

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.

A SIMPLE CREED

What this troubled old world needs
Is less of quibbling over creeds,
Fewer words and better deeds.
Less of "Thus and so shall you
Think and act, and say and do."
More of "How may I be true?"
Less of shouting: "I alone
Have the right to hurl the stone."
More of heart that will condone.

Less of dogmas, less pretense,
More belief that Providence
Will sanctify our common sense.
More of chords of kindness blent
O'er the discords of dissent.
Then will come the great content.
"Just to be good, and to do good."
Simple, plain, for him who would—
A creed that may be understood.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

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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. 4,208

"Almighty God, pour out thy Spirit on the homes of our land! Teach husbands and wives to love, respect, and honor each other! Help parents and children to co-operate in godly living. May our people learn to honor thy laws in all things!"

"Dear Lord, we rejoice to think of thy fondness for human homes! Thou hast hallowed our joys as well as healed our sicknesses. Help us to realize that thou art still our guest, though unseen!"

"Teach us how to live together! In our eagerness to meet with thee may we not forget our duty to our families! Deliver us from fault-finding, and make us kind and forbearing! Amen."

Flowers Blooming by Our Train was running through a section, not far from St. John's, that seemed to have been under cultivation at some time in the past, but which had been deserted until grown up to brush and weeds.

In the midst of the desolation stood a little old house, showing every sign of decay, from which the inmates had disappeared. It had evidently been a long time since any one had cared for its garden, which had become overrun by weeds. But close beside the door and along the deserted walk there was a thrifty growth of beautiful yellow flowers, blooming in profusion, making a bright, beautiful spot in the morning sun.

I could not help thinking that some one had once lived in that little lonely home who loved flowers and who tried to make life bright and happy by planting them there. And now, after the hands that planted and cared for them were gone and the old home was desolate, the flowers she planted were still blooming to brighten the desolation.

I am reminded of a visit made to the home of my own young manhood, with an empty house where once lived father, mother, and seven young people, brothers and sisters. It did seem desolate both inside and out of that old home, and as I sat alone on the floor of the old porch, there came a refreshing perfume from the roses which mother planted and cared for so well in years gone by. There were the old rose-bushes still loaded with blossoms and filling

the air with fragrance long after the hands that cared for them had been still in the tomb.

Beautiful is the thought that mothers may be able to plant flowers that will cause joy and bring fragrance to loved ones after the planters have passed to their reward.

Still more beautiful and inspiring is the truth that sweet-spirited mothers may plant in the hearts of loved ones the flowers of Christian grace, of faith and loyalty, of love for truth, that shall live on, after they are gone, in the dear ones left behind—ever filling the world with the fragrance of the Christ life, and ever carrying good cheer to a desolate world.

Bright blooming flowers in the wilderness around the door of a deserted home make a good text for thoughtful study.

Keeping in the Sunshine There used to be a popular song beginning "There is sunshine in my soul today," some of the words of which came to mind as I took up my pen to begin the work of this autumn day. There is a peculiar glow about the sunny days in October that always brings good cheer; and I love to get out into the open and enjoy this divine illumination which seems to be preparing the old world for the dark and the cold of coming winter.

Thank God for autumn sunshine! It makes dying nature more glorious. It takes the chill out of the days, and tides the spirit over the gloomy times when clouds obscure the sun. Too often poor mortals seem to magnify the days of gloom which are sure to come, and if God does give them a sunny day they call it a "weather breeder," and shiver over the thoughts of a coming storm.

I love the rare spirits who make the most of the sunny days and who look for bright spots in all the cloudy ones. Even when no sun is visible, they can see beauty in the banks of cloud-land. They can see some pleasure in disagreeable things and are sure to discover the bright side of every perplexing problem. If there is a brighter side with good cheer in it, they seem to make the most of that, and this gives hope and courage to others. Such persons are like apple trees

in blossom time, scattering fragrance all about them.

Even a dog or a cat will get up from the dark corner of the room and go to the bright spot on the floor where the sun shines in. But some persons do not seem to be as sensible as that. There are those who seem to take to gloom as a bat does to darkness. They seem to prefer nursing a misery rather than to cherish a joy. If there is a dark side to be found, they magnify that and brood over the outlook. I never could see any need of going into a dark cave and practically denying that there is a sun!

Could such persons have been given a home in Eden they would surely have found something to complain of. Nothing is surer to rob life of its joys, both for the persons themselves and for others, than is the spirit of fault-finding and of looking on the dark side of everything.

Thank God for people who take cheerful views. Even in days of deep sorrow their faces seem illumined, and good cheer comes from the chambers where they weep.

It is true that ill health may tend to cast shadows of despondency over the spirit; but let us not forget that seeing the bright side is largely a matter of careful culture. There is such a thing as cultivating patience and Christian submission when unavoidable hardships come upon us.

If many Christians would refuse to be frightened at shadows, resolutely decide not to imagine trouble where there is none, stop looking through blue spectacles and firmly strive to see things with the eye of Christian faith, this old world would be the brighter and our lives would be the happier.

A Touching Letter In a letter from Cornelia Slagter, Gambong Waloh, Temangoeng, Java, to Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard, I find the following expression of thanks, which I know will interest RECORDER readers. After acknowledging the receipt of about \$20 for her work, she says: "Surely the Lord is very good in that he continually blesses me by providing everything I need for my poor ones.

"May the Lord bless all that is being done in America for Java. Undoubtedly you will have heard from Brother Velthuysen, that Brother and Sister Vizjak have come here to help me. May God keep us, that together we may labor for his glory. Please remem-

ber us to the brethren and ask them to remember us in their prayers, that souls may be saved and also that Brother and Sister Vizjak may receive the necessary financial support, since they have left all in order to come here and help me for Jesus' sake, and that without any assurance of receiving any salary.

"We are very grateful for all the love shown us."

The SABBATH RECORDER is glad to learn about the consecrated, self-sacrificing work by Miss Slagter in our Java mission. It is recommended by Brother Velthuysen of Holland, and we feel sure that funds sent to her will be well used for the good work.

Transforming Power Of the Y. M. C. A. Probably no other organized Christian force is doing so much in these days to transform the lands beyond the seas, as is the Young Men's Christian Association. It is reaching the people more directly than any other influence, social or political, because it comes into such close touch with the boys and young men in all the cities and towns wherein it secures a foothold.

Active and helpful associations are found today in nearly the entire civilized world, including many islands of the sea.

The World's Committee of the Y. M. C. A. is situated in Geneva, Switzerland; and the association is probably doing more toward the real reconstruction of nations and the restoration of confidence and genuine peace, than is the League of Nations itself. The Y. M. C. A. stands for universal and understandable good will, humanitarianism, and love. The league represents international politics, which do not seem to advance the interests of Christian brotherhood and good will.

Russia and Turkey are the two black spots in Europe in regard to the work of Christianizing the country. And after long delay, the Y. M. C. A. has secured permission to co-operate with Turkish leaders for special services in six cities of Asia Minor.

Throughout the great world the Y. M. C. A. is rapidly gaining in favor, and there is a great promise for its future as a Christian educator and promoter of human betterment.

Its success is due largely to the fact that its workers come into close touch with the common people. There is no unbridgeable

chasm between the poor and the needy in the world's struggle and the loving, kindly men who stand for the Young Men's Christian Association.

The world is waiting for a better demonstration of the principles of common brotherhood which characterized the blessed Christ.

A Living Epistle From the Corinthians to America

In an interesting letter from Mr. J. L. Barton, chairman of the American Near East Relief, written in Athens, Greece, there was a postal card picture in which all the letters in the words, "Second Corinthians 1:8-11," were made of little prints of orphan children, who are being cared for in the land of Paul's ministry. There are more than one thousand of these little ones, all under twelve years of age, who are not only without fathers or mothers, but are also without a country.

The four verses of Scripture represented in the picture are as follows:

"For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life:

"But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead:

"Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us;

"Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons thanks may be given by many on our behalf."—II Corinthians 1: 8-11.

The letter speaks of this as being indeed a living epistle from the Corinthians to America, so strikingly applicable is it to the cases of these children. Our opportunity for helpful service today must be even greater than Paul's was in ancient Corinth.

This is only one of several large orphanages in Greece, in which ten to twelve thousand war orphans are being saved from starvation and death.

All these children are being taught some worthy employment in one half of each day, and the other half day is given to character-building instruction.

Just as fast as possible they are being placed in homes, or made apprentices in some good industry. Seven hundred orphan girls, who were driven from Armenia, have

been given good homes in Egypt. These, too, had training in the Greek school. And more than five thousand of the older ones have been placed on farms and in industries in Macedonia. In a land where one fifth of the people are refugees living in camps, it is by no means easy to find places for starving children—especially where homes are already over crowded.

This work of the American board is worthy of all the help it needs; for it is in reality sustaining wonderful schools in which special emphasis is placed upon training for character-building and for good citizenship.

By No Means A Sign of Surrender

One would think, by the ghoulish glee of the wets over the report of the Federal Council's survey of results in the prohibition movement, that the report is a sign of surrender on the part of the dries. Nothing can be further from the truth. All the influences of the wet newspapers, combined with the undisguised glee of the liquor men, can never change the conviction of the churches that prohibition will prohibit.

The Federal Council of Churches has simply shown the results of our weakness, in that we have neglected our part in the work of enforcement of law. The outcome will be a renewed strengthening of the churches' determination to push the matter of enforcement to a complete victory.

If the wets are wise they will not glory too much in what they think are signs of defeat for the dries, by their interpretation of the council's findings. If I am not mistaken they will find the results of that report just the opposite from what they seem to think.

Friends, I Wonder If You Read It?

As I took up the RECORDER for October 19—last week—my eye fell on the "Bulletin" in the Onward Movement Page, where Brother Burdick reports the gifts for the first quarter and shows what they should have been if we had met all our budget dues.

Did you read it carefully? Did you take to heart its meaning if the same rate of giving shall prevail during the year?

Please look carefully at the matter. If you do, I am sure you will make a much better record in the next month, and on in the remainder of the year. In July our

gifts lacked \$3,777.27 of meeting our dues. In August we fell short \$3,484.05, and in September we lacked \$2,677.41 of meeting the dues for that month. Thus we see that in the first quarter of this year we have fallen behind \$8,938.72.

The sum of \$50,000 this year for the entire Onward Movement is the smallest sum we have asked for in several years, and if we fall short of this amount the good causes must suffer. If we take it in time we can easily keep up and fill out the year with honor.

Change of Address In a note to the editor Rev. R. B. St. Clair tells us of his change of address from 3446 Mack Avenue to number 4012 Field Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

He also requests the same change in his address on the Vocational Committee on page two of the cover.

Sorry to Leave Out Anything We are put to our wits' ends, when we have too much copy, to know what is best to leave out. But something must wait for room, and we do our very best to decide as to what can wait with the least damage to our good cause. This week we are compelled to perform the unpleasant duty of deciding what must wait. Please be patient and look for yours next week.

"THE DAY OF THE CRUCIFIXION AND RESURRECTION"

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Leader in Sabbath Promotion

Sometime since there appeared in these columns a reference to a volume of more than one hundred pages entitled, "The Harmony of the Last Week," by Eugene Charles Callaway, of Atlanta, Ga. That book contains the most reasonable and readable presentation of the Wednesday theory of the crucifixion, and of the Sabbath day resurrection that I have ever seen. This is by a Sunday keeper whose only purpose seems to be to find the truth, and to harmonize the Scriptures with reference to the last events in the life of our Lord on earth.

More recently there has come into my hands a thirty-two page booklet by G. W. Winckler, C. E., of 412 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Canada, entitled, "The Day of the

Crucifixion and Resurrection," which deals with this same subject, and with similar conclusions.

These Bible studies concerning the time of the resurrection arrest attention as indicating interest in this subject, and as revealing the fact also that when the student discards mere tradition, and considers the teaching of the Word, the Sunday theory of the resurrection is not as clearly supported by the evangelists as one might wish who seeks to substitute upon that theory alone the pagan Sunday for the Sabbath of the Bible.

We have not the space here to follow through in detail the arguments of Mr. Winckler. Toward the close of his book his conclusions are summed up as follows:

SUMMING UP

I will now briefly sweep in the narratives of the four Gospels, which I have pretty fully discussed.

The fourteenth Nisan (full moon) on Tuesday evening. The Lord eats the Passover at night, establishes his "supper," and goes out with the eleven at midnight to the garden of Gethsemane.

On Wednesday forenoon he is condemned and crucified. Expires at 3 p. m., and is buried at near sunset as "a Sabbath drew on."

The fifteenth Nisan (Passover Sabbath) on Thursday. The guard posted at sunset. Certain women also purchase spices at sunset.

Friday. The women prepare the spices and "rest" at sunset for "the Sabbath according to the commandment."

Saturday. Sabbath rest. "Late on this day" the two Marys go "to see the sepulchre." There had been an earthquake and the guard prostrated as dead men. The Lord had just risen. The two Marys hasten back to tell the disciples when some of the guard overtake and pass them to report to the Priests.

Sunday. "While it was yet dark," Mary M. makes her second visit to the sepulchre alone. She hastens back, tells Peter and John who run to find out the facts. Mary M. follows, thus making her third visit. The Lord reveals himself to her.

Sunday in the early morning, the first group of women arrive. Panic-stricken, they flee.

Sunday, later, a second group of women bringing the spices which they had prepared. Angels tell them the Lord is risen. Mary M. joins them on their return to tell the disciples. The risen Christ meets them and all fall at his feet in worship.

NOT ASLEEP

The Bible is infinitely more widely read and far better understood, than when third and fourth century fathers and councils formulated creeds and forced beliefs. We are not living in the night of dreams, in a time when Bibles were chained; we are waking out of the sleep of ages (when "the Church" threatened and smothered inquiry), and are now eagerly, boldly looking

upon things as they are and upon things as they originally were in apostolic times and behold! darkness covers the face of the deep (traditional theology).

NO SCHISMATIC

I am no schismatic. To the church of my youth, I render allegiance commensurate with that great charter which I have quoted before.

When I was received into the church, I was baptized under this splendid canopy of liberty. I am no admirer or maker of sects, but together with myriads, I deplore the past attitude of the church which, by her unbending arrogancy, had really caused most of these lamentable divisions. The spirit of Christ was not in her.

I am urged by the church, I am encouraged by her to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the Scriptures." What for? "For doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished," etc. For many years I have been a student of our Father's Word, even the Bible, "that Book so shamefully neglected," as a pastor recently told his congregation. This witness is true!

I will be glad to reply to questions, or meet arguments overthrowing my position, and shall conclude by repeating, "Doubtless many points will need fuller explanation, but let all such inquiry or criticism be written in a quiet Godly spirit, forgetting to be captious, sarcastic, and carping, a state of mind surely out of place in the inquiry of a theme so lofty."

It will be of special interest to Seventh Day Baptists to know that Mr. Winckler is a Sabbath-keeping Anglican. He proclaims himself a true Churchman and a consistent member of the Church of England while observing the Sabbath from sunset to sunset, beginning at sundown Friday evening.

One is reminded of the sympathetic attitude of the late President William C. Daland toward the Anglican Church, especially with reference to the latter's recognition of individual liberty in the interpretation of the doctrines. If I understand the position of Dr. Daland in this matter, it was to the effect that there was nothing to hinder a loyal Churchman from observing the Sabbath. In fact he seemed to hold that because of the loyalty of the Anglican Church to the Scriptures as providing the church's sole doctrinal sanctions, and its emphasis upon the doctrine of personal liberty in interpreting the Scriptures, that communion could consistently, and doubtless would, welcome into its fellowship consistent observers of the Sabbath.

It would be interesting to know just what has been the experience of Mr. Winckler as a Sabbath-keeping Anglican. May he succeed in leading many more of his fellow

Churchmen into loyal obedience to God in this important matter. May he be able to bring this truth to the attention of many of his people so that when the minister reads the Fourth Commandment in the service, and the congregation responds in the usual way, "Incline our hearts to keep thy law," many shall be led to the observance of the true Sabbath.

"BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD"

AVA L. VAN HORN

(Paper at Yearly Meeting, Garwin, Iowa.)

Today all of us rush madly around trying to do all of the things we are supposed to do and feeling that we can not possibly do anything else. Why are the twentieth century people living so fast—living so many extra hours in one day? We find this cry of our work coming from all classes of people—the business or professional man, who does not realize he is doing too much until his health fails; the society woman, whose nerves are breaking from the strain of social engagements; the student, who is helping earn his way, find time for his studies, and meet his social obligations; the business girl, who is trying to earn an honest living and not be a drudge; the farmer who works from early morning until late at night trying to make ends meet; and the housewife, who is busy constantly. That reminds me of an article I read the other day by a woman who as a mother and housewife said she had no less than fifty-nine occupations—she was everything from laundress and baker to nurse, seamstress, and plumber—and yet sometimes we wonder why mothers are so tired.

We all feel that we are terribly busy, but yet few of us would be willing to go back and live one hundred years ago. We would have to give up all our modern conveniences; it seems that almost everything would have to go, doesn't it? We greatly prefer living in the twentieth century. But are we getting somewhere, or are we like the man who went with his wife to the fair? The old gentleman wanted to ride on the merry-go-round, so he rode for two hours. In the meantime his wife waited patiently; when he got off she said to him, "Here you've spent all your money and two hours and got off the same place you got on." "Well," said her husband, "I've been going anyway." Do

we ever take time to stop and think what we've gained by living one day, or can we recall any good we have done? Would each of us have something worth while to show for our work? Or do we try to comfort ourselves by saying, "I've been going any-way"?

We are not sorry that we live now; yet, are we thankful? Are we grateful for the great inventions, the progress of medical science, and the possibilities of living more comfortably? To whom are we indebted for all this? How can we best show our appreciation and thankfulness?

Let us think of those words of the Psalmist as he wrote the Forty-sixth Psalm in praise of his Lord and Creator. Towards the close of the psalm we find the words, "Be still and know that I am God." How many of us ever take time to do this? Few of us even heed the voice that says, "Be still and know that I am God," for fifteen minutes daily. We say that we're so busy today, there will be more time tomorrow. Yet tomorrow comes, and the same old story. Let us do a little computing. There are twenty-four hours in a day; let us count out ten for sleep, far more than most of us get; then we have fourteen hours or eight hundred forty minutes left. Now remember eight hundred forty minutes; and we do not feel that we can spend fifteen minutes or one fifty-sixth of our time in solitude to "Be still and know that I am God." We can not spend one fifty-sixth of our day to thank our Creator and realize the magnitude of his works.

To realize the magnitude of his works—let us consider that for just a moment. What does it mean to each of us? To me there is no greater inspiration than to find God in nature, to be in his great out-of-doors, in the woods, to hear the birds sing in the trees, to hear the water in a little stream rippling along, and to think God made all of this. Look at a beautiful sunset; what artist's work could be compared with it? Can't you almost see a setting sun across a lake; and as a child don't you wish you could follow that golden path to it? Did you ever think of the natural instincts for self-sustenance, self-preservation, and perpetuation of its kind that God gives to all animals? Isn't it marvelous?

Maybe you marvel more at giant skyscrapers, great bridges, or the modern in-

ventions? But at the same time did you think that God gave men master minds, and guided them in their training that they might be of service to their fellow men? We think of the doctor with his great intellect, the orator with his eloquence, the artist's keen sense of beauty, and the musician's ability to sway vast audiences. And what can we say? Only that God makes all; God is all powerful; he gives everything; and we do not even take time to thank him.

What do you suppose would be the results, if we would take time each day to really think—time to "be still" and know God? Wouldn't each of us realize more clearly what unworthy, useless lives we are living? Don't you suppose we would find ways to spend our time and talents more profitably in the service of humanity? What would happen to the crime wave if everyone would heed the voice that says, "Be still and know that I am God"?

Could we only take the words of that old hymn with us always:

"Take time to be holy, let him be thy Guide,
Abide in him always, and feed on his Word.
Make friends of God's children, help those who
are weak,
Forgetting in nothing his blessing to seek.

"Take time to be holy, the world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret, with Jesus alone;
By looking to Jesus, like him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct his likeness shall see.

"Take time to be holy, let him be thy Guide,
And run not before him, whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in his Word.

"Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive beneath his control;
Thus led by his Spirit to fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service above."

I am not asking you to be ministers or missionaries, though it is a great calling. I wish only that we might consider our daily living.

Let us live each day to be of more use to those about us. Let us take time to think. Let us "take time to be holy." Let us heed the voice that says, "Be still and know that I am God."

Polished steel will not shine in the dark.
No more can *reason*, however refined or cultivated,
shine efficaciously but as it *reflects* the light of divine truth shed from heaven.
—John Foster.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

The Tract Society is asking each of our pastors to preach at least two Sabbath sermons this year, the first preferably in November.

Has your church made a canvass for pledges for the Onward Movement work this year?

How many of our pastors are responding favorably to Secretary William L. Burdick's inquiry if they are willing to assist others in evangelistic work?

REPORTS FROM TRINIDAD

Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Cust, of Mayaro, Trinidad, show great anxiety for the success of the work as begun there by Seventh Day Baptists.

For about two years Brother Cust has been preaching, teaching, and working in different places in Trinidad to bring people to Christ and the Sabbath. Much interest has been created in these places, and many have declared themselves as Seventh Day Baptists.

Information that has come to me in letters from that field and from the visit of Secretary William L. Burdick cause me to believe that this is a missionary field of great promise for Seventh Day Baptists to work.

But the work is not advancing as it ought, for Brother Cust has been compelled to give up much of his missionary work and devote most of his time to earning money to feed and clothe his family. And now he is considering starting his pharmacy again at Mayaro, which will take him almost entirely from the field. Several months ago he felt that he must do this, but I pleaded with him to continue his work on the field as much as possible; and, complying with my wish, he has been doing the best that he could in the way of missionary work and earning a living.

So far as I know Brother Cust has received no financial assistance from us except

some free literature and some literature to sell, including some money for Bibles.

He has repeatedly urged that we send a minister there to take the work, and then he would return to his business and confine his efforts religiously to Mayaro and vicinity.

When he is away from home at his work Deacon Bunbury conducts the Sabbath services and the Sunday night meetings. Mrs. Cust has charge of the Sabbath school, and she also is superintendent of a Sunday school. Our services are held in the home of Brother and Sister Cust.

For several months this little company of Seventh Day Baptists has been gathering money to build them a house of worship; but times are hard, and the people are poor, and the money comes in discouragingly slow at times.

Mrs. Cust recently wrote me that she had given a hen and six chickens to help in raising this church fund, then others devoted hens. Others have given a "task" of land for corn (a task is a piece of land one hundred feet square); while others were clearing two "tasks" for rice for the mission, and still others are giving lumber and labor. She then writes: "The corn and rice will not ripen until December. We do earnestly hope that we will not be turned down because we are poor. We do want Seventh Day Baptists fully established in Trinidad; and we are confident that if the work is looked after, in a few years it will be flourishing here and in other parts of the island. We have so highly represented the denomination that the public is favorably disposed towards us, and especially since the visitation of Pastors Burdick and Spencer. There are some who are deeply interested but are awaiting further developments."

Mr. Cust, in writing of the various church services says: "From 2 to 3 o'clock on Sabbath days, the Sabbath history class meets for instruction. The remainder of the afternoon is generally spent in two ways, viz., (1) We go out from house to house and conduct short Bible studies, or (2) remain in the hall and conduct a missionary meeting

...
"At Guay-a-guay-are, about fifteen miles from Mayaro, Brother Peter Charles has been selling Bibles, magazines, distributing tracts, and conducting a series of evangelistic meetings.

"He did a good work with the Bibles, and

as a result five have taken their stand for the Sabbath of Christ. Others are very much interested and are expecting soon to accept Christ as their Savior."

Writing about the people at Jerningham Junction, he says: "These dear souls have not had any word of exhortation or spiritual teaching since Secretary William L. Burdick left. It was quite impossible for me to go and visit them and be of use to them spiritually. Why it is that finances have been kept away from me and so allow this fine field of labor to run wild, only God knows. Beyond a doubt it grieves my heart very much, and sometimes I get so discouraged that I feel like giving up all responsibility for the work and not try again.

"It is awfully bad for me to try and do a work, build it up with much privation and trouble; and then because there is no one to take it up and carry it on, have the work languish and die."

September 15, he wrote that there are "about six companies of Seventh Day Baptists exclusive of the L. S. K.'s; but how I can get about them and continue to carry on the out-stations is a matter not to be easily solved because of the lack of finances.

"What I am forced to do is this: I shall re-open my drug store, and at the same time continue to build up the work at Mayaro, and as much as possible I'll try to keep up the work in the other fields by writing to them. All the same, I have been doing this all along; but the people seem not to be satisfied with mere writing. They want to see me personally. . . . The reason of my writing this to you is not to complain, but simply that you may know the true position and affairs. It is an indisputable fact that in no case can one get better results than with Seventh Day Baptists. What I mean to say is that the prospects for the work in these parts are very bright. . . . All the work wants is a thorough pushing—and that must be systematic and straight-forward."

I wish—how I wish! that we could send a white missionary to Trinidad, and could employ Brother Cust as his co-worker!

It is not the fact that a man has riches, which keeps him from the kingdom of heaven, but the fact that riches have him.—*J. Caird.*

LOWTHER-FITZ RANDOLPH CHAPTER OF DAUGHTERS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION MAKE JOURNEY TO HISTORICAL POINTS

HAVE UNVEILING AT GRAVE OF REV. JOHN DAVIS NEAR JANE LEW

The Daughters of the Lowther Fitz-Randolph Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Salem, have just completed their annual pilgrimage through this section.

An automobile party of about twenty-five daughters and their friends went to Broad Run, near Jane Lew, where by previous arrangement they held their annual business meeting in the beautiful little country church, after which they went into the cemetery near by and continued with an unveiling program at the grave of Rev. John Davis, who was a patriot in the war of the Revolution, in New Jersey.

WAS REAL PATRIOT

He was born in Shrewsbury, N. J., in 1754. He was a lineal descendant of an overseas ancestor, William Davis, of Wales.

In 1792 he came with a company of friends that settled in Salem. He was appointed pastor of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1799, in which capacity he served for forty-one years.

A biographical sketch of his life showed that this man, by his noble self-sacrificing spirit among the early pioneers of this section of wilderness, had made for himself a monument more enduring than the newly placed marker of granite, just unveiled by the daughters.

UNVEIL MARKER

After an intermission for a picnic dinner, the pilgrimage was continued to a cemetery on Lost Creek, near West Milford, where the daughters unveiled a beautiful granite marker at the grave of Jacob Davis.

Jacob Davis was born in Shrewsbury, N. J., in 1765. He was the son of Rev. Jacob Davis, who served as chaplain in the Revolutionary War, and served his church at the same time.

Jacob, Jr., when only a youth, served in the Revolutionary War by driving team for officers for the department of the quarter master general, Daniel Marsh.

For this service he received certificates, Nos. 221, 41 and 104, with pay for service at the rate of \$406 for eight days.

Jacob Davis was not a great man as the

world counts greatness, but he was a good man as God counts goodness.

WAS MOST DEVOUT

Family tradition says he was strong on the principles he believed to be right. It is said he would gather his family about him in the evening, stand while he read from the Word and explain it to them, then lead in the singing of hymns and prayer.

Two of his sons were pastors and home mission workers. Among his descendants can be counted a score or more ministers and advanced leaders.

At the age of eighteen years Jacob, Jr., married Prudence Maxson, by whom he had twelve children. The youngest was James Ball Davis, the father of the regent of the Lowther-Fitz Randolph Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution.

BOUGHT LARGE FARM

By a second marriage to Sarah Hoffman, he had a family of five children, of which Rev. Samuel Davis was the only son.

Mr. Davis came with a colony of thirteen families which settled at Salem in 1792. He bought and settled on a farm of five hundred acres near Jane Lew. A grandson, S. Orlando Davis, owns and lives on the old homestead at this time.

It is some of the good work being done by the daughters of the American Revolution to seek out the historic spots and graves of Revolutionary soldiers and place proper markers and monuments where they have deteriorated, or are none, to refresh the memory of the present generation, as well as establish history for the future.

A granddaughter and the regent of the Lowther-Fitz Randolph Chapter, and the historian, a great-granddaughter, led the daughters in placing and unveiling the granite monument by the grave of this brave youth and noble man who helped to win a free country for us.

GO TO LOWTHER CEMETERY

At the close of this program the daughters journeyed to the Lowther Cemetery and to the grave of Colonel William Lowther, for a short memorial service. Colonel William Lowther led the home guards against the Indians in the battle at Point Pleasant, now West Virginia, which is conceded to be the first battle of the Revolution. At this memorial service was a great-granddaughter and two great-great-grand-

daughters, who had a part in this memorial service.

STOP AT OLD TREE

Near the old Lowther home the daughters stopped to admire a giant old sugar maple tree, planted by Colonel William Lowther in 1780, and which, tradition says, he trimmed with his pen knife to make the beautiful shape which it has kept up to the present. The tree is still in a perfect condition of health at the age of one hundred forty-five years.

At the close of the pilgrimage, which was conducted October 8, the daughters adjourned to meet again in November at another unveiling pilgrimage.—*Clarksburg Telegram.*

THE QUADRENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

(Formerly International Sunday School Association)

Will be held in Birmingham, Ala., April 12-18, 1926.

Bible school workers throughout North America should plan to attend this great convention, to meet outstanding world leaders in religious education.

There will be inspiring addresses, helpful forums, beautiful pageants, and stirring music. An outstanding event is the great congress of youth.

President Calvin Coolidge will address the convention Thursday evening.

Plans are being made to make this the greatest Bible school convention ever held.

For full information, address the International Council of Religious Education, 5 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, or your state council or denominational headquarters.

When science, passing beyond its own limits, assumes to take the place of theology, and sets up its own conception of the order of nature as a sufficient account of its cause, it is invading a province of thought to which it has no claim, and not unreasonably provokes the hostility of its best friends.—*M. B. Carpenter.*

Some men will wrangle for religion, write for religion, fight for it, die for it, anything but—live for it.—*Colton.*

MISSIONS

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

OUR GROWTH THE RESULT OF MISSIONS

On Sabbath day, October 17, occurred the annual pilgrimage to the old mother church in Newport. This was participated in, for the most part, by the churches of Rhode Island and Connecticut and promoted by the president of the Historical Society, Dr. Corliss F. Randolph, of Newark, N. J. Others will write an account of this meeting and it is mentioned here for another purpose, namely, to point out a lesson in missions.

I have spent much time in the study of denominational history, particularly that connected with the Rhode Island churches; and I never go to that fine old church (now nearly two hundred years old) in Newport, R. I., without being impressed with the fact that missions have been the vital principle back of our growth from the beginning, over two hundred fifty years past, till the present.

It has been stated by some that Stephen Mumford came to America as a missionary; and while this is without any foundation, it is true that he unwittingly did missionary work, and his work resulted in the acceptance of the Sabbath on the part of a number of people soon after his arrival, and these people a few years later, 1672, became the first Seventh Day Baptist Church in America.

From this church, now extinct, the work has spread. It would appear that there were Seventh Day Baptist churches formed in America which did not receive the light and inspiration from the church in Rhode Island; but in most cases Seventh Day Baptist churches are the offsprings of the church established in Rhode Island, the cradle of liberty. The most of our churches have at some time been missionary churches, receiving missionary help from others. This applies to the most of our larger churches as well as to our smaller ones.

The work committed to us as a denomination has not only had its origin and growth in missionary zeal, but its present and future work depends on the same principle. Our

growth will be in proportion to our zeal in missions. We may face greater handicaps than most other denominations; but our growth and advancement will be in proportion to our missionary zeal. Nothing else can take its place. The Christian religion is a missionary religion. It has been missionary in its history; it is missionary from its very nature; and it was made missionary by its great Founder and Head. It is missionary or it is nothing; and a church is missionary or it is not Christian.

NO EASY ROAD TO SUCCESS IN MISSIONS

It is possible that missionary boards and denominations are sometimes looking for mission fields where they can win converts of a high grade readily and build up churches without much trouble—in short, where they can have an easy road to success. This is not the spirit of Christ, and the belief that such fields exist is largely a delusion.

It is also possible that missionary boards and denominations shun hard fields and are discouraged when they find such. This is not in accord with the spirit of Christ, either. The more difficult the field the more needy it is, as a rule, and the more Christ-like is the endeavor to help it.

The missionary task is the most stupendous of the ages, and the most difficult as well. It is an undertaking that is still in its infancy. The denominations will survive in the service of Christ and humanity which throw themselves into it with all their energies. There is no use to make a pretense in missionary work; whoever undertakes such a game will soon be entirely out of the race.

While it is true that denominations which do not push missions with zeal are doomed, there are higher and more gripping and compelling purposes in missionary endeavor than to build up an organization. One of these purposes is to help lift men and the race of men out of their sins, sorrow, and shame. It is worthy to strive to build up an organization, but it is vastly more noble to push the missionary enterprise for the purpose of having some part in lifting men and human institutions to the heights of Christ and his eternal riches. Such purposes can not be attained without great cost. We read of a merchant who found one pearl of great price, but he was obliged to sell all that he had to obtain it. There is no easy road to success in missions.

LETTER FROM LIUHO, CHINA

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

A year ago a fierce war was going on here, and day before yesterday was the anniversary of the burning of Liuho, which I witnessed with streaming eyes from the deck of the steamer on the Yang-tse on my way home from Peking. Today the main burned district has already been built up to a remarkable degree. A year ago the prediction of everyone was that it would take at least thirty years for Liuho to get back to be the same place that it was before the war. Now it looks as though five years would put it in better shape than before, if unhindered, and if it goes on at the same rate. There are two streets almost entirely composed of new buildings. They look fine, so new and clean, and in some ways better than before, for many of them have all glass windows and other modern improvements, though still mostly in Chinese style. However, much American pine was used in their construction. A house near us has been rebuilt with thick walls like our hospital walls, all floored with American pine (before they had mud floors) and with plenty of big glass windows and foreign style doors. We are glad to get another decent looking building on the hospital road. Dr. Crandall, last winter, managed the widening of the road, so that autos can now drive right to the hospital. We often have visitors from Shanghai, especially the friends who gave us such a beautiful Christmas eve last year, when everything was so desolate. Our host at that time, is the president of two large insurance companies in Shanghai. They have kept up an interest in us and have been most kind. For some time they have been talking of buying land in the name of the mission and really giving it to us, for the purpose of putting up a tuberculosis sanitarium especially for their patrons and the Chinese connected with them in the business, of which our doctors were to have oversight. Now they have decided to put up a smaller building immediately, on land we already have, which will practically belong to the mission. This decision has been reached, I think, because one of their employees who was very far gone, whom they put under Dr. Crandall's care, has shown much improvement. They have several others who need immediate attention, and they do not feel it right to fill up the hos-

pital with their cases to the exclusion of others.

War clouds are again hovering on our immediate horizon. We hope they will blow away, you may be sure. War has been going on in other parts of the country a good part of the time, but we really hoped we had had our share. The strikes are to some extent quieting down in the Shanghai region, but in the Hong-Kong and Canton we read they are as bad as ever. The students still "agitate"! I should say, though, that the student bodies have separated into different unions, as some have become more sane in their opinions and feelings. But it is, of course, the agitators from whom we hear most. A dear friend in America wrote to me reproving me for the bitter tone of my letter in the August 3 RECORDER. In the light of that reproof, I have read my letter over several times to see where I had written amiss but find nothing that I would change. I have not felt bitter at all. I have felt very sorrowful and sometimes disgusted. Of course, I acknowledge there is the principle of freedom to be fought for and with which I sympathize, and I have always urged on the Chinese that they adopt such ideas of fairness and justice and such habits of life that they may come to be on an equal plane with other nations, and not be inferior; then they would be recognized as equal. I have no doubt other missionaries have done the same. But the present agitation has been for demanding the equality, rather than the deserving of it. This may seem bitter to those of you who have only the ideals without the realities. As we have them, I have not the least doubt that if the Chinese people and government would prove their capability of ruling with justice their own and other nationals, the foreign concessions would gladly be given up! It certainly can be no pleasure for men who are out here in business to be obliged to leave their business for months at a time and spend their days and nights in all sorts of weather as soldiers in order to protect their own homes and families. At the same time, they protect the hundreds of thousands of Chinese who live in, and flock to, the concessions at the least sign of danger. Last fall, during the war here, the Shanghai concessions were filled to bursting with the Chinese from all the surrounding country. Even Liuho emptied itself there, as well as

throng from large cities which have no foreign concessions. They knew that foreign soldiers and volunteers and foreign gun boats would protect them from their own bandit soldiers.

My landlord, after the close of the war, actually came to me suggesting that the people of Liuho ask the foreigners to take over Liuho as a concession, so in case of another war Liuho would be safe! I told him I was sure they had enough to do to protect what they already had.

In all this anti-concession uproar, the benefits received even so short a time before seem to be forgotten. If another war should come on in this region, I would not be in the least surprised if these, my students and their families, were the first to rush into the concession for protection and perhaps even withdraw their desire to have the concession given up. If it were not so serious, one would feel like laughing over it. But it is a serious matter when a nation is so deficient in real, sensible, and just, and brave men of years, that they will allow themselves to be led and ruled by children in their teens.

There is hoping for the best to come out of it all, especially hoping that principles of righteousness and justice may rule on all sides.

My letter is long enough, but I will add a little of personal matters. This summer we had in Liuho a greater cholera epidemic than usual. My Bible woman's husband was the first case. He died, and she took it from him; but as she had more intelligent care and nursing from the first, she recovered. It soon broke out in all directions. There was one death from it in this house, as they did not call me but depended on Chinese doctors; and as I was not sure of their antisepsis, and as the disease was so prevalent, I closed my woman's work for three weeks. I helped Dr. Crandall as well as I could, as the hospital was full of patients. Two cholera cases died there; and, as usual, after a death in the hospital a goodly number of the patients went home, relieving the congestion for a while.

The last day of August, Eling and I went off for a boat trip out from Hangchow on a most beautiful river between the hills and mountains of Chekiang province. Our trip lasted less than a week, but it was a complete change and I have much more energy

for my work. Eling, too, had been working hard all summer in the Daily Vacation Bible School and with other teaching.

The other day I received my first check for the industrial work sent to America. It was hailed with delight! I am selling a little work in Shanghai, but most of it is being sent to America. I am certainly grateful to the friends who are looking after the sale of it for me. We are expecting Dr. Thorngate and family back any moment now. The grippe has had them in its bonds in Shanghai for a time.

As always, your friend,
ROSA PALMBORG.

Liuho, Ku, China,
September 21, 1925.

THE SEVENTH DAY A DAY OF REST

MELVA H. CAMPBELL

(Given at Yearly Meeting, Garwin, Iowa.)

Often times we ask ourselves the question, "What is meant by the seventh day a day of rest?"

To the young person of today this is a very big question. What *should* we do on Sabbath day? We know we could not spend the day in doing odd jobs and in picnics and sight-seeing, with a clear conscience.

However that may be, we do not need to sit around anxiously waiting for the sun to set and thinking of the things we will do tomorrow.

Why not spend the day reading good things or studying nature? Where can you seem any closer to God than with the birds, flowers, or trees?

The seventh day was set apart as a day to rest from the labor of the week, not only physically but mentally. Drop your cares and try to see how God has helped you.

Welton, Iowa.

Pray do not abuse Iscariot! Do you remember the time when two courses were set before you, the one dishonorable but leading to immediate wealth, the other honorable but meaning strenuous endeavor and doubtful success in a worldly sense, and you paused, and then took the course that led to pelf and pleasure, to gluttony and suicide? It was then, though you did not speak one word, that you betrayed the Lord!—*Joseph Parker.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

RELIGION IN THE POETS

(Address given at Sunday Evening Service of Episcopal Church, Chestertown, Md., October 4, 1925.)

Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—*Ephesians 5:19.*

I am going to venture tonight somewhat afield from the kind of Sunday evening addresses you have been listening to. I want to talk for a few minutes on "Religion in the Poets."

Among a host of other things that the Bible is, we are justified in calling it a Book of imperishable poetry. From the song of triumph which Deborah sang at the defeat of Sisera (Judges 5), through the superb canticles of the Psalms, and the love song of "The Song of Solomon," to the majestic song of Moses and the Lamb, referred to and implied in Revelation, the Book is full of poetry.

Evidently, from the words of the text, the members of the early church delighted themselves in the gift and edified themselves in the use of sacred song. What they sang we do not know. We do know that many a Christian martyr met death with a song on his lips. In like fashion when in the fifteenth century Protestantism was being born, it is recorded that the people sang as they had never sung before. Martin Luther cemented the ranks of his followers and strengthened their hearts to suffer persecution by furnishing them with songs, like his noble hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—"A Fortress strong is our God."

What I am driving at is that poetry and song have inspired men to live, to suffer, to fight, and to die. Great poems are not confectionery; they are bread and meat. Instead of being play and dalliance with life they are dynamos that furnish power for achievement. This energizing capacity of poetry remains as true of the poetry of the English-speaking races as of the Hebrews or early Christians.

As the genius of the old Greeks was to be creators of beauty and of the old Romans to be creators of law, so it was the genius of the Jews to produce religion. English folk resemble the Hebrews in the fact that throughout English literature as through the Bible there runs a moving strain of moral earnestness and religious aspiration.

True religion is poetry anyway—the poetry of living. Poets great and small have sung religious themes because religion is a supreme concern of humanity. It is the poets who have helped men to see when they have been blind. It is the poets who discerned harmony and concord when the world seemed given over to confusion and discord. It is the poets who have challenged men to fight when they have nearly given over the struggle. And it is the poets who have revealed God in the commonplace.

What I should like to do tonight is to point out to you some notable expressions of religion uttered by great poets. I hope some of these passages may inspire and help you as they have me.

To me religion is the life of God in the heart of man. It is man's connection with the power-plant of the universe. It is the life and the hope that elevate man above the beasts of the field and the fowl of the air. It is compounded of two fundamentals—conduct and faith, of right living and vital belief in God. Time forbids my touching upon more than three phases of this tremendous subject of religion which the poets have treated.

One of the commonest themes dealt with by great poets is service to fellow man. Somewhere the Bible asserts that a man may know that he has passed from death unto life if he loves the brethren. This is basic.

Our own Sidney Lanier, the foremost poet of the South, expresses this fact beautifully and tellingly in his "Song of the Chattahoochee." The Chattahoochee River rises in Habersham County in northeast Georgia and in its southwesterly course flows through the adjoining Hall County. The poet represents the stream as hearing the call of the mountains, valleys, flowers, and rocks tempting it to abide amidst the pleasant surroundings of its upper course, but as heeding instead the call of duty. It yearns for the plain where it is needed. Here, no longer picturesque, it waters the land, gives moisture to the languishing vegetation, and

turns the wheels of commerce. Thus it finds its true destiny not in selfish satisfaction but in the service of men. Again and again this theme of service has been treated by English and American poets, but Lanier has perhaps given this idea its most beautiful expression.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay*,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-
stone

Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Another form of the thought that conduct, righteousness, our attitude toward our fellow man, is fundamental to religion oc-

curs in two poems of entirely different temper from each other. Katharine Lee Bates, in "America the Beautiful," prays that America, beautiful and great as it is, may realize the greatest end of righteousness—the brotherhood of man.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For waves of amber grain,—
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

The other poem, Kipling's "Recessional," was written to remind the British that, far-flung as may be England's pomp and possessions, righteousness alone exalteth a nation. Kipling prays, in language that recalls the thunders of the Hebrew prophets, that his great country shall not forget God.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

But religion consists not alone in keeping faith with man, in dealing justly with and loving our fellows; it consists also in a vital belief in God. This thought Browning gave unforgettable expression to when he wrote:

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

Faith holds that God doeth all things well, that everything works together for good to him that loves the Lord. Faith knows that God is the master of this world—of all its laws and all its forces.

When I was a child, I could never see beyond a thunderstorm. The lowering clouds, the flashing lightning, the terrifying thunder seemed final and permanent. As I grew older I saw that nature's frown and apparent anger were only temporary. Often the storm but preceded brighter weather.

When trouble falls upon us, when hopes go to smash, when things get tied up in a knot, when life grows hard and even tragic, we are sometimes tempted to believe that misfortune is the last word of the universe to us. When life is stripped of all interest and seems no longer worth the candle, then is when we need the spiritual tonic of strong, vital faith. Then we need to feel that God is still in his world and is helping us to work out our destiny for the very best. Is all this easy to say? Listen to Whittier.

Contrary to common belief, the New England Quaker poet lived a life, not of undisturbed serenity, but of storm and stress. Many a time he faced the severe buffetings of life, but his faith always helped him to see beyond them. In his "The Eternal Goodness" this fighter for the right as he saw it

has given classic utterance to a simple, child-like, unwavering trust in God.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond his love and care.

Perhaps the most comforting expressions of faith the poets have given us when they have come up to the horizon of life and were facing the Great Unknown. While few if any of the major poets in English literature have looked upon death as a leap in the dark, it has remained for two of the greatest—Browning and Tennyson—to voice their faith in lines that will perhaps never be surpassed in their superb outreach of the soul over into eternity and in their affirmations of confidence in God. Browning in particular utters a robust faith and longing for the Great Adventure.

PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible
form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,

Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

Tennyson's more beautiful lines have be-
come the comfort of many a believer as he
nears the sundown of life.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ORDINATION OF REV. E. R. LEWIS, STONEFORT, ILL.

Ellis R. Lewis, son of the late Rev. Robert Lewis, of Stonefort, Ill., and who has been pastor of the Stonefort Church and whose work with the church has been blessed, was ordained to the Christian ministry, September 19 and 20, 1925, at Stonefort, Ill.

The Stonefort Church had invited the churches of the Northwestern Association to send delegates to a council. The council consisted of the members of the Stonefort Church and the following ministers present: Rev. Edwin Shaw from the Milton and Southern Wisconsin churches; Rev.

William L. Burdick, secretary of the Missionary Board; Rev. Claude Hill, pastor of the Farina, Ill., Church; and Rev. Walter L. Greene, pastor of the Andover and Independence, N. Y., churches. The council organized by electing Rev. W. L. Greene moderator, and Deacon Howell Lewis, secretary. Rev. Edwin Shaw was appointed to conduct the examination. By previous arrangement, Brother Lewis had prepared a brief statement of his Christian experience and doctrinal beliefs, which he read and which is appended to this report. For about an hour members of the council freely asked many comprehensive questions which were not covered in his written statement. They were frankly and satisfactorily answered by the candidate. At the close of the examination the council unanimously voted to recommend his ordination.

The ordination services were held the next day, Sunday, September 20, and the following order was carried out:

Morning worship, led by Rev. Edwin Shaw; Ordination sermon, Rev. William L. Burdick; The Charge to the Candidate, Rev. Claude L. Hill; The Charge to the Church, Rev. Walter L. Greene; The Consecrating Prayer and Welcome to the Ministry, Rev. Edwin Shaw; Congratulations and welcome by the council.

We give below the statement of belief which Brother Lewis presented at the council.

BROTHER LEWIS' STATEMENT OF BELIEF

In accordance with the usual custom of like gatherings among our people, I have prepared the following brief statement of my religious beliefs and experience.

I believe in Almighty God, an Eternal Spirit, the Creator of "the heavens and the earth and all that in them is"; that he, by his own pre-eminent power and wisdom sustains and directs in perfect love, all his creation.

I believe in Jesus the Christ, who in a very real, very unique sense is his Son, and the Savior of the world of men, even as many as will accept salvation at his hands and upon the terms of the gospel.

I believe in the Holy Ghost or Comforter, who is the spirit of Truth, and that he abides in the hearts of the disciples of Christ to "lead them into all truth."

(Continued on page 532)

WOMAN'S WORK

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

To see the beauteous world,
To breathe the fragrant air,
To hear accordant sounds,
To feel, to be—
This is not life!
There is a larger view,
There is a deeper breath
There is a finer touch,
And a diviner sound,
Than sense can e'er reveal.
To see the glory of the Infinite,
To feel the breath of the Almighty,
To hear the voice of the I am—
This is to live!

—William A. McKeever.

The ride from Vancouver to Victoria through the Strait of Georgia came to an end all too soon, as seems to be the way with so many pleasurable experiences; and we found ourselves entering the square inner harbor of the latter city. Directly in front and across the street stands the Empress Hotel, a beautiful ivy-covered building that seemed as if it should be a government building, it so dominated the harbor. To the right are the Parliament buildings and the city spreads itself away to the left. Add to this picture the blue-tinted hills in the distance and the snow-capped peaks of the Olympics in the farther distance, and you will have the picture we saw that day as we steamed into the harbor of the capital city of British Columbia.

Victoria as many of you may remember if your geography days are not so far in the distance as mine are, is situated at the lower end of Vancouver Island. We learned in history that this island was discovered in 1792 by Captain Vancouver. There seems to be some doubt about the movements of an earlier discoverer, Juan de Fuca, a Greek navigator in the service of Spain who has been given credit for the discovery of the island two hundred years earlier; but this time being before the day of the oldest inhabitant now on the island, I thought best not to give him undisputed credit for the discovery. Our friends on the boat told us that the climate is much like that of England,

that there are no extremes of heat and cold here; and judging from their tales of experiences of Canadian winters farther inland, they know what extremes of cold are.

We planned to take a sightseeing bus, and were advised to take a "yellow rose tallyho." The wonderful and expressive names that the auto buses of the country have taken to themselves! Anyway we took one. They are built high so that the passengers can see over the garden walls and ivy-grown fences that are a part of so many of the beautiful homes in the city.

In the short time at our disposal we saw quite a bit of the city. The new observatory—they have two observatories and hills enough for several more—was pointed out to us; and we were sorry that time would not permit us to visit it, especially when we learned that it is open to the general public "through the courtesy of the Canadian government and the observatory authorities." Our preacher friend thought we were missing a great opportunity in not visiting it. Yes, of course we mentioned Yerkes, but he seemed not to have heard of it, and we did not press the subject, as he was most kind to us. However, here is one of the largest telescopes in the world. The reflector is seventy-two inches in diameter. It was cast in Belgium and the government considers itself fortunate in securing it, for it was shipped just three days before the German occupation of Liege. Ordinary visitors are allowed to look through this instrument; and when we learned that, we did not say any more about Yerkes, although we are still proud of it.

On this ride we passed Dunsmuir Castle, built many years ago by a Scotch lord who seemed to prefer this country to his native land. The castle stands on a hill overlooking the city and can be seen long before the city is reached. Our guide told us that after the death of Lord Dunsmuir the family became scattered; two sons lost their lives in the World War; and no one was left who cared to live in the old home. The finances of the family were reduced; it took an army of servants to keep things running smoothly. Lady Dunsmuir wished to sell it, but no one would buy. Finally she gave out lottery tickets to those who purchased her other properties, and the holder of the lucky ticket became the owner of the castle when he paid for the property that he had purchased.

Our guide seemed to think that the castle had fallen from its high estate and that it was quite a joke when it was drawn by a "boot and shoe store man"; but then our guide was Irish and enjoyed a fling at the Scotch at every opportunity. We enjoyed to the full that part of our drive that showed us "a glimpse of old England." We were glad that we had chosen to ride in the high bus, for the fleeting views we had over the walls of the interiors of the English gardens were very lovely.

Our return trip was over the marine drive; here we filled our eyes with the wonderful view of the snow-capped Olympian peaks across the blue waters of the Juan de Fuca Strait (So he must have been here after all.) Many other interesting sights we remember, but these were the outstanding features.

We had time before going back to the boat for a little visit to the gardens of the Empress Hotel. Here is grown every kind of tree and shrub that is native to the island. Wooded paths lead to the rose gardens where are grown an almost endless variety of roses. Many other kinds of flowers also are found here. This garden makes a wonderful setting for the hotel which is one of a chain of hotels owned by the Canadian Pacific and extending across the Dominion. We did not enter the building, but I wondered if they furnished roller towels for their guests as we had on our boat that is owned by the same company.

We hurried through this garden so that we might make a visit to the much talked of Crystal garden. We thought from the appearance it might be an immense greenhouse; but after we had paid our admission, we found it to be an amusement garden such as may be found in many cities back home, with the exception that it has a large swimming pool of salt water. It is a beautiful place but we did not tarry long, as we preferred the Empress gardens. As we went along the street our attention was called to a yard full of all sorts of animals, large and small, domesticated and wild. They seemed to be scattered about promiscuously. There were birds as well as beasts and all cut out by the hand of the owner from the foliage of growing fir trees. As an exhibition of what one with artistic ability can do to a poor tree it was an interesting garden, but I should imagine that one would soon

tire of living in the midst of such a menagerie.

When we returned to the boat we had to answer questions put to us by the United States immigration inspector. When we had told him where we lived and other interesting details we were allowed to go aboard. We heard from other people on board that Canada has already sent over to us her full quota of immigrants, hence all people coming from Canada are questioned more than was formerly the custom. The ride to Seattle was a continuation of pleasant experiences, lasting until night. At the dock in Seattle we had to have our baggage examined again, for booze this time I judged by the way the inspectors went at it. There were a great many passengers, and this operation delayed us for some time, but finally the little chalk marks had been put on every piece of baggage and we were free to go. When we left the dock it was raining again and I found good use for my umbrella. If I could have seen our Y. M. C. A. friend, I should have offered him the use of that umbrella; but he had wisely sought shelter, and after telling me I wouldn't need that umbrella too!

After a night's rest in Seattle we started Friday morning for Eugene. I was surprised to learn that it would take the greater part of a day to travel that distance. A wait of an hour or two in Portland was spent in resting at the station. All day we looked for Mt. Hood, and all day we could not see far enough to find it; the smoke was too heavy. Once or twice we thought we saw some shadowy outlines, but the trainmen said they were just foothills, and we had to make a show of believing them. Anyway, the foothills were blue and hazy and altogether lovely.

That evening about nine o'clock I put on my gloves for the first time, and we stepped down from the train at Eugene, Ore., and found ourselves greeting our cousin, Miss Laura Stillman, well known to many of our readers. It was a joyful meeting after twelve years of separation. The next day was a Sabbath long to be remembered, as we talked of old days and old times, not forgetting the work of the church back home, where for the greater part of the last twenty years Miss Stillman has been a nonresident member. In the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. George Hurley came and took us for a ride

and to their home for a little visit. Dr. and Mrs. Hurley are also well known among our readers, both having been graduated from Milton College. By some people Mrs. Hurley will be more quickly recognized by her maiden name, Blanche Babcock. The renewal of friendship with these friends of other days was most pleasant.

MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD

On the afternoon of October 3, Mrs. J. B. Morton entertained the Woman's Board at the home of Mrs. Emma Landphere.

Members present were: Mrs. West, Miss Phoebe Coon, Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. L. M. Babcock, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. J. F. Whitford, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. Daland, Mrs. Skaggs.

Visitors: Mrs. H. Vine Clark, Mrs. L. A. Babcock, Mrs. Emma Landphere.

Mrs. West read Galatians, the sixth chapter; and Miss Phoebe Coon, Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock and Mrs. West offered prayer.

Minutes of the last meeting were read. The treasurer reported disbursements of \$308.09 and balance on hand of \$11.91.

Voted the treasurer's report be adopted. Mrs. West presented a bill of \$7.32, expenses for Conference program.

Miss Mabel West had been asked to represent the Woman's Board at the Northwestern Association, and it was voted that the board pay her expenses, amounting to \$11.50.

Voted the bill of \$7.32 for Conference program expenses be allowed.

Mrs. L. M. Babcock read a letter from Business Manager L. H. North, in regard to printing Mrs. D. H. Davis' paper, "The History of Our China Mission." After some discussion Mrs. West suggested the committee be continued to further consider this matter in view of the new booklet put out by the Young People's Board entitled, "A Study of Seventh Day Baptist Missions in China."

Voted that the committee be continued, and as Mrs. Morton would be away from Milton for some time, Mrs. Shaw was asked to serve on this committee.

The secretary read the minutes of the special woman's meeting held at the Northwestern Association. Mrs. Sutton and Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock reported the woman's hour program at the association.

The corresponding secretary reported a letter from Mrs. E. C. Cronk, of Philadelphia, asking for data of the Woman's Board of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination.

Mrs. Shaw also read most interesting parts of the *China Bulletin of the Commission of Reference and Counsel*. She reported a letter written to Missionary Secretary W. L. Burdick and the new stationery for the board ordered.

Several suggestions were made for making the records of the board more complete.

Mrs. L. M. Babcock reported a letter from Mrs. E. D. Van Horn, of Alfred Station, a former member of the board, in which she sent greetings to the women of the board.

We were very glad to have Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, who is also a member of the Young People's Board, with us. Mrs. Babcock gave a very interesting talk on some of the special features of the work of the Young People's Board this year.

The board adjourned to meet with Mrs. A. B. West in November.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President.

MRS. J. L. SKAGGS,
Recording Secretary.

WOMEN AT NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

The women of the Northwestern Association were called together at 7 o'clock on the evening after the Sabbath. There were forty-five women present.

Mrs. J. H. Babcock, of the Woman's Board, had charge.

The meeting was opened by singing "Stand Up for Jesus." Mrs. Babcock read the fourth chapter of Ephesians; Mrs. E. M. Holston offered prayer.

Mrs. Babcock talked on "Service" and urged each one to fill her own place. She then spoke of the plans for next year's work and mentioned that our women at Conference went on record as favoring tithing. She recommended for study *New Days in Latin America*, by Webster E. Browning, price sixty cents; and for young women, *Looking Ahead with Latin America*, by Stanley High, price fifty cents. These books may be secured from M. H. Leaves, West Medford, Mass.

There was some discussion as to whether or not we are giving too much money to

the China mission in proportion to what we are giving to other missionary work, home and foreign.

Miss Mabel West told about Dr. Palm-borg's industrial work and answered other questions about China.

Mrs. Skaggs offered prayer for our women that they may be united in doing God's work at home and in foreign lands.

Rev. W. D. Burdick pronounced the benediction.

MABLE C. SAYRE,
Secretary.

BROTHER LEWIS' STATEMENT OF BELIEF

(Continued from page 528)

I believe these three are the manifestations of the one Eternal Spirit, but I can not hope to understand how or why.

I believe the Bible to be the highest type of Hebrew literature and that it reveals to man God's will for him; that it reveals God through men's experiences in seeking after him; and that it testifies in most unmistakable terms of Jesus the Christ, "written for our admonition."

I further believe that every writing, whether in the Book of books or elsewhere, if God has inspired it, "is profitable" for one or more of the following things: "for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work."

I believe the gospel of Christ to be the very "power of God unto salvation."

As a child I was reared in a Christian home, taught in the local Sabbath school and other church services, and led at an early age (in my fourteenth year) to become a Christian. In later life through contact with new thoughts and other manners of living, I was led into very serious doubts through inability to defend my position, becoming at last not an atheist, perhaps, in my most radical moments, but a very real and sincere agnostic.

Under the personal guidance and teaching of Rev. C. S. Sayre, now of Albion, Wis., to whom I shall always be indebted, and whom I love as my father in Christ, I was led to cease to demand incontestable proof of the truths of religion and to act in faith, resting upon personal experience and observation of the experiences of others. This faith in God through our Lord Jesus, of

course, had its perfect work, and today I stand, a sinner, saved by Grace, through faith in him who died on the cross, was buried in Joseph's new tomb where he remained for "three days and three nights" and "late on the Sabbath day as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week" arose before the astonished eyes of "Mary Magdalena and the other Mary" who were eye witnesses of the awful demonstration by heaven and earth at that epochal time, and "who ever liveth to make intercession for his saints."

Realizing that many were as I had been, swamped in a morass of doubts, seeking the unanswerable proof of logic, blinded by a fog of foolish preaching, I at that time felt the urge to tell others of my experience. But realizing my past manner of life and the terrible limitations due to my lack of schooling, I did not do so. Later, due to certain things which arose in my experience and the cumulative pressure of the Spirit, I ventured to try to speak in a small way to small congregations. The results are disappointingly small. There are others here today better fitted for the work, I least of all. Yet having been urged by so many, and so persistently by some, I have felt best to be guided by them; for surely the Spirit which calls to the work may easily call others as to the methods. I do not now feel, nor have I ever felt myself worthy to accept this high calling, and it is with a deep sense of my unworthiness that I make this brief statement and present myself before you for further examination.

E. R. LEWIS.

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

Matthew 14: 27.

Far too well thy Savior loves thee
To allow thy life to be
One long, calm unbroken summer,
One unruffled, stormless sea.
He would have thee fondly nestling
Closer to his loving breast:
He would have that world seem brighter
Where alone is perfect rest!

—C. Fenn.

"How large is your spirit of forgiveness? Towards that provoking employee, that nagging neighbor, that thoughtless friend, that malicious enemy? Can you easily forgive once? Seven times? Seventy times seven? Is there any limit to the forgiveness of true Christlike love?"

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

LAWLESSNESS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
November 14, 1925

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Overcome greed (Josh. 7: 1-25)

Monday—Cultivate reverence (Ps. 119: 113-120)

Tuesday—Check wrong-doing (Acts 21: 27-34)

Wednesday—Cultivate brotherliness (Mark 12: 31)

Thursday—Obey the laws (1 Pet. 2: 11-15)

Friday—Pray for authorities (1 Tim. 2: 1-6)

Sabbath Day—Topic: How can we overcome the spirit of lawlessness? (Rom. 13: 1-8)

"The spirit of lawlessness is the spirit of selfishness. Eradicate that in anyone, and that person will keep the law. Hence the need of the gospel."—*Endeavorer's Daily Companion.*

"Legislation can give us quantity of prohibition, but it can not give us quality. This must be achieved by a process of education. There is no other way.

"We must preach the gospel of prohibition to the rest of the world and keep the liquor trade busy defending itself. We must help the other fellow even if that other is a whole nation or a whole continent."—*Ernest H. Cherrington.*

"WHY CRIME WAVES RISE"

"General Butler, who has been head of the Philadelphia police force for the past two years, tells us that he has had very little public support in his campaign against bootleggers, and that in some way the machinery of justice has been stopped so that it is very difficult to secure the conviction of criminals. The police hale them into court, but comparatively few of them ever suffer the penalty of the law.

"If this is so,—and General Butler backs up his statement with facts and figures,—he has pointed out one way to help to end the wave of crime that everybody is talking about. We should start with judges and lawyers. If the courts allow criminals to escape, then the crime wave will increase.

"General Butler does not indict all courts

and lawyers. There are plenty of honest judges, and lawyers, too. But it appears that there are enough who betray their duty to the public to make justice a joke to the crooks. Injustice, however, is no joke to the public, and some day there will be a reckoning."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Topic for Sabbath Day, November 14, 1925

WHY AND HOW SHOULD INTERMEDIATES GIVE TO THE CHURCH? DEUT. 16: 17;
2 COR. 9: 6, 7

"THE ONE SAFE INVESTMENT"

Would you like to know how to use your happiness for the longest time? When we spend money for clothes, we find that they wear out or we outgrow them. Food is soon eaten up. Pleasures that we buy are soon over. Even banks or other investments often fail, and money we thought we had saved in them is lost. But money that is given to the Lord brings us a permanent satisfaction, and continues to do good long after we are gone. "Our one safe investment," said Matthias Baldwin, founder of the great locomotive works, "is the tenth of our earnings that goes to the Lord."

The time came when the company was hard pressed for money, but he insisted on paying his tithes as usual, except that he had to pay with notes signed by himself. They were all redeemed.

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

"Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." And those who have proved the Lord in this way have found that the blessings received have far outvalued the gift they have made. Thomas Kane, a great manufacturer, has spent thousands of dollars in the past forty years, trying to prove to others the benefits of tithing. He sends out the following question in the form of a pamphlet:

"My personal belief is that God honors both temporally and spiritually those who devote one tenth of their income to his cause. I have never known an exception. Have you?" It is said that in the forty

years he has never received an affirmative reply.

THE M. P. ACCOUNT

The name of Huyler is pretty well known in connection with candy; but it is not so well known that John S. Huyler, who made the chocolate bar famous, was also a great giver to good causes. His checks for these things bore the legend, "M. P. Account," which meant "My Partner Account"; for he felt that Jesus Christ was his partner in his business and deserved a share in the profits. Or rather, as the *Christian Endeavor World* points out, he was only the agent, making use of the wealth which really belonged to his good Partner.

THE WHY OF GIVING

These words just quoted give the real reason for giving to the Lord. It is not that we shall be made to prosper, though we probably shall. It is not even that we may gain happiness and satisfaction, though we shall surely have that. It is because we are only junior partners in God's great business, and all that we make use of is really his. His share in the income may be one tenth or it may be more. For the average individual it need not be less. The smaller your income, the easier it is to begin tithing; for the experience of most people is that the longer they continue to claim ten tenths, the harder it is to recognize God's claim to the one tenth.

HOW TO GIVE

"Not grudgingly nor of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." Did you ever have anyone give you something, but give it in such a grudging spirit that you almost wished they had kept it? God wants us to give in a cheerful, loving spirit. Then is our gift doubly acceptable.

Rockville, R. I.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER 14

This meeting is to be a railroad meeting. Have the chairman of the Prayer Meeting Committee write the following program on the board:

3.00 Praise Station (Singing)

3.10 Bible View (Topic and Scripture reference)

- 3.15 Power House (Prayer by superintendent)
- 3.20 Refreshment Depot (Solo by a senior)
- 3.25 Observation Point (Leader's story or talk)
- 3.30 Instruction Bureau (Superintendent's talk)
- 3.40 Testimony Tavern (Testimonies)
- 3.45 Inspiration Point (Sentence Prayers)
- 3.50 Lookout Mountain (Memory work and announcements)
- 4.00 Parting Signal (Benediction)

One of the seniors may sing, "Life Is Like a Mountain Railroad," for the solo. This fits in with the program and the topic also.

Invitations in the form of railroad tickets may be made. The chairs should be arranged like seats on a train.

For the superintendent's talk she may outline a heart on the board and tell how Saul's black heart was changed to Paul's white heart (fill the heart in with white chalk to make it white). When his heart was black, he put himself and his own desires first; but when his heart turned white, he put something else in front of his own heart and desires. Draw a red cross over the heart telling the juniors the ways in which Paul put Christ first. Then have one of the juniors read this poem, and explain how Michelangelo (another Paul) put Christ first.

"The mighty master, Michelangelo,

While working with his chisel, oft was known
To place above his head a candle prone,
That every stroke should be within its glow,
That he across his art should never throw
The shadow of himself, but carve each stone
In free accord with promptings from the Throne
To his responsive genius here below."

—Stephen van Rensselaer Trowbridge.

Ashaway, R. I.

Protestants are perpetually being told that they have no center of authority. Those who make this statement forget that the one, the abiding, and the only center of authority in matters of faith and doctrine is the Holy Spirit.—G. Campbell Morgan.

Holy practice is the most decisive evidence of the reality of our repentance. "Bring forth fruits meet for repentance."—Jonathan Edwards.

THE NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

SECRETARIES MRS. ARTHUR M. NORTH AND
MRS. RUBY C. BABCOCK

The seventy-third session of the Northwestern Association at New Auburn, Wis., was opened by Pastor C. B. Loofbourrow in the absence of Professor J. F. Whitford of Milton, Wis., Thursday morning, September 24, 1925.

Pastor Loofbourrow was made moderator and the usual business transacted.

Pastor Loofbourrow gave the address of welcome, emphasizing the thought that the New Auburn Church was but a child of the association welcoming to its home its parent. The church was organized in 1879, and this was its first attempt to entertain the association.

The introductory sermon was given by Pastor Claude Hill, of Farina, Ill.,—theme, "Walking With God."

Meals were served in a hall in the village, by the ladies of the New Auburn Church—breakfast and lodging in the homes.

Thursday afternoon reports from part of the churches were read and a letter of greeting from the Detroit Church and Christian Endeavor society. Pastor H. C. Van Horn of Lost Creek, W. Va., read a message and gave greetings and report from the Southeastern Association. He told of the good work being done in the churches there and presented the interests of Salem College.

Program of the Woman's Board was in charge of Mrs. Metta P. Babcock, of Milton, Wis., who was assisted in scripture reading and prayer by Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, of Milton, Wis.; Mrs. Erlo Sutton, of Milton Junction, Wis., and Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, of Battle Creek, Mich. The encouraging phases of the work of the Woman's Board were given; then Miss Mabel West, of Shanghai, China, spoke on "Why Develop the Work in Liuho?" This was extremely interesting, and questions about conditions and the work there were answered.

Thursday evening after the song service, special music by a male quartet and congregational singing, Pastor H. C. Van Horn using as his text the third verse of the second chapter of Hebrews, preached a strong sermon, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" It was the plan to have an evangelistic service each evening, and the church was crowded to hear the good music and the splendid messages.

By Friday morning more delegates and friends had arrived. The standing committees were appointed, greetings read from Professor J. F. Whitford and a letter from Elder S. R. Wheeler, of Boulder, Colo. More letters from the churches were read, and in not one was there a discouraging note. A net gain of sixty was reported.

Pastor W. L. Greene, delegate (alternate) from the Eastern, Central, and Western associations preached on the theme, "Our Heritage and the Tasks Before Us."

Friday afternoon after the song service, scripture reading, and prayer, a duet, "Telling and Living," was given by Mrs. C. S. Sayre, of Albion, Wis., and Mrs. Oscar Davis, of New Auburn.

The representative of the Tract Board, Rev. W. D. Burdick, gave an address—theme, "Spiritual Conservation and Expansion."

The Sabbath School Board program, with Pastor E. E. Sutton, of Milton Junction, presiding, was excellent.

Address—"Work and Plans of the Sabbath School Board," President A. E. Whitford, of Milton, Wis.

Address—"Trained Teachers," Pastor J. L. Skaggs, of Milton, Wis.

Address—"Evangelism in the Bible School," Pastor E. E. Sutton.

There was a strong program of the Education Society with President A. E. Whitford presiding. An address was given by President Whitford, giving an account of the organization and plans of the Education Society and the work of Milton College.

Three talks were given by Pastor C. L. Hill, Miss Mabel West, and Secretary William L. Burdick.

Friday evening after the vesper service, scripture reading, and prayer, Arlie Davis, one of the younger teen-age boys of New Auburn, gave a solo, "The Lord is My Shepherd." A male quartet sang "The Treasures of Earth are not Mine" and "The Wayside Cross."

Pastor L. D. Seager, of Albion, Wis., preached from the verse, "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." An inspiring and very tender testimony meeting followed.

Sabbath morning service was given to a crowded house. All of the visitors had ar-

rived and were greeting old friends and making new ones. After the usual order of opening service, special prayers were offered for Mr. and Mrs. John Babcock, of Milton, by Pastor J. L. Skaggs and Pastor C. L. Hill. Mr. Babcock, "Uncle Johnny," was taken seriously ill soon after his arrival and "Aunt Metta" was kept much of the time with him. It was a very great disappointment to them not to be able to attend the meetings. He recovered sufficiently to make the trip home by train Monday night, where it is hoped that good medical care may bring relief.

Collection amounting to \$33.31 was taken for the Tract, Missionary and Education societies.

Secretary W. L. Burdick gave the address of the morning from Lamentations 1:12, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

Dinner was served to about two hundred forty people on Sabbath day.

After the usual preliminaries and a solo by Pastor C. L. Hill, Sabbath afternoon, Secretary W. L. Burdick told of the work done by the Missionary Society last year and of new work in view.

Secretary W. D. Burdick gave an address on the work of the Tract Board, and the ladies' quartet sang "The City Bright and Fair."

A special meeting of the women was called at seven o'clock in the evening by Mrs. Metta Babcock, who gave an encouraging talk and told of some plans of the Woman's Board for the coming year. Miss Mabel West answered questions concerning the China Mission.

At the evening service Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Sayre, of Albion, Wis., favored us with a duet, and a men's chorus sang two selections—"There's a Church in the Valley," and "Just Outside the Door."

Pastor E. R. Lewis, of Stonefort, Ill., preached a stirring sermon from Ephesians 5:14—"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Sunday morning the committees' reports were read and adopted. Pastor W. L. Greene brought greetings and read the letter from the Southwestern Association. He gave a report of the Western Association and presented letters from the Central, Western and Eastern associations. Pastor E. R. Lewis delegate (alternate) to the

Southeastern and Southwestern associations gave his report. Pastor L. D. Seager gave his report as delegate to the Eastern, Central, and Western associations.

The sermon was from John 4:35—"Fields White for the Harvest," by Pastor E. E. Sutton. This was followed by a song by the male quartet, "Far Away in the Depths of My Spirit Tonight."

Sunday afternoon, after the usual opening services, a ladies' quartet sang, "Just Beyond." Pastor Witter then preached on the theme, "Action or Inaction," First Kings, eighteenth chapter, twenty-first verse. Then came the Young People's Board program in charge of Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, who read First Timothy 4:12-16. "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only."

Mrs. Kittie Baldrige, of Exeland, Wis., gave a violin solo, and Pastor W. D. Burdick spoke on "How Our Young People Can Be Doers of the Word in Our Denomination."

The paper written by Mrs. Talva Sanford Wolfe, of Grand Mound, Ia., on "How Our Young People Can Be Doers of the Word in the Church," was read by Miss Esther Loofboro, of New Auburn. Pastor E. M. Holston spoke on "How Our Young People Can Be Doers of the Word in Sabbath School." Then came a paper, "How Can Our Young People Be Doers of the Word in Missions?" by Ralph Brooks, of Detroit, which was read by Francis Ling, of New Auburn. Miss Mabel West spoke on "What actual things our own young people can do to help the missionaries in China." Secretary William L. Burdick spoke on "What We Can Do for Our New Mission Fields." He told somewhat of the conditions in Jamaica and South America. "Some of the Things We Can Do for the Home Fields" was given by Pastor W. L. Greene. The paper, "How May Seventh Day Baptist Young People be Doers of the Word as Lone Sabbath Keepers?" written by Miss Vivian Hill, of Farina, Ill., was read by Miss Esther Ling, of New Auburn.

A season of prayer for our young people and their needs and our Young People's Board followed.

Mrs. Babcock told of some of the problems confronting the board. Several spoke on how the churches where there are few young people can keep them at work.

(Continued on page 539)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

PAUL

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
November 14, 1925

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Putting God first (Matt. 6: 23)
Monday—Moses, who chose God (Heb. 11: 24-27)
Tuesday—Caleb, who trusted (Num. 13: 30, 31)
Wednesday—Christ, first in all things (Col. 1: 17, 18)
Thursday—Give all for Christ (Phil. 3: 7-11)
Friday—Living for Christ (Phil. 1: 19-21)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Paul, who put Christ first, and Pauls of later times (Acts 21: 8-15, 27-34)

MRS. MARGARET COLLINGS

A Friend of the Juniors

In the city of Tarsus lived a rich young man named Saul. He had been brought up in wealth and was highly educated. He had been taught that the Christians were wicked people who were trying to stir up trouble in the country. This feeling grew until he was a man, when he went one day to Jerusalem. Here he found the high priest and asked for written permission to go into Damascus and there arrest and bind with chains any Christians he might find.

Now God, who can read all our hearts, knew what a brave, sincere man Saul was, and he saw the wonderful work that Saul could do if only he could be brought to see the right way.

As Paul was journeying toward the city, suddenly a bright light from heaven shone about him and he fell to the ground. He heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Saul asked who was speaking, and the Lord said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Then the Lord told Saul what he wanted him to do, and changed his name to Paul.

From this time on Paul, seeing that he had been wrong before, spent his life in working for, instead of against, the Christians. He gave up his luxurious home among beautiful gardens and servants and spent the rest of his life traveling and preaching God's Word.

He faced many dangers. At one time, to escape his enemies he was let down from the city wall in a basket. At another time he was ship-wrecked. But never once did he complain, always counting that it was an honor to serve God no matter what hardship came.

As Paul was planning his last visit to Jerusalem, a certain man prophesied that he would be bound and imprisoned in that city. His friends begged him not to go but he would not turn back. His only answer was, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Not many of us today are called upon to die for Jesus but we are called to live for him. A young man was beginning the year in a large eastern college. The first night while preparing for bed in the room with many other fellows he thought of the Bible in his pocket and his mother's parting request that he read it and pray every day. He knew that those around him were not in the habit of doing this. In his heart he fought a battle as to whether he should honor God and his mother or forget with the others. God's side won! He opened his Bible and knelt by his bed in prayer. A pillow whizzed at his head and remarks and jeers showed his companions' idea of the matter. The next night the pillow was not thrown, but laughing and whispering went on in the room. In a short time, however, all was quiet while he knelt in prayer, and before the end of the school year every head was bowed and many a prayer went up to God.

As with Paul, what we sacrifice—wealth, friends, etc.—should not be counted in our living for God. We must believe with Matthew that if we "Seek . . . first the kingdom of God . . . his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

A WARM MEAL FOR RUFUS

Ada, who lived near a large park, spent a good portion of her spare time feeding the squirrels and birds who made the park their home. She was very fond of the squirrels particularly, and whenever they spied her coming, they knew that they were in for some good things to eat, and so always hurried to meet her.

On this particular afternoon little Ada, for some reason, had neglected to stock up with

a supply of her little friends' favorite dainties. It never occurred to her that she had nothing to give them until she was well into the park, and then it was too late to go home for anything.

"What in the world will I do?" exclaimed Ada to herself, rather puzzled just what to do. "Rufus will be so disappointed when he finds out that I haven't anything for him this morning. I'm sure he'll never notice me again."

Just then her favorite squirrel, Rufus, happened to spy her and came hurrying up to Ada, every movement expressing his pleasure and anticipation. He halted promptly in front of Ada, and sitting up on his hind feet began begging as usual.

"Dear Rufus," said Ada to him, "I'm awfully sorry, but I haven't a single thing to give you this morning; but don't get mad at me, for I will surely make up for it tomorrow."

Rufus could not seem to understand that Ada did not have anything to feed him, but still continued to beg in a very hungry and patient manner. Then Ada, to make quite certain that she did not have anything, started to search her coat pockets again. Suddenly she gave an exclamation of surprise, then drew out several pieces of crystallized ginger, which she had entirely forgotten were in her pockets. She felt sure that Rufus would like the ginger, so she handed him a piece. He accepted it greedily and ate it swiftly.

Suddenly a moment later he squirmed a bit, opened his little mouth and then began to pant. He licked his lips, run his tongue swiftly around his mouth and then continued his panting. It was quite evident that the ginger was burning him. After several moments he seemed to feel relieved and then stared at the amused Ada in a thoughtful manner. She was very amused, but not at all worried at Rufus' actions, for when she had first tasted the ginger she had felt much the same herself.

Then she offered him several more pieces, all of which he promptly accepted. The first one he started to eat, but suddenly seemed to reconsider his intention and finally buried all of them in different places. Then with a friendly chirp at Ada he disappeared.

Ada laughed hard on her way home as she thought of Rufus' puzzled expression while eating the ginger, but she felt very sure that he liked it. "Papa told me yesterday he

thought it was going to be a very hard and cold winter for all the animals this year, but I bet wise Rufus won't feel cold, for that is just the reason why he buried that hot ginger. I must bring more of it for him tomorrow."—*Children's Friend*.

WHAT ERASERS ARE MADE OF

"Please lend me your eraser, Nell," asked Aunt Evelyn, who was drawing a picture for the other twin.

"All right, if you'll tell me what erasers are made of," replied Nell. Both of the twins loved to tease Aunt Evelyn into telling them some of the many interesting things that she knew.

"Well," said Aunt Evelyn, "your eraser is made of gum that comes from trees. It isn't the same sort of gum that chewing gum is, though chewing gum comes from trees, also. The gum that your eraser comes from is found in the rubber tree. These trees grow in hot countries, and when they are tapped as we tap sugar trees, a sticky white milk runs out of them and soon hardens into a stiff ball of gum. The people who work on the rubber farms then roll this gum up into hard balls and ship it away. It is heated to make it clean and pure, and then it is cut in strips and left to dry in the warm air. Then it is shipped to factories in this country, where ever so many things are made of it."

"I know," laughed Nell, "rubber shoes, raincoats, auto tires, and tubes—"

"Just lots of things," went on Aunt Evelyn, "but I think I've told you enough now for you to let me have the eraser. I am going to tell you, though, that your phonograph records and your comb and lots of other hard black things are made out of rubber, too, after it is baked and hardened."—*Frances M. Morton*.

MY PUSSY

Pussy's coat is shining black,
With not a speck of white;
Green her eyes when shines the sun,
Red like fire at night.

Nice sweet milk I give her,
Then stroke her glossy fur;
She likes to sit upon my lap;
I like to hear her purr.

Pussy likes to sleep by day,
At night she wants to roam,
I'm not afraid she'll stay away
Because she loves her home.

"Johnnie, name the four seasons."
"Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."—*The Continent*.

"Young folks tell what they do, old ones what they have done, and fools what they intend to do."

LOVE FOR GOD

SELECTED AND EDITED BY DEAN ARTHUR E. MAIN

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?—Psalm 42: 1, 2.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—1 John 4: 7-11.

Love is the only atmosphere in which God can reveal himself. Love alone has eyes to see God, and ears to hear him. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.—*Mark Guy Pearse*.

The love of Jesus Christ is to be seen in that warm affection for him which leads the faithful to wish that his soul may become almost a part of that of Christ, and that the living principle in the Lord may be reproduced in himself, not in the way of an external image, but as an inward and divine inspiration. This love is omnipotent, uniting the creature with the Creator. Man, in fact, rises continually from humanity to something divine when he is animated by this love, which is the sweetest of all affections, penetrates the soul, acquires a mastery over the body, and causes the faithful to walk on earth, rapt as it were in the spirit.—*Savonarola*.

It was a deep, true thought which the old painters had when they drew John as likeliest to his Lord. Love makes us like.—*A. Mac-laren*.

God, who registers the cup
Of pure cold water for his sake.
To a disciple rendered up,
Disdains not his own thirst to slake.
At the poorest love was ever offered;
And because my heart I proffered,
With true love trembling at the brim,
He suffers me to follow him
Forever, my own way.—*Robert Browning*.

Jesus is not to be for one moment thought of as simply the divinest of all the forces that mold life to God, immanent by his Spirit, but as the Man who ever loves most passionately and hungers most for love.—*John Watson*.

PRAYER

O loving Father, do thou fix my eyes upon thee, who art Love itself, as well as altogether lovely. Inspire me with such clear and lively apprehensions of thy beauties and perfections, and of thy bountiful love and boundless benevolence to all thy creatures, as may every day more and more raise and improve my love to thee. It is the sole excellence of my nature that I am capable of loving thee; and it is my glorious privilege that thou art pleased with my love. O do thou kindle and inflame this divine fire within my breast, and let it melt away all my secret repugnances and aversions to my duty, and mold and temper my will to thy blessed will, that my duty may be no longer a burden to me, but I may with the same complacency and delight do the will of my Father upon earth as it is done by my brethren in heaven.

THE NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

(Continued from page 536)

In the closing service on Sunday evening Pastor C. L. Hill gave a report of the quartet work the past summer. Words of appreciation for the hospitality of the New Auburn Church were read, and the letter to the sister associations. Pastor E. M. Holston sang, "He Loves Even Me," and Pastor Claude Hill preached the closing sermon from Jeremiah 18:4.

There was appropriate music by the New Auburn choir and plenty of congregational singing during the meetings. The delegates and friends will never know how much good it has done the New Auburn Church to entertain this association. We feel greatly strengthened and encouraged and ask all to remember us in prayer.

HOME NEWS

PLAINFIELD, N. J. — (The following "notes" appeared in the weekly bulletin of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Plainfield during the first month immediately following the pastor's return from his vacation. They are published here, under the proper dates, respectively, to indicate some of the things the church is doing at the beginning of a new year of church activity.—A. J. C. B.)

SEPTEMBER 12, 1925

The Conference at Salem, W. Va., was highly spiritual, harmonious, and forward-looking. There were thirty members of this church present. The pastor desires to thank all who have had part in reporting the Conference for the benefit of those who could not attend.

The pastor has had a most delightful vacation trip with Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner. He has derived immediate pleasure and profit from the two weeks' experience, and many pleasant memories of the happy occasion will go with him through life. He wishes to thank those who have "carried on" in his absence and trusts that he will be able to render better service during the year because of all that he has experienced within the last five weeks.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1925

Our Sabbath school participates in the Sunday school parade today. Our number in the parade is No. 13 of Division B. Assemble at 2.30 p. m. at the corner of Sixth Street and Cleveland Avenue. Parade starts at 3 o'clock. Provision is made for every member of our school to either ride or march.

The joint New Market-Plainfield Sabbath school picnic will be held tomorrow, Sunday, on the Walker farm, between New Market and New Brunswick. Dinner will be served at 12.30 p. m. Those not provided with means of transportation please notify the superintendent today. Autos will carry all members—route by way of either New Market or South Plainfield to Hadley Field. If it rains, we are invited to meet at the New Market church. All members of the Sabbath school and congregation are cordially invited. Mrs. Robert Randolph is chairman of the Dinner Committee.

The "older young people" of the congre-

gation are asked to meet at the parsonage tomorrow evening, September 20, to consider the question of organizing a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Some of these young people are interested in such an organization, and there are several intermediates who are ready for promotion. Plainfield can have a vigorous Senior C. E. society. Shall we? This is the question to be considered tomorrow night.

Most of the auxiliary organizations of the church begin their year's work next month. The pastor would venture the suggestion that a preliminary meeting in each case would doubtless be helpful. We would be very glad to have such meetings held at the parsonage during the next two weeks, where we could talk over together plans for the year.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1925

S. D. B.'s Attention!

All members of the S. D. B.'s are urged to be present at the first meeting of the year to be held with Mrs. Robert Randolph, Sunday afternoon, September 27, at 3 o'clock. Important matters are to be considered.

The Woman's Society for Christian Work will meet at the parsonage next Monday evening, September 28, at 8 o'clock, to talk over plans for the year's work. We appreciate the suggestion of our pastor and his wife to hold this preliminary meeting at their home and hope all the women will come.

Two church groups accepted this week the invitation to meet at the parsonage to talk over plans for the year. The young people met Sunday evening. Further announcement regarding their plans will be made in the next bulletin. Members of the S. D. B.'s met Thursday evening. Many plans for the year were presented and discussed. These matters will be discussed further at the regular meeting tomorrow. The parsonage is still open for similar meetings.

Our Sabbath school was well represented in the public Bible school demonstration Sabbath afternoon. Remarks overheard from the side lines helped to convince us that it was good religious and denominational advertising.

Many members of the school enjoyed the picnic Sunday with our New Market friends. The day was ideal, the place was superb, the dinner was fine, and the folks,

young and old (Were there any old folks present?) were happy.

OCTOBER 3, 1925

All the juniors will meet together at the regular hour this afternoon. Then they will divide into two groups to consider the year's work.

There will be a meeting of the young people of the church this afternoon at 4.15 o'clock to take further steps toward organizing a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. The prospects are good for a splendid society. All the young people are invited to the meeting this afternoon.

A get-together supper will be held at the church Sunday evening, October 4, at 6 o'clock, under the auspices of the Woman's Society for Christian Work. There will be an informal program when several will tell of interesting summer experiences. Everyone is cordially invited.

The Woman's Society for Christian Work will hold its annual business meeting Wednesday afternoon, October 7, at 3 o'clock. Reports of the year's work will be presented, and the officers for the ensuing year will be elected. It has been suggested that each member respond to the roll call with a verse of Scripture.

Thus far the following groups and organizations have had informal meetings at the parsonage to consider plans for the year's work: The young people, the S. D. B. society, the Sabbath school, the Woman's Society for Christian Work, and the Junior Committee. These meetings have been helpful in getting the work started for the year. Others are welcome.

There are some matters of general interest to the whole church which will be given informal consideration tomorrow evening in connection with the get-together supper.

Overheard

The setting sun was sending the last rays through the beautiful windows of our church. Sitting down to rest in the quietness, I thought I heard an animated discussion going on in the Sabbath school room, although I could see no one about. "It's all very well for you to try to persuade me," I heard, "that this room is cheerful and full of warmth. I tell you I have that creepy feeling that comes with an impression of emptiness. I want company!" Another voice, "What's the matter? You have

chairs and tables, a fine desk on the rostrum, a busy clock, plenty of sunshine, and a lot of things to keep you company."

Answered the first speaker, "There are enough things in this room, and I don't want any more; but I do want more people. I'm fairly lonesome when I think how many more seats in the Sabbath school could be occupied each week, and how much more enthusiasm there would be if every one who could would stay. I heard one of the classes talking about Paul recently, and I'll admit that I had forgotten he was so much of a go-getter. Do you suppose more folks would remain if they knew we were to have more 'Paul' lessons next quarter?"

Back came the other voice, "He was quite a fellow—an organizer, a stabilizer, and a first class letter writer—even if he did have such poor eyesight. But, did you ever hear of *Rally Day* as a chair filler? This year, the Sabbath school is going to have a *Rally Month*, something doing each week besides the lesson study, so that folks won't just come one day and forget the other four. Dr. Maxson is going to speak to us this week, and there will be extra music. Next week—but that's telling. There are five letters in *Rally* and five Sabbaths in October, the *Rally Month*. Let's boost this project a little, ourselves,—we have voices if not personalities—and see if by November first your creepy feeling won't have disappeared." "You're on!" came back the reply.

I slipped out of the room fast fading into twilight stillness, wondering whether the wish of the voices would come true. Will you begin to boost the interest and enthusiasm of the school by staying today? We need you!

OCTOBER 10, 1925

Ally. One Sabbath of October has passed, and we have taken the R out of *Rally*. During the late war, the word *Ally* confronted us on every page and every street corner. It challenges you today to

Ally

yourself with the Sabbath school.
yourself with the class you would enjoy.
yourself with a greater knowledge of the textbook of the school—the Bible.

A special program today. Dr. Gardiner is to be our speaker. Won't you be an Ally of the Sabbath school? *Begin today!*

A food sale will be held by the S. D. B.'s at Mr. Whitford's store, corner of Madison and Second, on Sunday, October 11, beginning at 10 o'clock.

The Woman's society of the New Market Church cordially invite our Woman's society to a luncheon at their church next Wednesday, October 14, at 12.30 o'clock. Please notify Mrs. Champlin today, if possible, if you can attend. Transportation will be provided.

The latest organization to meet at the parsonage to plan the year's work was the Joy Givers. It was a joy to hear them talk over with their leader the work for the year along the line of the three-fold purpose of the organization, which is (1) To render some definite service to their church (2) to do something worth while outside the church, and (3) to have a good time. The meeting was held Sunday afternoon.

The Senior Christian Endeavor Society met last Sabbath day and organized. The following officers were chosen: President, Everett C. Hunting; vice-president, Marjorie Burdick; recording secretary, Gladys Greene; corresponding secretary, Dorothy Hubbard; treasurer, Charles Post. The committees elected are: Prayer Meeting, Ruth Hunting, chairman, Mary Bond, Robert Spicer; Mailing Bulletins, John Reed Spicer, chairman, Lammechiena Bakker, Frances Wells; Social, Bertha Gaby, chairman, Marjorie Burdick, Everett Hunting, John Reed Spicer; Music, Virginia Bond, chairman, Dorothy Hubbard, Etta North; Missionary, Frances Wells, chairman, Virginia Bond, Betty Randolph; Flower, Mrs. Everett C. Hunting, chairman, Charles Post, Theodate Randolph.

"Keep your Sabbaths for the great things of the soul."

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.—Nothing has appeared in this department for some time, and it may be appropriate to send a word from the land of earthquakes and oranges to the rest of you who live in the land of tornadoes and coal strikes. Summer vacationers have returned from mountains and beaches, and every one is busy. Some of our young people who were at Milton last year are teaching or attending local institutions this year. We are glad to have them at home again.

Church services are well attended, and

we are again enjoying the inspiring sermons of Pastor E. S. Ballenger. Pastor C. A. Hansen, who was with us for nearly a year, felt the call to work elsewhere and resigned last August. He is now at Hughenden, Alberta, Canada. Pastor Ballenger, who had been away from Riverside for several months, returned about the time Mr. Hansen left, and the esteem in which he is held here was shown by the rousing ovation he received when he entered prayer meeting on the evening of his return. At the business meeting a few days later he was unanimously called to serve as acting pastor until we have a permanent pastor. The church has called Brother Gerald Hargis to this position, and it is expected that he will come in the spring.

We were saddened by the very sudden death of Mrs. W. S. Wells. She was one whom it is hard to spare, as her talents, always freely offered, made her an almost indispensable member of the choir and other organizations of the church.

Our city is growing at a good rate. We are not having any such boom as Florida is experiencing, but we have no reason to fear a disastrous reaction such as usually follows a period of inflation. The city has just celebrated its fifty-fifth birthday. Men who came here half a century ago and planted saplings along the streets, now enjoy the shade of the same trees grown to a diameter of six feet and a height of two hundred. We look forward to a new church building some day, but meantime there are still seats for you who feel like coming West to grow up with the country, or to escape the rigors of a severe winter with no coal.

SCRIBE.

All through the Bible there is a wonderful care of little things, God noticing them and bringing them to perfectness of meaning. "He putteth my tears in his bottle": that is condescension. "None of his steps shall slide," as if he numbered step by step all the going of his people. One of those people said, "Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising," and another said, "Thou hast beset me behind and before."
—Joseph Parker.

Religion's home is in the conscience. Its watchword is the word "ought." Its highest joy is in doing God's will.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

DEATHS

GOODWIN.—Bernard Cyrus Goodwin was born April 21, 1882, and died at his home in Alfred, August 17, 1925.

He was the son of Franklyn B. and Cyrena Adams Goodwin, and was born in the town of Alfred. With the exception of about eight years which were spent in Milton Junction and Albion, Wis., his life has been lived in the vicinity of Alfred.

On May 1, 1907, he was married to Leona Leach; and to this union were born three sons: Royce H., Elno H., and Kirwin B.

Early in his life he made a profession of religion and united with the Second Alfred Church. Later he transferred his membership to Milton Junction, and still later to Alfred, where he was a member at the time of his death. He loved the church and was interested in its welfare.

He was a loving husband and father; and even though in poor health for a number of years, he amply provided for his family and was willing to put forth all his energy in their behalf.

He is survived by his wife, his three sons, and two brothers, Herman C. and Harley S.

In the absence of his pastor, funeral services were conducted by Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn of the Second Alfred Church. Hymns which he loved were beautifully sung by a mixed quartet from the Alfred Church, and the body was laid to rest in the Alfred cemetery.

Before he was called to go, and realizing that

the call must soon come, he expressed his going by presenting his wife with the following poem, written by Fred Scott Shepherd:

THE JOURNEY HOME

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

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

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

There is for me no terror of the dark,
Nor winding paths on which my feet must roam;

For one beside me walks, who is the way,
The Truth, the Life, and he will guide me home.

A. C. E.

COATES.—Josephine Perry Coates, daughter of Zell D. and Edna Hall Perry, was born May 14, 1907, in Little Genesee, N. Y., and died at home in Olean, N. Y., on October 9, 1925, at the age of 18 years, 4 months, and 25 days.

On September 12, 1923, she was married to Orson H. Coates. At an early age she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Little Genesee, and her membership was with that church at her death.

She leaves to mourn her going, her husband,

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her mother, two brothers, William A. and George D., also other relatives and a host of friends.

Josephine was a lovable girl, and she leaves a place unfilled in the hearts of many. The entire community mourns with the family in the loss of this wife, daughter, and friend.

Farewell services were held at the home of her mother on October 11, 1925, in charge of Rev. G. D. Hargis. Interment in the Wells cemetery.

G. D. H.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Fighting a forest fire was a summer adventure of a group of boys from the West Side Branch of the Cleveland Y. M. C. A., who went on a trip in a large truck into the woods of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan.

On the return trip, according to the Cleveland Red Triangle, the party was driving late one night, when, a few miles out of St. John's, Mich., a large farm house and two barns were discovered in flames.

Buckets were ordered out and, while some of the party carried out furniture, others poured water on the flames and manned the farm pumps. A fire in a second house some distance away was also extinguished by the impromptu bucket brigade.

AMERICA A GOOD NEIGHBOR

"America is profoundly concerned in behalf of whatever promises to make the world a better neighborhood, and its peoples better neighbors. I have no sympathy with those who are unwilling or unable to look beyond our shores and who content themselves with an equally vague and unmeaning assertion of their Americanism. I reserve my approval for those who, while thoroughly American, yet do not propose to live unto themselves alone, who are neither oblivious to duty or to charity, but who cherish as individuals and as citizens the golden rule of action among our own people."—*Calvin Coolidge.*

The first issue of a new Russian religious paper, the *Way*, appeared recently in Paris. Dr. John R. Mott, general secretary of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., is a member of the board of control of the magazine, on the staff of which an American and an Englishman will be associated with the Russian editors. The *Way* is Russian Orthodox, and "intends to be an instrument of expression for the spiritual and religious tasks of Russian emigration."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

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Sabbath School. Lesson VII.—Nov. 14, 1925

PAUL'S ARREST IN JERUSALEM. Acts 21: 17—22: 30.

Golden Text.—"If a man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed." 1 Peter 4: 16.

DAILY READINGS

Nov. 8—Paul Journeys toward Jerusalem. Acts 21: 1-6.

Nov. 9—In the Home of Philip the Evangelist. Acts 21: 7-14.

Nov. 10—Paul Received at Jerusalem. Acts 21: 15-25.

Nov. 11—Paul Arrested in the Temple. Acts 21: 26-36.

Nov. 12—Paul's Address from the Stairs. Acts 21: 37-40.

Nov. 13—A Citizen of Rome. Acts 22: 22-30.

Nov. 14—Jehovah Guards his People. Ps. 125: 1-5.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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Because it shames me, inspires me, and calls me upward. It is the Book of faith and hope and love, of comfort, holiness, and power, of salvation and eternal life. It is my truest visible guide to the right knowledge and experience of God, the true estimating of myself and my life, and the spirit in which I may live worthily with men.

Because out of it I may gather, and have gathered, a little book most precious, a Bible from within the Bible, which I bind to my heart and carry in my memory and live within lights and darkness, a treasure of the strongest and sweetest words for the soul that were ever known.

—William Newton Clark.

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