

# 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.

### THANKSGIVING TIME

The harvests are gathered; the fields are bare;  
The chill of the autumn is on the air.

The brook in the meadow, still fringed with sedge,  
Feels the touch of the ice-king at its edge.

The mountains beyond the broad river rise;  
Snow-silvered, they shine as the daylight dies.

The north wind sweeps where the reapers sang,  
And the earth is hard where the fresh grain sprang.

The toilers are gone with laughter and jest;  
The green-sward's a-sleep, and the forests rest.

One robin sings late on the leaf-bare bough;  
The last of his kind; 'twill be winter now.

Cold, dreary, and dark is the world tonight;  
But the home within is aglow with light.

The table is loaded with homely cheer,  
The fruit of the goodness that crowns the year.

Praise God, 'tis from him that all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all ye creatures in earth below.

Where the fire leaps high by the hearth they kneel  
To voice the thanksgiving glad hearts should feel.  
—Richard Sill Holmes.

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# SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

## THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Alfred, N. Y., August 24 to 29, 1926.  
**President**—Dr. George W. Post, Jr., 4138 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.  
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**Terms expiring in 1926**—Alva L. Davis, Ashaway, R. I.; James L. Skaggs, Milton, Wis.; D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.  
**Terms expiring in 1927**—S. Orestes Bond, Salem, W. Va.; Gerald D. Hargis, Little Genesee, N. Y.; J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.  
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**Corresponding Secretary**—Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Treasurer**—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.  
 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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**President**—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.  
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**Secretary**—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Treasurer**—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.  
 Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.  
 The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.  
 Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

**President**—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.  
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Rev. and Mrs. Jay W. Crofoot, Miss Susie M. Burdick, Rev. and Mrs. H. Eugene Davis, Miss Anna M. West, Ponte St. Catherine, Shanghai, China.  
 Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, Dr. Grace I. Crandall, Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate, Grace Hospital, Liuhu, Ku, China.  
 Postage, 5 cents for first ounce; 3 cents for every additional ounce or fraction.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE No. 4,212

*"O God our Father, we thank thee for all the ways in which thou dost lead those who trust in thee. For the faith of our fathers; for their self-sacrificing spirit and loyalty to truth; for the light which they shed around our childhood homes, and their helpful teachings, we render unto thee thanksgiving and praise.*

*"Help us, dear Lord, to cherish the truths that were so dear to them. Give strength and grace to go forward in the work for thy kingdom which our fathers loved, and may we be obedient, generous of soul, and more and more able to do right things in a loving and beautiful way. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen."*

**Important Thoughts for Seventh Day Baptists** As a people, we do not make enough of God's holy Sabbath day. The Sabbath is the one important matter of faith and practice which distinguishes us as a separate people, and I am sure that we do not give it the high place in our affections and in our practice which it deserves, and which God designed it should have.

It can not be that our heavenly Father has placed his spiritual children, made in his own image, in their temporary tabernacles of clay in this world of preparation for the next, surrounding them with everything needful for their physical development, and left us without equal and adequate provision for the spiritual growth of the real man!

We must not live as though the physical man were the main thing. The spiritual man, made in God's image, is the real man; and Jehovah has given his Sabbath to meet these spiritual needs. Without it man is sure to forget his Maker.

Had man always been true to this sacred Sabbath, had he carefully and loyally obeyed the command to keep it holy, the race would have lived in sweet communion with the heavenly Father. Man would have retained his favor and there would have been no idolatry.

Had the state of heart and mind aimed at in true Sabbath keeping been fully attained throughout the ages, our old world today would be like an Eden. Man's soul hunger would have been fully met.

Jehovah made the Sabbath a test of loyalty to him oftener than any other one thing. When his people went astray, his admonition was, "Ye have forsaken my Sabbath." He gave the Sabbath law the most important place in his ten words, and it is the only one that tells *what* God made that law.

In view of the emphasis Jehovah placed upon it, I am sure we do not exalt the Sabbath as we should. We prize it too lightly. We treat it too much like a holiday, and not enough like a holy day, and we are losing out in spiritual attainment on account of it.

"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it." We can not "ride upon the high places of the earth" if we turn away from doing God's holy will on the Sabbath. . . . "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

**The New Building Fund** A most interesting and instructive thing for our people at this time to do, would be to take a little excursion through old RECORDER files and Conference minutes of seventy-five years ago, and on for ten or twelve years from that time, with special attention to the efforts and struggles of the Seventh Day Baptist Publishing Society. It is really pitiful to see the straits our fathers were in, and a careful review of the years from 1849 to 1860 regarding our publishing interests can but stir the sympathies of every loyal Seventh Day Baptist and prompt him to rally around the standard our fathers raised, and willingly, lovingly, *enthusiastically* complete the work for which they planned.

I am cheered in these days to see a growing interest in the matter of a denominational building, as indicated by letters of inquiry and expressions of hope for the good cause.

In 1849, the Seventh Day Baptist Publishing Society was organized; and General Conference urged our people to give it their generous support. Its first annual session in 1850 was held in Alfred, and the trials through which the early publications had

passed would make instructive reading, if we had time and space to present them here.

The main purpose of this editorial is to briefly set forth the story of our fathers' efforts to secure a denominational building for our publishing headquarters.

In 1852 the opinion was expressed that the work of the Publishing Society to furnish denominational literature was "equal to the work of the ministry"; and the plan for a denominational building was approved. New York City was then regarded as headquarters; but now, with publishing interests in Plainfield for many years, this city seems most suitable for the memorial building. Let me quote here some of the reasons given for such a building seventy-three years ago:

Among the objects which have occupied the attention of the board during the year, . . . is the long-felt importance of having in some accessible part of the city of New York, a building owned by, and devoted to, the use of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination—a building in which the business of our Missionary, Tract, and Publishing Societies may be transacted, provided with rooms for meetings of the boards, with a reading room for a Sabbath library and a collection of missionary curiosities—a place, in short, where every Sabbath keeper would feel an interest in visiting and in which he might feel that he had a share.

To secure such a building will, of course, involve considerable expense; but this expense, when divided among many, will be small for each and will bear no proportion, it is believed, to the good influence which will result.

This is the way our fathers felt about the need of such a building. They circulated a subscription the following year, which was signed by one hundred fifty-eight persons, in which nearly \$3,000 was pledged. Conference and some of the associations approved the plan and things did look hopeful. It is interesting indeed to study that list of family names with which our churches today are full and with which we have been familiar all our lives.

Then there was provision made in one will in which nearly \$8,000 could go to the building if the plan succeeded. When it failed a part of this went to missions.

What hindered this splendid plan from being carried out? It is evident that the unpleasant misunderstandings growing out of the failure of the Palestine mission, which was pressed upon the people at that

time, had much to do with the failure of the building movement. Then came on the Civil War agitation, and altogether with the serious hard times for years, the important matter was allowed to drop out of sight.

The report for 1854 says the movement was "waived on account of the Palestine mission expense."

Now, after being waived more than sixty years, this desirable and much-needed movement has been revived, and we have done well to secure the shop part of this long-sought building. We also have a very fine lot in a most appropriate part of Plainfield awaiting the main building. Nobody has ever gone out as a solicitor for funds, but people have given of their own free will until the shop and lot are practically paid for. We thank God for this revival of interest in the denominational publishing house; but the work is only half done, and we can not stop now.

We do not need to stop, for the denomination has never seen a time when it could complete this good work easier than they can do it today. When the building is placed on our front lot, the rooms now used for offices will go into the shop part, and the new building will have the offices and meeting rooms and denominational library, just as the fathers planned it.

As it is now, our tracts, books, and various publications belonging to the Historical Society are packed into dark out-of-the-way basement rooms. A fine historical library is stored in Newark in charge of the president of the society; the bound RECORDER files are kept in the editor's temporary quarters; and our fine front lot fairly pleads with Seventh Day Baptists to "rise up and build."

#### WHAT IS BEING DONE?

At present the committee and architects are preparing suitable plans, trying to reduce the expense as much as can be without giving us something to be ashamed of; and when this report comes, we will give it to our people, hoping for their approval by furnishing the needed money to build.

Meantime gifts are drifting in slowly from scattered Sabbath keepers and others, until more than two thousand two hundred dollars is already in hand, which can never be used for anything but this building.

Then several offers of \$1,000 each have

been made upon conditions that enough others will join in such offerings to complete the work.

There is indeed quite a spirit of revival now toward the movement, and we shall be surprised if the people do not rise up and build as soon as the plans can be laid before them. The many families bearing the names of those who made up that splendid list of subscribers more than seventy years ago, I feel very sure, will gladly respond; and we will soon have a denominational headquarters of which the fathers and mothers may justly be proud, and which will prove an inspiration to the young people who are trying so hard to be loyal in these days.

**That Old List Is Interesting** I am impressed every time I look over that old list of subscribers to the building fund and realize how many among us are bearing the same family names today.

There were fifteen Maxsons; twelve Babcocks; nine Stillmans; seven Langworthys; seven Potters; six each of Coons, Greens, Saunders, and Rogers; five Greenmans; four Whitfords; four Crandalls; three Titsworths; three Lanphears; three Satterlees; three Lewises; and a long list of other names as familiar as household words to our people, from Rhode Island to California.

**Two Matters of Interest To the Young People** Yesterday Sister Harriet Carpenter Van Horn made the SABBATH RECORDER a visit, and in the course of conversation mention was made of her nice Christmas story for children, published some time ago, and which was very well liked by our people. The question was asked, "Why not let our people know that it can still be secured for the children's Christmas presents this year?" A new company of children are now ready to read such a story, and copies can still be obtained for the coming holiday season. Those interested may address Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, 425 Center Street, Dunellen, N. J.

Another matter of interest may be found in an advertisement from Zanesville, Ohio, on page 608 of the RECORDER for November 2. It offers the young people of Aid societies, Christian Endeavor, and Sabbath

school classes a chance to earn a little money. Mrs. Robison is the daughter of Rev. T. J. Van Horn, and she and her husband desiring to start a business of their own so they can be true to the Sabbath, have secured what is declared to be a very convenient and satisfactory "stick" for polishing shoes—something everybody needs and which any one can use. We understand that a good commission is offered to those who can sell the thing, thus offering boys and girls of our classes a chance to earn a little money.

Address, Mrs. D. V. Robison, 949 Brighton Boulevard, Zanesville, Ohio.

**Elder Samuel R. Wheeler's Ninety-first Birthday Comes December Nine** All through our denomination the friends of our aged and beloved brother, Rev. Samuel R. Wheeler, of Boulder, Colo., will be glad to know that he is looking toward the ninth day of December as his ninety-first birthday.

This dear old brother gradually fails as the weeks go by, and since men of that age must live largely in the past, it would be a nice thing if his friends of long ago would give him a regular shower of birthday cards.

**Be Sure to Read Brother Burdick's "Standing of the Churches"** In the Onward Movement Department, Secretary W. D. Burdick gives a full report of the receipts from the churches on their dues to the budget for the present year. The weeks and months are flying rapidly by, and before the churches know it, the end of the Conference year will be drawing near.

Friends—pastors and church officers—do you remember the picture of the mountain climb used by Brother Burdick in addresses and sent to pastors and friends, showing a steady regular ascent to the top on one side, easy enough to climb, and on the other side a more moderate incline for the first half, only to find the climber about half way up as the end of the time for climbing drew near, and there, *confronted by a perpendicular wall which is impossible to climb?*

Let the churches study Brother Burdick's report for the first one third of the Conference year, and see which side of that hill they are now on. This report shows that, to date, they are \$11,076.58 behind in their

dues to October 31. In a few weeks more, I fear some of the churches will find themselves less than half way up and confronted by the perpendicular wall, up which they may not be able to climb.

Friends of all the dear churches, there is no need of this if all will take hold in earnest and see that their dues are regularly met. It will be easy enough to do if taken in time, and every one will be happier at the end of the year if there is no deficit.

As it now is the boards will be compelled to hire money to meet expenses if we do not respond and keep up our end of the work.

### EIGHTY YEARS A CHURCH MEMBER

REV. LOYAL F. HURLEY

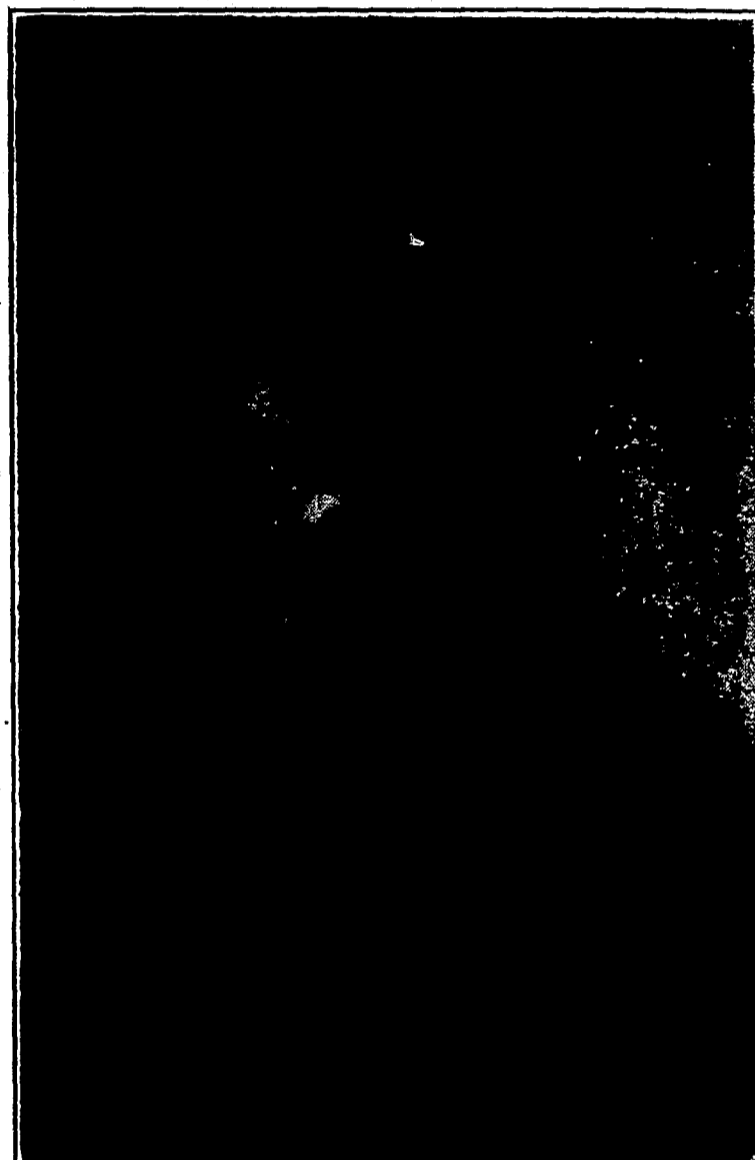
To live eighty years is no common achievement. To be a member of one church for eighty years is so rare that it merits more than passing notice. Mrs. Cinderella Greene Bates, of 361 South Rutland Street, Watertown, N. Y., has been a member of the Adams Center Seventh Day Baptist Church for four-score years. But in addition to length of membership there are other facts which make the connection of Mrs. Bates with the Adams Center Church, not only remarkable, but even unique.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Adams Center, N. Y., was organized on June 5, 1822, with twenty-one members. Among this number were Charles and Amy Greene, the parents of Mrs. Cinderella Bates. The first pastor of the church was Elder William Greene, who was an uncle of Mrs. Bates. Charles Greene was the last of the original twenty-one members and passed away in 1878 at the age of ninety-nine years and seven months.

The first few ministers who served the church were only part-time pastors. They would preach for the church on the Sabbath and then farm or do other work during the week. But in April, 1845, the church called Elder Giles Langworthy to act as their first regular, full-time pastor—a "full pastor" as they called him. The following autumn, on October 18, 1845, fourteen people united with the church, and one of the fourteen was Cinderella Greene, affectionately known to us today as "Aunt Cind." Thus her membership extends over all the regular

full-time pastorates in the history of the church. Since she joined the church there have been eleven pastors, as follows: Giles Langworthy, Joel Greene, Alexander Campbell, James Summerbell, George E. Tomlinson, A. B. Prentice, S. S. Powell, E. H. Socwell, E. A. Witter, A. Clyde Ehret, L. F. Hurley.

Such a membership with all the personal and historical facts connected with it deserves recognition; and for months the service has been planned for, the pastor having several meetings with the Advisory



Committee, at which conferences the coming celebration was discussed with pleasure and happy anticipation. At the Western Association last June Brother Ehret, the latest ex-pastor, was informed of the plans and invited to give the sermon, which he very gladly consented to do. So the service was arranged for October 17, the nearest Sabbath to the anniversary of the day "Aunt Cind" joined the church.

The service opened with the doxology, invocation, and Gloria, followed by a responsive reading from Psalm 71:1-18. The hymns were all favorites of "Aunt Cind." The first was, "I Love Thy Kingdom,

Lord." Then came "Faith of Our Fathers," which looked back to the past; then "All the Way My Savior Leads Me," so expressive of constant guidance; and the last one was "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," which lifts our eyes from this world to "that beautiful shore" where we all hope to meet. The male quartet sang twice during the service, one selection being, "Walking with Thee, my God," the other, "The Beautiful Land."

Brother Ehret's sermon deserves a paragraph all by itself. His theme was "The Visible and the Invisible," based upon Elisha's prayer recorded in 2 Kings 6:17, "And Elisha prayed, and said, Jehovah, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." So much depends on what we see! And we do not all see the same things, or facts, or truths. Some things we can all see easily enough, but other things—and these are the important ones—some folks never see at all. Things of the Spirit—love, truth, beauty, goodness—these are invisible to so many. Yet they are the realest facts of the universe. And when we catch the vision of these, the importance of other things shrinks remarkably; our scale of values has changed; and our fears and worries disappear. Often when we catch sight of what has been invisible before, we lose sight of the things we had been seeing. Brother Ehret told of being shown a picture with two faces on it. When the card was first handed to him he saw a picture which amused him. Then the hostess traced another face for him, and as soon as he saw that one he lost sight of the first! How much the world needs the vision of God and his Christ! Then a lot of things that hold first place in our view would just fade out and be lost to sight. Aunt Cinderella has lived by the vision of the Invisible. And may we, too, train our spiritual vision, that inner eye of faith, by which we discern the spiritual powers of God and his universe. Then we will know that "all things work together for good to them that love God" both here and in that beautiful land over there.

Following the sermon Pastor Hurley presented to "Aunt Cind" in behalf of the

church, a beautiful bouquet of roses as a token of the love and honor due to her. And love and honor are due her. We love her for herself, just as we do all our other aged saints of the Lord. But, in ways that no one else ever has or ever will, "Aunt Cind" represents to us the "faith of our fathers." She goes back over the pastorate of every full-time pastor the church has ever had. And through her own father and mother she goes back to those days more than one hundred three years ago, when twenty-one people founded a church in the northern wilderness for the glory of Christ and the Sabbath which he kept. But she represents to us more than herself and our fathers gone before. She represents, as few people do, the Lord we serve. Her life has often led her over a thorny path, but there has been no worry or discouragement in all the long years—just faith and undiscourageable hope and love for God and men. Dr. A. J. Gordon tells of a happy old man who wanted this message given to all the world, "The devil has no happy old men." "Aunt Cind" says the way grows brighter every day. Her serene soul, which looks out through a smiling, sunlit face, is a marvelous monument to the grace of God.

### AN APPRECIATION

The Woman's Benevolent Society of the Leonardsville Seventh Day Baptist Church wish to express their appreciation of their aged sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Stillman, who has recently gone to her reward.

Her long useful life has been lived within the compass of a few miles; but we can not know the great results of that influence. She joined the church at an early age and by her sweet voice, her many deeds of mercy, her giving of her money, and her unselfish service, she has greatly helped the churches at West Edmeston and Leonardsville, and the communities in which she has lived.

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

In behalf of the Woman's Benevolent Society at Leonardsville, N. Y.

There is not a single spot between Christianity and atheism, upon which a man can firmly stand.—Emmons.

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

### STANDING OF THE CHURCHES

Payments on the Onward Movement Budget of \$50,000, for the Year Beginning July 1, 1925, as Reported by the Treasurer

Church	Quota	July	August	September	October	Specials	Totals
Adams Center	\$1,300	\$.....	\$.....	\$.....	\$ 38 05	\$ 75 00	\$113 05
Albion	680	.....	.....	10 00	.....	.....	10 00
Alfred, First	3,200	67 24	60 79	101 63	.....	23 50	253 16
Alfred, Second	1,800	50 00	39 50	37 50	.....	20 00	147 00
Andover	275	17 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	17 00
Attalla	50	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Battle Creek	1,600	50 00	.....	.....	.....	43 24	93 24
Berlin	450	.....	.....	25 00	50 00	.....	75 00
Boulder	500	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Brookfield, First	900	.....	.....	30 25	81 75	10 00	122 00
Brookfield, Second	800	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 00	5 00
Carlton	300	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Chicago	700	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Cosmos	25	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
DeRuyter	750	.....	.....	.....	50 00	.....	50 00
Dodge Center	700	.....	.....	21 00	43 00	5 53	69 53
Detroit	250	.....	.....	.....	.....	46 00	46 00
Exeland	50	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Farina	1,300	107 53	.....	.....	116 00	.....	223 53
Fouke	350	.....	.....	.....	32 50	.....	32 50
Friendship	700	11 00	25 00	38 50	.....	5 00	79 50
Genesee, First	1,400	11 00	.....	.....	70 00	.....	81 00
Gentry	200	17 50	.....	7 00	5 00	.....	29 50
Greenbrier	25	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Grand Marsh	25	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Hammond	400	50 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	50 00
Hebron, First	200	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Hebron Center	30	.....	.....	10 00	.....	.....	10 00
Hartsville	100	.....	.....	.....	.....	3 00	3 00
Hopkinton, First	1,700	.....	.....	.....	.....	3 00	3 00
Hopkinton, Second	200	17 81	.....	6 66	.....	.....	24 47
Independence	850	.....	48 50	.....	.....	.....	48 50
Jackson Center	300	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Little Prairie	50	.....	11 00	11 00	24 16	.....	46 16
Los Angeles	200	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lost Creek	750	.....	.....	.....	.....	10 00	10 00
Marlboro	450	.....	.....	.....	36 00	.....	36 00
Middle Island	150	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Milton	3,400	173 42	124 33	186 16	.....	47 94	531 85
Milton Junction	1,450	76 10	.....	.....	162 06	36 50	274 66
Muskegon	25	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
New Auburn	250	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
New York City	660	10 00	.....	146 75	28 50	10 00	195 25
North Loup	2,500	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Nortonville	1,500	100 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	100 00
Pawcatuck	3,750	.....	300 00	225 00	300 00	.....	825 00
Piscataway	600	259 25	.....	.....	.....	.....	259 25
Plainfield	2,150	161 45	.....	125 45	196 70	.....	483 60
Portville	40	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Richburg	200	20 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	20 00
Ritchie	200	30 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	30 00
Riverside	900	.....	.....	.....	225 00	.....	225 00
Roanoke	150	8 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	8 00
Rock Creek	15	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Rockville	300	.....	.....	30 00	10 00	.....	40 00
Salem	1,900	.....	32 50	35 00	358 50	.....	426 00
Salemville	100	.....	.....	.....	.....	21 10	21 10
Scio	25	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Scott	50	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Shiloh	3,000	.....	.....	.....	.....	76 24	76 24
Stonefort	150	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Syracuse	150	.....	6 00	3 50	.....	.....	9 50
Verona, First	750	.....	.....	.....	51 00	10 00	61 00
Walworth	400	.....	.....	.....	30 00	.....	30 00
Waterford	400	.....	.....	111 50	.....	.....	111 50
Welton	600	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
West Edmeston	275	.....	.....	.....	75 00	.....	75 00
White Cloud	400	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Individuals	.....	.....	10 00	90 00	.....	10 00	110 00

From the statement above you will see that nearly one third of the churches have not paid anything this year, while twenty-three of them have sent but one payment.

The total payments amounted to \$5,590.09.

The share of the \$50,000 that ought to have been paid in was \$16,666.67.

Evidently several churches are either holding their denominational money, or else they are not giving regularly and systematically.

We are not climbing the hill very fast, and there will be a steep, hard climb next June.

The address of the Onward Movement treasurer is, Rev. Harold R. Crandall, 3681 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

### SPECIAL WORK IN ADAMS CENTER

REV. LOYAL F. HURLEY

The Missionary Committee of the Central Association is functioning principally through a quartet of preachers. If the plans all work out properly, the various churches in the association will each have an opportunity of securing the help of the quartet for special services.

Adams Center had asked for the quartet for a week-end mission November 6-8. Several weeks before the date set, Rev. William M. Simpson wrote suggesting that a class be organized to study his Course in Church Membership each evening after school for the two weeks preceding the week-end Mission. And so we began immediately to plan for such a class. The parents were asked to enroll their children and pledge their attendance. Pastor Aldrich, of the Baptist Church, was informed of the plan and he was heartily in favor of co-operating.

When the children began to come the first two nights we were more than pleased. For while we were certain of a good number, we were not sure of many who came. Instead of the twenty for whom we had originally planned, we had an enrollment of thirty-five, nearly all of whom were very regular in attendance. There were Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Adventists, and one Catholic, besides Seventh Day Baptists. Some time the world will learn that Sabbath keepers are not narrow.

Besides those from the village, two loads were brought by auto some three and a half or four miles, and one boy rode his bicycle a similar distance. Mrs. C. C. Williams always had a lunch ready for them as soon as they arrived. We need more Christians who are anxious to render a practical service for the Master. Mrs. Williams used to be a teacher, and so knows that while school is supposed to fill the heads of boys and girls it always empties their stomachs. But the simple lunch did more than fill the empty stomachs, it made the young folks more sympathetic toward the entire class program.

Then followed a varied program of worship and study such as Brother Simpson can arrange so well. And the boys and girls were interested from the first day. Most of them did good work in their notebooks—some of them exceptional work. Few boys or girls fail to be interested and

helped by the old masterpieces reproduced in small prints, as in the Perry pictures. (Brother Simpson ought to be sent by one of our boards from church to church giving his entire time to work with the young folks. We let them get too old before we try to win them to Christ. And Will has a gift for appealing to young life such as few possess.)

Rev. F. E. Peterson and Rev. John F. Randolph, the two ends of our quartet, came Friday to begin with us the week-end Mission. Besides quartet music we used pictures on the screen to teach the gospel message. Some of the old masterpieces told their story of Christ and his love each evening. Then on the night after Sabbath seven of our young women gave the pageant "The Challenge of the Cross," which was given at the Milton Conference a year ago last August. All these appeals fitted in well with the scripture lessons and prayers and the gripping sermons given by Brother Simpson; and the Holy Spirit blended them all into uplifting, inspiring, and harmonious services.

The results of spiritual work of any kind can not be tabulated. Some outward effects can be enumerated, of course, but the ultimate good only eternity can tell. Who can even estimate the value of turning the channel of a boy's or girl's life toward God and right? At our consecration service on Sunday afternoon eleven of the boys and girls in our class made their public decision for Christ and the Church. And we hope that more will decide soon. Some of the class were already members of the church, so we are pleased that eleven should make their public choice of Jesus' Way of Life. Seven of the number were from Seventh Day Baptist homes. And we trust that more of our boys and girls will soon join these in desiring membership in the church. A union baptismal service is being planned for November 22 in the Baptist church. We wish there were some adults to be baptized with the young folks but there are not. It is easier to win a dozen children to Christ than one rebellious or indifferent man or woman. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." That is much safer than to wait till the heart is hard and then try to yield to Christ. We are happy in Adams Center that some are coming in youth. And the whole church has been helped, too.

## MISSIONS

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

### WEEK OF PRAYER FOR THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, TO SABBATH DAY,  
JANUARY 9, 1926

It is customary to observe the first week in January as a Week of Prayer for the churches. For some years the missionary secretary has furnished the program and other material as soon as it came to him, and doubtless some of our pastors are already wondering why no mention up to the present has been made of it. The program has just been sent out by the Commission on Evangelism and Life Service of the Federal Council of Churches.

The Commission on Evangelism and Life Service, in submitting the general program, suggests:

"That where possible gatherings of earnest Christians be held each evening of the week for discussion and prayer, arranging union services if convenient, but each church by itself if the other is not possible.

"That where public meetings are not possible this call to prayer be issued to individuals in order that each in his own place may join thought and prayer with Christians in all lands on the great themes of the kingdom."

Following these suggestions they say among other things: "Borne up by the uplifting sense of the world-wide communion with the people of God, let us come to this Week of Prayer with high faith and deep devotion, looking confidently to him whose is the kingdom and the power and the glory.

"In prayer we necessarily begin with ourselves; for 'if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.' We wait before God until the threefold cleansing—in the Word, by the Spirit, through the blood of Christ—is given to us. Then with pure hearts we entreat for those gifts which will not be denied.

"Next, we unite ourselves in love with our brethren. The promises attached to united intercession are really bestowed upon love. If we love our Lord and his brethren,

we may ask what we will and it shall be given us.

"So we enter into the mind of Christ for his world. There is something intensely stimulating in the thought that in an all-world covenant of prayer, such as this, all the earthly interests of the Redeemer, so far as we can discern them, will at one time or other be brought into remembrance—every yearning of the intercessor within will find utterance, every desire present to the mind of our Advocate above will be responded to by his children on earth."

The subjects for each day are as follows:

Sunday, January 3, 1926, is given to the regular Sunday services.

Monday, January 4, 1926, Thanksgiving and Humiliation.

Tuesday, January 5, 1926, The Church Universal—The "One Body" of which Christ is the Head.

Wednesday, January 6, 1926, Nations and Their Leaders.

Thursday, January 7, 1926, Missions.

Friday, January 8, 1926, Families, Schools, Colleges, and the Young.

Saturday January 9, 1926, The Home Base.

The entire program of subjects, Meditation, Thanksgiving, Confession, Prayer and Scripture Reading, is being sent to the pastors. It is devoutly hoped that the Week of Prayer may be observed in some effective way in all our churches, and that it may be a means of grace to many souls, both in the church and out of it.

### OBSERVATIONS FROM CHINA

REV. J. W. CROFOOT

It is hardly to be wondered at, perhaps, that the strike seems to have become the fashion in China; for strikes, agitation, and disturbances have been surprisingly effective methods of getting results in the past few months. Just within a day or two the office of the Chinese government telegraph administration has begun to get its share of the strike virus. No doubt the men will get a substantial raise in pay as the employees of the post office did after their strike of two or three days in August. Beginning from November first we are to pay four cents postage on domestic letters instead of three cents.

Of course strikers here do not get all that they ask. I suppose that even in Western countries bargaining between the

unions and the employers is the rule, and that compromises usually settle strikes. And the Chinese have the well deserved reputation of being excellent bargainers. The strike being a comparatively new weapon here, of course it is likely, occasionally, to cut the wielder as well as his enemy. Like other edged tools it requires care in its use.

Of the numerous strikes that began after the events of May 30, practically the only one still continuing is that of Chinese crews of coasting ships belonging to British owners. But the boycott of British goods and British firms is still partially effective.

It is easy to make mistakes in judging from appearances, but it does seem as though the disturbances have been having no small effect in international affairs. In February, 1922, the Nine Power Treaty of Washington provided that a conference on the Chinese tariff should be held within three months after the treaty was ratified. The last power ratified it in August, 1925—three and a half years after it was drawn, but only two months after the events in Shanghai which caused such a stir. When the plan was made for the tariff conference this month, it was to be a conference for the revision of the tariff; but soon it was suggested that the question of tariff autonomy might be discussed, and some at least of the powers are agreeable to that. And now the question of extraterritoriality is likely to have a chance before an international conference, too.

On the whole one can hardly avoid thinking that, while the agitation has had many unwise manifestations, and while Chinese business as well as foreign business has suffered great losses, it has been a successful method of drawing the attention of the world to what the Chinese consider injustices. As to the right in the case, one can only say that there are very few quarrels in this world in which either party is entirely innocent.

It is to be hoped, however, that school children can be taught that it is not their duty to save their country by political agitation, no matter how glad we may be that a real love of country is being developed. In some parts of the country the attendance at mission schools has fallen off decidedly this fall, but in other places there seems to be a slight increase. In Shanghai most of the girls' schools seem to be full but the

boys' schools have suffered more or less. St. John's University, where the trouble was most acute in June, has only about half of its former enrollment, and a rival institution, started in spite, has about seven hundred students I think—about as many as St. John's had last term. Shanghai College has slightly less than last term. Lowrie Institute, the Presbyterian boys' school at South Gate, has a little over two hundred this term,—about two thirds as many as last term. But their girls' school, like ours, is full. We have forty-one boys as compared with fifty-two last term.

What the future holds, he would be a bold man indeed who would attempt to say. A judicial investigation of the event of May 30 and what led up to it, is just about to begin, conducted by a judge from the Philippines, one from Hongkong, and one from Japan. The Chinese government was invited to appoint a judge to act with these three of three different nationalities, but so far they take the attitude that there is no need of such a judicial inquiry. Enough was learned about it then, they say, and now it is too late to learn more. Very likely they feel that they may be discredited by the investigation and so wish to provide beforehand for being able to say that the investigators are partial. On the other hand, while we are sure that the Chinese newspapers have told much that is not true, we are not sure that the foreign papers have told us the whole truth. It is to be hoped that the inquiry may reach some definite conclusions.

It may also be said that there continues to be more or less talk of another war between Chinese military governors. We devoutly hope that no more civil war may come, but in any case we feel that there is no use of getting excited about it. At present we have our work to do and plenty of it. *St. Catherine's Bridge, October 2, 1925.*

### FURTHER FROM SHANGHAI

MY DEAR DR. BURDICK:

There is so much war talk going on that I think perhaps I had better write you a little about it; though if war does come soon, this will not be news when it reaches you; and if war does not come, these old rumors will largely have lost interest by the time you get the letter.

Yesterday trains on the Shanghai Hang-

chow Railway stopped running, and today General Sun of the Chekiang Province was expected (by this morning's papers) to come in today and take possession of Shanghai and the surrounding region. General Shing, the representative of Chang Tso-lin in these parts, has within a few days "removed his headquarters" from Shanghai to Soochow and is reported to have gone on farther West.

Of course General Sun may come in and take possession of this part of the country and then get himself appointed by the Peking government (?) as "defense commissioner" of Shanghai; or he may by some other name seek position. On the other hand, if the Peking crowd now in office think themselves strong enough, they may decide to try to oust him. That would seem to mean war; but if Sun sees that he can not succeed, he might follow precedent and give up without fighting. A Chinese war seems to resemble a chess game more than a war in Western countries. One is always trying to capture the king, yet the king is never captured.

In short, war seems not unlikely, but if it comes it now looks as though it will start somewhere some distance from Shanghai and Liuho. Of course I am not so foolish as to make any prophecies, but my guess is perhaps as good as that of any "man in the street."

The authorities of the French Concession intend to be ready if war does come. The three parallel lines of barbed wire fence along this side of the canal from here to Zikawei (three miles) are still there and have been repaired. The redoubt that was at St. Catherine's Bridge has been taken down and moved back in a temporary form, and something more pretentious is now being built.

In general it is well to remember that "no news is good news." If anything of great importance occurs affecting us here, of course I shall cable Treasurer Davis. But probably for general news the newspapers will give it better than I could.

As my glasses have gone to the oculists' and I can't see well, I'll not try to write on other matters today.

With best regards,

Yours faithfully,

J. W. CROFOOT.

Shanghai, China, October 16, 1925.

### OUR NEED OF PRAYER

REV. H. L. COTTRELL

What causes the arrested development of a church?

Lack of prayer and faith.

When a Christian stops praying, he stops growing. When church members stop praying, the church stops growing. The modern church should turn to prayer more than it does. One reason that we do not receive more is because we do not ask and expect more. We lack both faith and the use of means. How often we are like those Christians we are told of who were praying for Peter in prison. Bring to mind the scene. The people praying; while they were praying Peter knocked at the door; but they would not believe it was Peter. He continued knocking. When they opened the door and saw that it was indeed he, they were astonished! Think of it—the church praying; God answering; and the people astonished! How often it is that Christ consistently with his own character, really can not do many mighty works in our churches and communities "because of our unbelief!" Oh, that the whole Church, at this time of the opening of the year of effort, would open wide the door of faith, and ask and undertake and expect great things from the Lord! Let us lay our plans large and wide. God is saying to us, "According to your faith be it unto you." It is as if one very rich were to hand us a blank check, with his name signed, and say, "Now fill it out yourself. Write in the amount you would draw, and according to your faith in me be it unto you." We might hesitate to make too large a draft upon an earthly friend, but there is no need to draw lightly upon God.

#### A MORNING PRAYER

Another day has come;  
O help me, God, I pray,  
To full forget the bitter things  
That happened yesterday.  
And give me strength, O Lord,  
Each issue so to meet,  
That I may face thee unashamed  
Before the judgment seat.  
Help me to rule myself  
And kindly let me live,  
To all my work, to all mankind,  
My very best to give.  
And should, in thy great plan,  
This day my labors end,  
Forgive my sins, my soul receive.  
For Jesus' sake, Amen.

—Pierre Bernard Hill.

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.  
Contributing Editor

### COLLEGES TO AID THE WORLD COURT PLAN

The account given below of a plan worked out by college boys and girls for a nationwide World Court Conference is taken from the *Baltimore Sun*. The despatch gives an insight into the earnest purpose of the present-day collegian which is frequently obscured by the sensational account of the doings of only a small minority of college students. The purpose and vision behind this proposed conference argue well for future national and international citizenship.

Princeton, N. J., October 29 (Special).—The Intercollegiate Committee for the nationwide Collegiate Conference on the World Court was announced here today by its chairman, Lewis Fox, of Hartford, Conn., a member of the senior class of Princeton University. Fifteen representatives of as many institutions of college grade are included on the executive body, composed of both men and women.

The committee decided to extend invitations to every college and university in the country with a dual invitation to the coeducational institutions to select both a man and a woman delegate in order to insure full female representation. The dates for the convention, sponsored by the Princeton Senior Council, were set for December 11 to 13.

The Executive Committee follows: Lewis Fox, Princeton, chairman; Edna Trull, Barnard College, secretary; Edward W. Miller, Dartmouth; A. C. Robertson, Yale; Frederick V. Field, Harvard; Theodora Malone, Vassar; John H. Elliott, University of Michigan; G. Fay Hixson, New York University; Harriet Hopkinson, Bryn Mawr; Arthur Moor, Stetson University; Andrew T. Roy, Washington and Lee; Rachel Dunway, University of Texas; Ray Veach, University of Oregon; Mabel Hollaway, Howard University; W. S. Stevens, Lincoln University.

#### AMERICAN CULTURE

The dozen or so Milton students who went to Beloit last Wednesday night to hear the debaters from Cambridge, not only heard some masterful debating, but also caught a brief glimpse of a type of culture that is rarely seen in American student life.

The debaters from England represented an entirely different system of higher education than that with which we are acquainted. Theirs is a system of leisurely study and individual, independent work under tutors, interspersed with considerable time spent in talking together with fellow students around the dinner table or by the fireside. Inefficient and old-fashioned though the system may be, it does produce results of a quality that American universities and colleges might emulate.

If the English system were suddenly transplanted to this country, it probably would be a failure. It would not fit into the American temperament, with its passion for speed and action. The American student, between his "efficient" instruction on the one hand, and his rushing from athletics to social functions, from debating to journalistic work, from this activity to that on the other hand, has little time for this sort of culture. Yet we can not but feel that many students are tiring of our feverish pace and envy the Englishman in his freedom to do what he wants to do calmly and deliberately with none of our high driving, high-pressure method.

It will be remembered that Dr. Lewis in the commencement address last June mentioned thirty-two things which he declared it was impossible to do. One of these was, "It is impossible to think without leisure." Yet how many of our upper classmen in Milton College have their time so filled with preparing and reciting lessons, doing the regular work of their extra-curricular activities, with the additional load of preparing for some special event thrown on them frequently, that there is none left for independent creative work. We know that there are a number of students who long for such an opportunity. We wonder if there could not be a rearrangement of the curriculum and also the outside work that would allow those seniors, who so wish, who have the ability, and who would make proper use of the chance, to have more time for individual work in browsing around the library, in reading and thinking and writing, and in scientific research.

Such a step, we believe, would be beneficial to the cause of culture in America.—*Milton College Review*.

### THE SPREAD IN EDUCATION

The urge for education in this country has grown to such proportions that educational institutions are being taxed to their utmost to house the millions clamoring for admission.

This year New York City has enrolled, for the first time in its history, more than a million children in its public school classes. Chicago has to its credit more than half a million. So it goes throughout the country. This is the contribution which our public schools are making to the nation. It is the country's investment in its future.

The broad diffusion of education brings into conspicuous view the force of the dominating idea of the nation—equality of opportunity. Education is not confined to "white collars." Scholastic training penetrates farm, factory, and work-shop. Hundreds of thousands are subjected to its influence in night classes, extension classes, part-time classes, correspondence courses and, at home, by radio. It makes education—as is proper in a nation founded on democracy—democratic.

This spread of learning calls for an equalization in our social status and education must establish it. Existing social classifications can hardly survive the present leveling influence of literacy. In this country, where a laborer today becomes a bank president tomorrow; where a shop mechanic lifts himself to motor magnate; where the self-made rise suddenly from obscurity to eminence, there is needed a new social recognition for all honorable occupations. Educational tendencies must not be controlled by, but must control that social standing.

Education is the great leveler. It is breaking down the barriers between those who toil by hand and those who labor by brain; it is tearing down the wall that separates the socially elect from those of humble origin. Step by step this country is moving in the evolution of a new measure for social value—worth rather than wealth—where, if there be any aristocracy at all, it will be an aristocracy of brains. It is tending more and more to become the world's true index of value. For in every occupation men and women are measured by their works, and the quality of their work is in the main affected by the knowledge and training education bestows.

"The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady"

may be "sisters under the skin," but education brings the equality to a visible surface.—*Better Schools League, Inc.*

### RELIGIOUS LIBERTY THE CORNER STONE

The men who built this republic with religious liberty as one of the corner stones of her foundation, had had a good deal of experience with State religions. Some of them had suffered for conscience' sake, and they knew the perils of an attempt to perpetuate in the Constitution of the United States what had been so harmful to unity and prosperity and happiness when incorporated in the charters of the colonies. Thomas Jefferson championed separation of Church and State for the very reason that he had seen the evils of their union. And Thomas Jefferson put a higher estimate on his services in establishing religious liberty than he put on his authorship of the Declaration of Independence, as much as we now value that immortal statement of civil rights.

We have religious liberty in America because men of nearly all churches and some few of no church united to proclaim and institute it. Then, as now, there were the religions of the majority and the religions of the minorities in the colonies. But none of them was recognized by law as the religion of the new republic; on the contrary, by a special provision of the Constitution, the establishment of any particular religion was prohibited, and the free exercise of all religions was guaranteed and protected.

Having received this great boon of religious liberty from men of different faiths, let us of different faiths preserve it. They knew that no law could oblige the human conscience. They knew that there could be no equal and enduring copartnership between Church and State; that either the Church would dominate the State or the State subordinate the Church. So they made no choice among religions, that there should be no conflict between any of them and the State. We, too, know that we must not undertake to involve the State in the dangerous business of preferring one religious faith to another. We, too, must understand that the union of Church and State in this land of many creeds and cults, could only lead to disunion and discord of the sort that Europe has suffered for generations.—*Admiral William S. Benson.*

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### A THANK OFFERING

For what shall I give thanks? for life? for health?  
For the dear eyes that look in mine tonight?  
Yes, I will offer gratitude for these.  
But shall I pause and quench my altar light?

Shall I give thanks for the wild beauty, too,  
Of these encircling hills, with their proud dress  
Of tree and shrub and lovely mountain flower,—  
Touched now by sunset's lingering, soft caress?

Yes, thanks for these, and for the birds that sing;  
For the dear friendships; for the chance to be  
A worker in the whitened harvest fields,—  
For these my thanks are due unceasingly.

But first, last, best, my trembling heart shall yield  
Its incense for the priceless glory given  
By him who taught us how to live below,  
And left with us the golden Key to Heaven.  
—*L. Adalade Sherman.*

*Warner, N. H.*

Tacoma is a beautiful city. It stands on a series of hills rising above hills, and has the appearance of a terraced city. Our stay was so short that we were unable to see much of the city. Their guide book claims that Tacoma "faces the mountain," and I think it must be so; for as we were driving down the street we made a quick turn, and there, standing right in front of us, where it seemed we could hardly escape a collision, stood "the mountain" all blue and white under the morning haze. As we had started out that morning with the avowed intention of running down that mountain, we felt pretty proud of ourselves; but when we mentioned to the taxi driver that we had located it, he did not seem much impressed with our powers of discovery; in fact he acted as if seeing a mountain was an every day occurrence.

We turned off on a side street and so escaped the expected collision, and as our way led down into the valley we soon lost sight of it. We noticed that the people of Tacoma always speak of it as "the mountain." They claim it and speak of it with as much local pride as we in Milton speak of "our college." Tacoma, you know, claims that the name of this mountain is Mt. Ta-

coma, that the name was given to the mountain by the Indians in memory of an Indian chieftain long before the advent of the white man. Seattle, on the other hand, claims that the name of the mountain has been Rainier for so long that Tacoma has no right to change it. Tacoma says that the city named itself after the mountain and that the highest peak in the United States should not be named for a foreigner anyway. The United States seems to have backed Seattle, because the mountain is included in a large national park of four hundred twenty square miles, known as "The Rainer National Park." Knowing of this quarrel, we thought we would see what the taxi driver had to say about it. He said he guessed that the people of Tacoma call it Mt. Tacoma, but he had not been there very long, and "back east in Idaho," where he came from, it is called Rainer, and he guessed it didn't make much difference after all.

At the station we found one of our own Milwaukee and St. Paul trains waiting to carry us to Ashford, the railway point nearest to the entrance to Rainer National Park. It seemed quite like home to be again on our own railroad, and we enjoyed that ride very much. The trainmen pointed out many beautiful spots that we might not have seen if we had not known where and when to look for them. Just a short distance from Tacoma we came upon a lake formed by a dam across a stream, and over the dam were large signs that said that this water power gives Tacoma the cheapest electricity in the United States. For miles we ran along the walls of a wonderful canyon, where by looking down far enough we could see the waters of some river tumbling along at a rapid pace. Even though the mountain seemed so close to the city, it took the train, a limited train, two hours to travel the distance between Tacoma and Ashford. For the greater part of that time the mountain was in plain view, first on one side of the car and then on the other. When it seemed so near that one might almost jump from the car onto its snow banks, it would suddenly take to its heels and run down the track ahead of the train and out of our sight. After miles of this game of hide and seek we finally drew up at Ashford, the end of the run. Here we could not see the mountain at all. The foot hills were too close for any distant view.



At this point we were to take busses for our trip up to Paradise Valley at the base of the mountain. We were soon started, and at the head of the procession, too. We were somewhat disappointed that our seats were in a sedan rather than in one of the big open busses, but we managed to see a great deal anyway. This drive was over a winding road through deep wood, over rushing streams, and always up, up. We were halted at the entrance to the park while our driver filled out a questionnaire with our names and other details that might come in handy for Uncle Sam at some future time. At one place we turned out around a large tree that stood exactly in the road, filling it up. This tree is two hundred feet high, eight feet in diameter, and about seven hundred years old. A few feet away stood other large trees, but not quite the size of this one. About eleven o'clock we reached Longmire Springs, the first stopping place. The stop here was for lunch, but the view of the mountain was so enticing that we did not want to lose any of it, so we did not go in for lunch. Longmire Inn, a large resort hotel, seemed to be a very popular place, and from its wide veranda we had a wonderful view of the snow-capped peak. I heard one sweet old lady say, "I don't think this looks any better than Mt. Shasta." Her companion was evidently telling her that it is higher, for I heard her protesting that, "It doesn't look any higher."

When we left Longmire we were seated in an old bus that looked as if it might be on its way to the scrap heap, but we had a good driver and got along very well. There were five passengers. We were on the middle seat and so missed the lurch of the car as we swung around the sharp curves, but those on the rear seat seemed to enjoy it. I sat on the end of the seat, and when that side of the car hung over the abyss, as it seemed to do much of the time, I held my breath. When the others asked me to look down and see some particularly beautiful spot, I shut my eyes and said, "Yes, oh yes, it is beautiful." In this way I missed a beautiful lake high up in the mountains. I tried to imagine that I was a fly walking high on the side of a wall, and to feel that I was in no more danger of falling than a fly is. A part of the time my imagination worked, and a part of the

time it oozed away and I was in a panic, but I tried to keep my feelings pretty much to myself. When the other side of the car hung over the abyss I found myself much more daring.

Of course it is utterly impossible for me to find words to describe that wonderful ride. Much of the way the road has been cut from solid rock, and it is not unusual for the road to lie in three sections up one side of a mountain—switchbacks, I believe such sections are called. At one of the sharpest turns our driver halted a moment that we might enjoy the view of Inspiration Point, but as a rule we hurried right along, our driver once in a while calling our attention to some special place. At first we had only occasional glimpses of the towering mountain between foothills, but as we rose higher we got beyond many of the hills and our glimpses were longer. We made another stop about a half mile from the foot of the Nisqually Glacier, not one of the largest, but one nearest to our road. Here is the Glacier Camp Hotel. At this point we seemed to double on our tracks again but found ourselves soon at a much higher point. All the rest of the way it seemed that we were constantly seeing waterfalls, some high and narrow and others wider and not so high. We were delayed a little while a bridge was repaired; new piles were being driven, and we feared for a while that we might not be allowed to go on; finally the bridge was tied together and we went along. That was just before the last stiff climb to Paradise Valley, the end of the road. Here are located the Ranger Station and Paradise Inn, another beautiful resort hotel.

We did not have long to stay here so spent most of our time outside. We can see hotels most any time, and we wanted to look at the mountain. Paradise Valley is at the base of the mountain, and here at the inn we were at timber line. From this point the mountain rises another two miles, and the top is covered with perpetual snow. Near the inn was a raised platform with a telescope. We found the young man in charge very kind about pointing out the various glaciers and telling us about them. We found it very hard to believe that at one place where the snow stood up a little thicker, and looked like thick icing on a cake, it was two hundred feet thick. We saw, too, the speck which is Muir cabin.

After we had seen it through the telescope, we were able to locate it with our glasses, but it was a very tiny speck. Here the mountain climbers stay over night on their way from Paradise Valley to the summit of the mountain. Here, too, is the station of the forest ranger when he is on duty, as he was that day. We learned that there are twenty-eight glaciers, big and little, coming down the sides of this mountain. That seems to be an unusually large number for a single peak. We learned, too, that Mt. Rainer is the largest extinct volcano on this continent, outside of Alaska. We had hoped to see many flowers, but I think we were a little too late for them. We saw a number of varieties that had gone to seed. Signs were up everywhere telling us not to pick any flowers. We visited the office of the naturalist and saw samples of many kinds of plants growing there, but not many flowers. The young man, an assistant, in charge was very pleasant and would have answered more questions had we been able to stay longer; but it was time to take the bus back to our train, and we had to leave, for we wanted another look at the mountain. The glaciers were not so white as they would have been if there had been recent snow; but although they might have been more beautiful, it seemed more interesting to see them as they were.

Our trip down was made in one of the best busses with a fine driver, who talked more than the one going up had done (he had to pay so much attention to his car) and was very delightful. We did not seem to hang over the abyss so much, (I sat in the middle of the seat) and I enjoyed every minute of the ride. Our driver told us that in winter three caretakers stay at the hotel and their entrance is through the third story windows. The roads are not usually open until late in June because of snow. As we were leaving Longmire Springs on our way down, some one came running to speak to us. He was a young man from Minnesota who had shared our seat on the way up. He wanted to tell us that he had gone up to the snow line and got his hands into the snow. He said he had gone up and back just as fast as he could and had got back just in time to start down to Ashford. He was anxious to see the snow, and he was from Minnesota, too!

The train was waiting when we arrived at

Ashford, and that ride back was one to be long remembered. This time we didn't play hide and seek with the mountain, for we sat on the observation platform most of the way back to Tacoma. When we couldn't see it on one side or the other, it was almost sure to be behind us.

The day had not been as clear as some days are; still our view of the summit had been unobstructed all day; but as we drove down from Paradise Valley we feared that a storm was coming up over the mountain. We do not know whether a storm came up or not; but for most of the time we were on the train, a halo hung above the peak, a most wonderful picture. We did not know whether such a sight is common, but the trainmen lost no opportunity to look out too. The waiters on their trips up and down the diner managed to stop at a window as often as possible. And now when we think of that mountain we see that beautiful shadowy ring, a trifle larger than the peak, suspended just a little above it, and we all excited inside.

We did not stop at Tacoma that night although we went to the end of the railroad; the train backed up or did something else so we got out all right. We are used to "backups" and "wyes" and such things, so we didn't notice how we got out of Tacoma—it was dark anyway. We went on to Seattle that night.

#### HOME NEWS

WATERFORD, CONN.—Some time has elapsed since our church was heard from, but it is not for lack of activities to report.

The Ladies' Aid society held a supper at the home of Mrs. Thomas W. Rogers, following its yearly custom. From six until nine o'clock a New England supper was served to a large number of local and New London people. The sum of \$43 was realized.

We now have a bulletin board on the lawn in front of the church, on which is displayed weekly a sermonette for all who pass to read.

Not long since, a committee of three, consisting of the pastor, the church organist, Mrs. Cady Rogers, and the Sabbath school organist, was appointed to examine different hymnals with a view to recommending one for the use of the church. *Hymns of the United Church* was decided

upon. The books have been ordered and are expected this week. We are anticipating a good deal of pleasure in using the new books. The Ladies' Aid society agreed to pay for thirty-six books, while the remaining fourteen are bought by individuals.

On the evening of November seventh, the people of the neighborhood gathered at the home of Mrs. Mary Rogers, or "Aunt Mary," as she is affectionately called by many, to help her celebrate her eightieth birthday. The evening was pleasantly spent in playing games and visiting. Delicious refreshments, including two birthday cakes, were served. Mrs. Rogers is one of our oldest members and is faithful in attendance at all the church services when her health permits.

The first edition of our church paper, the *Waterford Review*, edited by the pastor, Mr. S. Duane Ogden, made its appearance on Sabbath day. The contributing editors are Mrs. B. A. Brooks and Mrs. H. B. Maxson, president of the Ladies' Aid society. The pastor plans to send it to all the people of the parish, as well as to distribute it among the church members, both resident and nonresident. Considerable interest was manifested among those who have seen it. Judging by the first edition it will be well worth while. If sufficient support is given to warrant its continuance, the plan is to publish it bi-monthly.

One of the most encouraging signs of awakening interest is the increasing Sabbath school attendance. Following Miss Lena Brooks' suggestions, the pastor called in the homes of many people around here where there were children not attending church or Sabbath school. So many responded to his appeal, that two new classes have been organized—one a girls' class taught by Mrs. Morton Swinney, the other, a boys' class taught by the pastor. About ten new scholars have been enrolled, and we are hoping for more.

The pastor will be in Salem, W. Va., on November twenty-first, at the Teen-age Conference with Dr. Bond. Rev. Mr. Powell, formerly pastor in Niantic, will preach for us. When pastor at Niantic he preached for us for some time, so it will be renewing an old and pleasant acquaintance to see him again.

JOSEPHINE MAXSON,  
Correspondent.

### A DREAM

REV. L. D. SEAGER

I saw a strange sight upon the lawn one day—a small bird was feeding a very large nestling. She would hurry away and return with food and the overgrown birdling would flutter and chirp, opening wide its mouth to be fed; then the little mother would fly away leaving its strange ward chirping for more. They kept this up for some time, and as I watched I recalled that there is a species that throws the eggs from another's nest and substitutes her own, leaving the builders of the nest to hatch and rear her young instead of their own.

Some time later I had a dream. As I dreamed I saw people of a certain type casting their gold and silver into a treasury. Then I saw great buildings in process of construction, and those in charge would draw from the treasury and distribute among the laborers.

These great buildings by and by teemed with throngs of people who seemed to congregate about certain men of striking appearance much like those who had been and still were casting their wealth into the treasury. I saw also these men drawing out from the treasury, but the treasure seemed to grow larger. There was a change. The important personages seemed to change and their followers, too, assumed a type differing from those first seen whom they seemed to scorn. However, they still drew from the wealth accumulated in the treasury. I saw in the distance a group resembling the first manner of people—some looked dejected, others were gesticulating, but all apparently helpless. Suddenly there appeared upon the lawn those birds—the little songster feeding her unnatural ward. I marveled, but as I pondered over the probable meaning of such incongruous conditions, I awoke.

Are we conservative? Yes, if by that word you mean holding fast to that which is good. Are we liberal modern? Yes, if by that you mean being swift to hear what the new day is ever bringing from God. But to both questions, No, if you mean suspicion-breeding and divisive group-fixing. In the former senses we are both conservative and liberal; in the latter sense we are neither.—  
*The Continent.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### GIVING

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
December 12, 1925

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Jesus' principle (Matt. 5: 42)  
Monday—The law of recompense (Matt. 7: 2)  
Tuesday—The tithe (Matt. 23: 23)  
Wednesday—The whole (2 Cor. 8: 5)  
Thursday—A method (Phil. 4: 10-20)  
Friday—The motive (2 Cor. 9: 5-11)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Bible principles of giving  
(Lev. 27: 30; 1 Cor. 16: 1-4, 14)

#### HOW SHALL WE GIVE?

But first gave their own selves.— 2 Corinthians 8: 5  
H-e that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly. 2 Corinthians 9: 6  
O-f all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee. Genesis 28: 22  
W-ith what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Matthew 7: 2  
S-uch as I have give I thee. Acts 3: 6  
H-e that giveth, let him do it with liberality. (R. V.) Romans 12: 8  
A-ll things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee. 1 Chronicles 29: 14  
L-et every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him. 1 Corinthians 16: 2  
L-et all your things be done in charity. 1 Corinthians 16: 14  
W-hen thou givest unto him: . . . thy heart shall not be grieved. (Transposed) Deuteronomy 15: 10  
E-very man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord thy God which he hath given thee. Deuteronomy 16: 17  
G-ive to him that asketh thee. Matthew 5: 42  
I-n thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Psalm 71: 1  
V-erily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Matthew 25: 40  
E-very man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Corinthians 9: 7

### A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

The Master, just before leaving the world, told his disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel. All that they would receive for their service would be persecution and the death of martyrs, from

a worldly standpoint. But the greatest reward for them was a home in the heavenly kingdom. They were willing and glad to endure persecution and death for the work of the Master whom they loved. So they gave their full time and service to the work of evangelizing the world, and many precious souls were saved.

The Master is saying to you and me, young people, "Go and preach." In many instances this means persecution, misunderstanding, the loss of friends and loved ones, even death. But we have the promise that he will never forsake us if we trust him. Are we willing to make the sacrifice? Are we willing to pay the price? How are we going to meet this "challenge of the Cross"?  
*Battle Creek, Mich.*

### INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK  
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Topic for Sabbath Day, December 12, 1925  
CHRISTMAS FOR SELF OR OTHERS? ACTS 20:  
32-35

#### TRUE CHRISTMAS

When winter nights are longest,  
And north-wind blows the strongest,  
O'er fields and woods of pine;  
When stars in heaven shine brightest,  
And candle-gleam is lightest  
On snowy fields, the whitest,  
Is it then 'tis Christmas time?

Whenever love is shining,  
Like storm-cloud's golden lining,  
On sad hearts and repining,—  
Then it is Christmas time.

Where shepherds' watch are keeping  
O'er lambs all safely sleeping,  
At Judah's close of day;  
Or Jordan's stream, full-flowing,  
Reflects a bright star's glowing,  
The Magi's pathway showing,—  
Say, is that Bethlehem's way?

Where paths of self we're leaving  
To stop some sad heart's grieving,—  
By giving, not receiving,—  
There, there, is Bethlehem's way!

To Mary, pure and fair,  
And Joseph, standing there  
'Twixt joy and anguish riven;  
To Israel's nation old,  
Or those proud ones who sold  
God's righteous ones for gold,—  
To whom was Christ-child given?

To all pure hearts and holy,  
To all the meek and lowly  
Who love the way of heaven;

To all who, sin confessing,  
Are freed from Satan's pressing,—  
And learn the Father's blessing,—  
To them is Christ-child given.

### JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR DECEMBER 12

Subject—Good Homes for Others (Third lesson on Better Americans).

Aim—To help the juniors realize the causes and conditions which prevent many boys and girls from having good homes, and to enlist them in service activities of the Church designed to remedy such conditions.

Study of the Lesson:

1—Let the juniors tell of any homes of which they know, in the community or elsewhere, that need help. They may also plan how they can help these homes at this Christmas season. What can we do to help such homes? What do they most need? What does Jesus say they most needed in the story in Mark 2:1-5?

2—Tell stories about the work of home and city missions similar to the one on the Children's Page this week. Make good use of pictures in this lesson.

3—Discussion: What was the matter with Karl's home? What did the mission do for this family? What do you like best about the way in which Mr. Williams managed all this? (Friendly help without suggestion of charity.) Make a list on the board of some of the principal causes of poor homes. How may such homes be helped? What is our church doing to help?

4—Use these headings for the notebook work: "Causes of Poor Homes" and "What Missions Do to Help Poor Homes." The latter subject is better for the poster work.

Next Assignment: Make lists of the things they are studying in school which they think will be of special help in making them better citizens and helpers in the building of a Better America.

Devotionals: Songs about helping others from regular hymn book; scripture lesson, Matthew 25:31-40; let superintendent explain how this illustrates our lesson for today; sentence prayers for homes that need help and asking help for themselves that they may be of more service; benediction.

Ashaway, R. I.

### BETTER SOCIALS

DEAR ENDEAVORERS:

More than two months have slipped by since that fine group of young people gathered at Salem and enjoyed so many good times together. It is the social instinct within us which makes us enjoy getting together for both spiritual and recreational purposes.

Here is an equation: "Good, lively socials held frequently—a good healthy growth of any society." Are you using this method to promote the growth of your society? Let us plan to have many good times among our members before we come together for another Conference.

The Young People's Board plans to help you in a more vital way than we have hitherto been able to do. We have at last compiled our socials into a *S. D. B. Social Booklet*, a copy of which we are sending to each society. Several societies and various individuals have helped to contribute to this booklet. Many of the socials and games are not new, nor entirely original; some have been revised and made over to fit the particular social, but we sincerely hope that the booklet will help to give you some good times.

It was the aim in making this looseleaf booklet to add more socials from time to time. We will be grateful to any society which will contribute at least one social of an original nature that may be added to the booklet during the coming year.

#### GOAL AND 1925-1926 AWARDS

1—Holding of at least ten socials—Banner.

2—Best write up for RECORDER of any standard social held during year—Social booklet.

3—Largest number of helpful suggestions of an original nature, from any one society, which may be passed on to other societies. These to be sent to social superintendent.—One year's subscription to *C. E. Quarterly*, containing social helps.

May we not strive for better co-operation in our social department, having as our motto, "Be Social to Save."

Yours for more constructive socials,  
EDNA B. SANFORD.

Little Genesee, N. Y.,

October 30, 1925.

### A LETTER FROM FOUKE

DEAR FRIENDS:

School opened September 21 with three teachers and a very small enrollment of pupils. The following week our fourth teacher and more pupils came, but even yet we have only thirty-nine on the roll in the grades and first and second year high school classes. It had seemed that we would have to carry on the school with only three teachers, consequently we decided not to offer full high school work, so Mantie Longino and Kenneth Davis, seniors, are attending the public school. It is better for them to be two in a class of eight, as they are now, than to be the only ones to graduate from our school. I was so sorry that it seemed necessary to let them go; but we now have our work arranged, since we have four teachers, so that we can devote more time to our classes and not feel rushed for time to do even the necessary things.

It is a rather unusual coincidence to which my attention was called recently by Miss Scouten, that our teaching force this year represents our four denominational schools: Miss Bertrice Baxter, Milton; Miss Avis F. Randolph, Salem; Miss Elva Scouten, Fouke; and myself, Alfred. For this year at least we have to boost for all of them, and Fouke should surely realize the greatest benefit possible, with talent from our four schools on her faculty. Miss Avis teaches primary and first and second grades; Miss Elva, third to fifth, and sixth history and spelling; and Miss Baxter and I have the remainder of the grade work and six high school classes. I teach mathematics, Latin, and agriculture; and Miss Bertrice, English, history, geography, and spelling.

I am certainly glad Miss Baxter decided to come. There are so many ways in which she is helping us. She has organized a choir for church, is helping with Intermediate Christian Endeavor, and then plans to have time for other interesting activities. Her enthusiasm is certainly contagious. She and Miss Avis make a fine team in every respect. They are the life of our "Hall" family with their fun and jokes. We have only one girl staying with us, Arobelle Goodwin, whom some of you may remember. The two oldest Fincher girls, Vera and Odelle, are staying with Mrs. Allen, our pastor. Their home is in Arkansas.

Those who have known the "Hall" in years past would be lost in the old dining room upon finding it transformed into a very cozy sitting room, with lovely cretonne draperies, the work of Miss Avis. We now use the east room for dining room. In some ways it is a much more satisfactory arrangement.

Many will be interested in the teachers of the school across the corner. Mr. Wiley Smith is principal; Mr. Romine and Mrs. Vera Paulik Huff, assistants; Mr. Clyde Larry, Mrs. Melba Newman Summers, and the two Miss Brannons, grade teachers. The public school has organized its seventh and eighth grades into a junior high, and this has attracted some who would probably have otherwise remained with us.

With the small school we have this year our tuition is less than half what it was last year, so our income is much curtailed. Still we have always heretofore had sufficient funds to meet necessary expenses, and I am trusting that such will be the case again. There are several friends whose gifts in the past few months have not been acknowledged through the RECORDER. For these we are indeed grateful. May there be many more friends who will remember us as they can. Already this fall three checks have come to me for the school, for which we are very thankful.

Cotton picking is not even yet finished. Two Sundays I picked with the juniors and intermediates. Before school opened, the entire church picked one day, but I did not go except for dinner. It was so hot when Avis and I first came to Fouke the middle of September that we dreaded to be in the sun all day. It is much cooler now. We have had two or three frosty nights following almost a week of rainy weather. Except for a small area in the immediate vicinity of Fouke that suffered from continued dry weather during the summer, crops have been very good. One merchant told me that this is the most prosperous year he had known in the last five years.

Mrs. Wardner Randolph and family are spending the winter in Fouke. Stanley Davis has been home from South America for a month this fall, but has now returned to work. Mrs. Laverne Pierce Gardner, of El Paso, Tex., is spending a short time at home. Mr. E. G. Scouten visited his daughter, Neva, at Nortonville, and other rela-

tives in Kansas a short time ago. Kenneth Davis attended the state fair at Little Rock, Ark., last week. He won first place in corn judging at Magnolia during the summer. While Stanley was home, he and Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Davis visited Henry Davis at Burkburnett, Tex. After the association at Gentry we enjoyed very much having Secretary W. L. Burdick with us overnight and hearing him talk on our missionary interests.

Sincerely yours,

FUCIA FITZ RANDOLPH.

Fouke, Ark., October 23, 1925.

### FROM MY DIARY

ELMER AKERS

A situation amounting almost to a dilemma facing me is this: On occasions of temptation, shall I permit the fires of gratification to burn out my desires, or shall I divert their energy to service—altruistic service? We often hear it said that “we must learn by experience”—“filling up our cup of iniquity,” “sowing our wild oats,” “glutting our desires” as did the prodigal, before we can come to ourselves and realize that all is vanity and productive only of heartache and remorse and loss of power and retardation of progress. Must we really yield to these temptations in order to learn the better way? And would we really know the better way after we had yielded to temptation and found that it availeth nothing? Would we not still have to climb the rugged path to that knowledge, guided by faith—regretting the dissipation of the energy in self-gratification which might have been used in making the climb? Yes, Jesus did not learn wisdom by yielding to evil, yet he learned it supremely well. God grant us faith to look to Christ, not heeding the stormy winds and waves of passion and self-importance and pleasure all about us. Then we shall have more power to climb higher and to carry messages of hope and cheer to others on the journey of life.

It is hard not to envy a talented person if he is selfish. On the other hand, we admire and love the talented unselfish person, and we share the joy of his accomplishments.

Do others envy me? Oh, may I never give others cause to envy me, but may I strive to do so well that they may be grateful to me and may rejoice with me.

Observing the Morning Watch is like heeding the “Stop, Look, Listen” sign at a railroad crossing. It enables us to avoid accidents and remorse.

For perhaps three or four years I have increasingly come to believe God to be omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, to be law, order, harmony, beauty, love, truth,—not an anthropomorphic being. And myself I have regarded as a physical being, a material form different from God, have tried to pray to God—who is—so I thought—very different from myself. To do this has at times seemed unreal, somewhat forced—a material being praying to an immaterial one; a person praying to an impersonal God. But today it came upon me that my true self is not different from God, except in degree. He is infinite, I am finite. And when I pray to him, it is to my Father, one of my own nature. He is the great Water Tower, and I the drinking fountain. “God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.” I have been trying to worship him in body. No, I—like him—am a spirit; and I can go to him freely, knowing we are kin—he my Father, and I his son. Father, I thank thee that thou canst hear me, and that we are of one nature. Help me to turn to thee, my Father, for advice and encouragement and wisdom. So shall I be infinitely patient and longsuffering, and I shall be able for all my work. Amen.

All true and earnest students sometimes get impatient to experience the deep things of life about which they study as philosophy, and are told by strong spiritual men. We are like the boy who rode his father’s horse to guide him for the father as he operated a corn planter. They began planting from the lower side of the field, and slowly, row by row, approached the opposite side which rose sloping until it again stretched away level. To the boy, progress was very slow—tiringly slow—and he urged his father to permit him to drive over and up the hill side that they might plant up there; for, he said, “The soil looks much smoother and it would be nicer working up there where we could see far away to where other folks are working.” “No,” his father explained, “we must work up row by row toward the other side. If we should go up there now we would not know how to drive in order that the rows

would come out right with these we’ve already made. We must plant the field row by row from where we are,” he said, “for this is the only way we can do a perfect job.” “I see,” said the boy. “Get along here, Prince.” And they did a perfect job.

The deep things of life can not be expressed in words. Men are noted for their logic, women for their intuition. Now reason is good as far as it goes, but it can not satisfy, can not fully express what we feel. And the woman’s “because,” though unsupported by a reason, may mean more than the clear logic of the man. “If ye love me keep my commandments,” said Jesus. “If we can reason out why we should keep his commandments we will keep them,” is what we sometimes think. But this will not always work. If we are only willing to do them on the basis of reason, we shall never succeed in doing them. We must advance by faith. There are those who scoff at faith and pride themselves on their reasoning; however, these persons can only progress by the exercise of faith. We must love the right and do it just because it is the right. This is religion. This is the true law of progress, the way of life.

One of the great secrets of Christianity is faith, and this faith is transmissible chiefly by personal touch. Logic can be circulated by literature, but it avails little in transforming and inspiring men. It must be lived, be made flesh. Jesus was the word made flesh. We have a few of his words in the Bible; but we must—if we would be transformed and inspired by him—have personal relations with him. We must commune with him in secret. I could do without the Bible and the teachers of the gospel, but I could not do without the means of communion with God himself—prayer.

### CHINA’S GREATEST NEED

The present crisis in China only accentuates the fact that with the march of time and the accelerated progress of events in the past decade China has awakened out of a long sleep. It is the last great nation to awake at the insistent call of a modern age. With eyes still unaccustomed to the bright lights of western civilization and with nerves and muscles still unable to function fully in the new freedom of democratic ideas, this

giant, rudely awakened by the World War to a fresh sense of nationality, is moving rather clumsily toward autonomy. It is this movement that accounts for what has now come to be known as the present crisis in China. So long as China slept, wrapped in the somnolence of long centuries of unchanging custom and more or less oblivious to the encroachments of western nations upon her territory, there was no crisis. But now a real crisis is on which bids fair to be epoch-making in the history of this long-suffering people and for that matter, in the history of the world.

And yet does not this crisis present an opportunity for the application of the gospel of Christ such as has not heretofore been seen in China? The good news of Christ, as the word “gospel” means, is exactly what China needs at this hour. Not a dogmatic gospel filled with terms of autocratic authority and military symbols; but a gospel simple in its democratic message on the infinite worth of every individual soul, in its incarnate demonstration of moral beauty in Jesus and all who really follow him, in its heroic courage to live on the high spiritual plane of love, and in its dynamic power to bring salvation to individuals and to all the institutions of society. Nations may get together in conference to adjust tariff duties in China and to consider with a view to change other matters which cause unrest among the Chinese; but the real solution of China’s problems lies in something deeper than diplomacy and legislation can effect and in something more spiritual than materialistic philosophies can interpret. China needs Christ—not primarily the Christ of theology, nor the Christ of art, nor the Christ whose name has been taken by nations called Christian, not even the Christ of western culture; but the Christ of the Gospels, of Nazareth, of the Sermon on the Mount, of the Pool of Bethesda, of Calvary and the resurrection. This Christ has appeared at various points in China in the person of missionaries and native Christians, but the whole country awaits his coming in richer measure.—*The Baptist*.

If there be in front of us any painful duty, strengthen us with the grace of courage; if any act of mercy teach us tenderness and patience.—*R. L. Stevenson*.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### GOOD HOMES FOR OTHERS

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
December 12, 1925

The following is a story from the one given for this topic in *Better Americans*, Number Three.

#### A FRIENDLY COLLISION

"Hi, there! Look out!" The remarks were uttered by a man who had nearly had his wind knocked out when a small boy, running as fast as he could, collided with him. Soon a policeman rounded the corner rejoicing that the man had caught the boy. The policeman, however, was glad to hand the boy over to the man to look out for, even if he had just stolen some fruit from a fruit cart. For the man had asked if he might take this boy with him to Bible school.

As the two entered the door together the man rubbed his stomach and remarked, "If that head of yours is as good for other things as it is for a battering ram, you ought to get somewhere with it."

"Pretty near jarred my head off," said the boy, "I'm sorry if I hurt you."

"Oh, I guess I'll recover," said the man. "I've had worse jolts than that on the football field. What's your name, son?"

At the mention of football a new note of interest and respect came into the boy's expression. "Karl," he answered and added, "I'll bet you are a good football player."

"Not any more," said the man with a laugh. "I'm getting too old and fat. But, look here! You listen to a story I'm going to tell here this morning and you'll hear about a youngster not much older than you who did things. My name's Williams, so now we're acquainted."

Karl waited patiently during the music, watching the other boys and girls until Mr. Williams told his story about the shepherd boy who, sent to the camp on an errand to his brothers, had gone out by himself and conquered the enemy's champion.

When the session was over Mr. Williams

had a short talk with Karl, finding out that his father was dead, his sister a cripple, and his mother was out cleaning offices. So Mr. Williams took Karl home to dinner with him. Karl soon became acquainted with Mr. Williams' daughter and two sons who were about his age and tried not to eat too much at dinner, although this was something of an effort to a hungry boy in the presence of such food as he had not tasted for many a day. But, here again, Mr. Williams helped him out by insisting that he was "hungry as a bear," and that Karl must eat some more "to keep him company."

After dinner Mr. Williams took Karl out in the garden and in a tactful way found out that Karl's father had died two years before. Two older brothers had been killed, one in the war and one in an accident at the factory. This left his mother to support himself and his five-year-old sister who was then sick in the hospital. Karl picked up odd jobs to do when he could. He had got into the scrape of the morning because "there was nothing else to do." He seldom went to school for he had to work when he could.

"Now Karl, I have an idea," said Mr. Williams. "I'd like to drive home with you this afternoon when you think your mother will be there and have a little talk with her. We need a good woman to do cleaning and look after things a little at our factory. If your mother can do the work, I'll employ her. It will be steady work and not too hard, and she won't have to work Sundays either."

"Then, I know one of the men over at the mission who wants a good, reliable boy to run errands and do delivery work after school hours. That's steady work, too, and I think you will just about fill the bill."

"We have a visiting nurse connected with the mission and I'll ask her to see your sister and find out how she is getting on. I imagine we can save you something on the hospital bills."

"Meanwhile, you dig in at school and get those brains of yours in good shape and knock out Mr. Giant Hard-Times and make a good home for your mother and sister. How about it?"

Karl had been listening with a new light on his face. So much good fortune coming in such a friendly way was almost more than he could believe all at once. But he

put out his hand impulsively and said, "That's great! You bet I'll do it, and mother will be awfully glad. I don't know how to thank you right, but—" Karl stopped.

"That's all right," said Mr. Williams, giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder. "That is just what we folks down at the mission are for—helping other people to have better homes is our great American out-door sport. And as for thanking me—well, if you will butt into your school and your other work with as much energy and purpose as you did into my stomach this morning, we'll call it square."

Ashaway, R. I.

### OLD MR. TURKEY

Old Mr. Turkey, with your, "Gobble-gobble-gobble,"

What makes your chin go wobble-wobble-wobble? Why does your tail spread out like grandma's fan?

Old Mr. Turkey, tell me if you can; Why should you strut about so very proud? Why do you talk so very fast and loud? I'll tell you this, Thanksgiving's drawing near, First thing you know, Mr. Turkey won't be here.

—Anne M. Halladay.

### THE SOLVING OF A PROBLEM

Elanor's class at school was not a large one. There were just enough pupils to fill two rows, and so, of course, there were only two back seats. As everyone wanted to sit in these, the teacher had decided to give them, each month, to the two scholars having the highest grade.

Every month Elanor tried very hard to win a back seat, not only because she liked to sit there and was proud to carry home a good report card, but because her father had promised that at Christmas she might visit her grandmother in New York if until that time she remained at the head of her class.

"Oh, dad, really?" she had said excitedly. "Oh, I'm going to try hard. I'd love to go to New York—the shops will be so wonderful at Christmas."

"No doubt that you would have a fine time," her father smiled, "and about those high grades—you can do anything you determine to if you try hard enough. Just keep at it and you'll have the trip."

Elanor succeeded wonderfully until the last of November, when she had to stay at home for two weeks because she was sick.

It was not until the very morning of the monthly examinations that she was able to return to school.

"I've tried to study every day that I've been out," she told Helen, her chum, who stopped to call for her that morning. "I feel pretty sure of everything but arithmetic. Don't you think the percentage is hard?"

"It's terrible," answered Helen, "I know I'll flunk today."

"And you've been in class right along while I've had to study alone. Oh, dear, why did I have to be absent so close to the Christmas holidays!"

After the girls were in school and when the arithmetic papers were passed, Elanor looked quickly at the problems, hoping that there would not be any in percentage—but there was. The very last problem. As she read it, it seemed difficult.

"Oh, dear, I'll never get it right," she thought, "and if I don't get the exams perfect, my absence will put me away down from the head. But I just *will* get it. I'll hurry with the rest and have lots of time to work on it."

Soon she had solved the other problems, and felt sure of them, for she knew how to go about each one, as they were all similar to those the class had studied while she was in school.

Then she began the one that called for percentage. Trying to be sure of every step, she worked slowly and carefully. At last it was finished. Elanor copied her figures onto the paper that she was to hand in. As she blotted it, she looked up with a sigh of relief and then—\$50.25 was the result she accidentally saw on Helen's paper which was spread out on her desk across the aisle.

"And I have \$45.25," exclaimed Elanor to herself. "I know Helen's right, she is always good at arithmetic, even if she did pretend to be afraid of this test. I'm going to change mine."

"But that's cheating," something seemed to say. "Why, no, it isn't," Elanor protested, "I didn't mean to copy. I couldn't help seeing her paper."

"It will be copying if you take her result," again the thought came.

"But it's different, because I was out so long. I couldn't help it, and it isn't fair that just because I was sick I should get a

poor mark, and lose the back seat and my trip to New York and everything."

Then suddenly Elanor put away her pen, arranged her papers, and handed them in without changing her figures on the last problem.

That night Elanor worried about her grades, and went reluctantly to the school the next morning. When she entered the class room, Helen was looking at the chart of the seating arrangement which the teacher had posted on the blackboard.

Helen beckoned and asked, "Didn't I tell you percentage was awful?"

Elanor looked quickly at the chart. Why—was it true—she could hardly believe it. But it was—her name was in the square which indicated the back seat, but her friend's had been moved forward.

"It was that last problem. I worked it wrong," Helen said.

"New York—oh, I mean that last problem. Yes, it was hard," Elanor answered. Then she laughed, "Wasn't it funny that I said New York just now; but I was thinking what good times we'd have at grandmother's during the Christmas vacation."—*Children's Friend*.

#### MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN.

#### WHO PAINTED THE HOUSE

"I am going to paint the house," said a big can of paint, waiting, already mixed, in the woodshed.

"No, I am going to paint it," the paint brush asserted, bristling with importance.

"You are, are you?" sneered the ladder, lying against the wall. "How far would either of you go without me?"

"Or without me to pay the bill?" said the check book of the owner of the house, in a voice muffled by the pocket of the coat hanging on a nail.

Just then the painter, who had overheard these proud remarks, ventured to put in a word. "Perhaps I'd better take a vacation," said he quietly. "I wonder if the house would be painted by the time I got back."—*Selected*.

#### WHY YOU HAVE A NOSE

Did you ever stop to think how handy your nose is?

Your nose is a guard over your mouth. You can not get anything to your mouth without smelling it first. If it smells sour or bad, your nose telegraphs to your mouth not to accept the food.

The openings in your nose point down. The fresh air is always in the lower part of the room, while the bad air goes to the ceiling. If your nose-openings pointed up, you would breathe bad air, and a great deal of dust and dirt would drop into the holes.

Your nose and mouth work together. There is a little door between them. When your nose gets stopped up with a cold and you can not breathe, that door opens, and you breathe through your mouth. When you smell something that is too strong, the door opens, and you cough with your mouth. Your coughing blows the bad smell away.

Sometimes your mouth gets more in it than it can hold. That door into your nose opens, and the water or gas rushes in from your mouth. You are then compelled to open your mouth to cough and get a breath, thus relieving the crowded condition in your mouth.

Can you think of a better place for your nose or a better plan for it?—*Leslie E. Dunkin*.

"Won't you come along in swimming?" said the goose, "The water's fine!"

"Come and caper," said the donkey, "As for swimming, I decline.

I should be a goose to do it." Said the goose, "Imagine me

Cutting capers through the meadow! Such a sight you'll never see.

I should surely be a donkey to perform in such a way!"

And she bade the little donkey, very scornfully, "Good day!"

Betty, taken to the country, had been looking around the village. She saw many things that were strange to her, but a glimpse of the blacksmith shop filled her with wonder. When she got back to the cottage she burst into the parlor in great excitement.

"Daddy," she said, "I've just seen a man who makes horses."

"Nonsense," said her father, "you've made a mistake."

"No, I haven't," she persisted. "I saw him. He had one nearly finished. He was just nailing on its back feet."

### Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

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

DEAR FRIEND:

I have been wondering if the pressure of out-door work at this busy time of the year was the cause of your delay, or if there was some sickness of yourself or of someone who needed your ministrations.

When I was a tiny girl of seven I had but little relish for the out-door world. Books were generally more attractive than animals, and so much of my time was spent indoors that my father became uneasy for fear I would always be pale, weakly and small, unless I could be induced to spend more time out in the fresh warm sunshine. So he had me go with him for a few hours' work in the field on pleasant days; and once becoming used to it, the out-of-doors has been my source of recreation and of growth, both physically and spiritually. By the time I was eight years old I had become interested in botany and began to study plants and trees with new eyes; flowers afforded me constant pleasure, and often in winter I fingered over my treasures, seeking from even the once green leaves some of the summer fragrance that lingered in them.

My mother often took me on her walks through the woods looking for medicinal plants, and many a dollar came to her hand in return for her carefully prepared remedies. Her rule was to visit the sick and if no doctor was attending, to offer some of her own remedies, which if accepted and used according to her directions, seldom failed to give relief and win customers for her. As a preacher, my father often had opportunities for doing good with her remedies, often saving expense for sickness which the poorer people could not have paid very easily.

One case that stands out clearly in my memory was of a poor woman, mother of a large family of children, reported as being near death with consumption. Mother and I went to see her and found her in bed, not able to raise herself up, and a bad cough caused her much suffering. Mother offered her a trial of her remedy for consumption

and she agreed to use it. Soon a call came for more, and it was not long before she was up and doing her work. She lived twenty years after that, being about eighty years of age when she died.

Well, I am here all alone tonight, for all the others are gone to meet a little granddaughter and bring her home. She has been staying with her other grandmother in South Carolina and with an aunt in Virginia. For a little girl two years old she has been quite a traveler, having gone back and forth between those two places several times, and now is coming by train to arrive here about midnight. This should be her real home, for it was her father's boyhood home.

Later: It was half past ten when I put aside my pen and lay down for a little rest, but had not slept any when I heard the noise of the truck coming, and lighting my lamp, stood on the porch to greet the newcomer. But she had forgotten me and clung close to her mother, so I shall have to win her affection over again, not with money or candy, but by kindness. The younger child, the baby, and I are great playmates, though we may not always agree. Yesterday her mother brought her to me to hold a few minutes, and she was good till she spied my reading glass, which I had laid one side, and she wanted it. But when I did not give it to her, she kicked and screamed and threw up one little hand and snatched my spectacles from my eyes. When I took them away from her she threw her little head against my cheek so hard I thought it must have hurt her as well as me. About that time her mother came and took her to dress her for the trip to meet her sister, and soon she was brought back all nicely dressed and in good humor. But soon she spied the reading glass again and began to fret just a little for it, though she did not reach for it nor get angry. After a little I said, "Lie down and go to sleep," and she laid her head on my arm and was asleep in less than five minutes, so soundly that her mother took her for the ride without waking her.

You see she had not lost faith in me, if I did refuse to let her have my glass; and that is the faith the world needs—the faith of a little child that can so easily fall asleep in the arms of the one who has disappointed it. How often we sigh and lie awake because we do not have the things that look so desirable in our eyes, when we in our short-

sightedness can not see why they are withheld. To work for God is the most soul-satisfying work we can do, and a large portion of it is to be found in our own homes. In so living as to be worthy of the love and confidence of one's household, and to win and hold the friendship and respect of one's neighbors, especially the little children—this is part of the work of God, I feel sure.

During the time since I began to work definitely for the spread of God's truth, things have come to me in unlooked-for ways. Even a costly flowering plant, that I had wanted but did not dare to spend money for, my son found growing near the "mule-lot" and showed to me. I think some of the many visitors to the pond near here must have dropped it from a bouquet and it took root and grew; and it now occupies a corner of a large bench that once served as a pew in our church, but now is used for a writing table by myself during these warm summer days. It is out here on the porch where I can enjoy the waves of fresh air as they roll in from the southwest, our wind quarter just now. After September 23 our winds will be coming from a northerly direction, and they rush along flinging things out of their way, sometimes uprooting trees, especially about March 23, when they endanger whatever shipping may be near the coast.

I must bring this letter to a close soon. If it were not for my correspondence with you and others who are Sabbath keepers, I should be a lone Sabbath keeper indeed. But these letters keep me from feeling so alone as I might without them, and I feel I am in good company: with Ezekiel watching the angel measuring the temple that never is to be destroyed; with Daniel watching the overthrow of wicked governments; with the little group at Antioch watching the first missionaries depart to win the world for Christ; or with John on Patmos, a lone Sabbath keeper, preacher, seer and writer, watching the fleeing woman whose seed keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus.

I shall look for an answer soon, while praying for the spiritual uplift of those who are called to Conference, and for a blessing to be awarded to those who must "remain by the stuff." 1 Samuel 30:24.

YOUR FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.  
(Answer next week)

### SALEM COLLEGE BAZAAR

Many of the scattered friends of Salem College will be interested to know that the Salem College Aid Society is planning for their second annual bazaar and supper to be held December 3. Our bazaar last year was a big success, due in no small part to the donations from interested friends outside of our local community. We again make an appeal to the readers of the RECORDER who feel that they would like to help in this worthy cause by sending articles to be sold at our bazaar on December 3. Packages addressed to our president, Mrs. Ottis Swiger, or to the corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. Wardner Davis, will be gratefully received and acknowledged. Address, Salem, W. Va.

### ASSURANCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—William Pierson Merrill.

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### "WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

REV. JAMES L. SKAGGS  
(In Milton Quarterly Visitor)

These words, "What is your life," are found in the letter of James to the twelve tribes of Israel. There has been much difference of opinion as to who this James was, for it is quite clear that there are three men of prominence in the New Testament who bore this name—James the son of Zebedee, James the son of Alphaeus, and James the brother of Jesus. Careful students incline to the opinion that it was James the brother of Jesus who wrote this letter. There is evidence also that this James was not a convert to the religion of Jesus until after the resurrection. But he soon attained prominence in the church at Jerusalem. There is evidence that he was a man of vigor, broad Christian vision, and strong leadership. He writes somewhat in the tone of the ancient prophets, with an authority and an incisiveness which are remarkable.

In the paragraph where we find this question, "What is your life?" he is protesting against the tendency of people to leave God out of account when they are making their plans. He says that people do not know what is to happen to them or what they are going to do, that they are always subject to the power of God, and that they should recognize their dependence on the will of God. "What is your life? For ye are a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Does not that question often arise in the minds of men when they look upon the ancient civilizations, such as Babylon, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, or upon such as has been recently revealed to us in Pueblo Bonito, New Mexico? When we look again upon human forms that have lain in their graves for thousands of years and think of the once fine physical bodies and active minds, the passions and ambitions which moved them, their joys and sorrows, their sufferings and death, are we not inclined to agree with James that "Ye are a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away"? When I think upon

these things I am reminded of a warning set up in West Virginia near a dangerous crossing: "Be careful, Death is so Permanent."

Many have attempted to describe life, but so far as I know no one has adequately defined it. It seems to be the thing that we really are. When conditions are fulfilled from which a new life springs into being, we find that new entity gathering to itself a material body, though at first infinitesimally small, but in the course of twenty years it presents the body of a full grown man. In a few more years that physical body disintegrates, goes back to mother earth, and the life of it is no longer manifest to our physical eyes. "For ye are a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Then, "What is your life?"

"What is your life?" We may say many things about life. Life is so wonderful! We may take the physical manifestation of it into a laboratory and find out many wonderful things. This body-machine is marvelous and glorious. Life acting through it brings us satisfactions and joys, yea, and sorrows and pains, which can only be felt. Then we think of the wonderful mechanical, chemical, physical achievements which life somehow works through this physical body. But life departs and all this physical organism goes back to earth, and we go and look upon the bones after thousands of years have passed.

"What is your life?" Does it have a meaning beyond mere pleasure and pain?

Our whole Christian conception is based on the belief that life is an invisible reality, that something of the eternal nature of God has been imparted to men, and that man through this spiritual nature is fitted for companionship with God. As to physical manifestations life may be as a vapor, but in its nature it is not vapor any more than God is vapor.

Life is endowed with a power to look upon and into itself, to visualize what it wants to be, and then to build itself up. The Bible places the responsibility for the character and worth of the individual upon himself. Other people and conditions enter into life and affect it, but the individual can not escape responsibility for his own life.

"What is your life?" It is what you have made it. In days to come it will be what you make it.

There is no way of measuring the immen-

sity of loss which the individual suffers and which the world suffers from neglected life. Our earth is crowded with people whose responsibilities have never been opened up. In some cases there is the neglected body, mind, and spirit; in others the body is robust and fine, but the mind and spirit are closed to the wonders and beauties of earth and heaven.

Secretary William L. Burdick tells of the little girl down in the West Indies who came to a hole in a fence and looked through upon the beautiful apples inside and stood there with a thin arm raised, looking to see if anyone was watching her. He said he was deeply touched as he looked at her face and form and knew that she was hungry and was not accustomed to have enough to eat. And he knew she was just one of millions of such children in neglected parts of the earth. We have some such in our own country, and they present a sad picture wherever they are. The human body is so wonderful in its structure, in its beauty, in its relation with mind and spirit. Hunger, want, pain, sorrow are its enemies. Our hearts are touched when the bodies of little children do not have a chance to come to normal growth and beauty. But worse than that is the fate of those whose minds are never opened to the light of knowledge, who are never able to sense and appreciate the beauty of nature, the wonders of art, literature, science, and government; who go through the world groveling in darkness. But even more terrible than these calamities is the fate of him whose eyes are never opened toward heaven, whose spirit never forms companionship with the Spirit world, who never gets a vision of life, relationships, and duties as revealed in Jesus the Christ.

A life that lacks either physical, mental, or spiritual development is incomplete. Physical well-being, education, and religion are our three great objectives; leave out either one and the misfortune is great.

In our community our children are well nourished; there is little of hunger or destitution. Our children have adequate food every day, and day by day their bodies grow and become strong. We have our splendid public school system, and we provide for twelve years of instruction that our children may have good mental development, and then we offer them the advantages of colleges and universities. We are going to

great effort and expense to provide for the physical and mental well-being of our people. But how about the spiritual life?

The problem is different when we come to religion. For many it is a realm of mystery. The facts and experiences of religion sometimes seem so intangible, so elusive. Then we have many impulses and interests which seem to conflict with the high ideals of religion as revealed in Jesus. We find ourselves surrounded by many people whose interests do not reach beyond the physical, the material, and intellectual things. Our religious organization is loose and depends entirely on the voluntary co-operation of people. Common opinion seems to be that there are few homes where Bible reading and prayer and the discussion of religious matters are regularly practiced. Many children are given large liberty on the streets and in very questionable social relationships, and religion has a poor chance.

The growth and disintegration of religious ideals is slow. People may hardly realize the transformations that are taking place or the influences that are effecting changes. But on a day it is discovered that the child or the young man or young woman has taken a stand for the religion of Jesus or is drifting away into indifference, unbelief, and evil companionships. It is right here that dangers exist for the growing life of our community, where the physical and mental needs are so well provided for. Shall fathers and mothers be content and imagine themselves at ease in Zion while their children are surrounded by great spiritual dangers? Parents can not evade their responsibility, and they can not always yield to the preferences and inclinations of their children.

It is a tragedy when people go through their days neglecting their one great possession—life itself. It is a tragedy when parents neglect to guide and direct the developing life of their children. Many of the sorrows, disappointments, tragedies in human life come through sheer neglect.

"What is your life?" We know what happens if a farmer neglects his stock, or his fields, if a merchant neglects his store, if a student neglects his studies. The same law is operative in life as a whole.

There are many lives that are lived vigorously enough, but they are misdirected. Some people who are bubbling over with energy and always have something to do

come out at the end with nothing of value. I have known a young man who apparently thought it was smart to smoke cigarettes, drink beer, and go with the rough set of boys and girls. He quit attending church and Sabbath school and seemed to want nothing to do with the pastor until he landed in jail. Then he was glad to have such help and comfort as the pastor was able to give him.

A few years ago I had the funeral of a man who died from a terrible disease which he had contracted on one wild night at the age of sixteen years. He had blighted his own home and ended his own life. This man was of a good family of high honor, and the merciful physicians refused to tell the aged parents why their son had died. These incidents are typical of multitudes who are casting life into the scrapheap.

"What is your life?" Are we living physically, mentally, spiritually, so as to give life its highest worth and meaning?

Our hearts would sink within us when we face the problems of human lives, when we see about us so much of sin and loss, were it not for those who have lived well, those who have been triumphant over the things that degrade and destroy, those who have looked into the face of Jesus Christ and have found themselves filled with his faith, his spirit, his love. In Jesus we see the meaning of life. It is they who have become like him who are the world's benefactors. They are brave, they are courageous, they live not for themselves. They are willing to sacrifice and die, if need be, for truth and right. They have come into that experience which Jesus termed "eternal life," "For this is eternal life that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." When we see some who have been thus transformed it raises our hope for all men, for we are convinced that there is a power which can change men. It is a demonstration of that power in life which carries conviction and wins men to God.

Amid all the turmoil and uncertainties and restlessness of our day, I am sure there is a great eagerness and wistfulness in the minds of people of all ages. There is anxiety for a view of life and an experience of life that will make sense of existence. There is often a sense of futility in life. There is often also the sense of moral failure, and

the loads of life are too heavy to carry without help greater than that of man. It is said that our philanthropies today, our passions for social service, are leading many to a consciousness of spiritual bankruptcy. Too much is being attempted without taking God into account. Someone has said there is a conspiracy in our very nature to bring us to God.

It is in fellowship with God that life finds its true meaning and expression. And we feel instinctively that it is not simply for manifestation in these bodies of ours, but that it partakes of the nature of God, and if lived well it will continually increase in worth and meaning, in usefulness and satisfaction. Its highest aspirations will be increasingly realized, its visions of the real and beautiful will become more clear. What is your life? What will you make it? God waits to help you make it what it ought to be.

### A PARABLE

REV. L. D. SEAGER

A beautiful maiden was born under very unusual circumstances. She was commissioned by the highest authority to publish a message for all people. Her star was more pretentious than any ever included in the horoscope, her birthstone a ruby adorned with a broken seal. She grew up in a time of great agitation over principles, for which many became martyrs; there was working a great revolution in world thought. Her counsels were of great importance among those who identified themselves with the movement; she was fairest of the fair to those who loved her because the excellencies she presented conferred great benefits. However, there came a time of decadence, because of corrupting influences, and interlopers usurped control. They garbled her message; they displaced with an emblem the hero of her theme; they capitalized for their own profit her honor and fame. She became a fugitive, for they forbade freedom of speech. However, loyal friends protected and cared for her during the many years of her exile until, finally, daring friends made opportunity and presented her to the common people, who received her with rejoicing; but she was treated with contempt by those who claimed to be her interpreters, and her existence was threat-



ened. Despite this opposition her fame spread far and wide, and great benefits ensued among those who practiced her teachings. There arose also bitter enemies who denied her origin, scoffed at her claims to authority, and declared her history a hoax. Nevertheless, she was not suppressed. Of late a greater calamity has befallen her; she is betrayed in the house of her friends; even some who subsist from her popularity have declared themselves her superiors. They dispute her claims; they cloud her testimony with insinuations that her statements are untrue, that she is out of date—outgrown. Though they continue to number themselves among her supporters and bear her name, they have substituted for her message a philosophy of their own devising; they have degraded the one of whom she tells to the ranks. This is the occasion of great rejoicing among her enemies who hope she is undone. Many have been misled because of the popularity of these leaders and because of their assumption of great wisdom. However, there are large numbers who are unshaken because they have tried out her truths. Having embodied the teachings in their lives, they are able to convince the open-minded of their great worth. They are doing all in their power to obtain for her a universal hearing. Their work is hindered by unwise friends who bend their energies

in denunciation of her enemies, thinking to defend her reputation. Though so many hindrances rise up to thwart her purpose, her fame is spreading to all the earth; the gates of the nations are opening for her reception; the people are coming to desire the blessing it is her mission to bestow. She is very precious to those who have been enabled to appreciate her beauty; she holds the key to the treasure vault of limitless riches; and to those who hear and heed she reveals *the knowledge of the light of the world.*

#### LACK OF CONSECRATION

Edward Spencer rescued seventeen from the wreck of the "Lady Elgin" in Lake Michigan, September 8, 1860, after battling with the elements for more than six hours. His daring heroism completely shattered his health. Partially recovered from the first collapse, his only fear was that he might have failed to perform his full duty; and he anxiously inquired, "Did I do my best?" Are we concerned as we should be about these questions: Am I doing my very best? Am I a growing Christian, a member of a growing church? Or, am I suffering from arrested spiritual development?

Let us be on the safe side and get busy anyway.—*Rev. H. L. Cottrell.*

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## DEATHS

WILLIAMS.—Margaret M. Williams was the seventh child of Jonathan and Esther Clarke Williams. She was born December 20, 1829, in the town of Verona, N. Y., where most of her life was spent.

Her ancestors were among the staunch New Englanders, who were descendants of Roger Williams. She was of the seventh generation. For many years she had been a loyal member of the Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church, which she attended as long as her health permitted. Her interest in its activities continued to the end of her long life. She was a member of the Home Department of the Sabbath school, faithfully reading her Bible as long as her eyesight allowed.

She was blessed with a wonderful memory, often entertaining her friends by repeating poems learned in her youth.

She had a sunny disposition, which enabled her to appreciate the humorous and to endure with patience the long years of her affliction.

After five days of unconsciousness she peacefully fell asleep at one o'clock Thursday afternoon, October 29, at a Rome hospital.

Farewell services were held from the Verona Seventh Day Baptist church on Sabbath afternoon, November 1, conducted by her pastor, J. H. Hurley, and the body was placed in the Union Cemetery.

J. H. H.

Sabbath School. Lesson XI.—Dec. 12, 1925

PAUL IN MELITA AND ROME. Acts 28: 1-31

Golden Text.—"I am not ashamed of the Gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. 1: 16.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 6—Paul in Melita. Acts 28: 1-10.

Dec. 7—Paul in Rome. Acts 28: 11-16.

Dec. 8—Paul Preaches in Rome. Acts 28: 17-23.

Dec. 9—Paul Wins Converts to Christ. Acts 28: 24-31.

Dec. 10—Paul Writes to the Romans. Rom. 1: 1-12.

Dec. 11—Love, the Fulfilling of the Law. Rom. 13: 8-14.

Dec. 12—Self-dedication not Self-conceit. Rom. 12: 1-8.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

What matter if I stand alone?

I wait with joy the coming years;

My heart shall reap where it has sown,

And garner up its fruit of tears.

The law of love threads every heart,

And knits it to its utmost kin;

Nor can our lives flow long apart

From souls our secret souls would win.

The stars come nightly to the sky,

The tidal wave unto the sea;

Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high

Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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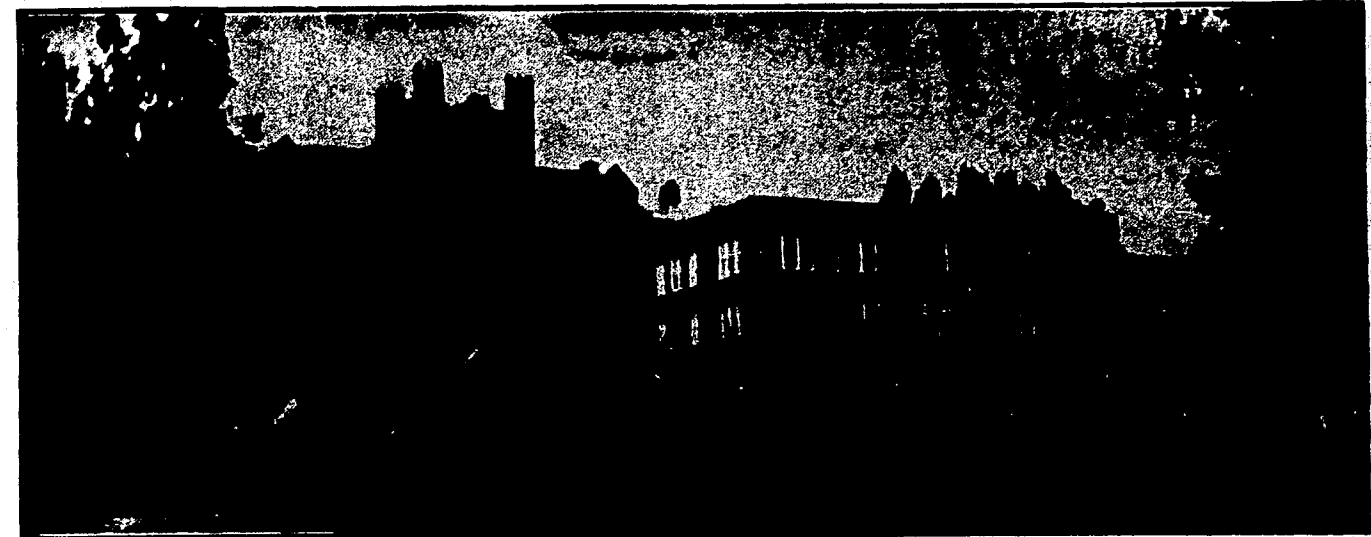
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## THE SCULPTOR

The sculptor found a block of marble, rare  
But yet unshaped, and with an artist's care  
And skill, with mallet and with chisel-steel  
He shapes it into form, until we feel  
Its beauty and, because it moves the heart,  
We know it is a priceless work of art;  
So God, the Sculptor of the subtle skill,  
Takes us, unshaped, and works his wondrous will  
And, though we cringe and cry out with the pain  
Of shaping, he chisels here and there again  
Till something of his likeness doth appear,  
And men know, as they see us, God is near.

—Clarence A. Vincent.

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