657.62
Total Special	25.00
	\$682.62

<i>Disbursements</i>	
General Conference	\$ 69.58
Contingent Fund	25.62
Scholarships and Fellowships	12.00
Historical Society	6.00
Ministerial Relief	48.00
Tract Society	93.60
Denominational building	5.00
Education Society	18.00
Woman's Board	51.60
Missionary Society	226.00
Young People's Board	26.40
Sabbath School Board	43.20
Balance	57.62
Total disbursements	\$682.62

HAROLD R. CRANDALL, *Treasurer.*

3681 Broadway, New York City,
September 14, 1925.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

"All ye that are about him, bemoan him; and all ye that know his name, say, How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod!"

For several weeks past, I have had a desire to write an article for the RECORDER on William Jennings Bryan as I saw him at Winona Lake.

I am fully aware that what I say will seem very tame when compared with what others are saying about him, but I hope to present a side of his character that I, at least, have not seen in print.

I first heard of him through the report of the Democratic Convention in Chicago, where he made his famous speech on "The Cross of Gold." I was very anxious to hear him speak and made plans several times to do so, but my plans were always frustrated until I began to think that the "fates" were against me. But, "all things come to him who waits" and in due time my opportunity came to hear Bryan. In 1916, I went to Winona Lake to spend the Fourth. While there Mr. Bryan stopped off between trains and delivered an excellent address. I am not going to say anything about that address further than to tell you of the tribute he paid to Mrs. Bryan. "She was lovely," he said, "the first time I saw her, so lovely that she challenged my admiration. It was a case of love at first sight, but she has grown in loveliness all these years. She has shared in all my trials and in such triumphs as there have been."

When, on my next visit to Winona, I saw Mrs. Bryan on the platform and heard her speak, I felt confident that the tribute paid her by her husband was richly deserved.

But I want to speak of Mr. Bryan as I saw him at the Winona Bible Conference. The first time I heard him speak at the Bible Conference, I said to myself, "If I had come into this service without knowing who was to speak I would have thought it was one of the ministers in attendance upon the conference." Whether from training or other causes, it seemed difficult for me to connect a politician with the pulpit. In these sermons there were no flights of oratory. He simply talked to us much as he would have talked to a little parlor company, yet he enunciated so distinctly that I am

sure the multitude had no difficulty in understanding what was said.

On one occasion he told us of an interesting event in his life. He wanted to go to a certain city to speak on temperance. He could not find a Democrat who would go and introduce him, so he went alone, rented a hall, made the announcement; and when the time came, went onto the platform, hung his coat and hat on a chair, addressed the chair, and made his speech. A few years later he went to that city again to speak on temperance under greatly changed circumstances.

The next morning another surprise awaited me when Mr. Bryan came into the early morning prayer meeting. Surely it would not be expected that a politician, a man traveling over the country lecturing, broken of his rest, and accustomed to sleeping late in the morning when he had an opportunity, would be at the six o'clock prayer meeting; but nevertheless he was there, a humble worshiper seeking God's blessing and guidance for the day.

And there was still one more surprise. He always attended the services of the Rescue Mission workers. A hillside had been fitted up for meetings, and a service was held there between supper and the regular evening service. These services were usually conducted by the Rescue Mission boys. I was told that he said he enjoyed no service of the Bible conference better than he enjoyed the hillside service. What was there at those services to draw him? It would be expected that he would enjoy listening to noted divines who would give him food for thought couched in the best English, but the stories told at the Rescue Mission services were not always told in the best language. Why then was he there? There can be but one answer to the question. He was there because it gave him joy to hear the old but ever new story of how the gospel of Jesus Christ is able to pick men up out of the gutter and transform them into noble Christian citizens.

At one of these services, Mr. Bryan was seated next to the principal speaker. After he had given a report of his work, Mr. Bryan arose and spoke of how he had enjoyed the brother's report, then added, in effect, that "his work and mine have lain along different lines. He has been helping men up out of the gutter, while I have been trying to keep them from getting into the

gutter." Following this in a few brief words, he unveiled to us his heart. He told of how measures had been thrust upon him, which it had not been in his plans to take up, and of the desire in his heart from youth up to the present time to be able to do something to help boys, so that they might be able to avoid the experiences that come as a result of sin.

One writer says, "He died of a broken heart." Was the honor conferred upon him of passing through the gateway of death in the footsteps of the Master?

After I was able to think calmly of his death, I said to myself, "I wonder how it seems to Bryan to be resting in perfect peace and communion with the One whom he served, and whose he was?"

William Jennings Bryan, statesman, orator, author, Christian, defender of the faith, and apostle of peace, grandly hast thou upheld the banner of righteousness in the thickest of the fight, and, having sealed thy testimony with thy life, now,

"Sleep and rest, brave hero of the past."

DESERT SAGE

My feet are treading the city streets,
But heart is far astray,
Over the distant desert hills
Where the sage grows cool and grey.
Where the scent of the sage is keen and sweet
That flies on the wind away.

I hear the noise of the busy town
And the crowds that pass me by;
But my thoughts are away to the distant hills
As wild birds homeward fly.
I am one with the hills and the fragrant sage,
The wind, and the autumn sky.

And ever the western winds do blow,
From the Land of Yesterday,
Where the silvery plums of desert sage
Fragrantly bend and sway;
(Oh, my feet are treading the city streets—
But my heart is far away!)—*Edith Osborne.*

In our pioneer days the primitive preacher with a colloquial vocabulary, a good voice, an emotional temperament and a genuine spiritual experience was a power in every community. The church of tomorrow must send out its witness into an atmosphere of far different mental density. Its witnesses from both pulpit and pew need a different and better preparation. For our people to be relatively indifferent to the need of education is to misread the signs of the times.—*The Baptist.*

MISSIONS

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

EIGHTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(Concluded)

Report of the Work at Liuho for the Year
Ending May 31, 1925

BY THE THREE DOCTORS

The past year has been the most disturbing and exciting period in the history of the Liuho mission. Up to September 4 everything went on in much the usual way; then came the great upheaval of the war, with Liuho as one of the great fighting centers. Dr. Palmborg went away for a short vacation about the middle of August, and when the fighting began, she was taking a post graduate course at the Peking Union Medical College. When she left Liuho there had been no rumor of war, or, if any, so slight as to make no impression on the mind.

The story of the rescue of Dr. Crandall with all her patients and helpers by the help of the Shanghai-Liuho auto company, the Red Cross, and a newspaper correspondent has been told in the RECORDER, but should perhaps be mentioned again here for the sake of history. The hospital was badly wrecked by explosive shells, and a perfect rain of bullets made its occupancy impossible. The looting of the mission property, as well as of the whole town, was carried on for some time by the soldiers at their leisure, and was well finished by the people living at the edge of the fighting area as soon as the defeated soldiers left and before the inhabitants could return.

Dr. Palmborg and Dr. Crandall returned on October 22. They were compelled to begin treatment of the sick and wounded as soon as the country people found that they had returned. They also had to care for several wounded soldiers both in and out of the hospital. They were not in the least prepared for work, as the bottles of medicine which were not carried away or broken, were scattered all over the place, and there was almost nothing with which to work.

It has been a hard task to get stocked up again, for it is impossible to think beforehand of all that may be needed in every emergency. The work of looking over the refuse, finding what could be saved of it, and cleaning and repairing such things was a long and wearisome task, taking weeks for its accomplishment. Then the repair of the buildings took over two months, but, when they were finished, they looked better than for a long time and were in some ways improved. A new fence around the front and one side of the buildings and an iron gate in front of the dispensary make the place look neater than before.

The cost of all these repairs and re-equipment has been met by the money which has been kept in the medical fund with the hope of some time building another small building, and also by the generous gifts of the good friends at home to whom we are truly grateful. Many gifts from America have come to the doctors, also, to help them replace their lost possessions. Missionary friends in Shanghai, too, have been most generous, not only those of our own mission, but of some other missions as well. All these have warmed our hearts, as we have realized more than ever the sympathy and love which they express.

Meanwhile Dr. Thorngate and family were crossing America in the hospital car, a gift from the medical friends at home, in the company of the H. E. Davis family. The Thorngates left Exeland, Wis., September 8, and sailed from Vancouver October 23, arriving in Shanghai November 8. They spent the time until February 13 in language study with two native teachers, under the supervision of Mr. Crofoot. On this date they came to Liuho. They wish to acknowledge the gifts of friends which were a great help in furnishing the house which had been repaired but was almost entirely bare of furniture. Dr. Palmborg had already moved to her rented rooms in town, having begun her new work there on December 1. She would rather have waited until it was more convenient, but the pressure of the need seemed to make it wise to begin so soon. The last of February Dr. Crandall went on her long planned but very much shortened vacation with her friends, Dr. Josie and Miss Mabel Rogers.

Dr. Palmborg's new work occupying her afternoons, Dr. Thorngate immediately began to take the afternoon clinics with the

help of Miss Helen Su. He also had to look after the hospital patients quite largely.

When Dr. Crandall came back the first of April, Dr. Palmborg handed over all the affairs of the hospital to her and devoted herself entirely to her new work. Dr. Thorngate has continued to take charge of the afternoon clinic and also helps some in the morning clinic after his study time is over. He has also had a share of the in-patients under his care.

The Thorngates are studying with one of the Liuho church members, Mr. Koo, spending three hours a day in that very necessary work. Mrs. Thorngate has studied as much as she could, but the advent of the little David has broken in considerably on that time. She has also been hostess for the mission, the other doctors boarding there partially.

The statistics of the medical work from November 1 to June 1 are as follows:

Treatments in the dispensary, 6988:	
Men	1588
Women	1208
Children	1105
Soldiers	199
Total	4100
Diseases treated:	
Malaria	1540
Skin	729
Eyes	489
Infected wounds and abscesses	99
Tuberculosis	44
Accidents	40
War wounds	26
Burns	30
Operations in clinic, not abscesses	16
Miscellaneous	1087
Outcalls	58
In-patients of which 9 were operative	87

Some remarks are necessary in explanation of these statistics. No account was kept of any cases between October 22 and November 1. Almost all of our work for the first month or so was free. We had several gifts of quinine from the Red Cross for free dispensing. The poor people had no money to pay for anything. Since records have been kept, the average monthly number of dispensary treatments has been nine hundred ninety-eight, the largest we have ever had.

Soldiers are recorded separately as a matter of interest to ourselves. The number is really more than that recorded, as sometimes one would forget and write "man" instead of "soldier." It shows that we have tried to do good to our erstwhile enemies,

though they are probably not the identical ones who wrecked and looted us. Much of the treatment to them has been free. There have been a great many quartered in town ever since the war. Of the burns several have been cases of burns purposely inflicted by robbers who were trying to force their victims to disclose the hiding places of money. Robberies are very frequent these days. As to the in-patients, we did not receive our new beds until after the middle of April, and so were unable to receive many until after that date.

Soon after their return Dr. Palmborg and Dr. Crandall were asked by a sanitary commission from Nanking to take charge of sanitary work in the town. Although it seemed almost impossible to spare the time, they felt that they must do so even at the expense of their own work. So for a long time one of them spent much time on the streets supervising workmen while the other cared for the dispensary work. The people of the town seemed to appreciate it very much, and, as they were working along with others, they felt that they came into closer touch with the people in a friendly way than ever before. Some of the chief men of the town have expressed themselves as grateful and pleased that the doctors were willing to stay after the way that they had been treated.

A great deal of time was also given to the distribution of quilts and garments furnished by kind friends in Shanghai. As it was desired that these should go to the most needy, the homes had to be visited and many inquiries made, all of which consumed much time.

In her new work, Dr. Palmborg has on her roll about thirty women who come to her rooms five afternoons of each week to do cross-stitch and other work on articles made of Chinese linen. She hopes to sell these articles mostly in America. The work began as a charity work, country women making clothes for themselves and for others which were given away. Of course, it could not continue indefinitely in that way and it has gradually changed its character as well as its personnel, only three or four of the original women remaining.

Each day before dismissal some time is spent in the study of the Gospel, beginning with a catechism on the true doctrine. Some can read while others are learning. Some are becoming personally interested, one

woman having become a probationer and already living a Christian life. She has given up all her heathen customs and is, in every way, doing the best she knows.

Dr. Palmborg has two of Dr. Sinclair's protegés living with her, one a little girl who is practically an orphan, and the other a woman whom Dr. Sinclair sent to a Bible training school where she learned to read and to understand more thoroughly the Christian religion. She is a whole-hearted Christian and a good help in the work. She talks to the women patients in the hospital, helps to teach Dr. Palmborg's women, and goes out almost every afternoon to teach the Gospel in the homes of the people. Dr. Palmborg gives her her board and a few dollars a month for her needs.

The civil governor of the province, through the kind offices of a Liuho man who knew him, gave Dr. Palmborg two thousand dollars for the industrial work and promised to give indemnity for the war losses when there should be money for it, but we have come to feel that perhaps the two thousand dollars was a sop to ease our feelings and that he intends to fall back on that as a settlement of the whole matter. Now he is dismissed from the governorship, and we feel rather dubious about ever getting any indemnity.

The Liuho Church suffered heavily from the war. One man whom we considered one of our best members had his rented house with all he had burned and is not now in Liuho. Two hundred Mexican dollars was sent by friends in America and divided among the church members here. The Shanghai Church was very generous in caring for them and providing them with quilts and clothing during the war.

There have been no additions to the church during the year, but several have written their names as probationers. One member has died, and two have been expelled. Some special meetings have been held lately which Mr. H. E. Davis will report.

The town of Liuho is rebuilding at a rate that we could not have believed possible. If they keep on as they have begun, within three years it will be a much better looking town than before. A weaving establishment has been started also by the help of the governor.

We were beginning to feel that there was improvement all along the line until this anti-

foreign and anti-Christian student outbreak began in Shanghai. Here, however, as yet we have had no expression of hostility directed against us. All in all we have very much for which to thank God.

VII.—ANNUAL REPORT OF CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

During the year the corresponding secretary has tried to serve the Missionary Society and world-wide missions in every way possible. In this service the Board of Managers has given the secretary wide liberty and loyal support. The board is united, and the splendid spirit it has shown has been an inspiration.

The activities of the year have been many and varied; but, as they have been recorded in the quarterly reports, details are omitted in this report. The correspondence, which is large and increasing, has been cared for by the corresponding secretary with the clerical help furnished by the board. Much time has been spent in preparing material for the Missionary Department of the SABBATH RECORDER, and many days the first half of the year were given to an endeavor to promote evangelism throughout the denomination. Following the board meeting one year ago the corresponding secretary looked after the printing of the annual report and attended the General Conference at Milton, Wis. At a pre-Conference Ministers' Meeting, held at Milton Junction, Wis., one day was given to the corresponding secretary to conduct a "Retreat" and to present our missionary work and problems. The secretary has attended the associations, as usual, and the programs of these meetings have given much time to missions. He has regularly conducted communion for our church at Waterford, Conn., when in the United States, and visited twelve other churches in this country and two in foreign countries. In February the secretary attended a Foreign Missions Conference in Washington, D. C., which lasted six days, and in June he attended a Conference on Evangelism, held at Northfield, Mass.

Eight weeks were given to a trip to Trinidad, British West Indies, and to Georgetown, British Guiana. One great object of the trip was to investigate the needs of Seventh Day Baptists in Trinidad; but very much time, thought, and energy were given to legal and financial matters in Georgetown, as reported to the Board of Managers last April. While in Georgetown he assisted

Brother Spencer in a special campaign and delivered sixteen sermons and addresses, and in Trinidad he delivered seven sermons and addresses.

While trying to perform these varied duties the secretary has been able to secure some worthwhile contributions to the cause of missions and to serve the society in many ways; but as he looks over the year's work, he regrets that more could not have been accomplished.

VIII.—IN MEMORIAM

It is with sorrow that the Board of Managers records the loss, during the year, of one of its most active members, Mrs. Elizabeth Briggs Greene, formerly Mrs. Elizabeth Briggs Clarke, whose death occurred November 28, 1924.

Since early life Mrs. Greene has been an active worker in the first Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I., and for a number of years an enthusiastic member of the Board of Managers. She was deeply interested in our mission work, faithful in attending the board meetings, and always willing to give of her time to committee and other work connected with the board.

Her death brings sadness to us all, not alone because she was an active and helpful member of the Board of Managers, but also because just a few months before her death she and Mr. Orville D. Greene, of Syracuse, N. Y., were united in holy wedlock and her death unexpectedly terminated the earthly hopes of both.

IX.—TENTATIVE BUDGET FOR 1926

China—	
J. W. Crofoot	\$1,600.00
H. Eugene Davis	1,600.00
H. Eugene Davis	300.00
George Thorngate	1,600.00
Susie M. Burdick	800.00
Rosa W. Palmborg	800.00
Grace I. Crandall	800.00
Anna M. West	800.00
Mabel West	800.00
Incidentals	500.00
Girls' School	300.00
Traveling expenses	1,900.00
	<hr/> \$11,800.00
British Guiana—	
T. L. M. Spencer	\$1,000.00
Interest on mortgage	100.00
	<hr/> 1,100.00
Australia	1,000.00
Jamaica	420.00
Holland	700.00
Home Field—	
Colorado Field	\$ 500.00
Southwestern Field	1,000.00
Robert B. St. Clair (Gen'l	

Miss.)	1,500.00
Northern Michigan Field ..	300.00
Little Prairie (C. C. Van Horn)	500.00
California Field (G. W. Hills)	600.00
Middle Island	400.00
Hammond	300.00
Fouke	300.00
Stonefort (Ellis R. Lewis) ..	600.00
Exeland (Charles W. Thorngate)	200.00
Syracuse (William Clayton) ..	100.00
West Edmeston (Mrs. Lena G. Crofoot)	100.00
Western Association	500.00
Evangelistic Work on Pacific Coast	2,000.00
Iowa Field	400.00
Daytona, Fla.	100.00
Traveling expenses	1,200.00
Emergency fund	2,180.00
	<hr/> 12,780.00
Administration—	
Corresponding secretary	\$1,600.00
Clerical (For Treasurer) ..	400.00
Clerical (For Corresponding Secretary)	200.00
	<hr/> 2,200.00
Total	\$30,000.00
China School Building Fund	2,000.00
	<hr/> \$32,000.00

X.—ESTIMATED RESOURCES FOR 1926

Income on permanent funds	\$ 9,000.00
From the Woman's Board	2,500.00
From the Young People's Board	500.00
From the churches	20,000.00
	<hr/> \$32,000.00

(For Treasurer's annual report, see Year Book)

XI.—CONCLUSION

In reviewing the work of the year we find that, in addition to carrying on the work of the previous year, we have sent out Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate to Liuho, China, and employed Miss Mabel L. West in Shanghai, China; have made a personal investigation of the work in Trinidad, B. W. I., and tried to find a minister to put in charge of the work in Australia; have employed Rev. Robert B. St. Clair full time with headquarters in Detroit, Mich., and increased the appropriation to the church at Stonefort, so that Pastor Ellis R. Lewis might give full time to the work in southern Illinois; have increased the appropriations to some of the other churches and supported a missionary on the Hebron (Pa.) field; have made an effort to promote a systematic evangelistic campaign throughout the denomination and

tried to keep denominational interests and the world's need of Christ before the people.

As we turn to the future we find all the fields occupied last year demanding our support and new tasks presenting themselves. The fund to erect new school buildings in China is yet to be completed, and a missionary for Australia to be found and sent out; Jamaica is calling for a white minister to help in the work on that island, and Trinidad and Georgetown need encouragement and a minister from the homeland to supervise the work in their midst; Costa Rica has long been waiting for help, and Cape Verde Islands, England, India, Java, and other places are calling for the Gospel as proclaimed by Seventh Day Baptists; pastorless churches should be cared for, and the Pacific Coast is asking for an evangelistic team with a five years' program; general missionaries are needed in many sections, and evangelism should be pushed with great vigor.

These are some of the tasks and problems which confront us as we begin to prepare for another year; but our tasks are only a part of one great whole which God, the Father, hath committed to Protestant denominations and in which Seventh Day Baptists are called to have a part. It is the task of completing the evangelization of the world, now only well begun. It is too late to turn back. We have aroused and given the heathen nations power and a desire for self-government and freedom; now we must give them the Gospel or they become the deadliest peril to us and civilization. Nothing can stay the cataclysm of destruction but Christianity with its Gospel of purity, love, peace, and the brotherhood of all men based on the Fatherhood of God and the Saviorhood of Christ. To give them this Gospel is the colossal task Christian missions have undertaken. Compared with it everything else pales into insignificance. All wealth was created that it might be consecrated to this end, all skill and invention that they might contribute to this glorious purpose, all culture that it might hasten the world's redemption through Christ.

The great day of Christian missions has come and Seventh Day Baptists are called to have part in their triumphal consummation.

In behalf of and approved by the Board of Managers,

WILLIAM L. BURDICK,
Corresponding Secretary.

Westerly, R. I., July 15, 1925.

MONTHLY STATEMENT

August 1, 1925-September 1, 1925

S. H. Davis
In account with
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

Dr.		
Balance on hand August 1, 1925.....	\$19,435	23
Secretary on field, Missionary Society.....	10	00
Washington Trust Co., July interest..	1	89
Washington Trust Co., August interest	4	67
Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg, Missionary Society.....	25	00
	<u>\$19,476</u>	<u>79</u>

Cr.		
T. L. M. Spencer, July salary.....	\$	83 33
Wm. L. Burdick, July salary, traveling expenses, postage and stationery	190	69
L. J. Branch, July salary.....	25	00
C. C. Van Horn, July salary.....	41	66
Ellis R. Lewis, July salary.....	50	00
R. B. St. Clair, July salary.....	125	00
George W. Hills, July salary and traveling expenses.....	61	10
G. H. F. Randolph, July salary.....	33	33
Angeline P. Allen, July salary.....	25	00
D. Burdett Coon, July salary and traveling expenses.....	138	53
H. Louie Mignott, July salary.....	35	00
William L. Burdick, clerk hire.....	25	00
Alfred Loan Association, account H. E. Davis' salary.....	12	00
Washington Trust Co., China draft....	33	33
S. H. Davis, account Dr. Palmborg's salary.....	25	00
Harold R. Crandall, treasurer, account Dr. Crandall's salary.....	80	00
S. H. Davis, account Dr. Palmborg's salary.....	175	00
Treasurer's expenses.....	35	00

Balance on hand.....	\$ 1,193	97
	18,282	82
	<u>\$19,476</u>	<u>79</u>

Bills payable in September, about.....\$3,500 00

Special funds referred to in last month's report now amount to \$18,733.31, balance in hand \$18,282.82, net indebtedness \$450.49.

E. & O. E. S. H. Davis,
Treasurer.

Why crack nuts? A fashionable confectionery shop asks the question and offers fresh nut meats already opened. It would be hard to find anything that shows more plainly the modern tendency to regard as work what our predecessors considered as a pleasure. Cracking nuts, like popping corn, is a social diversion. It needs a big wooden bowl, several flatirons, of the old-fashioned kind, as many hammers, and an open fireplace for background. The man who wouldn't rather crack nuts in that way than have them cracked for him is a filbert.—*Youth's Companion.*

One of the most vicious ideas that ever found entrance into human brain is that there is not enough of everything for everybody, and that most people on the earth must be poor in order that a few may be rich.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

OUR CULTURAL DEBT TO THE PAST AND HOW TO PAY IT

(Conference Paper)

When I first learned of this topic I thought it foolish. Of course we owe a cultural debt to the past. Everybody admits it. We might about as well talk of the debt of the skyscraper to the hidden, reinforced concrete walls which support it, or of the athlete to the splendid physique of the mother who bore him. Nearly everybody seems to see that the past is the seed of the present and that tomorrow is the fruitage of today. It all seems as clear as the proverbial nose on the proverbial face.

But wait! President Bond gave me this subject and wise men do not often do or say foolish things. Our good president does not in the least resemble a certain British king I once heard about. You who have read English history know how the Stuart sovereigns were famous (or infamous) alike for their wit and their folly. It is recorded of the Duke of Buckingham, a prime favorite of King Charles II, how, when one morning going around to his royal master's apartment he found his majesty still—shall I say—un-up, he chalked on Charles' door the following quatrain:

"Here sleeps our sovereign, Charles the King—
God bless the bed he lies on!
—Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

I say, President Bond by no means resembles this royal reprobate, for his sayings and doings are characterized alike by thoughtfulness and wisdom. Being fully aware of this fact, I said to myself that this topic must bear serious scrutiny. My second thought convinced me that its obviousness is only skin-deep. It appears obvious only because the words of it are familiar. Could I do it justice—so I find—I should have to be discerning enough and wise enough and skillful enough to unroll for you the history of civilization and to justify to you the ways of God to man.

Art is long and time is fleeting. Accord-

ingly, let us get down to business. Twenty minutes is a short space in which to touch even some of the highest points—the Pikes Peaks—of the majestic landscape of the human past and human destiny which like a panorama unroll themselves before the thoughtful gazer.

Have you ever stopped to consider that what a man thinks of the past—like what he thinks of nature, of man, of destiny, and of God—is a great measuring rod which records his capacity and his performance—what he is? Let us examine for a moment, then, some of the characteristic attitudes toward the past which are writ large in the sayings and doings of all men.

First, there is the irresponsible man who thinks—if he thinks at all—that the past has about as much to do with his eating and sleeping, his getting and spending, as the story of Jack and the famous beanstalk. He thinks—if he thinks at all—that the present was spontaneously germinated. To him the present, like the goddess Venus in Greek mythology who sprang full-grown from the head of Jupiter, came just as it is into existence. Indeed, he holds that the world he experiences has always been about as it is now. There isn't much to a man with a lazy philosophy like that. He is rooted in shallow soil.

Then there is the man who holds that the past is a heavy mortgage on a piece of sadly decayed property. The past hampers him at every corner. It shackles him to an inheritance which he despises and hates. The past and its hold on folks so enrages him that it leads him to murder and assassination and to any deed that promises to free him from its grip. Away, he cries, with conventions, traditions, ceremonies, restraints, laws, and religions—these tentacles of the past which have—so he thinks—a strangle hold upon him! In his opinion wisdom and common sense first saw the light in his brain. And he accepts the burden of becoming the announcer of what he holds to be a new evangel, that of the natural life.

Beware of such a man! The only gods he knows are his own desires. Them only does he serve. His philosophy is a blind-alley philosophy.

I am not sure whether or no there is much choice between him and his exact opposite—the man who spends his days and nights lamenting the good old times. His

is the philosophy of the barn-yard poet who sang, "O, the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be." To this person the past alone is glorious, its women alone pure and beautiful, its men alone heroic. Even the sunshine in these latter days falls with a melancholy faded splendor on a world that is speeding to the bow-wows. You all know this man. I do not need to tell you that his philosophy of life at least slows up, if it does not actually halt, progress. One trouble with him is that he is trying to swim down stream when the tide is setting strongly up the river. And he complains because the universe isn't with him.

But, God be thanked! there is an increasing number of men and women to whom the past is something vastly different. They find in it the deep and strong foundation—laid sincerely, often with mistakes, sometimes in blood, always in sweat and toil and travail of soul—the foundation for the magnificent walls of the present and for the glorious superstructure of the future. To such folk, masterbuilders under the Great Architect, the past furnishes much of the plan, materials, and inspiration for the completed edifice that is destined to be the beautiful house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

In all that I have said I have failed entirely of my purpose if I have not shown you how harmful a wrong notion of the past may be, and if I have not given you at least a faint idea of the helpful place the past should occupy in our lives. We have received a wonderful inheritance from our distant and misty times. We have a great commission to "carry on." What are we going to do about it?

Let us look somewhat more carefully at the inheritance which the past has given us to enjoy, to use, and to augment.

There is the material heritage. Archimedes with his lever is the father of the powerful steam shovel that eats its way lackadaisically into the mountain, of the ponderous crane that lifts a three hundred-ton locomotive as if it were a toothpick, of the wheels that have transported us so speedily to this nook of West Virginia. James Watt with his tea-kettle full of steam that played tricks with the lid is the father of the railroad and of the stupendous factory system of the world. Ben Franklin with his kite is the father of the telegraph, the telephone, and the electric bulb which makes

America the best lighted country on the globe.

I am not now concerned, however, with these indispensable material blessings. I am to tell you of the cultural ideals, the rich and dynamic spiritual ideals, which the mighty past has brought us. It is easier to talk of culture than it is to define it. Let me try to give, nevertheless, a few simple illustrations of what I understand by cultural ideals.

When the ancient caveman saw a woman he wanted, he armed himself with his club and, by cunning and force, snatched her from her parents. If she were rebellious, he beat her into submission and made her his drudge, his mistress, and the mother of his many children. It is a long step from these ideals to the principle of marriage which the Bible upholds when it says, "For this reason shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." Slowly working on the hearts of men, God has taught them something vastly different and finer. Out of the school of the past the race has come to see that the true union of man and woman is not only biological and legal, it is spiritual—soul knit to soul, and personality supplementing personality. Thus we have the family and the home, which is a symbol of heaven. The institution of the family with its limitless possibilities for love, sacrificial service, and character development is one of the cultural ideals which the past has brought us.

Again, in the morning of history, a man suspected of killing a fellow creature was hunted down and quickly despatched by the nearest of kin to the slain. This rough and horrible kind of so-called justice, still in vogue among primitive folk and even some American mountaineers, is the origin of the blood-feud which has wiped out not only individuals, but families, clans, and tribes. It is a long step from these ideals to those of the Sermon on the Mount and a still greater step to their realization in the even yet sadly imperfect administration of justice. The Constitution of the United States guarantees every man a fair trial—of whatever crime he may be accused—before an impartial tribunal and takes punishment out of the hands of an avenger and lodges it in the impersonal State.

In spite of blatant miscarriages of justice in the courts of the civilized world,

there burns brightly in the heart of every decent citizen an unquenchable belief in the necessity of meting out to men even-handed justice in matters great and small. This undashed ideal is another of the great cultural contributions of the past. Out of the fertile soil of human experience and yearning in this wide field of social relations have sprung the twin institutions of law and government—two of the most potent benefactions of our kind. We who live in America and believe in democratic laws and democratic government, who compact our highest thought of these matters into the one word, Americanism, do we realize that these ideals did not come about of themselves and in a day, but that God has been helping men slowly to build them up through the long reaches of human history?

We can not be really thankful for Americanism without acknowledging our cultural debt to the past for the finer conception of men and of women, for the more wholesome human relations, for the more exalted idea of God which America represents.

I wish to call your attention to one more sublime contribution of the past.

The old-time man of the ice age, who scratched the rude pictures of the bear, the lion, and the mammoth which have been discovered in caves in France, lived in terror of evil spirits and malevolent deities. By sacrifices and ceremonies he sought to induce them to let him live in peace. Even the early Hebrews trembled before a God of wrath whom they sought to placate by fruit and flesh offerings.

It is a long step from this religion which made man an abject creature cowering before divine wrath and concerned solely for his own skin to the principle which Samuel enunciated, "Obedience is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams." Or to Micah's pronouncement, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before thy God." Or still greater to the spirit of Jesus when he said, "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Men are trying today to formulate a religion for the present which shall, as they say, free itself from the foolish past. They will never achieve their purpose. They can not overlook the indispensable contribution of the past any more than they can blot out the words which they spoke yesterday.

Religion is the greatest cultural ideal coming down to us from yesteryear.

Here then are three outstanding cultural contributions vital to your life and mine—the family, law and government, religion. Had I time and you patience, I could name you such a list of our historical indebtednesses as would look like a garage bill after your car has been in a smash-up.

Don't you see how the past rightly understood is no mere past but walks mightily in the present? Don't you see how utterly foolish any philosophy of life is which pretends that the past, like the vermiform appendix, can be cut from the life of men and leave them alive?

There remains one quantity in the equation which we have only scantily touched upon—the future. Granted that we have an increasingly lively sense of our indebtedness to the men and ideals of former years; granted that we see with new clearness that our life of today were impossible without that of yesterday, what of it? The ancient pagan cried, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." The modern pagan says, "We live but once; let us have fine clothes, drive fine cars, and go to the movies." And some of us folks who call ourselves Christians feel that the end of life is to care for our families and keep out of jail.

Sometimes I am inclined to feel that the only true follower of Christ is the man who, aware of his tremendous indebtedness to the past, is equally aware of his tremendous responsibility to the future. The real Christian is the man who accepts the responsibility of family, church, community, state, nation, and even inter-nation. The Christian is unlike the man, who, appealed to to do a generous act for the sake of his descendants, queried petulantly, "What have my descendants ever done for me?"

When you stop to think of it, the sense of responsibility for generations unborn is a curious thing. Why, with all our other trouble, should we, who will all be dead in a hundred years, concern ourselves for those who shall come after us? This sense of responsibility is a divine spark in us. At just the right time in the life of the individual and the race God implants it in human hearts.

Yesterday afternoon, while I was trying to whip into some sort of shape the thoughts for this talk, I drove from Salem westward

along the state road to the end of the concrete the other side of West Union. As I followed leisurely the windings of the beautiful West Virginia valleys, stopping now and then, an old thought came to me with renewed force and lent a heightened interest to nature's loveliness. I shall try to give you this idea in just a minute. First, I want to attempt a picture.

The late-summer sunlight, falling athwart the rugged hills and sinuous valleys, cast an indescribable, mellow enchantment over the scene. Here and there tall trees and hill-tops threw lengthening, purple shadows on the eastern uplands and pastures. At the lower edges of the woods the purple deepened into a green twilight. The gentle breath of the summer afternoon played with the ripening corn, the tall grass, and the treetops. It must have been producing a sweet music which my ears were too dull to catch. I did hear, however, the ripple of the stream as it laughed its unerring way to meet the river and ultimately to join itself to the waters of the gulf so many miles away.

Then my thoughts passed from nature's poetry to nature's mechanics. I reminded myself that in some geological yesterday this country had been a vast tableland at probably some considerably higher level than the present tops of even the highest hills and that God was the engineer who, by his water-courses, had prepared the foundation for the highway which man has since completed and I was so easily traveling. I saw his handiwork in the shapes of the hills, in their sides scored and gouged by a million rains which he had caused to fall. I reminded myself again that the frost and the water were still obeying his will and were at work wearing down these hills and carrying away the soil to be deposited some day in the estuary of the Mississippi, where it was building up new land at the rate of about half a square mile a year.

If, somehow, I could only represent in belts and pulleys the power which he was exercising on this perfectly quiet summer afternoon, I should build such a factory and have such a display of energy as would surpass the most studendous manufacturing plant which the skill and power of man could devise. If only I could indicate on a steam gauge his power which is pulling this quiet stream so certainly, with its freightage of soil, to the gulf, you would see the press-

ure mount higher and higher until the gauge would burst. And if only I could harness the energy which in the gentle breeze was playing over even ten acres of West Virginia hillside, I could light half the cities of this mountain state. I believe, therefore, that while we are sitting here God is still making this old earth—and almost imperceptibly, to be sure, for "the mills of God grind slowly."

I thought to myself that God is still on the job fashioning the world to his own good purpose. I am not of those who hold that he, in some by-gone age, created the world spontaneously and once for all. He is still creating.

God is a working God. Did not Jesus once say in substance, "My Father works hitherto and I work"? A working God demands working children. A creating God demands creating children. True, we can not carve hills out of plateaus. Nor can we dig the great water courses. We can not build a Mt. Everest. Nor can we make the wind to blow nor the frost to split the rocks. Yet we, like him, can be creators. Yea, I believe he expects it of us.

I have been trying to sketch for you something of our cultural indebtedness to the past. We are agreed, I think, that the past did not just happen. When you see an automobile climbing the mountains, you are not foolish enough to think that it just happens that way. You can remember the years it took to create the automobile engine, the years it took to create the concrete or asphalt road, and the other years it took to discover the potential energy God put into gasoline. And you know quite as well that human advance up through the ages is the result of man's hard work and creative effort through the skill and the will God has given him.

Here we stand at the place where the past and the future meet. The question, therefore, comes right now mightily to us, Shall this stream of blessing and cultural progress stop here? Shall we simply drift along in our little craft, irresponsible, and happy at the momentum which the past through God has given our course? Are we going to be augmenters or exhausters of the fine cultural energy which man and God have slowly but surely created as our present heritage?

Young people, we who now occupy humbly the stage of action have nearly done our

work. We have been trying our best to add to your cultural heritage. Yet we are soon to hand on to you an imperfect moral and spiritual world which sorely needs the greater patience, the wiser heads, the warmer hearts, the closer collaboration with the Master Creator which you can and will possess. The only way for you to pay your cultural indebtedness to the past is to create a yet finer future. And you can do it.

Substantial and grand as has been the contribution of the past to you, there remain worlds yet to be created.

Consider the present status of marriage. Will any one hazard the assertion that human society has yet achieved its highest realization of man and woman in the home? Our day is one of revolt. Dissatisfaction with standards of other days ramps abroad. Some of this unrest is produced by lawless and irresponsible people who wish to rid themselves of every restraint and follow the will-of-the-wisp of their own fancies and passions. That way lies not heaven but hell. On the other hand, any thoughtful observer, if he read current literature, for instance, must acknowledge that many honest souls are restlessly groping their way, not to some means of throwing overboard moral and religious sanctions, but to a less wooden and a more perfect marriage relation which shall have due regard to the sacred personalities of men and of women.

If you have looked abroad, you must realize how too often marriage is a crude, fleshly, heart-breaking affair, grounded hastily in immature and transitory fancy, which stunts the lives of men and women and kills the ideals of those whom God designed to be his co-laborers in building his moral and spiritual universe.

Do you perceive the huge problem before you—the stupendous task of helping to spiritualize marriage, to make it the real union of two complementary souls who, together, can make a contribution of fine living and exalted effort such as neither alone could make? Here, young friends, is a world in which you must be creators, under God, of a happier, wholesomer universe. Do you get the challenge?

And what about law and government? Are they perfected yet? What of pettifogging lawyers who work their will with venal magistrates? What of the miscarriage of justice in our courts through dilatory legal procedure? What

of ignorant and unworthy legislators who put foolish and unjust laws on our statute books? We Anglo-Saxon folk have an inheritance of law and ideals of even-handed justice which we sometimes hold to surpass that of any other people. Do we always live worthily of this exalted heritage? We must so live, so vote, and so hold public office that we shall create standards of law and government that deserve to be as stable and enduring as Gibraltar. And here again God is throwing out the challenge, particularly to young folks, to create a more perfect world where judgment shall "run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream," and where other men and women yet to come shall be able to grow a fuller spiritual stature.

Some folks hold that God's spiritual revelation to us has closed, is done. I can not so believe. We have received our finest cultural heritage from the past in our religion. It is something infinitely precious. It can be neither disregarded nor discarded. God's Word abides and grows upon us. But again look abroad! You see men and women hungering and thirsting after the consolations and the power of religion who can not find it; Thousands are following only the unstimulated, unbroadened, and undeeptened impulses of their own hearts. They do not know how to lay hold of the religious inheritance which we enjoy. And, through the limitations of the flesh and the understanding, we who draw our strength to battle with life from God's revelation in the past and in the present make pitiful spectacles of ourselves at times.

I am trying to say to you that in religion there is a compelling challenge to you to collaborate with God to create a new frame of mind and a new state of soul in thousands who have missed somehow the point in the Jesus way of thinking and acting. I say, there is a challenge to you to co-work with God in creating a new world, to bring a cosmos out of a chaos, to refine imperfection into something more like perfection, to transmute carelessness into zeal, to flood the dark hearts and dark places with divine light.

As certainly as God is sculpturing these West Virginia hills, he is enlarging, enlightening, inspiring the souls of men as never before. Yet he is thus creating gradually a finer race, not so much by his own imme-

(Continued on page 383)

WOMAN'S WORK

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

TRAVEL

The railroad track is miles away,
And the day is loud with voices speaking,
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by,
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky,
And hear its engines steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I make,
And better friends I'll not be knowing;
Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take,
No matter where it's going.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

This morning I heard an unfamiliar, familiar sound. Unfamiliar, because I had not heard it for some weeks, familiar because in former days it has often been a part of my daily routine. It had a greater significance this morning than it will have tomorrow or next week or next month, for now that the school bell has started ringing again we shall hear it each school day for another nine or ten months. Usually it means that school will be opening in a short time and that teacher and pupil must be in attendance, but this morning it meant that vacation is ended and real work is beginning again. Vacation! What a word to conjure with! We have great pleasure in planning our vacations and then the pleasure that is ours in remembering them when they are past! I suppose there are people who do not know the pleasures of vacations, but I have never come in touch with them. All our neighbors have been away on vacations of longer or shorter duration. Some have gone for day or week-end trips, others have spent the summer in travel in our own country or in foreign countries, and still others have combined their vacation with a trip to Salem for Conference. From all these groups we have heard interesting reports of their experiences. We all rejoice in the report that comes from every direction of a splendid Conference. I wish that we might have had a report from some one who drove to Salem of the interesting experiences, but that does not seem to be possible this year.

Maybe next year we shall all drive and so we shall not care for a description of anyone's trip.

As we can not hear about the Conference trips I have two minds to tell you about a vacation trip that came our way this summer. I hesitate to do this because I realize that many of you have had much more interesting trips, and that to many others this will be old stuff, as they have traveled this road many times. Now that I have done what "the elder" used to tell us never to do—apologize for what we are about to say—I will confess that I am writing of a trip that started prosaically on the seven o'clock train on a Sunday morning early in August. It was a beautiful morning, the birds were singing and the flowers in the garden were nodding happy farewells to us. When we left the car of our doctor brother and waved farewell to him and his wife who have taken so many happy vacation trips with us, we felt that if they could go with us, and we could keep on in the automobile our trip would be very much more worth while; but they couldn't and we couldn't, so we left them standing with our "niece by adoption" who had promised to "stay by the stuff" while she looked after the office end of the work in Janesville. We did not get over wishing for the brother and his very understanding wife, but we did conclude that we were glad we did not have to drive our own car over some of the roads—but that is getting ahead of my story.

We had been planning for this particular vacation trip for twelve years, but some way we had never found the time for it. But at last we decided that we had planned long enough and that there was as much time in August this year as any other year so we decided to start out at once. Our destination was the home of a cousin in Eugene, Ore. When our plans came to the notice of the chief surgeon of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, he immediately asked for a pass for the medicine man. The unexpected arrival of this perfectly good permit to travel hastened our preparations. We found our ride to Milwaukee, where we changed to the coast train, all too short for a very long nap. I may say in passing that all loyal dwellers of Wisconsin like to speak of their familiarity with their one real city, but I may say too that Milwaukee is not the town it once was—before the days of Volstead—it is much better.

The Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad is a perfectly good railroad. I am assured by my husband that it is one of the best, if not the best in the United States, but it is still a little old-fashioned in its home management. You may remember some years ago when each home in the country had a very pleasant parlor with a musty smell, and when the best bedroom furniture was put into the "spare room" and these rooms were opened only for the occasional guest—well that is a little way the railroad does, for very few of its employees are supposed to ride on its very best coast train, they keep that for their guests—paying guests, you know. However we had very good accommodations and all we missed was the observation platform, but as the trainmen were unfailing in their courtesy and allowed us to stand on the rear platform as much as we wished, an observation platform soon seemed to be of minor importance.

Next week I will tell you of some of our traveling companions who were also working for the "best railroad."

AND OTHERS?

A Compilation

MRS. L. A. WING

"Way down deep within their hearts
Everybody's lonesome;
Far within their secret parts
Everybody's lonesome;
Makes no difference how they smile,
How they live, or what their style,
Once in every little while
Everybody's lonesome."

"Sometime we're going to do a kindly deed,
Or speak a helpful word to some lone heart.
Sometime we're going to plant the living seed,
In soil where it will thrive and do its part;
Sometime we'll stoop to help a wearied soul
That staggers underneath a heavy load;
Sometime we'll pause while rushing to the goal
To aid a brother on the rocky road."

"Friends, in this world of hurry,
And work, and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doing
A kindness to a friend,
Do it that very moment!
Don't put it off, don't wait;
What's the use of doing a kindness
If you do it a day too late."

"For others' sake to make life sweet
Though thorns may press your weary feet;
For others' sake to walk each day
As if joy helped you all the way,
While in the heart may be a grave
That makes it hard to be so brave,—
Herein, I think, is love."

"The vine from every living limb bleeds wine.
Is it the poorer for that spirit shed?
Measure thy life by loss instead of gain.
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth.
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And who so suffers most, has most to give."

"If any word of mine has caused one tear
From other eyes to flow,
If I have caused one shadow to appear
On any face I know,
If but one thoughtless word of mine has stung
Some living heart today,
Or if the word I've left unsaid has wrung
A single sigh, I pray
Thou tenderest Heart of Love, forgive the sin.
Help me to keep in mind
That, if at last I would thy Well Done win,
In word as well as deed, I must be kind."

"Let us be kind!
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only
That we be kind!
We can not know the grief that men may borrow,
We can not see the soul storm-swept by sorrow,
But we can shine upon the way today, tomorrow,
Let us be kind!"

"What makes life worth living,
Is our giving and forgiving—
Giving tiny bits of kindness
That will leave a joy behind us;
And forgiving bitter trifles
That the right word often stifles.
What makes life worth living,
Is the giving and forgiving."

"You can never tell when you do an act,
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though every harvest you may not see.
Each kindly deed is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree will grow,
And shelter the brows that toil."

"'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter, or bread, or wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand, and the sound of the voice,
Sing on in the soul away."

"And somehow, not only for Christmas, but all
the long year through,
The joy that you give to others, is the joy that
comes back to you.
And the more you spend in blessing the poor and
the lonely and sad,
The more of your heart's possessing returns to
make you glad."

"Be cheerful! Give this lonesome world a smile,
We stay at longest, but a little while,
Hasten we must, or we shall lose the chance,
To give the gentle word, the kindly glance,
Be swift and tender. That is doing good.
'Tis doing what no other good deed could."

Berlin, N. Y., August 17, 1925.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

STEWARDSHIP

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
October 10, 1925

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Clean-cut giving (Isa. 6: 1-8)
Monday—Two claimants (Rom. 6: 13-23)
Tuesday—Whole-hearted consecration (Rom. 12: 1-2)
Wednesday—Service unlimited (2 Tim. 4: 5-8)
Thursday—A man that failed (Matt. 19: 16-22)
Friday—Giving all (Acts 4: 32-37)
Sabbath Day—Topic: They "first gave their own selves"—a stewardship meditation (2 Cor. 8: 1-15)

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

They "first gave their own selves." When we become followers of Jesus Christ we consecrate our lives to his service. With many of us this means a great change in our lives, and it may be a sacrifice for us. But what is this sacrifice compared with what he has sacrificed for us? If we love him as we should, no sacrifice will be too great for us to make for him, and so we will gladly consecrate our lives to his service.

I read recently of a young lady who was formerly called a beautiful "sheba." She was an opera singer and lived a gay life, indulging pretty freely in sin. In fact she went down to the lowest depths of sin. But finally she let Christ come into her life, and his love transformed her completely, making her a new creature. She felt a longing to tell others about Christ and his great love which can transform the life of even the worst sinner; so she had become an evangelist, traveling from place to place and preaching the gospel of salvation. What a change—from an opera singer and vaudeville actress to an evangelist! Let us pray that our young people will get a vision of the world's need, as this young lady got it, and like her, consecrate their lives to the work of saving souls. The world needs consecrated young people.

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the holy grail;

Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now:
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water his blood that died on the tree;
The holy supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

—James Russell Lowell.

Battle Creek, Mich.

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Topic for Sabbath Day, October 10, 1925

IS IT EVER RIGHT TO LIE AND CHEAT IN
SCHOOL? ACTS 5: 1-11.

DEAR INTERMEDIATES:

Please regard this as a personal letter to each one of the members of your societies. You may know that Mr. Ogden has had to give up the work as your superintendent. He has taken the pastorate of the church at Waterford, Conn., and besides that will continue his studies in a theological seminary. I am sure we all appreciate the effort he has put forth as your superintendent, and wish him great success in his new position.

The Young People's Board then looked around for someone to fill the position—not to take Mr. Ogden's place, for none could do that. The result was the sending of the name of your humble servant, and its approval by Conference.

Now I am going to ask you two things. The first is that you will bear with me patiently until I get "onto the ropes," as it were, of this new job; and the second is that you stand ready to respond to requests that may appear on this page or come by letter to your society.

Sincerely yours,

PAUL S. BURDICK,

Intermediate Christian Endeavor

Rockville, R. I.

Superintendent.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

DEAR SUPERINTENDENTS:

Junior Christian Endeavor holds a place in the lives of our boys and girls which no other organization does. The Bible school is a *study* school for *intensive* teaching; the Junior society is a *training* school for *ex-*

pressive training. No boy or girl should be without the influence of either in his life. The regular weekly work of these is aided in the summer by our Daily Vacation Bible schools. The religious training of our boys and girls is just as important as their regular education, and today the responsibility for that training is in the hands of the Bible school teachers and Junior superintendents. Are we faithful to our tasks? Are we seeking to promote an earnest Christian life among our boys and girls? Are we training them to carry on the work of our Intermediate and Senior societies? Are we laying strong foundations for church membership? If we fail them, what of our churches tomorrow? Who will carry on the work our forefathers started? The fate of our nation and of humanity is in their hands. Our juniors today will be the leaders tomorrow.

This God-given task is yours. Will you accept the challenge and bring your juniors through with colors flying?

"Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clear and high and broad;
Build it for the eyes of God."

The aim of the goal this year is to have the juniors do the work themselves and to make that work so varied and interesting each month that they will be bubbling over with pep and enthusiasm to do their share. If possible have older people as supervisors of the committees so that you can spend your time superintending the work in general rather than in detail. The society organization section of the chart this year should receive the most attention.

Read the goal through thoroughly, ask questions if need be, then, ready—*go!*

ELISABETH KENYON,

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent.

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The Christian has the obligation, not only to seek for and to welcome all truth; he must also be assured that what is set before him is really the truth. He has the obligation to "prove all things and to hold fast to that which is good." If it is foolish to cling to the old because it is old, and to reject the new because it is new; it is equally foolish to rush forward and embrace every new theory or hypothesis as if, because it is new, it must therefore be true.—*The Baptist*.

Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his, and Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.—2 Timothy 2: 19.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

FOLLOWING JESUS IN OUR HOMES

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
October 3, 1925

LUKE 2:41-51. CONSECRATION MEETING

(Note: There will be no daily readings given for the next few weeks, due to the fact that my booklet of daily readings was packed with my notebook in the box with the exhibit which I had at Conference. I haven't as yet been able to locate the box which I left at Salem to be shipped after my departure, and so for that reason much of the Junior work will be delayed for a few weeks.—E. K.)

MABEL E. JORDAN

Superintendent of the Friendship Junior Society

We often wish that we knew more of the childhood and home life of Jesus but we can be sure that it was a happy home where he lived.

From a study of Jesus' life we know that he was obedient to his parents and that when he was asked to do errands by his father or mother that he did them without being hired or coaxed. I feel sure, too, that he was thoughtful and kind to others, especially to old people. When he saw an old person that he could help in any way I believe he did all he could to help such a one. Jesus as he grew older was always busy. So we can learn to be busy doing things for our friends and for Jesus.

Then I believe that Jesus was careful of the words he said. I don't believe that he used naughty words or told wrong stories. We, too, can be careful of the words we say and not say anything that we will be ashamed of when we are older.

Jesus cared for his parents just as we should care for ours. Even when he was hanging on the cross he did not forget his mother and that she must be cared for, but gave her into the care of John, the disciple whom he loved.

So I think that to follow Jesus in our home life we should first of all, obey our

parents, then be kind and thoughtful of others, be busy doing good, say only such words as Jesus would have us say and care for our parents.

We have a song that my Junior boys and girls like to sing about following Jesus, that I wish all the Junior boys and girls knew.

"Savior teach me, day by day
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

"With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

"Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

"Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe,
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me."

AS JUNIORS THINK, THEY ACT

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

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

PROV. 23:7a; PHIL. 4:8

DEAR JUNIORS:

I have already written a letter to your superintendents about the new work for this year. You have been working about a month on your new goal now, and I hope by this time that you have caught the true spirit of it. Then I wondered if you had a letter written to each of you personally like this perhaps you would understand it a little better.

Several of you older juniors will be graduating into an Intermediate society in a year or two, and from that into the Senior society; before you know it you will be attending the business meetings of the church and will want to help carry on some part of the church work. So that is why this year in the new goal we are giving you boys and girls a chance to learn how to do the very same work that your fathers and mothers are doing in the church.

Sometimes we get tired of doing the same things in the same old way year after year. Perhaps that is the reason why some people despise being put on a Lookout Committee and make the remark that they guess they won't try to come to Christian Endeavor

very regular for there is no work to do on that committee. Did you ever stop to think that the Lookout Committee is one of the most important committees in your society, because it is that committee which should find the new members and keep the old members regular in attendance? So this year that is what the Lookout Committee is going to do, but in a new way every month. The rest of the committees are going to work on the same idea. Won't that be lots more fun than the old way? Won't you at least give it a try out for the first three months?

I just wish that I could come and visit every single one of you and see you work as I did the Salemville juniors. Those juniors are just little wonders, and their superintendent is so very interested in helping them with their work. Now don't tell the older folks that I told you but they beat the Senior society all to nothing. I'll challenge any society to get the efficiency banner away from them this year. Ashaway is going to make a swift start after it and how about your society—won't you help *work* for it too? Remember, though, that the more work you do on your goal the higher marking you will get on your chart, for the goal simply emphasizes the first section of the chart.

Good, better, best,
Never let it rest
'Till your good is better
And your better, best.

Your "ever-ready" helper and friend.

THE OAK BABY

The wee oak baby was taking a nap,
An acorn cup on his head for a cap.
Deep asleep he lay on the soft brown lap
Of the whispering old oak forest.

The leaves fell on him, and the autumn rain,
And the white snow made him a counterpane;
Though he felt not the leaves nor snow nor rain
So deep was his sleep in the forest.

But he dreamed of the branches overhead,
And he dreamed of the squirrel, gray and red,
He dreamed and dreamed in his little brown bed
Away in the heart of the forest.

While he slumbered and dreamed day after day
The ice and the snow and cold went away,
And the spring came back so green and so gay,
And called to the folk in the forest.

The oak baby heard, and a small green shoot
Pushed down in the earth like a little foot,
A tiny and tender green little root,
That held him all fast in the forest.

Down and down he pushed, up and up he grew,
Till his downy pink head came out in view,
And he saw the other oak babies too,
All growing in the dear old forest.

By and by he'll be green and fair to see,
A growing and happy little oak tree,
And with acorn cups, too, for you and me,
When we go to play in the forest.

MADE-OVERS

"There never was anybody in the world so ugly as myself," complained Jane Carter to her bosom friend, Mary Mimms, one afternoon as the two sat before the cheery little grate in Jane's room.

"You're not ugly, Jane," Mary defended, "not to those who know you as well as I do, anyway."

"But that's the trouble, Mary," answered Jane, "few people know me as you do; therefore, everybody thinks me perfectly homely."

"I think you misjudge yourself," answered Mary.

"No, I don't," responded Jane. "Time and time again I have heard people whispering of my ugliness, and it hurts, too, because I know it's the truth."

"Truth will hurt," admitted Mary, "when a falsehood wouldn't; but still to me you are lovely."

"That doesn't alter the fact that I am homely to others," answered Jane. "Why, only yesterday I overheard two people talking about me."

"No?" interrupted Mary.

"But I did," affirmed Jane. "One of them said, 'That Carter girl is so homely—except when she smiles.'"

"Then by all means," chuckled Mary, "smile, Jane, smile."

"The other," went on Jane as though her friend had not spoken, "said, 'That Carter girl has such ugly teeth.'"

Mary turned to her friend expectantly, but Jane said no more.

"Didn't she offer any remedy for your ugly teeth?" asked Mary in surprise.

"No," answered Jane, "but I suppose they would look better if I kept them absolutely clean all the time."

"Now, that's the secret, Jane," exclaimed Mary, coming near her friend. "If folks as homely as you and I ever amount to anything in this world we must make use of all our best points; take your teeth, for instance: maybe you are not as careful about keeping them clean as you should be."

"Well, I admit I am careless about them at times," answered Jane.

"Then your smile—" went on Mary, "you have got a wonderful smile, but honestly, Jane, you rarely use it."

"I know it," answered Jane; "I seem to have so little to smile about."

"But if you'd look for things you'd surely find them," continued Mary.

"Maybe you are right, Mary," answered Jane. "I'll try looking for better things, but I've still got my clumsy feet and big hands and coarse hair to pull me down."

"Coarse hair," explained Mary, "can be eliminated by persistent brushing, and red hands can be eliminated by a little care, and big feet—big feet, Jane," went on the companion hopefully, "were never a disgrace to anybody; and no matter what the size of them, may be there is always a shoe big enough to accommodate them; and if the shoe is chosen with care, the foot in spite of its size, looks well."

Suddenly Jane turned toward her friend with a queer expression on her face. Mary was a new sojourner in Greenville, and for the first time Jane was discovering in her many resemblances to herself.

"Any one would almost believe you spoke from experience, Mary," laughed Jane good-naturedly, "you speak so frankly about the matter."

"And should any one so believe," answered Mary, "they would not miss the mark one whit, for once I was quite the ugliest girl in my home town."

"No—" exclaimed Jane, eyeing the speaker critically, "you are positively handsome."

"I'm not so bad to look upon now," admitted Mary, "but I have seen the day when standing beside you, you would have been classed a beauty."

"You mean—" asked Jane in surprise, "that you—you sort o' made yourself over?"

"Not sort-o," answered Mary, "but wholly; I had all the homely ear marks that you possess and even more, for my teeth were considerably crooked; but I decided to become attractive, and I got busy with the few good points I possessed. I spent hours before my glass trying out the most becoming smile, and when I found it I practiced it until it became a second nature to me; then I began on my coarse, stubborn hair; and by coaxing and brushing it eventually became smooth and glossy; my hands ugly

and red as yours, responded to kind treatment; and my feet in comfortable shoes became a pleasure to own."

"But, Mary," protested Jane, "your disposition is lovely."

"That, too," admitted the girl, "I made over; you haven't that to contend with, for yours is already a lovely nature, Jane; and sure as life you can with a little effort on your part become attractive."

The next day Mary Mimms left Greenville; and it was some six years before the two girls met again, and then quite by accident.

"Why, Jane Carter," cried Mary after the first expressions of happiness were over, "I would never have known you—you are positively beautiful!"

"Thank you," answered Jane. "I but followed your suggestion, and the result was more than pleasing. But you, Mary," continued Jane, "you are simply superb."

"Not yet," laughed Mary, "but I'm working toward that end now."

Jane linked her arm through that of her friend. "Come," she said sweetly, "I have only grown out of homeliness—you must teach me the art of becoming superb."

"'Tis but a matter of mind," declared Mary as the two moved off together, "for what we feel we reflect, and in feeling for beauty we find it."

"Amen," said Jane softly as she drew her friend close to her heart, "—and what you have taught me to do I shall gladly pass on to others."—*Girls' Circle.*

THE TUMBLER AND DIME

All the equipment required for this trick is a tumbler, a table covered with a cloth, and three coins. Place the tumbler upside down over a dime on the tablecloth. The tumbler is supported on two sides by two quarters or half dollars. The trick is to get the dime out without moving the glass or in any way disturbing the tablecloth and the quarters. The average person will give it up in despair. It is easily done by holding the tablecloth tight and pawing it with the finger. The dime will come trailing out like a kitten coming to milk.—*Pathfinder.*

The minister was telling tiny Pearl about the apple that Eve ate when God had told her not to eat it. Afterwards Pearl remarked, "But it would have been all right, wouldn't it, if the apple had been baked?"

DEATHS

STUTLER.—On September 7, 1925, Cleon D. Stutler, son of Lewis Stutler, who was the son of David R. Stutler. Cleon's mother, Hettie A. Davis, was the daughter of Elder Jacob Davis. He was born September 5, 1901, in Greenbrier, in Doddridge county, and has always lived in or near Salem.

His death was especially sad because it was an accidental drowning. On the afternoon of Labor Day with his family and many friends he was sporting in the waters of Floyd Lake, near Salem, when something went wrong, and a day of gladness ended in the densest darkness for many. He is survived by the young widow, Clara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Runion, of Tonnelton, W. Va., and by a son, Cleon Calvin, who is not quite one year old. He is also mourned by his parents and by one brother and three sisters.

He was of a retiring disposition, a good worker, justly popular because of many qualities of stirring manhood. He was an obedient and affectionate son, and a loving brother. His devotion to his wife and baby was such that his sudden death seemed almost unbearable.

Burial was at the Greenbrier cemetery near the home of his parents. G. B. S.

WELLS.—A large circle of friends was shocked into a fresh realization of the uncertainty of life by the sudden departure of Christina Wells, at her home on East Eighth St., Tuesday afternoon, September 1.

Mrs. Wells was a guest at the Lions Club luncheon and came home from this pleasant gathering in her usual good health. A little later she was taken with an acute attack of gastritis with unfavorable reaction on her heart.

She was not alarmed as it was not uncommon for her to suffer from digestive troubles. She called her brother-in-law, Dr. W. B. Wells, as was her custom, to seek advice, but told him he need not call. As the distress became more intense she again called the doctor and asked him to come to her assistance, at the same time calling in a neighbor. Dr. Wells hastened to the home only to find that her life had already departed.

Christina E. Buchanan was born in Dubuque, Ia., November 7, 1868, the youngest of a family of seven girls and four boys. Of the family, two sisters and four brothers survive her. The two brothers, Alexander and Robert, who reside in Riverside, were present at the last service.

Christina became a Christian in her early youth uniting with the Presbyterian Church, and became an active worker in all the activities of the church.

She became a resident of Riverside in 1910, and six years later became the wife of Welcome Wells. In 1916 she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Riverside and she and "Welcome" at once became ever ready and untiring workers in various departments of the church.

Her Christian activities were not circumscribed by denominational limits, but any one in need was a member of her parish. She was a "good Samaritan" to all who needed her sympathy or help; and her sweet Christian cheerfulness and ever ready helpfulness, coupled with her unusual gifts and leadership, made her a favorite with all who knew her. An unusually large circle of friends was present at the closing service Friday morning, and the beauty and abundance of floral offerings were a fitting tribute to the esteem in which she was held. Two pieces, one from the Lions Club and a floral cross from the choir of which she was a member, were particularly noticeable. The music was furnished by a double quartet from the church choir.

We lay her to rest with fond memories and a new determination to meet her in the "first resurrection." E. S. B.

OUR CULTURAL DEBT TO THE PAST

(Continued from page 375)

diate power, as by laying the high privilege of, and the responsibility for, creation upon you and me. Thus, only by uprooting the slothful idea that we have done our full duty on earth if we decently provide for our families, join lackadaisically a church, subscribe passively to the creed, enjoy relaxed the services of religion, and by rising to the exalted conception of becoming co-creators with God of a more sublime spiritual universe, can we, even in part, pay our religious, cultural indebtedness to the past.

As I grow older I like more and more the crusading spirit given such vigorous expression in an old hymn I used to hear:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

These worlds of human relationships which I have mentioned—marriage, law and government, and religion—constitute only three of many in which God needs human co-creators. He is issuing his clarion call for your co-operation in a no less glorious endeavor than the creation of a world of finer folks. Will you heed?

Thank God for the helpers, for the quiet people who sit yonder in the pews and pray us through! If I ever have a crown I shall have to divide it up among the people who have helped me to such an extent that I do not think there will be much left for me, I owe so much to the love and prayers of God's true children!—A. B. Simpson.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work in Pangoengsen, Java, will be gladly received and forwarded by the American Sabbath Tract Society.

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The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society will be glad to receive contributions for the work in Pangoengsen Java. Send remittances to the treasurer, S. H. DAVIS, Westerly, R. I.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 1427 W. Colvin St., Syracuse. Phone James 1082-W. Mrs. Edith Spaide, church clerk, 1100 Cumberland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. Harold R. Crandall, Pastor, 3681 Broadway, New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in Hall 601, Capitol Building (formerly Masonic Temple), corner of State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock. Everybody welcome. August Johansen, Pastor, 6118 Woodlawn Avenue.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42nd Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath afternoon. Preaching at 2 o'clock, followed by the Sabbath school. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, 264 W. 42nd Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. C. A. Hansen, Pastor, 162 East Date Street, Riverside, Cal.

Minneapolis Seventh Day Baptists meet regularly each Sabbath at 10 a. m., at the homes. Mr. Lloyd Burdick, 4615 Vincent Avenue South, Superintendent of the Sabbath school; Mrs. William A. Saunders, Robinsdale, Phone "Hyland 4220," assistant. Visitors cordially welcomed.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ holds regular Sabbath services at 2.30 p. m., in Room 402, Y. M. C. A. Building, Fourth Floor (elevator), Adams and Witherell Streets. For information concerning Christian Endeavor and other services, call Pastor R. B. St. Clair, 3446 Mack Avenue, phone, Melrose 0414. A cordial welcome to all.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 10.30 a. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Avenue.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

Services are held each Sabbath in Daytona, Fla., in the Christian church, Palmetto Avenue. All visitors gladly welcomed. R. W. Wing, Pastor.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London, holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Argyle Hall, 105 Seven Sisters' Road, Holloway N. 7. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

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Sabbath School. Lesson II.—October 10, 1925

PAUL IN CORINTH. Acts 18: 1-17.

Golden Text.—"Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace." Acts 18: 9.

DAILY READINGS

- Oct. 4—Paul at Corinth. Acts 18: 1-11.
Oct. 5—Paul before Gallio. Acts 18: 12-17.
Oct. 6—Paul's Preaching at Corinth. 1 Cor. 2: 1-10.
Oct. 7—The Carnal Corinthians. 1 Cor. 3: 1-9.
Oct. 8—The Corinthian Church Divided. 1 Cor. 1: 10-18.
Oct. 9—Paul Comforts the Church. 2 Cor. 1: 1-11.
Oct. 10—Love, the Supreme Grace. 1 Cor. 13: 1-11.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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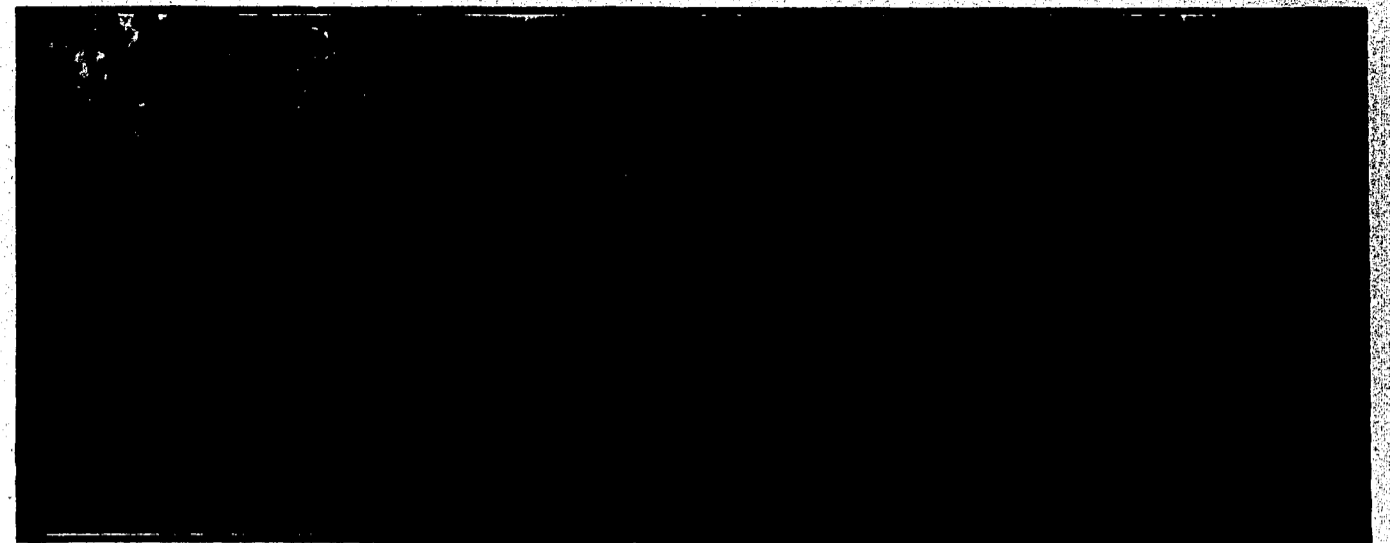
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F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.,
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All hail to the glowing days of autumn! Someone has called them "Melancholy days—the saddest of the year"; but something must have been wrong with his vision.

Who can lift up his eyes unto the hills in any season without seeing evidences of God's love for the beautiful? What if the life-currents in tree and shrub have slackened in their courses until nature seems dying? What if the bird-songs of summer are stilled? What if the chill of autumn winds does suggest the coming of winter? There are still left on every hand promises of brighter days beyond the snow and ice when buds shall again burst into bloom.

Today under the peculiar glow of autumn, streaks of sunshine are chasing away the shadows along the hillsides and over the plains; suggesting the heavenly sunshine that is ever chasing away the shadows of life. Never has there been a winter so dark and cold that sunshine could not drive it away and bring in the flowery spring.

Even the bare branches, from which dead leaves are falling, hold out to you on the very tips of their fingers, buds of promise that life shall be renewed in perennial beauty at nature's resurrection beyond the frosts of winter. For those of us in life's October days, there are blessed lessons on the page of nature's open book.

Happy is the man whose autumn days are filled with assurances of another springtime where the frosts of winter are unknown.

T. L. G.

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