

# 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.

SO long as words are visible symbols of thought, so long will it remain true that the ten words of God contain the world-recognized expression of the Divine, regarding the day of the Sabbath, and the reason why one specific day is regarded as holy, and is connected with the Sabbath idea rather than any other. If any people claiming the Word of God as the only rule of faith and practice, shall assume an attitude that discounts Bible authority upon this vital question, their teachings in this matter must tend to undermine the entire system of religion, and to destroy reverence for God's revealed law. Just this thing is happening all about us today. Nothing is clearer than that there is an alarming and widespread loss of faith in the binding force of this most explicit command of God; and as a natural result, a general disregard for spiritual things. I fear we do not teach this fundamental truth carefully enough in our own churches, and thereby leave the impression upon our young people, that it is not after all a vital question. The Sabbath command is the only one of all the ten that gives man any conception as to what God gave that law. A Baal worshiper could accept any one of the other nine, and say, "All right. That is good. It is Baal's command," and there would be no way to prove it otherwise. But when we come to the fourth commandment, set in the most conspicuous place in ancient documents, there we see the signature of God. It is given in such a way that there can be no mistake. No other gods can claim the authorship, not one of the hosts of heaven or earth, but the great God who made them all. Therefore, this commandment of all the others, is the last one that should be ignored.—T. L. G.

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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.  
**First Vice-President**—President Paul E. Titworth, Washington College, Chestertown, Md.  
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**Treasurer of Onward Movement**—Harold R. Crandall, New York City.  
**General Secretary of Onward Movement**—Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.

### COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

**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.  
**Terms expiring in 1928**—George W. Post, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Alexander W. Vara, Plainfield, N. J.; Claude L. Hill, Farina, Ill.

## AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

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**President**—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.  
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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**—Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I.  
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 Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.  
 The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.  
 Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

**President**—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.  
**Recording Secretary**—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.  
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 Dr. Ross W. Palmborg, Dr. Grace I. Crandall, Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate, Grace Hospital, Liubo, Ku, China.  
 Postage, 5 cents for first ounce; 3 cents for every additional ounce or fraction.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 99, No. 24

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 14, 1925

WHOLE No. 4,215

*"O God, teach us how to live! Guide us in the formation of our habits! In our joys and our pleasures may we have thee in view! May we live to thy glory!"*

*"Lord, we would learn to view our homes and families in a different way! Help us to seek to win them to thy kingdom! May their spiritual well-being become our chief concern! Amen."*

**Yearly Meeting Sermon** After my sermon Berlin, N. Y.

at Berlin, on Sabbath, October 31, several persons requested its publication in the SABBATH RECORDER, in order that they might be able to study it more. Whereupon I promised to write it out as best I could; for it had never been written in full, having grown little by little with the years.

In the Sermon Department of this RECORDER, you will find it. There I try to answer the Bible question, "For what is your life?" It is a live, practical question for us all to study.

**Cheerful Giving and Helpful Words** Our hearts are made glad by the cheerful giving and good words of those who

send gifts for the denominational building. Several contributors have emphasized the memorial idea which we have in mind whenever we speak of it as a memorial building. Nothing can be more appropriate than to think of it as our "Denominational Memorial." Other denominations are erecting buildings as memorials of their worthy fathers, and why should not we? I know of no more worthy, consecrated, noble men in any denomination, than those of our own fathers whose names are borne by hundreds of families scattered all over America.

One friend writes: "I am sending you a gift for the denominational building, in memory of my grandfather, who was one of the strong Seventh Day Baptist ministers. Wishing you all success in the new building."

Another sends a liberal offering to the building fund, as a memorial gift from her husband who for many years was a Sev-

enth Day Baptist deacon. A few days before his going, after reading of it in the RECORDER he said, "I would like to give \$100 for the denominational building."

Here is another letter just come to hand yesterday. In reference to the gift from a husband and wife, the writer says: "We wish it were a hundred times as much. Our prayers go with you and we hope you may be spared to see your dream come true and the building completed."

Another letter brings a Thanksgiving offering for the new building from a mother and her son, who say: "We hope to see it completed in your day."

There seems to be a growing interest throughout the denomination in this desirable movement, which our fathers began so many years ago. Its completion will give us a better standing in the eyes of surrounding peoples. And in this way it would gain more favorable public attention to the one great truth for which we stand.

**What Their Building Says For Them** All over our land, in various cities, are to

be seen great buildings of the various denominations. Some are publishing houses, some are denominational headquarters; and they all have some message to the world concerning the people who have erected them.

Suitable locations have been wisely chosen, showing that most people want to put their buildings for headquarters in places where they will not be ashamed of them.

I have just been looking at a picture of the Methodist building in Washington, one of several buildings erected by that denomination, in various sections of the country. One thing that impressed me in the description of this building was this: "It is a visual evidence of the interest of the church in promoting its high ideals." It is spoken of as an eloquent announcement of the church's purposes, a material expression of interest in their great cause by many people.

Indeed, such a building becomes eloquent as a reminder of the strong moral convictions of its builders. It says to the world, there is a strong moral force back of this structure which the people who own it really think is worth while to promote—a force which they are not willing to let die.

Such a building shows beyond a doubt that the people who built it have faith in their cause, and that they think it is worth while to say so in a substantial way—a way that can not be misunderstood.

What could speak more eloquently of the faith of Seventh Day Baptists; what could show more clearly our devotion to the cause our fathers loved, than just such a memorial building in connection with our publishing house in Plainfield?

**One By One They Pass On** These days are bringing the news of several deaths among the churches reminding us of the fact that those who have been bearing the burdens of the Master's work are rapidly passing away, and that others are needed to take up the work our friends are laying down.

Last week Pastor W. D. Tickner, of Jackson Center, Ohio, died, after a long illness. This leaves his church pastorless.

Today comes the news of Walter G. Rood's death in a hospital at Omaha, Neb. This removes one of North Loup's faithful lay workers—one who for years had been zealous and faithful as an organizer and leader in the Christian Endeavor and Sabbath school work. He will be missed in his home church. The RECORDER deeply sympathizes with the bereaved friends and loved ones in these desolate homes.

### CONSERVATION AND EXPANSION

REV. HERBERT L. COTTRELL

(From Nortonville, Kan., Church Quarterly)

The theme of the Conference, at Salem, W. Va., "Conservation and Expansion," is worthy of a great deal of thought on the part of every individual in our denomination. Our life, as a people, must depend upon "Conservation and Expansion." Conservation is the act of guarding or keeping with care; preservation from loss, decay, injury or violation. The observance of this principle is essential to the preservation of all life. If the life-forces of a tree are de-

stroyed, if the bark is removed, or the heart of the tree decays, or if the sap which is as essential to plant life as is the blood to animal life, for some reason did not circulate through the tree, the tree would wither and die. When the God-given forces in men and women become diseased or are allowed to deteriorate, the glow of health disappears from the countenance, energy and enthusiasm lags, hope goes, the body weakens, and death comes as an inevitable result. Conservation of our God-given life forces means life, growth, happiness, and the enlargement of our spheres of influence and usefulness.

What is true of the plant, the tree, and the individual man or woman is true of a Christian denomination. Unless we are willing or able to conserve our moral, spiritual, and financial resources as a denomination, we will die. What are some of the life-forces of our denomination?

One of our inherited life-forces as a denomination is a noble history, which was started by men and women of strong religious convictions who preferred the approval of God rather than the favor of men. They were men and women of such intelligence and force of character that they left an indelible spiritual impress upon their own generation and lived on in the lives of their children. That we may number among our spiritual ancestors, men and women who were willing martyrs to truth and righteousness, should not be considered a thing of small importance. The knowledge and memory of such a history should be an inspiration and a benediction to those who are living today. It should constitute a spiritual force to every Seventh Day Baptist, a challenge to greater sacrifice and larger accomplishments.

Another life-force upon which our denomination must depend for its existence is the Bible, the divinely ordained expression of truth and righteousness. And we feel that our denomination rests upon the whole Bible in a truer sense than most of the other denominations for we not only hold, in common with them, the moral and religious teachings of the Bible as a whole, but we believe in the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath of Jehovah, as it is unquestionably taught in both the Old and New Testaments. It is this belief that makes us a separate denomination. And if this belief

in the Sabbath of Jehovah is important enough to make a separate denomination, we ought to love the Sabbath more and keep it better. The Sabbath ought to be a force in our lives that would give us a higher type of consecration and spirituality. But the Sabbath will never become a force in our lives until we know the grounds for its observance and show our love for it by keeping it regularly and consistently. If the Bible is to be a force in our lives, making us better Christians and better Seventh Day Baptists, we must have its principles and teachings in our minds and hearts and not merely between the covers of a book.

Another force and resource in our denominational life which we are called upon to conserve is the force of youth. We must hold our young people. The future existence and usefulness of our denomination will depend upon the young people of the present day. In proportion to our numbers, no denomination possesses a finer group of young people. If you don't believe it just attend Conference next year and see for yourself. They are young people of intelligence, initiative, vim, fun, conviction, vision and ideals. But we are not unmindful of the temptations that have led some to leave the Sabbath for worldly considerations and caused their religious lives to become undermined. Yet we may counteract the influences of these temptations to a great extent if we will: By grounding our children in the teachings of the Bible and the Sabbath, by showing to them the privileges and blessings of Sabbath keeping, by appealing to the noble and heroic qualities in their lives, by making known to them the great work our denomination is trying to do, and gaining their interest and enthusiasm, we may conserve for our denomination the marvelous power of youth.

There is a resource in our denomination which might be made a powerful force for righteousness, growth and for the extension of our influence, if it were only used for God. And this resource is the wealth of our denomination. I know there are some who will smile when I speak of the wealth of our denomination, for they will immediately say that we have comparatively few wealthy men. This may be true, but in proportion to our numbers, I believe we will find that, as a people, we are as well-to-do financially as any other denomination.

Whatever wealth we may possess is directly due to the goodness of God and to the talents which he has bestowed upon us. But what proportion of this wealth does God receive for the advancement of his kingdom? Would it be any more than just that we give him a part of our income as a recognition of the fact that we belong to him if we are Christians? The ancient Hebrew gave a tenth of his income to God, and Jesus at least gave his approval of this custom when he said, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." And if the Jew of old gave a tithe, ought not the Christian of today, with the added light and knowledge of nineteen centuries, give at least as much? We conserve, keep with care, our wealth for home building, the improvement of our farms and livestock, the enlargement of our business, the education of our children, the enjoyment of legitimate pleasure, and for old age and a rainy day. All these things represent worthy objects in which to invest our wealth. But how much of our wealth, our weekly, or monthly, or yearly income, are we conserving, laying by in store, investing for the advancement of the kingdom of God? Does the amount of money or time or talent which we spare for God truly represent our estimate of the value of religion, churches and lost souls in the community in which we live? Even worldly people do not care to live in communities where there are no churches and but few evidences of a Christian civilization. Are we, as Christians, showing to God a just appreciation of his loving kindness and tender mercy?

"When our giving becomes a real sacrifice, we cross the boundary line that separates mere living, mere existence from real life. The things that we can spare carry no blood. The things that we can ill spare carry part of ourselves and are alive. 'He that spared not his own Son' the one he could not spare, gave himself within the gift, and in the wealth of the sacrifice, our redemption was born." It is ours to determine whether money is to be a terminus or a highway, an incubus to sink us or wings to lift us out of the mire and fog

of sordid things. Riches are given to us, not to exploit but to administer. God expects cash and consecration, gold and goodness, wealth and wisdom to grow together.

Our denomination, then, is called upon to conserve its resources: conserve in our minds a knowledge and appreciation of our denominational history, of those stalwart men and women of other days who stood unflinchingly for the Bible and the Sabbath and bequeathed to us a spiritual legacy of privilege and obligation, conserve the principles and teachings of the Bible by incorporating them into our very hearts and minds, carefully guard the lives of our young people and imbue their minds and hearts with such a love and knowledge of the Bible and the Sabbath, that we may easily enlist them as life recruits in the service of our Lord and Master, consecrate a larger proportion of our wealth to God. When we begin honestly and in earnest to conserve our spiritual and material resources, we need not worry about growing, either as individual Christians or as a denomination.

**NOTES FROM MY DIARY**

ELMER AKERS

Would you know how best to treat a man, socially? Treat him as though he were what he desires to be. Doubtless, this is something far better, nobler, stronger, and admirable than what he now is, but never mind. Treat and respect him not so much as the character he now is, but as the one he assays to be, and such treatment will help him become that greater man.

Most people talk indifferences such as the weather, business, shop, etc.—not because they like such subjects, but because they are easiest. If you would have your conversation count for friendship, co-operation, and deepened interest in life, lead your conversation into more vital and fruitful fields. If you can do this sincerely and gladly, the other will thankfully follow.

They speak not truth  
Who say that God helps them that help themselves,  
For ne'er does he reward the selfish work  
Of him who strives to make the earth his own;  
'Tis more the man who seeks to help his fellow  
men  
Whom God assists to come into his own.

Never consider a man's environment as the measure of his personality. His ideal is its measure. Therefore, consider him as the actuality of his ideal.

Where is the man who is able without shame to study the record written on his own face, for five minutes every day? Happy that man, if such there be! And who is more shameworthy than he who—looking thereon finds nothing—a mere indication of idleness?

These things we learn to do by doing them: prayer, by praying; love, by loving; forgiveness, by forgiving.

We talk of the miracles of healing performed by Jesus. He himself said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." The miracle was quite as much if not more the work of the sick person than of Jesus. No amount of faith on the part of Jesus could have healed any man if the man himself had not had faith enough to expect to be healed. Jesus himself knew this for always he said, "Thy,"—not "My"—"Thy faith hath made thee whole." Certainly Jesus knew it could be done: But the faith of Jesus would have been helpless to heal if his faith had been met with doubt in the sick person. Well might men doubt the miracles of Jesus' day, or of any day, if the power of faith necessary inhered in only one party to the miracle.

It is ever a human tendency to push the responsibility onto the other party. Let us who would be healed recognize our need of faith, for the same Jesus of faith is with us yet, is challenging us with "If ye have faith," faith that will hold us exactly to the conditions we believe necessary to effect a cure, for faith without works—when these seem to be necessary—is dead. "If ye have faith ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

Milton College,  
Milton, Wis.

A man of the world had slipped and fallen on the icy sidewalk. A deacon came along and remarked quite solemnly, "The wicked standeth in a slippery place."

"I see that they do, but I can't," replied the fallen man.—*Selected.*

**SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST  
ONWARD MOVEMENT**

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

**OUR BULLETIN BOARD**

The Commission of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference meets in Pittsburgh, Pa., December 28-30, 1925.

"First honors" go to the Little Prairie Church, Ark., for being the first one to pay in their full quota for denominational work for this Conference year, and in the first five months of the year, too.

**CHURCH TREASURERS, ATTENTION!**

The first half of the Conference year closes with December. It is desired that the treasurers of the churches shall send all money collected for denominational work to Rev. Harold R. Crandall, 3681 Broadway, New York City, Onward Movement treasurer, before the last week in December.

**STATEMENT ONWARD MOVEMENT  
TREASURER, NOVEMBER, 1925**

<i>Receipts</i>	
Adams Center .....	\$ 75.00
Alfred, First .....	155.23
Alfred, Second .....	98.50
Alfred, Second, Woman's Society .....	100.00
Battle Creek .....	81.00
Brookfield, Second .....	69.55
Dodge Center .....	15.00
Farina .....	156.50
Fouke .....	20.00
Friendship .....	25.00
Genesee, First .....	44.00
Little Prairie .....	6.00
Lost Creek .....	250.00
Marlboro .....	55.00
Milton .....	133.68
New York City .....	71.04
Pawcatuck .....	350.00
Plainfield .....	126.00
Salem .....	99.00
Syracuse .....	14.50
Verona, First .....	30.00
Waterford .....	51.50
White Cloud .....	100.00
	\$2,126.50

*Special*

Education Society:	
Theological Seminary	
First Alfred .....	\$ 6.50

Milton College	
First Alfred .....	15.00
Salem College	
First Alfred .....	15.00
	\$ 36.50
Denominational Building	
First Alfred .....	14.00
Missionary Society	
Battle Creek .....	\$ 6.82
Marlboro Junior C. E. ....	5.00
Girls' School China	
First Alfred .....	30.00
Trinidad	
Adams Center .....	15.00
	56.82
All except Woman's Board, Young	
People's Board and Sabbath School	
Board .....	75.10
	\$ 182.42

Balance November 1, 1925 .....	\$ 92.74
Total Receipts .....	2,126.50
Total Special .....	182.42
	\$2,401.66

*Disbursements*

Sabbath School Board .....	\$ 158.40
Young People's Board .....	96.80
Woman's Board .....	189.20
Historical Society .....	22.95
Education Society .....	105.34
Missionary Society .....	882.70
Tract Society .....	371.88
Scholarships and Fellowships .....	45.89
Ministerial Relief .....	183.53
General Conference .....	227.76
Contingent Fund .....	97.97
	\$2,382.42

Balance December 1, 1925 .....	19.24
	\$2,401.66

HAROLD R. CRANDALL  
Treasurer.

3681 Broadway,  
New York City,  
December 1, 1925.

**PLAINFIELD MAKES THE ANNUAL  
CANVASS**

On October 24 Pastor A. J. C. Bond preached a sermon in which the thought of stewardship was strongly emphasized, in anticipation of the canvass of the Plainfield Church for the Onward Movement budget. I wish I might have heard this sermon, for one of the church trustees told me that he told the pastor it was worth \$2,500. (The quota of the church is \$2,150.)

On the last Sabbath in November the subject of Pastor Bond's sermon was "On-

ward," at the close of which the Soliciting Committee of fourteen was called forward and the congregation asked to stand while prayer was offered for the work of this committee.

On the following day the "Every Member Canvass" was made, every member in Plainfield being solicited. That evening the solicitors met and assembled their reports, and the following Sunday night gave the report at a meeting of the church. They reported pledges to the amount of \$2,497, plus, with several nonresident members yet to be heard from.

In making this very satisfactory canvass, the church followed quite closely the plan suggested in the booklet, *Making the Annual Canvass*. This booklet was prepared by Pastor Bond in 1921, when he was director of the Forward Movement. Copies for distribution will be sent to churches that wish to use them in preparing for their annual canvass.

### HELP BOYS TO HONEST MANHOOD

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

The young boys of America are her best asset, her largest responsibility, and her greatest danger.

If they grow up, they make her strong.

If they grow down, they threaten her very life.

The most ominous peril of today in these United States is the frightful increase of young criminals, from sixteen to twenty-five years old, banded in youth for robbery, rape, and murder. Yet these tough savages were once bright little boys with hopeful eyes, teachable minds, and responsive hearts. If they had been taken in time they might have been rescued from slavery to evil, and made free and honest men.

This is the purpose of the Children's Village—to save boys who have begun to go wrong but are not yet hardened to it.

What is the main cause of the wrong beginning? There are so many—who can tell which is first. Bad or weak parentage, wretched environment, crowded cities, corrupt villages, nasty books and pictures, neglect of moral, mental, and physical training—many a brave little adventurer has been led to misery and death by these things.

What's a remedy for this poison in a boy? A normal life of study, work, and

play—sane, healthy, and happy as can be—with enough direction to teach him self-control.

This was the emerging idea which changed the name of The New York Juvenile Asylum in 1904 to The Children's Village—something more human and hopeful. Asylum carries the color of retreat. Reformatory has a punitive accent. Village sounds natural, real, close to life.

Three hundred acres of woodland, meadow, and garden, on the hills beside the Hudson; twenty-five pretty cottages, each with a family of boys, a house-father, and a house-mother; well equipped schoolhouse, workshops, and playgrounds; a wise, experienced managing director and a corps of capable assistants; above all, five hundred boys who had begun to go wrong and who are learning by practice how much better and happier it is to go right. Three out of every four of these boys make good in the world. Their teachers and guides form a school of training for like work in other places.

Such is the Children's Village at Dobb's Ferry-on-Hudson; not a reformatory, but rather a "creatory" of honest manhood. It deserves the interest and support of every one who knows the heart of a boy and wishes good men to serve and guide America.

Princeton, N. J.,

November 15, 1925.

Within the sphere of the Church, the pulpit is an evangelistic agency of the utmost importance. Preaching has been defined as truth through personality. The preacher is an educator, but he is also a winner of souls. He does not employ in his pulpit the method of the class room; the truths of the gospel call for proclamation rather than argumentation. Jesus himself was a teacher, it is his characteristic title in the Gospels. At the same time, he was an evangelist, seeking constantly to lead people to God. In him teacher and evangelist are one and the same. We walk in his steps when our message brings both light and life to men.—*R. M. Vaughn.*

Conformity to the world has in all ages proved the ruin of the church. It is utterly impossible to live in nearness to God, and in friendship with the world.—*Rowland Hill.*

## MISSIONS

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

### MISSIONS AND THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS

As there may be a form of service without the spirit of service, a semblance of charity without the spirit of charity, and a pretense of brotherliness without the spirit of brotherliness, so there may be missions, so called, without the spirit of missions. Who has not seen religious workers who spent much time in Christian work, but there seemed to be something lacking? They always left the impression that they were busy in these activities for themselves. The spirit of real service was absent, and its absence was always apparent.

It is not so much the deed as it is the spirit of the deed. It is not so much the word as it is the spirit that accompanies it. The appearance without the reality is a mockery whether it be a matter of service, brotherliness, or missionary activity.

One may have been on a mission field many years and never have been a missionary because the right spirit was not present. One may never have been on what we call a mission field and yet be a genuine missionary because the missionary spirit shines forth at every move. If the spirit is right, we will be missionaries no matter where we are or what we do.

What are some of the indications of a true missionary spirit? The real missionary is Christ-centered and not self-centered. His supreme passion is to serve and glorify his adorable Lord and Master. The real missionary renders unselfish service to his fellow men, not for the sake of praise or being seen or what he can get out of it, but because he loves men as his brothers whom Christ loved and for whom he died. The missionary spirit shows itself in love and service to men and above all in love and service to Christ.

### FROM CHINA

MY DEAR PASTOR BURDICK:

The days go so fast and the letter I have purposed writing ever since reports from

Conference came is still unwritten. As an association we sent you word of our pleasure that there are prospects of your visiting Shanghai one of these days, but I want to tell you for myself that I am glad. The possibility of your coming or the time of your coming seems not to be in the immediate future, but I hope it will not be given up, but that you will really come. Other missions have their secretaries and friends coming out from time to time and we have *never* had that pleasure. I hope you will come and that you will stay long enough to really understand conditions. Ah me! that's difficult, even after years of living here.

I have kept thinking I would write the RECORDER. I lost my last time and the new schedule has not been made out. It is a time of great interest over here. The war that has been prophesied for so many months came in just when it was said it would. In Shanghai there was a bloodless victory for Sun, and the war at once commenced to make its way up the Shanghai-Nanking railroad. There may be people who have a definite idea as to how it is all to come out, but I do not know. Sometime, somehow, China is certainly going to come out of all this bondage to the militarists and have a chance to develop.

We have gone steadily on with our school work, finding very much to enjoy in our girls. It is a grief that not more of our older girls are Christians. They are full of zest, and hard working girls. They also seem to be a happy group. We very much hope we can finish our term in peace and quietness.

If General Sun should have reverses in the north and be driven back, we may have trouble. There seems, too, fresh activity on the part of some of the anti-Christian band. One can not help wondering what will be the result of the judicial inquiry into the incident of May 30. Yesterday's paper said the judges had finished sifting the evidence and had sent their report to Peking. Will their report be given to the public? If so, what then? That is, what will be the result if the decision is not just what the Chinese want? I'm not worrying, but just wondering about it all.

We are all very well. Have had a fine autumn. Tonight the wind sounds cold

with a promise of winter in it. I hope that when you come to China it will be in the fall and that China will show you what a fine season that can be over here.

Very sincerely yours,  
SUSIE M. BURDICK.

Shanghai, China,  
November 12, 1925.

### FROM JAMAICA

Rev. W. L. Burdick,  
Ashaway, R. I., U. S. A.

MY DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

Your last letter received last week while I was in Kingston. Very glad to hear from you. Its contents were read and digested. Well, in spite of everything, am glad to report progress. Have just returned from Mile Gully in St. Mary. It is twelve miles northeast of Guy's Hill. A new brother in Christ who lives at that place listened to my lectures at an adjacent district in a tent in 1924, and the lesson of truth has been working in his mind ever since. He has been writing to me for some time, desiring that I should pay a visit to his district. I was not able to do so till three weeks ago. I spent last Sabbath, Sunday, and Monday lecturing in his place, and returned there on Sabbath, November 21. What is the result? Pleased to say that yesterday, Sunday, I organized the first company of Seventh Day Baptist believers in St. Mary. They numbered ten new adult Sabbath keepers and fifteen children. Among them is an ex-teacher. He is the leader of this company, a man of zeal and intelligence. These believers are a live lot and are determined to set the message of the Sabbath before the neighbors and friends. Many do not feel kindly towards them because they have begun to observe the Lord's Sabbath and all his commandments through faith in their Savior. But they are happy and are rejoicing greatly in the light. This is an excellent field and we are of high hopes to see a strong Seventh Day Baptist Church organized here and many hundreds turned to the Lord's Sabbath. The hills to Mile Gully are very steep to ascend and descend, but the mighty Apollyon conquers them all. Any of our people reading this and having old song books and RECORDERS to spare can send

them to this company through the office—12 Hitchen Street, Kingston.

Tomorrow, Tuesday, am planning to ride off to Clarendon to attend court at May Penn, on the twenty-sixth, for riding two months without a license for my personal self. I was licensed for one year last July, and never remembered anything about the renewal; and when I passed that town last September on my way to Post Road, I stopped there. Then it was that a policeman asked me for my license; with confidence I presented it, but found that two months had elapsed since it was due. The next day I got out a new one. And one month and three days after, the police sent me a summons for riding on the King's highway without a license. So I am to appear in court. Am under the law and I must answer at the bar: Guilty, that's all. From thence I intend to visit Post Road and Race Course, then Kingston and Bower Wood to baptize some people there.

Our church building at Guy's Hill is now under construction. And again our poor brothers there are struggling to push it forward. And they will be thankful to any one of our brethren who will help them with even one dollar towards it. Who will help? Help your struggling brethren to plant this Seventh Day Baptist memorial on this hill, that men everywhere may see the light.

I am tired, but I must endeavor today to drop you these few lines. The work is not "waning," there is progress around. For all these mercies we are thankful to our heavenly Father. Kind regards for you.

Your brother in the conflict for right,  
H. LOUIE MIGNOTT.

Guy's Hill Post Office,  
Jamaica,  
November 23, 1925.

### THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF MISSIONS

Pastors and others interested in missions are often desirous of having a first-class missionary magazine and are sometimes disappointed when they subscribe for a magazine bearing that description. The missionary secretary, after having had access to several missionary magazines, wishes to commend the *International Review of Mis-*

sions as among the best, if not the best, published. As the name of the magazine indicates, the viewpoint is international and the articles go to the heart of the world's missionary problems in an interesting and instructive way. This is not to advertise the magazine but to help those who are looking for a satisfactory magazine on the subject of missions. Reading rooms as well as individuals may well place it on their list. It is published in England and is backed in America by the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. The price is \$2.50, and the magazine may be secured by addressing The International Review of Missions, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

### MONTHLY STATEMENT

November 1, 1925-December 1, 1925

S. H. Davis	
In account with	
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society	
Dr.	
Balance on hand November 1, 1925.....	\$16,653 93
J. H. Coon, Missionary Society .....	20 00
Returned check, account H. Louie Mignott's salary .....	11 09
Accumulated interest, Missionary Society .....	525 00
Mrs. F. E. Eaton, China field .....	10 00
Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist society, Dr. Palmborg's personal use .....	36 00
A friend, Java mission .....	40 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crosby, Missionary Society .....	10 00
A friend, Cornelia Slagter .....	1 00
M. Louisa Davis, Missionary Society..	6 00
Pawcatuck Woman's Aid society:	
China mission .....	25 00
Christmas gift to China mission workers .....	25 00
Income Permanent Funds, General Fund .....	1,500 00
Washington Trust Company, interest item .....	52
Onward Movement, Missionary Society .....	825 88
Battle Creek Church, Missionary Society .....	6 82
First Alfred Church, Girls' School....	30 00
Adams Center Church, Cust's work at Trinidad .....	15 00
Marlboro Junior C. E., China Mission .....	5 00
	<u>\$19,746 24</u>

Cr.	
Alfred E. Marling, treasurer, Foreign Mission Conference of North America .....	\$ 50 00
T. L. M. Spencer, October salary .....	83 33
William L. Burdick, October salary, traveling expenses, postage, etc. ....	175 15
L. J. Branch, October salary .....	25 00
C. C. Van Horn, October salary .....	41 67
Ellis R. Lewis, October salary .....	50 00
R. B. St. Clair, October salary .....	125 00
George W. Hills, October salary .....	50 00
Angeline P. Allen, October salary .....	25 00
H. Louie Mignott, October salary .....	35 00
Mabel L. West, October salary and traveling expenses .....	57 54
William L. Burdick, clerk hire .....	25 00
Bank of Milton, account salary George Thorngate .....	80 00
Oxford University Press, account salary H. Louie Mignott .....	10 43

Industrial Trust Company, China draft .....	40 15
William L. Burdick, traveling expenses .....	52 33
Treasurer's expenses .....	28 00

Balance on hand .....

\$ 952 60

18,792 64

\$19,746 24

Bills payable in December, about.....\$2,600 00  
Special funds referred to in last month's report now amount to \$18,720.95, balance on hand \$18,792.64, net balance \$71.69.

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

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCES

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

I would like to call attention to the "Young People's Conferences" which are to be held each Sunday afternoon in the Marble Collegiate church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, at 2.30 o'clock. The first of these conferences was held yesterday and was attended by more than twelve hundred people. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, co-pastor of the church and president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor is the regular speaker. The excellent address yesterday, the subject of which was "Getting Ready to Go," and the wonderful spirit of the meeting augur well for the success of the undertaking. The conferences are under the auspices of the Greater New York Federation of Churches and are presided over by Dr. William B. Millar. Special music will be provided by the Aida Brass Quartet and Miss Margaret Weaver, soloist. Dr. Poling announced yesterday that the meetings are for all over seven and under one hundred and fifty. I hope our own folks who can do so will attend some of these conferences. I would especially call attention of those who have radios to them, as they are broadcast over station WEAJ. If you can't come in listen in.

Sincerely yours,  
HAROLD R. CRANDALL.

3681 Broadway,  
New York City.  
December 7, 1925.

The world is no museum; it is a battlefield. We are called not to stand unmoved and unmoving in some niche in which kindly circumstance has placed us, but to step out, full panoplied, with sword in hand, to overthrow the evil and bring in the kingdom of righteousness and truth.—*The Continent*.

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.  
Contributing Editor

### THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE

#### III

#### THE OPENING RELIGIOUS SERVICE

DEAN J. NELSON NORWOOD, PH. D.

About ten o'clock on that first morning of the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work, my host, having steered me through the simple stages of registration, pointed out to me the cathedral where the opening service was to be held, and with much polite bowing and mutual touching of hats, took leave of me. I had been much troubled and mystified by the name of that cathedral. In Swedish they call it Storkyrkav. But in speaking of it to me I thought they were calling it the Greek church. I couldn't for the life of me fathom the meaning of a Greek church as the principal church in Protestant Stockholm. Slowly I tumbled and confirmed my fall as soon as I could. They were trying to talk English by saying "greet" church, "greet" church. They meant "the great church." So I felt better and much more at home with myself after that knotty problem was solved.

I followed a crowd of people to the side of the royal palace, up a long flight of old stone steps, and soon found myself in the cathedral square. Crowds of people had gathered, seriously or out of curiosity, to see the delegates gather. Our instructions told us to go in at the east entrance. I had no idea which was east, so tried the first doorway that offered. Members of the crowd there told me that I had come to the south entrance, so I got my compass set correctly. After I entered the cathedral, which I believe makes no great pretense to architectural excellence, an usher seated me with the American delegation in a good general location. Unfortunately for me I was planted squarely behind one of the huge brick columns supporting the roof. It must have been fully six feet wide, so, crane my poor short, stubby neck as I would I could

get no stray glimpse of the pulpit or even its neighborhood. I got up and sat down when the rest did. I marveled at the variety of staffs, hats, crosses, gowns, hoods, and styles of masculine hair-dressing presented to view when the ecclesiastical procession filed slowly down the main aisle. I also caught a glimpse of their majesties King Gustav V and Queen Victoria entering the church much more quietly attired than the dignitaries in the procession. But where they went to sit I don't know.

The music was solemnly, majestically worshipful. The sermon was preached in English by Dr. Woods, Bishop of Winchester, England. I couldn't see him but could hear plainly his clear, full-toned voice in the sermon which was a sort of keynote address for the whole conference. Later I found him to be a big-framed, round-faced, genial servant of Jehovah—one of the most prominent men at the conference. His text was from Matthew 4:17. "Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Let me quote rather freely from Dr. Woods:

"Change your mind! Adopt a new outlook; get a fresh point of view! That was Christ's challenge to his own generation. That is the challenge which in his name we make to the men and women of these modern days. To accept that challenge is life. To reject it is death. Civilization has two alternatives. It can go down or it can go up. It can not remain where it is. Easy is the descent to the abyss. Difficult is the ascent to Christ.

"We believe in that ascent. We believe in the Kingdom of Heaven. We are conspirators for its establishment. That is why we are here. That is the meaning of this conference."

The bishop went on to say that a new age is being built. The nineteenth century was wonderful, especially in science, in industry, and in mechanical invention but it kept its science, its industry, and its politics in one carriage and put its doctrines, its church, its religious services in another. These two kept their distance. They did not mix. "Men forgot that the change of mind which Christ called for was not only a change of the individual mind but a change of the community mind as well; that

in redeeming the world he redeemed men not only personally but socially; that when a man comes to Jesus he changes not only his individual outlook but his social behavior."

No one but a fool would think of opposing the laws of gravitation or of electricity. "But it takes an even greater fool to defy the mind of God as unveiled in the behavior of Jesus Christ. Look for a moment at the behavior—his amazing patriotism for example! No greater patriot ever breathed. But his patriotism never stopped short of the whole human family. . . . He loved his own nation because he believed it was capable of doing a real service to this larger family. Is that our patriotism? If not, then change your mind, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Look again at his neighborliness: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' And who is my neighbor? Everyone to whom he is neighbor; the Supreme Neighbor who loved them and died for them. Does any one dare to narrow that neighborliness—in business, in industry, in the relations of capital and labor, of employer and employed? Look at Jesus and learn that God wills fellowship. Is that our standpoint as we gather here? If not, 'Repent ye; for the Kingdom of God is at hand.'

"Once more look at his revaluation of life. His tariff of life's goods is so different from ours. Money, comfort, position, success—all low down on his list. And at the top—kindness, service, sacrifice, in one word *love*. Have we adopted his valuation? If not, then 'Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.'"

As we were waiting for the recession of the dignitaries, I overheard one of our American delegates remark, "I wonder what Jesus Christ would think of all this plumage?" At first I felt decidedly friendly toward the criticism implied in his remark. But as the conference progressed, and I thought more about it, doubts arose. What would Jesus have thought of it? He didn't object to the costly ointment. He did not forbid them to strew green branches in his pathway. I feel that it all depends on the heart. If the heart is right, there is no harm in the color, the show, the procession, the form. It is only when these are given first place that they are to be con-

demned. Why not use these beautiful things—color, sound, rhythm, the processional to the glory of God? The devil never objected to their use in his own cause.

### "PREPARE—FOR WHAT?"

[We gladly give our readers the following practical editorial from that excellent paper *The Continent*.—T. L. G.]

#### PREPARE—FOR WHAT?

Expectancy is a note of normal living. It is specially the note of the Christian religion. Whatever now is must be recognized as leading to something farther on. Systems of living can be gauged by the goal which they set. A recent writer, with a touch of smartness, notes that the demand of the earlier day was, "Prepare to meet thy God," whereas he thinks the contradictory but much more insistent call to arms of this economic day is: "Prepare to meet thy job." Happily not many talk so cheaply as that; indeed, none do so except those who leave God entirely out of account. One of the writers about student religion thinks it a marked feature of such thinking that the present world is all that concerns it. Preparing to meet God in any futuristic or judicial sense has been lost out of mind.

It must be said that much preaching has encouraged the idea that meeting God is a future event and not an event of every day. The truth is that the phrase, "Prepare to meet thy God," implies no such accent, for it is fair warning to a people that God must be reckoned with, not in the far future but now and here. It is no suggestion that they will go somewhere and there meet God, but that God will come where they are and they will then meet him. It need not take any of the solemnity from the Christian adaptation of the plea of Amos, but it needs to be urged, that God is no distant factor of some far-away scene but is a present reality with whom men have to deal every day of their lives and with whom nations must reckon at every turn of their histories.

Even the man who trifles with serious things and talks about meeting his job instead of meeting his God might be reminded, if his mind could be arrested long enough for it, that in his job he will meet with God. If Ahab thinks the garden of

Naboth is his private preserves, he may soon learn that a just God has his messenger there. If an economically minded person thinks his job is his great concern, he also may learn that in the work of the world God is concerned and that he must reckon there with him. The judgment is an awesome reality, but it does not lessen the hourly and daily judgment which every life has to meet when it reckons with God—or fatally fails to do so.

Preparation for God calls for attention to moral standards in the job and in any other phase of living. Economic success is legitimate and desirable, but its terms must be ethical. The test of any success comes when its moral aspects are observed. Those terms have wrecked many a success and have glorified many a failure. At the same time, it has been the glory of many an economic success that it has been soundly ethical in the process. No man is prepared to meet God if he brings with him a large economic success and a heavy moral failure.

The moral emergencies of life can not be foreseen, but God is in each of them, and any man can be prepared to meet him by a moral habit which is slowly formed in the midst of normal life. The solemn warning of the story of Balaam is that eyes can be so set on a selfish program that even an ass can see the guiding angel of God more easily than a moral being. Nothing was wrong with the theory of the prophet, but he was not prepared to meet with God in the midst of his program. No man can foresee when the real tests of his character will come. The day that dawns auspiciously may bring with it the twisting storm which will buffet his soul. But God will be in that storm, and the man must reckon with him there. The habit of reckoning with God will make the soul unafraid in any such test.

The other aspect of this preparation must not escape attention. There is a deep joy in the assurance that anywhere and everywhere one is apt to meet God and that one may prepare for that meeting. God seeks men not to destroy them but to rescue them. He would stop Ahab in his sin and Balaam in his moral peril. Yet no man gets the benefit of this meeting with God unless he has prepared himself for it. Moses does

not learn the inner meaning of the burning bush until he has taken the shoes from his feet and approached it with reverence. The psalmist caught the same note when he said that men must be still in order to know that God is God. The stormy soul can not learn the inner meaning of the storms it meets; it does not bring to them the necessary preparation. Jesus, however, could sleep through the storm because it could bring him nothing but a new assurance of his Father. The ready soul has no ground for anxiety as a new program of life opens before it; the Father will be there, and the soul is ready to meet him.

A thoughtful believer was asked what he supposed the day would bring him. He replied: "I know already what it will bring. It will bring God and opportunity." When a man is prepared to discover this in each day it does not matter what else the day may bring.

#### REMEMBER THE COMMISSION

FELLOW SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS:

During this Christmas season your Commission will be meeting at Pittsburgh to consider the various problems of the denomination, and to map out a program for the coming year. As chairman of this meeting I feel that we need the prayerful support of all Seventh Day Baptists, as all the members of the Commission must feel. We therefore bespeak such prayerful support, and in order that nothing which ought to be done in the Master's service may be left undone, we ask that all who have matters on their hearts which ought to be considered by the denomination will communicate such matters to one of the members of the Commission or to the chairman himself directly. Such matters will be earnestly and prayerfully considered by the Commission at this December meeting.

May we also suggest that the spirit of harmony and brotherly love may prevail at this time and that we may all work together in the unity of the Spirit.

GEORGE W. POST, JR.

Chicago, Ill., December 4, 1925.

"No winter's day is so cold as the heart of him who neglects his brother in the hour of need."

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

As shadows cast by cloud and sun  
Flit o'er the summer grass,  
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,  
Earth's generations pass.  
And as the years, an endless host,  
Come swiftly pressing on,  
The brightest names that earth can boast  
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed  
A lustre pure and sweet;  
And still it leads, as once it led,  
To the Messiah's feet.  
O Father, may that holy star  
Grow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beams afar  
To fill the world with light.  
—William Cullen Bryant.

After we left Miles City I hunted up the crocheting that I had taken along to work at on the train. I found that I had done very little, and felt that I must work fast to redeem myself with the people back home to whom I had boasted of the large bed-spread that I intended to make while I was gone. However, I took time off once again to watch for jack rabbits.

I think I have mentioned that Mr. Parker, the chef who showed us through his kitchen on the way out, was also on this train and again showed us special kindness. One morning the waiter brought with the simple breakfast that we had ordered, a plate of most delicious rolls of various sorts. When we called attention to the fact that they were not on our order, he said that the chef had sent them "as a compliment to the lady." At another time our dinner came garnished in a manner elaborate enough for a party, pleasing to the eye and palate alike. This, too, was a "compliment to the lady"; however, these kindnesses were appreciated as much by the gentleman as by the lady. We learned from our friend, the conductor, that it is the way of this chef to be nice to the people who are traveling with them. He told us of a birthday cake that appeared at a table one day when the recipient was far from home and a bit lonely at having a birthday at such a

time. How the chef learned of the birthday seemed to be a secret.

Thursday afternoon I laid aside my crocheting long enough to step from the car at Ismay, a little town in eastern Montana. I was interested in the town because some years ago Ismay was a place often speculated about in our family, for letters post-marked from that town used to come to us from a sister of my father, whose home was upon a ranch a few miles out from town.

As we rode through the wheat belt we noticed that the harvest was over and the threshing was mostly completed. We supposed that those immense elevators that stood on every hand were filled to the roof, for we had heard that there had been a bumper crop.

Friday afternoon we reached Minneapolis. All that morning we had ridden through the dust and heat of a late August day. We had passed many lakes that were black with flocks of wild ducks and geese. It was interesting to watch them rise from the water and then settle back again as we whizzed past. It seemed as if we passed most of Minnesota's ten thousand lakes that day, and we judged that "Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox" must have made that state his stamping ground.

At Minneapolis we said good bye to our traveling companions: the young woman who works with children in a Baptist church in Indianapolis, and with whom all the children on the train formed an alliance—they all came to her for various things, and always when any children left the train they had to say good bye to her and thank her for the things she had done for them; the doctor and his wife from a neighboring town in Wisconsin, with whom we had pleasant visits; the little French girl from the Chicago office of the auditor of the road who was returning from her vacation; and then there were all the rest, we hated to leave them all. But we said good bye and walked off the train to greet two of our friends who had come from different parts of the city to meet us.

These friends, Mrs. Mabel Crosby Wagner and our cousin, Mrs. Gertrude Stillman Wilson, who will be remembered by many former Milton College students, are both busy business women, but took time from their work to make pleasant our visit to their city. The ride about the city in Mrs.



Wagner's new car was a delightful change from the heat and dust of the morning. Minneapolis is a beautiful city, and I do not wonder that its residents are enthusiastic over it. The drives around the shores of its lakes are beautiful. I do not think it would be quite so pleasant in winter, if we can believe the stories of "Minnesota winters"; having been a resident of that state, albeit south of Minneapolis, I find myself somewhat credulous when stories of its winters are told. However on a day like that one, when the thermometer stood right around a hundred all day, the danger of a blizzard seemed remote, and we enjoyed ourselves without worrying about the cold.

We had planned to attend the session of the Minneapolis Sabbath school, but when we phoned to Mrs. W. A. Saunders to inquire about the time and place of meeting we found that the meetings had been suspended during the summer, and that some of the members usually drove to Dodge Center for church. We accepted Mrs. Saunders' kind invitation to go out to Robbinsdale that morning. After a pleasant ride to this suburb we found Mr. Saunders waiting with his car and in almost no time we were sitting in their hospitable home. Mr. Saunders has been a resident here for many years, and has seen his farm dwindle away into village lots and has, himself, built houses upon some of these lots for his neighbors. We enjoyed our visit here and our topics of conversation covered territory from Farina, Ill., the former home town of three of our number, to places far distant. We stayed so long that we were late for a luncheon engagement.

After lunch we took another car and rode along the shore of Lake Harriet out to Excelsior, on the shore of the beautiful lake of that name, to call on our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Campbell, the parents of Mrs. Jesse Hutchins and Mrs. Howard Stewart. Mrs. Campbell had been very ill, but we found her up about the house, although very frail. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart had been spending a few days with them, and just before our arrival Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's youngest daughter and her husband had driven in on their way home from a camping trip to Duluth. So we made a large dinner party (they would not listen to our leaving early) and a happy

one that gathered around the table that night. We stayed as late as we could and finally left with their kindly good byes ringing in our ears. Since that time the family has been called to mourn the passing of that dear mother and we mourn with them.

Sunday, after a luncheon with the sister of our granddaughter's mother, where our pictures were taken out and looked over for the last time, we took a bus for Rochester, that center of the doctors' world. As you doubtless know, no self-respecting doctor can take a vacation, even if he is going at the advice of some other doctor to get away from all thoughts of the business of healing the sick, without visiting some clinics or hospitals. We arrived late in the afternoon, but decided that we had time before night to take a walk about town. It was my first visit to the town and every thing was interesting to me. We took the long walk out to St. Mary's Hospital, where the Doctors Mayo have their operating rooms. We stood for awhile at the entrance and looked at the cars parked in the circle in front. Doctor said, "To many people this is a more important place than is the White House at Washington." There seemed to be cars in that circle from almost every state in the union and I noticed some from Canada. I could only marvel at the skill of one, two, or three men that had taken this little cross roads town, built on the edge of a swamp, and made it over into a town famous the world over. There are many palatial hotels; in fact the town is almost wholly made up of hospitals and hotels. One who expects the shops to compare with hotels and hospitals will be greatly disappointed. There is a large number of churches within easy distance of many of the hospitals. I saw one beautiful church with an entrance on an incline so that the people in wheel chairs might have easy access to its services. I wondered why churches in other places might not follow that example, for steps are often hard for others besides those confined to wheel chairs. Most of the time we were in that town we were busy, but I sat down for a few minutes under the trees in front of our hotel and listened in on some conversation between patients. I did not stay very long for I feared some one would ask me what was the matter with me, or perhaps divulge to me the secrets of their own symptoms.

I saw some women looking speculatively at me and I hastened to move along. Every one seemed most friendly. The clerk at the desk inquired very anxiously after our health when we came down in the morning. In a ward of the physio-therapy department, where I stopped for a bit on the way to the treatment rooms, I found myself listening to a woman singing praises of the actinic light and what it had done toward curing her trouble. I listened long enough so that I could tell her that in my home town we have a factory where such lamps are made, and that I had often used such lamps in my husband's office. Then my ears grew red (under my hair) as I realized how I had considered myself above discussing with others intimate details of diseases, and I was glad to see my husband returning with an invitation for me to enter the treatment rooms. I left the patient smiling, so I suppose she was one who saw nothing unpleasant about discussing symptoms, her own or another's, with any stranger whom she happened to meet.

Finally the time came for our departure, and we took an early morning bus to Winona, Minn., an old Mississippi River town where we again found our railroad. The bus rides from Minneapolis to Rochester and from the latter town to Winona, through fertile farming country, were very pleasant. We noticed here that the threshing had not all been done and I undertook to count some of the wheat stacks in some of the barnyards. Sometimes the bus had passed before I had finished counting—not that I count so slowly either—but there was a large number of stacks. From Winona we enjoyed again the beauties of the hills of the Mississippi and the Wisconsin rivers, but the day was hot and dusty and we were glad that we were nearing home again. Our train was late, and finding that we would miss our connection in Milwaukee, we asked the conductor to stop the train at a little junction point where we could catch the train, and so, listening to expostulations of the porter that he had never helped anyone off at that station before, we found ourselves on the track watching the train out of sight. Finally after a long wait, our train came and we entered the last lap of the journey. And then we were steaming into Milton. We had not written of the time of our arrival, but our niece put two

and two and some more together and, as we stepped from the train we heard some girls running and then, "There they are," and we discovered that the feet were running to meet us, and it suddenly felt good to be home again. That night and the next morning we enjoyed meetings of the clans. And we were glad to have Jane bringing her sore finger to have "Gampa make it fix," and wanted to join in Billie's song when we heard him, during a lull in the conversation as, all by himself, in another room he sang, "Home again, home again from a foreign shore." We knew the feeling of the little boy who went away for a few hours and when he came back remarked upon the presence of the same old cat. When all had quieted down, I went and stood before the picture of Mt. Hood that I had had the temerity to paint years ago, before I ever saw a mountain; and I was glad that I had not waited for a sight of it before painting it, because you see I rather like it after all, even if I don't know whether or not it looks like the original.

#### IN MEMORIAM—MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

Early Sabbath morning, December 5, 1925, our beloved president, Mrs. Martha H. Wardner, entered into rest from her prolonged suffering. The resting time was expected by her faithful nurses and friends and longed for by herself. During the severest periods of her suffering her natural optimism would always appear in a greeting smile of welcome to all of her calling friends.

We wish to record our deep sense of the loss we have sustained in being deprived of her wise council and cheerful companionship. Hers was a busy useful life, ever ready to assist with hand or pen. None knew her but to love her. Her influence was strong for the best things and her interest in our society, all the departments of church work and denominational activities never abated.

In behalf of the Battle Creek Ladies' Aid,

MRS. M. J. GREENE,  
MRS. B. W. KINNEY,  
MRS. B. F. JOHANSON,  
Committee.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### GOD'S LOVING CARE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
January 2, 1926

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—In protecting us (Ps. 91: 1-10)  
Monday—In saving us (Zech. 2: 1-5, 8)  
Tuesday—In the gift of his Son (John 3: 16)  
Wednesday—In nature's provision (Gen. 1: 29-31)  
Thursday—In human ministries (Phil. 4: 10-14)  
Friday—In spiritual help. (Heb. 1: 13, 14)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: How does God show his loving care? (Luke 12: 6-8; 1 Pet. 5: 7; Ps. 23: 1-6 Consecration meeting.)

#### VERNA FOSTER

Every one is inoculated with a divine spirit, but some people have nearly counteracted the active, positive principles with an antitoxin called indifference and sin. What is the Christian mission toward these neighbors? "If ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your father forgive you your trespasses." Imagine the infinite love of God to have such a forgiving heart.

Sometimes in our own homes when mother, father, or someone taking their place, does so much for us, we are prone to take their love for granted without saying very much about it. Do we not take the protection of God for granted until something happens to us that makes us call upon him for additional help?

What are some of the evidences of "his loving care"? The daily readings suggest: in protecting us, in saving us, in the gift of his Son, in nature's provision, in human ministries, in spiritual help.

All these suggestions imply man's faith in God. Let us consider God's faith in man. Why is he protecting us? Is it to give us needed encouragement because we are too weak to stand alone; or because he loves us and has faith in us that as he created us in his image so will we ultimately live in his image? Does God see in us what we are or what we might become? Consider the gift of Christ—a life of encouragement, service, and forgiveness to man. "Go and sin no more."

"Seeing is believing." Christians of today are somewhat like the Christians of Bible time; they had to see the glory of God with their eyes, then they would believe. When leaving Egypt they were led by a pillar of fire and a cloud. When the visual evidences of God were removed sometimes they worshiped other Gods. In 1925 as well as many years before Christ, the "loving care" of God is all about us, but we see him with our intellectual eye. The greater our degree of faith, the more we see and feel evidences of the divine protection around us.

### A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

There is quite a difference between *loving* care and *unloving* care. There are some parents, I am sorry to say, who care for their children simply because the law compels them to do it. They have no interest in their children's welfare, do not try to educate them, and make them feel that they are a burden. Love does not exist in such homes, so their care for their children is not a loving care. As a result, the children leave home and go out to meet the battles of the world without the training of the Christian home to help them. Can we blame them if they go wrong?

How different is our heavenly Father's care! He *loves* us, and because he loves us he cares for us. His loving arms are around us all the time; he holds us in the hollow of his hand. He loves and cares for us even when we forsake him. Let us be worthy of that loving care.

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

### INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK  
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Topic for Sabbath Day, January 2, 1926

WHAT CAN I DO WITH 8,760 HOURS? MATT.  
25: 14-29. (CONSECRATION MEETING)

#### HOW MUCH IS AN HOUR WORTH?

There are some hours of our life that are worth nothing to us. They are the hours spent in idleness, or in useless or harmful pursuits. We should not count the hours spent in sleeping as wasted, for they strengthen us for a new day. There are

some hours of our lives spent in working for others, in which we earn twenty, thirty, or more cents. An hour spent in studying in school, someone has figured, will bring in later life one dollar or more for each hour so spent. I think the most I ever earned for the length of time, was in marrying a couple. They wanted the ceremony short, so it took about five minutes. For that I got five dollars, or a dollar a minute.

Yet some hours are infinitely precious. A dying queen once offered millions for just one more hour of life. If we valued every hour of our lives as if it might be our last, how much more careful we should be of them.

Benjamin Franklin said something like this: "Dost thou love life? Then value time, for time is what life is made of."

And Gladstone: "Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings."

We all make the mistake of thinking that the future is a long, long time, and contains many nice things we are in a hurry to enjoy, but that the present is dull, and to be left as soon as possible. We forget that all future is present when it comes.

Where art thou, beloved Tomorrow?  
Whom young and old, and strong and weak,  
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,  
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek—  
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!  
We find the thing we fled—Today.

*Shelley: Tomorrow.*

Let us be sure to ask God, every day of 1926, to help us to make the most of its hours and minutes, for his sake.

*Rockville, R. I.*

### JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
SUGGESTIONS FOR JANUARY 2, 1926

Our meeting today is to be a "sealed order" service. Have the Prayer Meeting Committee meet during the week and prepare for the meeting by writing the instructions and putting them in the envelopes. At the meeting as each member arrives have the chairman of the Prayer Meeting

Committee give him his "order" in a small white numbered envelope. On opening the envelopes number 1 will find an "order," pick out and announce the first hymn to be sung; number 2, pick out and announce the second hymn; number 3, take the collection; number 4, find and read the scripture lesson in Luke 11: 1-4; number 5, read the article on the topic from the RECORDER; number 6, pick out another song; number 7, offer a sentence prayer; number 8, 9, and 10, offer a sentence prayer; and so on throughout the whole meeting. In this way no one really leads the meeting, it is led by everyone present.

The Junior goal song should be sung every meeting this month and the testimonies should be in the form of written original mottoes. This being the first "motto" meeting it might be well to explain it the week previous so that the juniors will understand. Such mottoes as these might be given "Better prayer," "More prayer," "Teach us to pray," "Prayer changes things," "Praying is good for everybody," etc.

Let the superintendent for her talk show a good sized picture of "The Angelus" explaining it simply and forcefully to the juniors. This man and woman are standing with bowed heads praying to God. They have stopped their work out in the field and dropped everything in their minds while they are talking to God. We see by the sunset light that it is near the close of the day. Way off in the picture there is a church whose bell rings every day, not just on Sabbath days, as our church bell rings. Every day just at sunset time the bell rings out loud and clear across the country, and when the people hear it they stop all work, no matter where they are or what they are doing, and for just a few minutes stand with heads bowed and talk to God. Juniors, too, can talk to God anytime, anywhere and tell, ask, or thank him for anything. Perhaps one time when everybody forgets to talk to God, or at least most people, is when they sit down in a hurry and bustle to eat their meals. They don't seem to have time to stop and thank God for the things he has given them to eat.

At the close of the talk teach the juniors quickly these words and ask them if they will try to sing them before every meal

during the next week. Tune: "Take My Life and Let it Be."

"God is great and God is good,  
And we thank him for our food;  
By his hand we all are fed,  
Give us, Lord, our daily bread,  
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

—Taken from the California Endeavorer.

Ashaway, R. I.

### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOTTOES FOR 1926

President,—Josh. 1: 9.

Vice-president,—Exod. 17: 12.

Secretary,—Mal. 3: 16.

Treasurer,—Mal. 3: 10.

Tenth Legion Superintendent,—Lev. 27:

30. Quiet Hour Superintendent,—Matt. 18:

19. Missionary Committee,—Rom. 10: 14,

15; Matt. 10: 42.

Lookout Committee,—John 1: 45, 46.

Prayer Meeting Committee,—Matt. 18:

20. Music Committee,—Ps. 100: 1, 2.

Social Committee,—Luke 5: 29.

Junior Committee,—Matt. 19: 14.

Flower Committee,—Rom. 12: 15.

Information Committee,—Prov. 23: 12.

### A LETTER FROM THE TREASURER

DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS:

For the past two or three years the Young People's Board has not been able to do the full amount of work that has been planned and that you would have liked to have seen them do, because of insufficient funds. I would like first to show you how you can help remedy this condition. This year the total for the Onward Movement budget is \$50,000; and of this the Young People's Board should have to carry on its work, \$2,200. This is just forty-four cents of every \$10 which your church is supposed to raise. For example, if your church budget is \$660, the Young People's Board should get \$29.04.

Now if your church doesn't feel able to raise this full quota, or if it will be slow in coming in, we would be glad to have the young people raise the share that is for the Young People's Board. Send it to the Conference treasurer through your church treasurer, designating it for the Young Peo-

ple's Board, and it will be sent promptly. The Commission decided that this is all right, and your church will get the credit toward its quota. If you care to send it direct to the Young People's Board, your church will receive credit also, as the Conference treasurer will receive a list of all such funds.

If you do not know what your church appropriation is, find the RECORDER of August 31, or write the treasurer at the address given below.

The money being provided, this is how it will be spent:

#### BUDGET 1925-1926

Board expense .....	\$500.00
Field worker .....	700.00
Fouke .....	400.00
Dr. Thorngate .....	300.00
Promotion and extension .....	300.00

We can not now go into the details of these items, but if you have your money invested in the cause of Christ, you will be watching your pages in the RECORDER for an account of all the plans and activities that you have given your board the opportunity to do.

May we not have your early co-operation that we may know what we may do?

Yours in his service,

E. H. CLARKE.

Battle Creek, Mich.

To do nothing is not to write a cipher; it is to be guilty of the most contemptible sin. The prodigal may go into a far country, there waste his substance, and then come back repentant and find a welcome; but the kind of man who neither goes nor comes but just stays, who neither plays the fool nor repents of his folly, who defends no friend and opposes no foe, he wears out his welcome where he is and finds no other welcome. He is simply not counted; he is overlooked. He misses all that earth might give and all that heaven has prepared.—*The Continent*.

When one reads the current bitter attacks of certain newspapers on the League of Nations or the Volstead Law, it is well to remember the utterance of a famous statement regarding his foes: "They never throw stones at a tree that bears no fruit."—*The Continent*.

### REVEREND WILLIAM DE LOS TICKNER

Reverend William De Los Tickner was born at Amboy in the northeastern part of New York State, December 16, 1849, and died at Jackson Center, Ohio, December 2, 1925.

At the age of seven years William removed with his parents to Marquette, Wis. The following year his parents embraced the Sabbath of Christ.

He was united in holy matrimony to Miss Ella West on December 27, 1876, who, with their daughter, Mrs. A. H. Atkins, of Oxford, Wis., survives him. Three sons, Emory, Lucius and Henry, and one daughter, Anna Belle, preceded him.

Brother Tickner completed his course in Milton College in 1876, receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree. Several years later, after a post-graduate course, Milton College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

For twenty years Brother Tickner taught in the public schools of Wisconsin at Randolph and Milton. For a number of years he was principal of the Princeton School. About twenty years after his graduation from Milton College Brother Tickner entered the dental profession, continuing therein for a quarter of a century.

Being desirous of rendering service of a distinctively spiritual nature, Brother Tickner prepared himself for the Christian ministry, and upon October 4, 1913, was ordained at the Grand Marsh Seventh Day Baptist church. Dr. Tickner served this church and its outposts until June, 1922, when he became the pastor of the Jackson Center Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was much beloved by his people in both Wisconsin and Ohio, and many hearts will be saddened by the tidings of his death.

Brother Tickner was a prolific writer on a wide range of subjects. Although he was confined to bed for the past five months, his intellect was most keen and he wrote for the SABBATH RECORDER, the *Pentecostal Herald* and other religious papers, including the *Exponent*. He also wrote a number of articles in the *Columbus Dispatch* combating the evolutionary hypothesis.

Not only along religious and philosophical lines was his mind active but along lines of scientific inventions as well. Being appalled by the great loss of life at grade crossings, he invented a device which, elec-

trically controlled, will, upon the approach of a train, flash first a yellow light and then a red light and ring an alarm bell, and, at a proper time, lower and raise gates on each side of the railroad tracks. This device is receiving a patent from the United States government. His anticipated financial returns in connection with the sale of this device were large, but Brother Tickner said to his wife: "We will keep out only so much as we need to live on, the balance we will give to the Lord's work. We will finance the vocational enterprise at Jackson Center and help elsewhere and on the mission fields."

Brother Tickner excelled as a pastor. To him there were no black sheep. He never had an unkind word to say of any of his members. No partiality characterized his speech or actions. His wife tells us that in all their forty-nine years of married life, he never uttered the first unkind word to her. His last words were, "I've fought a good fight; I believe, yes, I believe that I have kept the faith. Hallelujah," and with a look heavenward, "My Father!"

Truly we have lost a great and good man!

The writer preached a farewell sermon from 2 Thessalonians 4: 15, "That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope," on Sabbath morning, December 5, in the Jackson Center Seventh Day Baptist church at the regular hour for divine service. The floral tributes were very beautiful, different church societies and individuals being the givers. C. W. Snyder and Company were in charge of the funeral arrangements. At the conclusion of the memorial service, the bereaved relatives and parishioners made their way to the beautiful little Seventh Day Baptist cemetery where, with appropriate ceremonies, we laid away the remains of Brother Tickner to await the mighty trump of the resurrection angel.

ROBERT B. ST. CLAIR.

"With all that the most popular and prolific modern writers can do, aided by advertising's most persuasive appeal, the Bible remains the best seller among all books."

Without belief in personal immortality, religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar, or like a bridge ending in an abyss.—*Max Muller*.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### TALKING WITH GOD

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
January 2, 1926

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Elias talked with God (Jas. 5: 17, 18)  
Monday—Abraham's talk with God (Gen. 18: 23-33)  
Tuesday—A prayer by David (Ps. 51: 1, 2)  
Wednesday—A prayer by Paul (Eph. 1: 16, 17)  
Thursday—One of Jesus' prayers (Luke 22: 41, 42)  
Friday—Tell God about trouble (1 Pet. 5: 7)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Talking with God (Luke 11: 1-4, Consecration meeting)

A fairy story is told about a little boy who was always unhappy. One day a fairy asked him why he always looked so down-hearted. He said that he was poor and could never have the things he wanted. The fairy felt sorry for him and so told him that if he would do as she told him that he could have everything he wanted. The little boy just danced up and down with joy until the fairy returned again. She handed him a small cap and told him to wear it all the time and he would get everything he wished for.

The little boy's first wish was that he could be rich and have many, many different things; and as he wished they came rolling right into his room. In the afternoon he went for a walk down the street, and before he reached home it began to rain very hard. This made the little boy mad because he was getting wet, so he remarked half aloud that he hated rain and wished it would rain gold. Immediately it stopped raining water, and big pieces of gold came tumbling down. The gold hit the little boy on the head, knocked him down and almost killed him. Pretty soon the kind fairy came to his side and took the little wishing cap from his head, saying, "I am sorry that you are hurt so badly, but I think now that you have learned your lesson that having everything you want

doesn't always make you happy. You must be happy with what you have, and as you grow into a big man you must work hard for the things you want; then you will enjoy them far more than if they came rolling to your side every time you wished for them."

Of course this is only a fairy story and yet we can remember what the fairy said to the little boy. Boys and girls can all have a far better way of wishing for things than by wearing a little fairy cap. We can all ask for the things we want, and if it is right for us to have them we can be sure that our wishes will be done. We all know what it is to ask father and mother for help and advice, but how many ever stopped to think that God wants us to talk to him in just the same way?

We can't see God but we learn in the Bible that he is everywhere and can hear us talk. He never forgets us, but how many, many times we forget him. He wants us to tell him about the things we want and the help we need and remember the verse that says, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye shall receive them and ye shall have them," and another, "Ask and ye shall receive." We must remember, though, when we ask God for things that it is better to say, "If it is right or if it is best."

When we talk with God we should thank him for the things he gives us—for watching over us and keeping us from harm through the day, for giving us sleep at night, for the clothing we wear and the food we eat, for health, for happy play and willingness to work for all the beautiful things he gives us.

#### TALKING TO GOD

God, who lives in heaven,  
I like to talk to you.  
Most people call it praying,  
But it's talking that I do.

I talk when I'm in trouble,  
And I tell you when I'm glad,  
For though you don't need telling  
It helps me when I'm sad.

And you are always listening,  
And you never turn away;  
And when I want an answer,  
You know just what to say.

Your voice is very quiet,  
But it always can be found.

—I hear it like a whisper,  
—I feel it like a sound.

—Taken from "My Prayers" by the Noonday  
Meditation Co.

Ashaway, R. I.

### A REAL FAIRYLAND

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

How many of you would like to take a make-believe trip with me to a place that looks like Fairyland?

Many years ago, perhaps before your mothers and fathers were little girls and boys, two boys with their dog were chasing a rabbit up the side hill of a pasture near New Market, Virginia. The rabbit ran under a pile of rocks. In order to get the rabbit the boys moved the large stones and saw a hole which led right into the mountainside. People heard about this cave, for that was what the lads had found, and with their candles they tried to discover what was inside the ground. There were no electric lights then, but today that mansion underground, called Endless Caverns, has over six hundred electric lights.

We are already near the foot of the mountain, and if we go into the cave we must walk into a little stone house which has only one room containing benches for people to sit on while waiting for someone to ring a bell, open the gate, and for the guide to tell us he is ready. We will need our coats, for it is 56° in the cave both in summer and winter. We follow the guide and go down, down, down the steps into a room that looks like a cellar, only there are queer looking rocks resembling huge icicles hanging from the ceiling, and other rocks coming up from the floor as if to meet those above, and the walls are of stone, too. Our eyes get bigger and bigger; the lights make everything so beautiful. We feel different than we have ever felt before because there are so many wonderful things to be seen. Are you not delighted with the first glimpse of this fairy-like spot?

As we walk along the path we come to one room and then another, each one having floors and ceilings and walls similar to the first one you entered. In some places there are beautiful colors, and as we go into the different rooms in this cave way under the ground, let us see what shape some of these rocks have.

Right over our heads is a very large rock which you see is a stone mitten with the thumb looking so real you will think it can wriggle. Near by is a stone bath tub right in an alcove.

Soon we come to a party or ball room. At our left is a very large stone sleigh in which the orchestra people sit. A real party was held there recently so that pictures could be taken for the movies.

That which we are just coming to is called the cathedral. We pass between large pillars and near the entrance is a stone pulpit. Listen to the music; it comes from the other end of the cathedral. The guide is playing the chimes by striking that bell.

We will have to pull our coats up tight after coming out of the church for just ahead of us are large snowdrifts, all of limestone, but they look so real you will want to make a snow man or a fort. Even the near-by make-believe waterfalls are frozen.

Now we turn quickly from the main pathway which goes into the dark underground parts that no man has seen yet. Just a few feet ahead we all open our eyes wide. The guide turns on the lights which make the place look as if the sun were just rising. Right in front of us is the clearest and most beautiful lake of real water you ever saw. It looks as if there were dazzling diamonds all around the water. The sun seems to get higher and higher and finally a rosy red sunset is before us. Just see those stars over head; that is what the crystal stones look like—just hundreds of stars with their tiny shining rays. We can not talk; what we see is so pretty our tongues just keep quiet, but we look and look and look.

It is time to turn back, but we have to make a detour. How many of you have read the story about the house made of chocolate? Just look ahead; there is the chocolate room. All around the walls there are very large and very real looking chocolates. Our mouths water, and we get candy hungry. But every single sweet is brown rock. Oh, how we wish it were not!

If we can not have some confectionery, perhaps we can stop at the next room. High above our heads is a very juicy ap-

pearing lemon. Let us make lemonade. But, alas, that is rock, too! Beside it are bananas, pineapples, and other fruits, but no more real than the lemon.

We are nearly ready to go outdoors again, but first let us see that lighthouse yonder. It is set on the cliffs with the blue sky above. Is this a picture? No, we can hardly believe it, but it is all of rocks.

You must be tired now. Here are the steps which go into the room from which we started. Our walk in the caverns has taken us two and a half miles. All the girls and boys who have enjoyed what you have seen on this make-believe trip to the Endless Caverns, to which we went after Conference at Salem, W. Va., may some day have a chance to take a real trip there and see not only these beautiful pictures but many other wonders which I have not even tried to describe.

BERNICE E. ROGERS,

New Market, N. J.

#### MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

MRS. THEODORE J. VAN HORN.

#### PLEA OF THE BIRDS

Put out your crumbs we ask you,  
Upon the window sill.  
We hungry birds are watching;  
We'll fall to with a will  
If you will only throw us  
Some nice crumbs every day;  
You know it's cold for little birds,  
And here we have to stay.  
We can not fly away down South,  
Like some of our neighbors do;  
This is the only home we have,  
So please to help us through.  
We only ask a little help,  
But don't forget us, pray,  
Some crumbs upon the window sill,  
Our dinner every day.

—Selected.

Young Wife—"William, is it true that money talks?"

Husband—"That's what they say, my dear."

Young Wife—"Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I get so lonely."—Selected.

#### HOME NEWS

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—The people of our church have had two rare treats this autumn: Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Burdick attended our semi-annual meeting at West Edmeston, in October, and after that spent a few days calling in our homes before going on to the meeting at Berlin, N. Y. And Rev. W. L. Burdick spoke to our congregation November 7, the first Sabbath that the pastor was helping in evangelistic meetings in Adams Center. We appreciate the opportunity to hear these men, and look forward to their coming again at the time of the meeting of the Central Association here next June.

The second Sabbath that the pastor was at Adams Center the members of the Intermediate C. E. had charge of the Sabbath morning service. They divided Rev. George Shaw's tract, *Seventh Day Baptist Fundamentals*, into sub-topics, each member treating one of these sub-topics.

The people are making it warm for the pastor and family. They have purchased a new kitchen range and a new heating plant for the parsonage, and made a wood-bee. And then, when Lucile had to be taken to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis, they showed the family many kindnesses, which are highly appreciated.

Sabbath afternoon, December 5, the Junior and Intermediate C. E. societies met together and held a promotion exercise for three former juniors into the Intermediate society. Those promoted were Kenneth Rogers, Alberta Simpson, and Frances Langworthy. Others, who could not be present, expect to join the intermediates soon.

Our teacher training class includes two Methodists, one Baptist, and four Seventh Day Baptists. The three churches are also planning to have a joint Christmas program the evening of December 23, in the Baptist church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Coon are spending the winter in California, principally at Los Angeles. We hope that when they read this they will report their number of pages read to Albert Rogers, for we are in the SABBATH RECORDER Reading Contest. We think that is a fine contest. Even if we don't win, we can't lose.

WM. M. SIMPSON.

## SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.  
Contributing Editor

#### AN INSPIRING STORY

In our home we undertake together to do every day some worth while reading. Friday night is "RECORDER night," when we get, without the radio, some of the best things our people are saying all the way from Dr. Gardiner's timely editorials to the Weekly Sermon. With the Home News and letters it is much like a good visit with our folks. We can hardly understand how Seventh Day Baptists can get along without the RECORDER. I remember how as a boy, in the "days before the war," I became familiar with certain features of the paper. We did not then have a big "daily," magazines and the *Youth's Companion*. All we had beside the RECORDER was our county paper and the weekly New York *Tribune*—our political Bible.

Now it is different. We have more good reading matter than we can get through with. I am not intending to advertise the *American Magazine* when I say that, with its clean stories, always with a moral uplift, it is our favorite. We are not too old to like stories—stories of real life, even sensible love stories that do not descend into mere sentimentalism. This week our RECORDER was late, so last night, after going over our Sabbath school lesson, we had recourse to the *American*, and the story we read was just right. It was under this title: "He Went to Church to Laugh, But Came Away to Live." I will tell a little about it.

A boy, five years old, third child in a family of seven, came with his folks from Alsace-Lorraine to America fifty years ago. His eyesight was so defective that he could not go to school. At ten he was put to work in a paper mill at West Carrollton, Ohio, at twenty-five cents a day. At fifteen he could neither read nor write. He worked picking over old rags thirteen hours a day. After three years he was promoted and received thirty cents a day, which went toward the support of the family. The social life of the hill hands was found in the saloons and barber shops. This was Jacob's

environment. He had no vision of anything better and did not care. He lived only for the immediate present, with no thought for the future, not even tomorrow. But there came a change. I will let him tell about it.

"My awakening came one evening in the Methodist church, where the minister was holding revival meetings, which were the joke of the mill boys. One evening one of the boys proposed that we all go to the church and have a good laugh at the preacher. But he did not talk as we expected he would. He did not damn all sinners to fire and perdition. He just talked quietly and sanely about the future. It was a new word to me. I hardly knew its meaning. I listened. It seemed to me that the future, the tomorrow, we were to enjoy or suffer, depended upon us, what we did with the present. The minister's eye actually seemed to meet mine. . . . They sang something. For the first time in my life I was doing some real thinking. I was beginning to feel a vague discontent with my lot—and the feeling grew. The minister invited those to come forward who wished to have the church help them, and I went; almost from that night a new and better world began to open up before me. I saw above my environment."

Jacob soon got into the Sunday school, where he found friends and encouragement. His teacher inspired him and one of the boys lent him some books and helped him learn to read, even with his defective eyesight. Then he got some glasses fitted to his eyes, and they opened up to him a new and beautiful world. This was the beginning of a new and inspired outlook upon life, and with it came a lofty and determined ambition to make the very most of himself. He wanted to become a minister, and by-and-by he got into Ohio Wesleyan College, where, handicapped as he was, he put in three years of study—until warned by an oculist to quit study at once, or become blind. He quit, but that was not all.

Whoever would like to know the rest of this story may do so by reading from page 34 of the December *American Magazine*. I may add just this: The paper mill boy, Jacob, is now Jacob Kindleberger, head of one of the largest and most scientifically equipped paper mills in the world, the Kal-

(Continued on page 767)

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

REV. THEODORE L. GARDINER

(Preached at the Yearly Meeting in Berlin, N. Y., October 31, 1925, and requested for publication.)

Text: James 4: 14. "What is your life?"

The Bible has much to say about life. Sometimes it refers to this life only, and sometimes to the life to come. Paul writes of the godliness that has to do with the life that now is and that which is to come. While the question in the text refers to the brief life on earth, I feel justified in letting the question apply, not merely to the years this side the grave, but to all that is affected by our earthly life.

Nothing is so precious as life. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." The worst that can be said of a man is, "He is dead"; and the very best that can be truly said is that he *lives*. True life is the most precious thing on earth.

In answering the question of the text all too many men think only of the *physical* life—life of muscle, limb, and stomach.

I would be the last man to put a low estimate upon a strong and healthy body. It is a great thing to be an athlete; and I always did feel that the soul could have a better chance in a strong, well body. Some way I can not believe that a crazy stomach, distracted nerves, and flabby muscles are promotive of true piety. It takes unusual grace for one having to live in such an earthly tabernacle to gain distinction in spiritual life.

Therefore I would make the most possible of physical life. Develop your God-given bodies as best you can; but physical life is not all of life. There is heart-life—life in the realm of the affections, with its warm sympathies, profound emotions, and heaven-born instincts. This is a higher life, and he makes a sad mistake who neglects his heart-life.

But this is not all; there is the *intellectual* life—life in the higher realm of knowledge. This is life in the mind, in which one observes, draws conclusions, apprehends and comprehends. Someone has called it the life in which "thoughts wander through

eternity." This too, is a wonderful life, and should be carefully developed. It is a great thing to make the most of our intellectual powers; but I would not stop here.

When Jesus said: "I am come that ye might have life," he had reference to life in the divine image—spiritual life, life in the realm of conscience, moral life as children of God. This is the *highest life* of all. It is not life of the body now, nor life of the heart, nor of the mind; but life in the realm of moral and spiritual obligation; life on the side of us next to heaven; life akin to God and the angels. This is the life Jesus came to give, and the life concerning which I ask the question of the text. It is the broadest, truest, and noblest life, to develop which all lower life is given.

Notwithstanding all this, the sad tendency among men, when speaking of life, is to think only of the little span of existence between the cradle and the grave. We talk of preparing for life, and we plan for life's work; when, all too often, we mean nothing more than getting ready for business in this present world.

Life in its lower forms is that mysterious force that holds atoms of matter in organization and produces growth. It suspends for a time the power of chemical action and so prevents dissolution and decay. While this vital power acts, the rose bush produces organized leaves and fragrant flowers. In like manner our bodies are organized, sustained, and developed by principles of life. Air, light, heat, water, and food are essential; and they co-operate in sustaining these lower forms of life.

These things furnish some analogy of the essentials to the higher life. The spiritual man, made in the image of God and for communion with him, is correlated to him as is the plant to soil, heat, air, and light; and spiritual life depends upon such communion. Because men are separated from this source of life, the world is full of moral lepers. Christ came to restore this vital, life-giving fellowship with God.

So you see it makes a great difference what we think of life. The artist can put nothing into canvas or marble beyond what he has thought and cherished in his heart. And we can put into manhood only those conceptions of life which we hold dear. In my cabinet I have a little chunk off Gibraltar one inch and a half long; and you might

as well study that little piece and think you know all about Gibraltar, as to think you know all about life by a little study of the life that now is.

We are told of streams that flow for a time in rocky, pebbly beds among the mountains, only to disappear in some crevice or cavern as though they had been swallowed up and lost. But not so; far beyond the mountains they reappear to flow on to the great ocean, in broader, deeper channels, making more beautiful the lands through which they run. Such is the life of a true child of God. It has only its brief beginning this side the grave. The best and most blessed part lies beyond the mountains of life.

How different life seems when regarded as stretching away into the far-reaching vistas of eternity; when, with the eye of faith, you see it in the perspective of the spirit-land immortal! When we climbed the inclines to the top of the famous Campanile in Venice, at every turn the outlook from the windows grew broader and more wonderful, story by story, until we reached the top. But what were any of those window views when compared with the magnificent view that awaited us at the top? There, stretching away on every hand in the clear sunlight of heaven was the beautiful sea, with its city on a hundred islands at our feet, the far-reaching plains of Italy with distant mountains touching the dome of heaven beyond, and all bathed in the soft light of an Italian sky—oh! who could imagine the glories of that scene while inclosed within the walls of the tower below!

Just as it was worth while to climb the up grades of that tower, inspired by the broader views from its windows on the way, so it must be worth while to make our earthly climb—up hill though it may be—to the promised outlook of heaven, concerning which Jesus taught.

Suppose a child had known no life but to be born and dwell in the Mammoth Cave. By careful teaching, his parents might give him some conception of this upper world, until he might long to see it himself. They could pile up sand to show how the hills look; they could show something of how trees look by referring to the trunks of stalagmites, and give him some conception of the starry heavens by the sparkling crystals in the dome, until the boy might think

he had quite an idea of the world above him. But when, on some sunny morning in June, with the air full of bird-songs, with the earth all abloom with flowers and fresh in its carpet of green, he should visit this upper world, with what ecstasy of soul would he exclaim, "The half has never been told!"

### PRESSING HOME THE QUESTION

Now, with this thought of life here and hereafter as one life; with the truth that we must take into the future just what our present has made us, and that we must begin there just as we leave off here; that we must take our *very selves* into the other world, reaping only what we have sown here, let us press home the question in a very practical way and answer it as best we can.

### WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

(a) It is something to *yourself*. If life here is like a race with the crown depending upon how we run; if we are all hastening to the judgment bar of God to give account of the deeds done in the body; if the tendency is to grow more and more permanently fixed in character as the years go by, then life means something to *yourself*.

(b) If we have the shaping of life and character in the family, then life means something to *your home*. My mother died when I was a little boy. But God gave me one of the sweetest Christian stepmothers any boy ever had. During the years of a long life I with my sisters have thanked God for the blessings she brought into our home.

When I was about seven years old, in the first spring after she came, she fixed me up for my first day at Sabbath school. After dressing me in a plaid belted tunic made by her own hands and fixing me up with a white collar and a little bow, she put on my bare sun-burned feet a pair of her own stockings and shoes. Then she had a fine gilt edged Testament which had been given her by her pastor when she was a young lady—a book which she prized so highly I did not dare to handle it as it lay on her stand. I had no Testament, but when I was ready to start, she took this beautiful book—the same one I am holding in my hand before you today—and handing it to me, said: "You may take this if you will be real careful of it."

I took the precious treasure and marched

off nearly two miles to church as proud as a king. When that mother went to her long home, after I had been years in the ministry, my sister asked if there was anything of ma's that I would like to have. "Yes," said I, "let me have her old Testament, which she let me carry to my first Sabbath school." The memory of that dear mother's kindness on that far-away morning has been like a benediction during all my life. Had it not been for her sweet Christian spirit, year after year, in our home, I fear the boy would have gone far astray.

Let me ask you: What evidence have you that those who sat with you around your breakfast table this morning will sit with you in the kingdom of heaven? Does the dividing line run through any of these homes? Is father lost? Is mother lost? Are any of the children going wrong? They will be likely to follow father and mother.

When quite a little boy, I had to go for the cows that ran in the forest for pasture. One night after I had searched in vain until it was so dark I dared not stay longer I went home, and my grandfather lighted his old tin lantern and went with me to find the cows. In that forest of hemlocks and pines mixed with the hardwood timber, I could almost feel the darkness, and I kept as close to grandpa as possible, stepping in his tracks as soon as he made them. It was a long walk, and I took pains to put my feet into his very tracks. Fathers, I have thought of that experience many times, for it suggests the important truth that your children are watching your steps and following your path in this world of darkness and sin.

When a father, who was concerned about his boy's leaving Bible school to see the ball games, pleaded with Mr. Moody to labor with the boy, the great evangelist said, "Do you go to Bible class?" And when the father said no, Moody said, "No sir, I will not speak to your boy about it unless you will promise to go to class yourself." The father did promise and took his place in the school. The next week, as the school was about to begin, the boy as usual started to go from the church to the ball game when the other boys said, "Oh come, go with us, your father is in there." "What!" said the boy, "My dad in there?" and on looking in, saw his father in a Bible class, whereupon he went in himself.

Did you ever read of the father who took his little boy out for a walk on one Sunday morning and while sitting under a tree fell asleep with his boy playing about him? When he woke he was alarmed to find his boy gone, and on hastening to a precipice near by, found him dashed to death where he had fallen.

Oh, my friends, I fear there are too many fathers in the churches today who are sound asleep in matters of religion while their children are wandering dangerously near the precipice over which they are in danger of falling to their ruin! So then let me repeat, "What is your life?"—it is *something to your home*.

(c) Again, if the Church is to be the light of the world, it must be by the shining of its individual members. In my boyhood the farmers used to go to evening meetings, each one bringing his own candle to help light the house. When all the candles were lighted the house was bright indeed. Everyone added something to the light, and if one was allowed to burn dim or go out it was noticeable. Indeed, one candle uncared for and allowed to run down or grow dim, would attract more notice than any of the others. Of course, if any considerable number ceased to shine, the darkness could be felt. Jesus said: "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

The Church is judged by the world according to the lives of its individual members. In view of all this, what is your life? I answer, it is something to your *Church*.

(d) Once more. In a community where we all touch one another by our influence; where individual lives combine to make the great stream of public conscience, as little rills do to make the river, every life means something to *society*, something to the *world*.

Let us not forget that, in a very important sense, the influence of a single life is perpetual! You can start influences that you can not stop after they have passed beyond you. A stone dropped into a still pond starts waves that the thrower can not stop until they reach both shores. Thus we must live on after we are dead, through character making influences which we set in motion.

Is Isaiah dead? Is John the evangelist

dead? Is Saint Paul dead? There never was a time when these men were more alive than today. So we see we can not escape the force of our question, What is your life? It is something to *yourself*, something to your *home*, something to your *church*, something to *society* and to the *world*.

#### WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

"I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
And waits my spirit too;  
For the human ties that bind me,  
For the task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

"I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine,  
To feel there is a union  
Twixt Nature's heart and mine,  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfill each great design.

"I live to hail that season  
By gifted minds foretold;  
When man shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold;  
When man to man united,  
And all things shall be righted,  
And the whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

"I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
And waits my spirit too;  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do."

#### OBEDIENCE

A COMPILATION

MRS. L. A. WING

"To obey is better than sacrifice."

"Three great fingermarks for our guidance—clear vision, a spirit of obedience, tender love."

"Obedience, not mutiny, is the watchword of true life."

"Obedience to God is the tie that binds all virtues in one bundle."

"Every duty, however unwelcome, is a seed of light. To evade it or neglect it is to miss a blessing; to do it is to have the rough seed burst into beauty in the heart of the doer."

"The battle of submission hangs on 'I will' or 'I won't.' The crucial point is the surrender of the will to God, to do whatever he may direct."

"God does not demand impossibilities," said Augustine, centuries ago. It was true then, it is true still. When God asks great things of any soul, they can be done."

"God chooses for great missions those ready to follow sealed orders."

"Obedience must be the strength and desire of our lives; obedience, not hard and forced, but ready, loving, and spontaneous; the doing of duty, not merely that the duty may be done, but that the soul in doing it may be capable of receiving and uttering God."

"God never places a burden upon shoulders unfit to carry it. The work of the world is done by those who are strong—and the suffering is borne by those who are brave."

"God always matches obedience with opportunity."

"You must walk in the front of things with God, not dragged in the sweep of his garments that makes the storm behind him."

"There is a submission because you can not help it, and there is a submission because you like it. There is a sullen bowing down beneath the weight of a hand which you are too feeble to resist, and there is a glad surrender to a love which it would be pain not to obey."

"For Christ's sake," should be whispered in our heart at the hardest of our duties and along the darkest of our way."

"O will of God, be thou our will!  
Then, come or joy or pain,  
Made one with thee, it can not be,  
That we shall wish in vain.  
And whether granted or denied,  
Our hearts shall be all satisfied."

"Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?"

Berlin, N. Y.,  
December 7, 1925.

"The elder Coolidge says he did not rear his son according to theories. At any rate the son shows the excellent results of practical Christian home training."

## MARRIAGES

**DAVIS-McCLARY.**—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin McClary, on November 26, 1925, by Rev. George B. Shaw, Gifford Davis and Euphemia McClary, all of Salem, W. Va.

## DEATHS

**TICKNER.**—At Jackson Center, Ohio, December 2, 1925, Rev. William De Los Tickner, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.  
Obituary on another page. T. L. G.

**GREENE.**—Joshua Greene was born August 16, 1834, and died November 24, 1925.

He was the son of Clark and Abigail Witter Greene and was the third of nine children. He was born in the township of Alfred, N. Y., in the vicinity of which he lived until March, 1871, when he moved on his farm south of the village of Petrolia, where he built his home and lived until his death. He cleared his entire farm, acting as a leader in a pioneer sense both as a builder and as a Christian worker. He has been closely identified with the affairs of his community both materially and religiously.

On July 5, 1856, he was married to Sarah C. Burdick. To them were born ten children. Mrs. Greene died February 22, 1907. On May 26, 1908, Mr. Greene was again married to Mrs. Martha Mead.

At the age of nineteen Mr. Greene was baptized by Elder Jared Kenyon, and received into the Seventh Day Baptist Church at what was known as the Goose Pasture schoolhouse. A little later the faithful workers of this community organized into the Alfred Station Church, of which Mr. Greene was a member. Later, when he moved to Petrolia, he moved his membership to the Wellsville Seventh Day Baptist Church, where he remained until his death. He was active in helping to build the Petrolia Community Church. He has been a reader of the RECORDER all his life and a constant subscriber for more than fifty years. He has always striven to uphold the highest ideals of Christian Americanism. The large number in attendance at his funeral services, who had come far and near over the November dirt roads gave testimony to the high respect in which he was held by all who knew him.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Martha Greene; by four children: Mrs. Robert Clair, Olean; Mrs. Myra Hoffman, Bolivar; Albert I. of Petrolia; and David of Allentown; a brother, Daniel, of Oswayo, Pa.; by twenty grandchildren, and twenty-four great grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted at the Petrolia church by A. Clyde Ehret of Alfred, assisted by Elizabeth Randolph of Hornell; and he was laid to rest in the near-by cemetery.

A. C. E.

**JAQUES.**—Willoby Elbridge Jaques, son of Willoby E. and Caroline Leighton Jaques, was born in Little Genesee, N. Y., on December 25, 1854, and died at the Higgins' Memorial Hospital in Olean, N. Y., on November 7, 1925, at the age of 70 years, 10 months and 13 days.

He was united in marriage about forty-two years ago to Harriet Wilber, who died May 3, 1897. To this union were born two children, Willoby E. Jaques of Bolivar, N. Y., and Donna M. DePew of Nile, N. Y.

Mr. Jaques was not a church member but was much interested in religious matters, a student of the Bible, and a regular reader of the RECORDER. Mr. Jaques was of a quiet unassuming disposition, moving about the community in a quiet, helpful way. His illness was short and his death a shock to the people here.

He leaves his children; a brother, Lincoln E. Jaques; and a sister, Mrs. Caroline J. Slade; also six grandchildren, and a large group of friends.

A farewell service was held in his home on November 10, 1925, in charge of Pastor G. D. Hargis. Interment was in the Well's Cemetery.

G. D. H.

**LANGWORTHY.**—Elmer Langworthy was born in Brookfield, N. Y., September 12, 1840, and died in the same village November 9, 1925, in his eighty-sixth year.

He was one of the nine children of Nathan and Lucy Ann Dye Langworthy. He was a soldier in the Civil War, and a zealous member of the local post, G. A. R., and had been commander of that post for several years before it disbanded.

January 1, 1865, he was united in marriage with Hattie E. Main. In 1885 his second marriage was to Mary Jane Crandall, who passed away about six years ago. He is survived by their adopted daughter, Mrs. Jessie Widrick, and by two sisters, Mrs. Esie Rogers Coon and Dr. Francena L. Irons.

Funeral services were held at his late home November 11, by pastor Wm. M. Simpson, assisted by Pastor Theodore L. Conklin of the Baptist Church. Burial was made in the Brookfield cemetery.

W. M. S.

**NASH.**—Mrs. Hattie Nash was the daughter of John F. and Olive N. Walter. She was born in the town of Brookfield, N. Y., August 27, 1857, and died in her home in Brookfield, November 22, 1925, at the age of sixty-eight.

On the sixteenth of February, 1876, she was united in marriage with Osmer Nash, of Brookfield; the ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Todd. Mr. and Mrs. Nash have two children: Mrs. B. E. Bacon and Mrs. Albert L. Rogers, both of Brookfield. They have also eight grandchildren.

After some special evangelistic meetings held in Brookfield by Rev. E. B. Saunders, Mrs. Nash

was baptized and on June 22, 1895, she was received by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick into the Second Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she remained a faithful member the rest of her life.

For a number of years Mrs. Nash has been in poor health. She had selected Mark 14: 8 for her text. Memorial services were held at her late home by Pastor Wm. M. Simpson, who was assisted by Rev. M. Hibbard of Jordanville. Burial was made in the Brookfield cemetery.

W. M. S.

**DAVIS.**—Cinderilla Crandall Davis was born in Berlin, N. Y., August 14, 1832, the daughter of Polly Potter and David Crandall.

At the age of sixteen she gave her heart to God, was baptized, and united with the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church. In 1849 she was united in marriage to Wm. Jay Davis. A few years later they, with his parents, moved to Walworth, Wis., and transferred their membership to the Walworth Church, where during the many years of their residence there she bore an active part in the work of the church. Many students of the old Walworth Academy will remember her as a genial member of the Davis home.

Her sunny disposition and generous nature won for her a warm place in many hearts. She tenderly cared for the aged parents of her husband, took to her heart and home two little girls, educated them, and bestowed upon them the unselfish motherly love which filled her heart and later overflowed into grandmotherly devotion to their large families of little children until she was overcome by the infirmities of age. Her brave optimism and abiding faith in him who notes even the sparrow's fall, helped her through many a dark day.

In 1920 she returned to Berlin, and from that time was lovingly cared for in the home of her niece, Miss Jennie Greene, who unselfishly ministered to her wants as to an own mother. Here she quietly, on a Sabbath morning, passed to her "home over there" at the age of ninety-three. She retained her mental faculties to a wonderful degree, fully appreciating what was so freely done for her. And the memory of her sweet and gentle spirit will linger to bless us like a sweet benediction.

Funeral from residence, conducted by Pastor L. A. Wing, sermon from her chosen text, Psalm 23: 1.

E. L. G.

**KENYON.**—Mrs. Lovina E. Kenyon was born at Hebron, Pa., September 24, 1843, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Julia Kneen, near Perry, Kan., November 11, 1925.

She was married March 4, 1865, to George Kenyon, who died in 1907. To this union were born eight children. Three of these, Mrs. Gertrude Fry, Edson Kenyon, and Ellen Sanders, preceded her in death. She is survived by five children: Mrs. Julia Kneen of Perry, Kan.; William Kenyon of Portland, Ore.; James P. Kenyon, and Mrs. Amy Resinger of Nortonville; and Nellie Kenyon of Perry. Other survivors include sixteen grandchildren; five great grandchildren; one brother, Perry Brock of Hebron, Pa.; and many other relatives.

In 1879, she, with her husband and family came to Kansas, settling in Atchison County. In early life, she became a member of the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church and remained a faithful member until death. Her patience through many years of suffering greatly endeared her to relatives and friends.

A short service was held at the Kneen home near Perry, and the funeral occurred at the Nor-

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tonville Seventh Day Baptist church Friday afternoon, November 13, Pastor Cottrell officiating. Music was furnished by a male quartet, the songs being favorites of the deceased. The beautiful floral offerings and the large attendance showed the esteem in which the deceased was held.

Interment was made in the Nortonville Rural Cemetery.  
H. L. C.

**WHITMER.**—John C. Whitmer was born at Warren, Ohio, July 31, 1854, and died at his home in Nortonville, Kan., Friday morning, November 6, 1925.

He was the last of a family of eight children. His parents moved to Nortonville soon after the Civil War, where he lived until his death. He engaged in farming for several years. He later learned the druggist profession and became a registered pharmacist, in which business he has been successfully engaged for the past twenty years.

In 1881 he was married to Miss Lizzie Greene, and to this union three children were born, viz: Clarence Whitmer of Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. Grace Yale and Mrs. Blanche Bishop, both of San Diego, Calif. Beside these are six grandchildren, two in Pennsylvania and four in California.

Mr. Whitmer had many admirable traits of character. While not a church member, he believed in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He was true to his friends and a good neighbor and citizen. During his last sickness he was patient and exercised a charitable spirit toward everyone. He wanted a portion of the Bible read each day, and just before he passed away requested his companion to read it to him.

The funeral was held Monday afternoon, November 9, from the Seventh Day Baptist church, Rev. H. L. Cottrell, assisted by J. H. Carter, conducting the services. Music was furnished by a men's chorus. The Oddfellows and Masons, of which Mr. Whitmer was a member, attended en masse. The Masonic Order conducted the services at the grave. Mr. Whitmer was a thirty-second degree member of this fraternity. The floral offerings, which were beautiful, and the large attendance plainly portrayed the esteem in which the deceased was held by the community. Interment was made in the Nortonville Rural Cemetery.  
H. L. C.

**DAVIS.**—At his home near Salem, W. Va., December 2, 1925, Charles W. Davis, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

He was the son of Chesley Davis who was the son of Grandson Davis. His mother was Edith Davis, the daughter of Deacon M. V. Davis.

Charles was born March 2, 1900. When he was less than one year old his mother died and he was brought up in the home of his grandfather, Grandson Davis.

Early in life he accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior and was baptized by Rev. A. J. C. Bond. This was in 1915, since which time he has been a member of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church.

He died following a lingering illness which gave him opportunity to make every preparation to meet God in perfect peace through Jesus Christ our Lord.

In 1920 he married Vonnie Smith, who survives him with their two boys, Halbert and Rod-

ger. He is also survived by his father and by a brother and by five sisters. He had a great host of other relatives and friends.

Funeral from the Seventh Day Baptist church, conducted by his pastor, Rev. George B. Shaw.  
G. B. S.

**ROGERS.**—In Plainfield, N. J., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jennie M. Stelle, November 28, 1925, Mrs. Mary (Rogers) Rogers, aged 87 years.

Sister Rogers was the daughter of David and Sally (Maxson) Rogers, and was born at Waterford, Conn., July 29, 1838. Her family moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., while she was young. She was united in marriage with Henry Clay Rogers, April 19, 1857. This union was blessed with three children: Willis H. Rogers of Flushing, L. I.; and Mrs. Jennie M. Stelle and Miss Jessie T. Rogers, both of Plainfield, N. J. Mr. Rogers passed away January 10, 1901. Mrs. Rogers is survived by her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Sister Rogers united, by letter, with the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City, March 9, 1867, and was the oldest member, both in age and in years of membership. She was a faithful, conscientious Christian and a devoted mother.

Funeral services, which were private, were conducted by her pastor, Harold R. Crandall, and interment was in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield.  
H. R. C.

### LET THE CHILDREN HAVE PETS

Let children have their pets, no matter what conditions may be, for to rob them of this natural instinct will dwarf and stunt the joy and blessing of one of the sweetest gifts God has given.

The story is told of a small boy who was crying, uncomfoted, because his dog had been run over. At last his father, wearied by the lad's grief and crying, spoke harshly: "Your grandfather, my own father, died a month ago, but I don't go around crying all the time and grieving for him, do I?"

"I know," sobbed the boy in reply, "but, Dad, you hadn't brought him up from the time he was a pup."

The boy's sorrow was genuine, even if he failed to see the humor. He had lost his living, loving chum.

Children love animals. Let us give them a chance, and the kindness of human nature, together with the gentler instincts of love and thoughtfulness, will develop men and women to meet more bravely life's problems and be better able to assuage life's sorrows with joy, hope, and loving sympathy.—*John Timothy Stone.*

### AN INSPIRING STORY

(Continued from page 759)

amazoo Vegetable Parchment Company of Kalamazoo, Mich. He built it up himself at a cost of \$7,000,000. He is superintendent of the Sunday school maintained for the mill people and their families. All in all, it is a wonderful story—no fable—a modern miracle.

### TRY TO CARRY SUNSHINE

"You don't get much sunshine in here, do you?" said the gentle old lady, as we entered the elevator at the back of the big department store.

"Only what folks like you bring in, ma'am," answered the elevator man with a bow. "Some folks carry enough sunshine 'round with 'em to light others up a bit."

How many people, I thought, as I stepped out a moment later, have to look to others for all the sunshine they get in their lives, and how few of us carry enough extra sunshine around with us to lighten even one dark corner! For all the cheer the passing stranger gets from us we might as well cover our faces with thick veils. And what a lovely mission many are overlooking!

Let's form ourselves right here and now into a little band of Sunshine Carriers—unlimited—even if the band has only one member. Let us smile and look happy as we go about the streets and into the stores on errands. Maybe we have the only rays of sunshine that some people will see all day long.

Let us smile and look happy, as we go about our work, too, in school or office or home. Work thrives better in the sunshine, just as plants do, and maybe our smiles will make our fellow workers happier in their tasks—our own will go better, anyway, that's sure.

Most of all, let us smile and look happy for our own dear ones when we gather together around the home table in the morning; or step into mother's room or grandmother's just at sundown to tell them how the day has gone; or run out to meet the tired father, as he lifts the home latch after a hard day's work. These are the people to whom our sunshine means not just the little extra touch of happiness—but the very warmth and heat on which their inner lives depend.—*Lost Creek Booster.*

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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, 4012 Field 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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If you are down with the blues, read the twenty-third Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the third chapter of Revelation.

If you don't know where to look for a month's rent, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If you are lonesome and unprotected, read the ninety-first Psalm.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe and wash your hands and read the first chapter of St. James.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians.

If people pelt you with hard words, read the fifteenth chapter of St. John and the fifty-first Psalm.

If you are out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.—Assistant Pastor.

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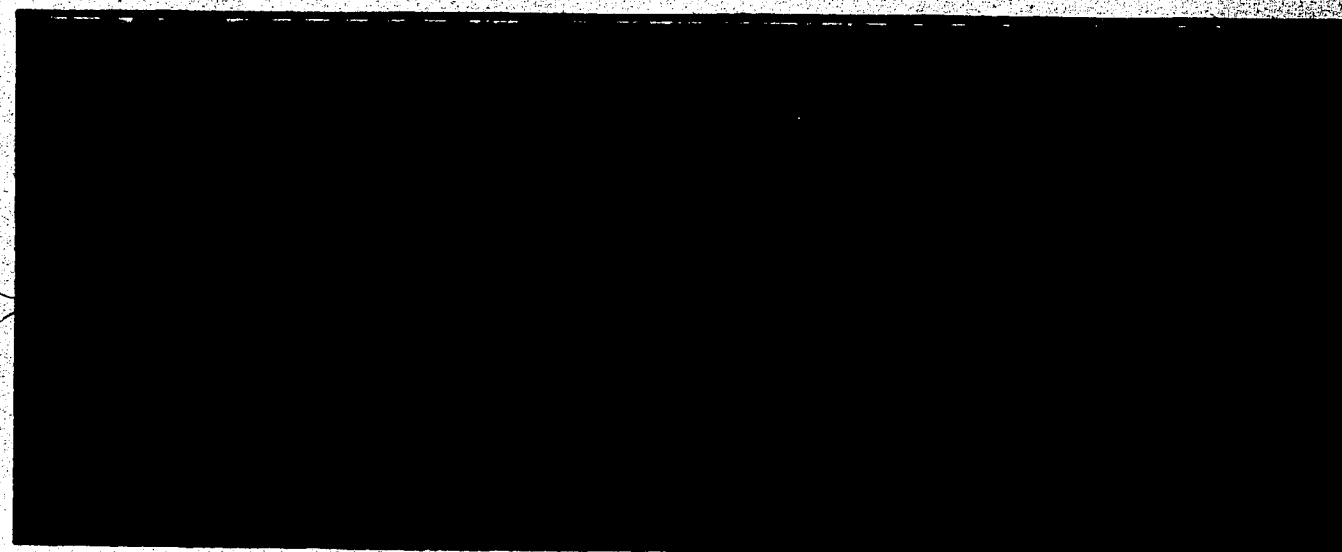
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## THE STAR

George I. Sill

The planets, that are Cherubim and Seraphim of God,  
On Christmas night of old,  
Stood in their heavenly course and carols sung,  
While all in splendor from their vasty midst,  
The Star of Day came forth to be a light  
To them that dwell in darkness of the earth.

True Light of Light!  
That haunting gloom dispels,  
And chases far the moles and bats of sin,  
That lightens poverty's distress, and dries the tears of grief,  
That soothes away life's bitter ills,  
And makes the faggot's flames to show a martyr's Paradise.

Star of our Life!  
In this our time, send down thy light,  
And kindle in each hard and frozen heart the fire of charity:  
Then from that holy fire shall spring,  
As flowers from a barren soil,  
Peace and good will:  
And men, all evil thought and hatred gone, together live  
In trusting amity.

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