

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.

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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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.
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Terms expiring in 1927—S. Orestes Bond, Salem, W. Va.; Gerald D. Hargis, Little Genesee, N. Y.; J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.
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 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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 Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.
 The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.
 Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
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ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

Rev. and Mrs. Jay W. Crofoot, Miss Susie M. Burdick, Rev. and Mrs. H. Eugene Davis, Miss Anna M. West, Ponte St. Catherine, Shanghai, China.
 Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg, Dr. Grace I. Crandall, Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate, Grace Hospital, Liuho, Ku, China.
 Postage, 5 cents for first ounce; 3 cents for every additional ounce or fraction.

The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 99, No. 25 PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 21, 1925 WHOLE No. 4,216

*"Lord God of hosts, we thank thee for the faith which cries, One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight! Help us to believe in thee, in the power of goodness, the omnipotence of right!
 "If thou shalt abide among us we shall be safe and happy for ever! In thy presence is fulness of joy. Help us to see thee in thy glory, and to know that thy glory is lovingkindness!
 "Whatever life may bring, may we have such trust and confidence in thee that we shall be persuaded of the ultimate triumph of good! Thy purpose must be fulfilled, Christ must triumph, all things must bow to him. Give us patience and faith until the appointed time! Amen."*

Looking After The Foundations In the Teen-age Conferences, which are being held by Brother Bond in various parts of our denomination, our people are looking well to the foundations of our future as a people. "The men and women of tomorrow are the boys and girls of today"; hence in the proper education of the young people we are laying foundations without which we can not hope to build permanent structures in the next generation.

I fear we have not taken pains enough as a people in the permanent character-building of those God has committed to us, and who are to settle the question of the strength and character of the Seventh Day Baptist cause in coming days.

I believe that time and money and labor put into this work now with our promising young people will bring most blessed returns a generation from now. The Bible truth, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is far-reaching and just as important now as ever it was.

"If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" is an old, old question. We recognize its truth and significance. Let us not forget that the question is: "If the foundations be neglected how can we hope for our future as a people?"

Soon after writing the above, I found a word of advice, given by an ex-picketpocket, which will strongly emphasize the thought of caring for the boy if you would make

a true man of him. The speaker told a men's club that "judging the criminal after he has committed the crime, is only society's way of taking revenge for something it might have prevented, had it given attention to the matter earlier. Reach the boy and you will reach the man in him. The criminal can be reformed only before he has started on a criminal career."

This land is full of cases today that show conclusively, in more respects than one, that parents and pastors have failed to look after the foundations.

Echoes From Stockholm Among the many good words being scattered abroad from the great Stockholm Conference, those of Bishop Brent, in his strong appeal on "the churches and war," stand out with an all but resistless challenge. His closing words were:

It is because I believe in the sanctity of the nation and the magnificence of patriotism; it is because I believe youth can best serve the nation and mankind by living for duty rather than by dying for it, that I reaffirm my belief that the Christian Church if it be so minded can, in the name of Christ, rule out war and rule in peace within a generation. I may be a fool, but if so I am God's fool!

This appeal and others like it were not made in vain; for before the conference closed there was issued a strong message against the horrors of war, and in favor of settling international disputes by the principles of peace, which should arouse all Christian churches to a sense of their duty as servants of the Prince of Peace.

Oh! that the churches of America might rally as one body, shoulder their responsibility regarding peace on earth, and so enable the Peace Commission to secure its cherished ideals of peace and good will among the nations.

Condensed Review of the Modern Movement for a Denominational Building It will be interesting to many readers to recall the steps taken in the modern movement for a denominational building. I say "modern" because this review goes back only about

ten years to 1916, taking no account of the movement some seventy-five years ago when our fathers pleaded for such a move only to be forgotten.

So then, this review is given "lest we forget." It may be well to refresh our memories on certain points in order to understand well the *reason* for the movement, and its origin—just *whose* it is and to *whom* it belongs.

It is pre-eminently a denominational movement. The Tract Board is only a servant of the denomination. The publishing house and its business belong to the denomination, and the board is simply trying to do what the denomination wishes to have done. And the members want to be true to the best interests of the denomination in all the steps taken by its board.

It was in the Conference at Salem, in 1916, that the movement took definite shape. After learning about the crowded, unsatisfactory conditions in the rented rooms for our printing plant, the Committee on Denominational Activities offered the following resolution which was adopted by Conference:

Resolved, That we recommend that the General Conference request the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society to prepare a general plan for providing a suitable building for the use of our publishing house, together with an estimate of its cost, and present them to the General Conference at the next annual session.

Acting upon this instruction the board went forward and presented plans for a denominational publishing house:

"A building owned by the denomination to be the home of the publishing interests of the people, a place for files of denominational literature, a headquarters for denominational records, a shop for the manufacture of literature, and a home for its interests."

The plans were presented, and afterward published in the RECORDER. Concerning the matter the following editorial was given to the people:

REGARDING THE PUBLISHING HOUSE

Our readers will be looking for the report of the Tract Board on the question of a denominational home and publishing house, submitted to it last year by Conference. Great care had been taken to investigate the matter and to prepare a report for this Conference. Drafts and plans representing the board's idea of our needs in this line were offered for the investigation of all pres-

ent, and a comprehensive report was presented on Tract Society day. This report received careful consideration at two hearings in the Committee on Denominational Activities. Our readers will be interested in seeing the cuts of the said plans and the recommendation of Conference in our Tract Society Number when it comes. Two things that impressed us in the committee meetings were the large number there who were interested in the subject and the splendid Christian spirit that prevailed. There seemed to be but one opinion as to our great need of a denominational home and publishing house, and we saw no one who did not entertain the hope that our people will soon respond and build a home worthy of our great cause.

In this Conference of 1917, in Plainfield, there was an open parliament upon the Tract Board's report, lasting an hour and a half. In addition to this, the Committee on Denominational Activities held two lively sessions, in which great interest was taken in the new building matter. Every one seemed anxious to see the undertaking placed upon its feet. The committee reported favorably and the General Conference recommended that the Tract Board proceed with the erection of a denominational home as soon as in its judgment it should seem wise to do so. The report of the special committee fills two pages of the *Year Book* for 1917, and is too long to insert here. It shows how the idea of a *denominational home* had grown in the minds of the people and says in part:

And so we are presenting for your consideration suggested plans of a building which will not only house our interests but which will be a material inspiration to a higher denominational life—a building beautiful in its exterior and harmonious in its interior appointments that would point Seventh Day Baptistward in every brick and stone. Just as a church expresses the community spirit, so this edifice would be a rallying point denominationally,—a building that would cause our *boys and girls* to lift their heads a little higher in the knowledge that it was *theirs* and expressed in visible substance the teachings of their lifetime—a building that would cause our *older members* to feel a still greater pride in a denomination which believes enough in its future to build it into such an enduring monument.

Thus the ideals which had taken shape were accepted by Conference; the model plans for a future building were approved, and the board was instructed to go ahead "as soon as in its judgment it should seem wise to do so."

During the following year, the board took special pains to hold representative meetings with delegates from the churches, in a

sincere effort to follow the directions of Conference just as fast as "it should seem wise to do so."

Representatives of the Tract Board met with the Quarterly Meeting of the Wisconsin Churches and every phase of the question was there carefully considered.

Thus the year 1918 went by, in which every effort was made to secure the counsel of our people in various parts of the denomination.

The Tract Board was anxious to go no further than the circumstances would warrant; and in view of the terrible stress of war times it was considered unwise to begin "actual construction during the period of war."

In May of that year the building fund had grown by voluntary gifts and pledges to the amount of \$2,102, and the SABBATH RECORDER was advised to keep the matter alive with the people from time to time by editorials. On the back cover Brother Hubbard, chairman of the committee, kept an attractive advertisement for gifts of Liberty Bonds and cash, for use as soon as it should seem wise to do so.

This movement came to be regarded more and more as the one interest in which the entire denomination could unite to strengthen our cause and fit us for better work. By August, 1918, the fund amounted to more than \$2,500, most of which was invested to bring an income until it should be needed.

NORTONVILLE CONFERENCE

In 1918, Conference came in the far West, and this large Conference will long be remembered as the war time Conference. Here too, decisive action was taken in regard to the building according to the following minute, which was adopted:

We recommend that Conference commend the work during the past year of the committee of the Tract Board for the proposed denominational building, and that Conference heartily approve the continuance of the campaign to raise funds by securing contributions of money, War Saving Stamps, and Liberty Bonds, and that Conference re-emphasize the action taken one year ago authorizing the Tract Board to proceed with the erection of a denominational home as soon as in its judgment it seems wise to do so.

Again, in the Conference of 1919, the Tract Board reported as follows:

The denominational building has been kept before the people through the SABBATH RECORDER

and by presentation to associations and churches by various representatives of the society.

Contributions have been coming in steadily until now the amount for this purpose is \$6,212.57; and the interest and inquiry concerning this project are constantly increasing.

There is no doubt but that our people have determined to build denominationally, and a campaign for funds would unquestionably realize a large amount of money; but the Tract Board has felt, in view of the many calls for money for war work, such a campaign should not be launched prior to this time; and now if Conference projects a "forward movement" to include all our activities we would gladly join in such a plan rather than have two financial campaigns under way among our people at the same time.

The need for the building is constantly increasing, and as far as the publishing house is concerned we must either have larger and better accommodations or else decide definitely to give up the outside or job work which now so materially reduces the cost of our own publications. This the board would be loath to do.

But the publishing house is only a part of it, for the editor, the joint secretary and others are entitled to reasonable accommodations for their work; and then we owe it to ourselves as a people to have some place, some building, that stands for more than *locality*, a something that says to the world we are a united *people*, a sect with faith enough in its belief to build it into brick and stone, proclaiming in a different way the belief we have been expressing through the centuries—"The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

This report was approved by Conference, and throughout the year, the building interests were kept alive through the SABBATH RECORDER.

The next General Conference was held in Alfred, N. Y., August, 1920. Early in this year

AN UNEXPECTED CRISIS

came upon us in that we could no longer secure rooms in the Babcock Building and that we must hold ourselves ready to get out on very short notice. Eighteen pages of the RECORDER of March 1, 1920, were filled with a reprint review of the movement; and statements showing the distress we were in were sent throughout the denomination, a portion of which we give here:

TO THE PASTORS AND PEOPLE OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCHES:

For twenty-five years the publishing interests of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination have been located in the Babcock building, at Plainfield, the rent being fixed when we first located there at the modest sum of \$500 per year, and having been continued without question at that rate from year to year to the present time. This year the new agents of the Babcock building have found it

necessary to increase the rental of the publishing house from \$500 to \$900 per annum, and to discontinue the auxiliary office which we had on the fourth floor, making necessary the securing of another office at \$300 additional rent per annum, so that the annual rental will be \$1,200 instead of \$500 as heretofore. This, however, is not the worst feature of the arrangement as the agents decline to make any lease whatever on the rooms which we occupy for publishing work, stating that they contemplate a sale of that portion of the premises, and if the sale is consummated they will give us such notice as they find possible at the time, frankly declining to name any period of time, not even thirty or sixty days.

Under these circumstances the Tract Society feels that a crisis has arisen with respect to our publishing interests, and it was voted that the matter be referred to the Committee on Denominational Building with the view to ascertain the desired location of the building, and to consider the possible erection at the earliest practical moment of such portion of the building as would accommodate the commercial part of our work.

February 24, 1920.

You will see that it is impossible to give all the reprints which filled eighteen pages of that review. The Tract Board was certainly up against a serious problem, to settle which it felt the need of counsel from the denomination at large. You will see by the closing words of the last insert that

THE QUESTION OF LOCATION

was one that must be settled before anything could be done toward building. A communication from Battle Creek, Mich., had been before the board, setting forth the desirability of that place as a location for our plant, and making a generous offer of financial help if the Tract Board should decide to locate there.

The Tract Board thought this question belonged to the denomination and not to the board for settlement. So steps were taken to secure a referendum vote of the people at large as to their choice of place for the plant. Cards for voting were sent out, and a review reprint in the RECORDER was made in order that every one might understand the case.

The RECORDER helped what it could by publishing all opinions sent in from both sides, so every one could vote advisedly.

In connection with the insert given above the Tract Board said to the "Pastors and People":

We feel that the location of such a building should be decided by all the people of the denomination. By that we mean that we should not proceed with the erection of any building of

a permanent character until the people of the denomination have directed us as to the city or town in which it shall be located. With this thought in view we are asking for an expression from the individuals of all the churches, and we request you, as pastor, or other leader, to call a meeting to discuss this matter, using your utmost endeavor to make it as representative as possible, and that you use the enclosed blanks on which the people may, after full discussion, designate their choice of such location, and that you return such blanks, or the result of such vote, to us at the earliest possible date, surely not later than March 29.

* * * * *

That you may have a handy reference of all the data on this subject the RECORDER of March 1 will reprint much that has been said regarding a denominational building. Study this issue before voting.

It is the judgment of the Tract Board that any building that might be done at the present time should be solely that necessary for the work of the printing establishment, but have in mind the ultimate construction of the rest of the structure, the whole of which would constitute the Memorial Denominational Building of which we have so long been talking. The reason for this is because of the exceeding high prices of all building material at the present time, and because of the fact that funds are not sufficiently in hand to warrant going ahead with the entire building. The thought would be to so locate the working departments that the memorial building could be erected in front of and in connection with the building now to be erected, so as to eventually make a symmetrical plant.

It may be worth while here to notice how carefully the Tract Board has guarded the interests of the people at every step in the case. The members all feel that it is not merely a Tract Board matter, but a matter belonging to the denomination to whom the building, when done, will belong.

In keeping with this thought, a building counsel was called in November, 1919, in which a good number of delegates from various churches met with the Tract Board in Plainfield, N. J., to study the matter at close range. After visiting the old plant and considering the stress of circumstances, this counsel greatly helped to meet the crisis advisedly, and the spirit there manifested was most excellent. There was no dissenting voice in that meeting. The only question that caused hesitancy was as to how much we should undertake during the war. But every one felt that the shop part must be built.

In the referendum vote concerning choice of place, 3,374 ballots came in. Of these, 1,946 were for Plainfield; 1,477 were for

Battle Creek; 29 for Milton; 12 scattering votes, and 10 leaving the board to decide.

Meanwhile, before the Alfred Conference of 1920, the Babcock building changed owners, and the case for removal was not quite so acute. This gave a little more time to make plans, and after the Conference at Shiloh in 1921, things began to take shape.

On October 9, 1921, in the presence of a large company of people, ground for the shop part was broken, and the lot dedicated to the work of the denomination.

In the following spring, April 9, 1922, we took possession of the new shop. It is a shop of which any people might be proud, with its equipment of up-to-date, modern machinery.

The first gift for the building was \$500, by Brother Jesse Randolph, of Salem, W. Va. This was doubled a little later, and from all over the denomination gifts kept coming in until the Building Fund was given a place in the denominational budget.

The fact that some \$18,000 had come in as freewill offerings before the work was begun, shows something of the interest taken by the people at large. And the fact that our good friends all over the country understand that the work is not yet done—that the original plan of the General Conference has not been completed, is shown by the constant coming of gifts for the Building Fund, until we have in hand again several thousand dollars that can never be used for anything else.

In keeping with the original plans, and with the understanding that Seventh Day Baptists would not be satisfied to leave a good and desirable work half done, which would discount them in the eyes of the world, the SABBATH RECORDER is keeping the thing alive, with no idea of allowing the movement to go by default, until the fine lot, already paid for, contains the memorial building as a material expression of our faith in the cause for which our noble fathers lived and died.

Soon the Tract Board will be ready to present the plans with probable cost, as it is requested to do by the last General Conference, and we can not help feeling that several thousand loyal souls will respond liberally to complete the building.

In view of the loyal support of ten sessions of the General Conference, held all over the denomination, we can not fail to

see that it is really a denominational matter, and not a matter of any one society or board. Just a little enthusiasm in all the churches will finish up the job so quickly and so easily that everybody will be surprised.

THE W. C. T. U. EDUCATIONAL ACTIVITIES

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is planning for a much needed campaign of education in 1926, regarding prohibition and enforcement of law. The points made in the plea of Mrs. Boole, president of that influential society, are given here.

"Recognizing that citizenship is a patriotic duty devolving upon men and women alike," Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the National W. C. T. U., urges the members of her organization to: Know the law; know the officials charged with enforcing the law in the local communities; know the kinds of business now carried on in former saloons; know the courts, what violators are punished and how they are punished; and above all, to know the facts as to what prohibition has accomplished and is accomplishing.

"The head of the White Ribbon organization in this country, Mrs. Boole, believes that even though enforcement is lax in some parts of the country, conditions are better than in the saloon days. Mrs. Boole says, 'We recognize that prohibition is following the normal course, as history reveals that all great reforms have taken a generation or more to reach full enforcement.'

"Included in its work will be—enlisting the public through a campaign of education so that the facts regarding prohibition may be made known; enlisting the support of all in a citizenship campaign for the election to public office of men and women who observe the law themselves and are really interested in making prohibition a success."

"Count your mercies! Count your mercies!
Number all the gifts of love;
Keep a daily, faithful record
Of thy comforts from above:
Look at all the lovely green spots
In life's weary desert way:
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer our fainting hearts today.
Count your mercies! Count your mercies!
See them strewn along your way!"

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

The first half of this Conference year closes December 31.

Church treasurers, the address of the Onward Movement treasurer, Rev. Harold R. Crandall, is 3681 Broadway, New York City.

"SAVED THROUGH A GLOWING HEART"

A few years ago a message under this title was sent to the churches, introduced by the following touching story.

"Conversions dwindle in a low spiritual temperature. They multiply in a warm spiritual atmosphere. People are saved not through controversy but through the contagion of a glowing heart.

"It was at the close of an address before a ministers' meeting. One of the ministers came forward and asked me if I had time to listen to a story. 'Certainly,' I replied, 'tell me.' I can give only in brief what he told me. 'Many years ago,' he said, 'there came into our home a bundle of heaven in the form of a big, wholesome, healthy baby boy. There was no evidence that he was not in perfect health. But when he was about three years old a subtle disease fastened itself upon him. All that the family doctor could do availed nothing. Then he suggested a consultation with a specialist. We followed instructions faithfully. The specialist was baffled. He could do nothing more than our family physician. We brought our baby home and watched him grow thinner and paler every day. One day, when the physician was present, he reached for the baby's pulse and it was gone. He listened for the heart beat and it was not there. Then the baby's eyes fluttered; his eyes grew glassy; and the little chin dropped. 'The baby is dead,' said the doctor as kindly as he could.' Any parent can imagine the stab of that hour. 'But,' said the minister, 'I could not give him up. I called to my wife to bring the warm blankets. I

tore open my clothing; I lifted the limp form of my baby and put him over my heart; my wife wrapped us in the blankets. I held my baby there nine hours.' For a few seconds the minister's lips quivered and he said, 'My baby is now twenty-three years old, a senior in college, and is doing a wonderful work for Christ.' I stood aghast as I looked at him. His boy had been saved by a glowing heart."

This father had a passion that his child might live, and he gave to his child the help of his own "glowing heart" that he might live, with the result that the child lived to do "a wonderful work for Christ."

In our homes there may be children who are not starting right in life—*dead*, or *dying*, and we should have a passion for them that they may *live*, and bring to them the contact of the "glowing heart" that will help them to realize *life* and to do "a wonderful work for Christ."

And how we need in all of our churches the warmth of the "glowing heart"!

As we close the old year and enter into the new, let us be watchful for opportunities to save others through the "glowing heart."

FROM MY DIARY

ELMER AKERS

Men should observe the same hours for sleeping and for waking as do the birds. Our bodies require many hours of sleep in the colder seasons and in the frigid zones. Also, in the warmer season, and in the torrid zone we would do wisely in again taking the birds' way and napping in the hotter part of the day. But imperatively we should retire early in order to rise early to enjoy the supremely best part of the day.

As selfishness leaves me, fear goes, also. And when fear is gone, neither dogs nor any other brutes will bite or otherwise injure me. Ah, I wonder if any man, any creature, has the power to harm me—once I have forsaken all selfishness and lost all fear! Now I realize what Jesus meant when he said (John 10:18) "No man taketh my life from me, but I lay it down of myself." O great Spirit, omnipotent Father, how wonderful to know thee! Thou art my refuge, my strength. I can do all things whatsoever thou wilt, by thy grace. As thy Son, my Example, stilled the winds and stormy sea, give me to speak peace to storms

of confusion, doubt, perplexity, and strife as they trouble the sea of men's lives. And thine shall be the glory, O Father of my spirit. Amen:

Reading Mr. James Allen's book, *The Way of Peace*, I found this: "Divine Love is distinguished from human love in this one supremely important particular,—it is free from partiality." Ah! Now I understand why Jesus never experienced a courtship,—never married; his love did not,—could not attach itself to one particular object to the exclusion of all else; his love included all—the whole world. Yet his pure love must have been stronger for each and every human being than ours is. How he must have felt when he said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,—How oft would I have gathered together thy children as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

My thought goes on to this: Suppose the love of all men were impartial, divine, how would the race be perpetuated? Is it not out of such a condition, such an attainment, that the virgin birth arises? In such a case—a case of pure necessity, would not the limitless Father of all men grant the petition of one of his children?

"Our little talent!"—we hear so many folks weakly and self-pityingly talk about. Yes, we're glad to excuse ourselves for half-hearted work with this time-worn excuse. Shame on us! for belittling the power of God. St. Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." (Philippians 4:13.) No good thing will he withhold from them that fear him. Our little talent! It is not ours, it is God's. We have no power (John 15:5) of our own. But if we will prove our willingness to use what God has already given us, then more power will be forthcoming. The power we may use is unlimited except by our own will. If we have faith—we shall ask what we will and it shall be done. God gives to every man according to his ability, (Matthew 25:15) and what is his ability or capacity? It is his faith—the amount of his faith. Let us exercise our faith, and our faith, that is our capacity, will grow. Let us not apologize for our small ability but let us use our ability knowing that it is a trust from God (1 Peter 4:11) and let

us pray for more and more ability and we may be assured that God will not withhold this good thing for which we ask. (Psalm 84:11).

No man has ever sounded the depths of his talent, who recognized and used it as a trust from God. To have done so would be to exhaust the power of God himself, for it, the talent, is his power,—all power is God's—he is omnipotent. There are those who do not so regard their talents, however; they think they of themselves do things, and they—not realizing the Source of their power—fail to replenish it by appealing to the Source. Such persons—science is my authority for this statement—in a few years reach their limit. But let us do our utmost to let men see that we are sound workmen supplied by God, and need not to be ashamed and to apologize for our ability to serve. (2 Timothy 2:15.)

A DESIRE

Call me not: I would approach thee,
Jesus, not because you call;
Though my soul would e'er reproach me
Should I never come at all.

Call me not: with no demanding
On this happy Christmas morn,—
With no words of thy commanding,
Turn I where the Christ is born.

'Neath the Bethlehem stars, all kindly,
Wakest thou, sweet Babe, tonight?
Do not call me: let me find thee,—
Find thee, holy Light of light!

Moved by love's deep impulse o'er me
I will seek thy manger-bed,
Like the wise men long before me,
Never called—but always led.

—JOHN PHILO TROWBRIDGE

Happy Christmas to All,
Interlaken Parsonage,
December 25, 1925.

POPPIES

Note: The Poppy is now the national Memorial Day Flower.

He told me he liked Poppies best,
I did not understand.

For roses then and violets

Were blooming in the land.

He told me he liked Poppies best,

Then one day while I stood

Beside an old French roadway

Near the trees of Belleau Wood,

I saw a field of Poppies stir,

All radiant, wet with dew.

I thought of him—who died for France—

Oh, I like Poppies, too!

—American Legion Weekly.

MISSIONS

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

PROMOTING WORLDWIDE EVANGELISM THROUGH THE CHURCH

There are different ways of viewing the Church. It is spoken of as the body of Christ, to show forth its close relationship to him. It is called the bride of Christ, to proclaim his love for its members and the love of the members for him. It is said to be the ground and the pillar of truth and to be founded upon a rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. We may think of it as an organization, more or less perfect, which has wielded a tremendous influence in the world. We may think of it as an organization to help us, or one which we may serve. All these ideas cluster around the Church, and not inconsistent with them is the idea that it offers us an organization through which to work for worldwide evangelization.

If we are looking for a church whose members, taken individually or collectively, are perfect, we are doomed to disappointment. If we are seeking one which will prosper without struggle and sacrifice on the part of its members, we are looking for that which never existed. If we are looking for one all of whose beliefs accord with ours, we will not find it on earth. But we can find churches and a denomination in which we can unite with other disciples of Christ in the colossal task of evangelizing the world. To any true disciple this should be a very strong appeal, causing him to set aside minor considerations when necessary.

A few months past a fellow minister said something like this: "I have been greatly disturbed because of the difference between Seventh Day Baptist beliefs and mine, and much discouraged over some of their practices. For a long time I did not know what to do or where to turn; but finally I decided that Seventh Day Baptist beliefs and practices were nearer in accord with mine than those of any other denomination and that the denomination with its organized activities offered me a chance to work for the salvation of men, the thing I care most about

on earth. I therefore decided that as long as this is so I will work with the denomination."

Many other men have gone through the same struggle and came to the same conclusion. It has brought peace to the heart and great usefulness to the life. Looking upon the church and denomination as means by which we may work to save our fellow men, does not make it less the body and bride of Christ or less the pillar of truth triumphing over the gates of hell. It is by making it an instrument to evangelize men over all the earth that it becomes the body of Christ and by and bye his glorious bride. When we come to look upon the Church thus, we cease to be troubled so much over its imperfections; and when we come to engage through it with other Christian disciples in the work of rescuing men from the pitfalls of sin, many problems now troubling the Church and retarding the progress of the kingdom vanish. Christ instituted his Church for the purpose of evangelizing the world, and in faithfulness to him we must unite in it for the same glorious end.

WHAT I WISH I HAD LEARNED IN COLLEGE

LILLIAN PICKEN

(Miss Picken is a volunteer from Kansas, who sailed for India in 1914 under the American Board. She is engaged in educational and evangelistic work.)

Under a spreading Banyan tree near a jungle lay a rugged brown man, wasted to a mere shadow of his former self. His bed of rags lay on the damp earth; at his head a row of little brass gods, to whom he turned his great, pathetic eyes in vain entreaty many times a day. His motherless, ten-year-old son was his only nurse, who had cared for him faithfully but with a pitiful ignorance of the first principles of cleanliness, during all those weary weeks when he and his little daughter lay helpless with the terrible bubonic plague fever that was ravaging the countryside. Cast off by his relatives, who had fled in terror, this strong man had lain in agony, watching his daughter die by degrees, and had lived through the horrors of the fever to be stricken with the revolting abscesses that develop from the "bubols" in the glands of groin, neck, and arm pit. I stood looking down at his pleading eyes as he begged me

to do *something* for him or he must die—and I wished, oh, how I wished, that I had taken first aid or some course in elementary nursing before I left home. Fortunately there was an Indian nurse with me who had taken what I had not, and as I watched her deft fingers cleansing and bandaging those awful sores, I made up my mind that I would learn. And believe me, I did! Before the end of that plague epidemic I had learned many things I never learned in college! God let us save not only that man's life but many another besides.

If there is a first aid course available for you in college or out, better take it. You'll be met on the mission field with all sorts of uses for it from babies in convulsions to broken bones and drowning missionaries. Where doctors are nearly as scarce as hens' teeth a layman's knowledge may save many lives.

Comes a courteous Indian gentleman to my bungalow for a friendly call. But before he departs he must pour out the hunger of his heart. "I am a pearl merchant of India, Burmah, and Ceylon. For forty years I have been seeking goodly pearls. I have not failed to prosper. Many cities know my name and I have three estates in as many lands. But I am now realizing that with all my getting I have missed the finest pearl of all. I do not know God. And I must know him. So I have left my business and am trying to find him. I am studying many religions to see which is the best way to God. Teach me the Jesus Way." In the days that followed, as we read and studied together the Gita and the Gospel, and delved ever so earnestly into the philosophies of other religions, I longed for a wider, surer knowledge of these oriental religions with their treasures of the ages.

If you aim for the mission field, I care not in what land or in what capacity, take advantage of whatever good courses you can get in comparative religions. Broaden your knowledge and your sympathies; keep an open mind to see all that is beautiful and fine in the ancient creeds and customs that men have evolved in their age-long search for God. Then see how completely Jesus Christ fulfils and crowns all that is best in each of these religions.

Out under the stars of a silent tropical night, with hundreds of simple, heart-hun-

gry folk of the countryside pressing close about me, weary with their day's toil, but eager, wistful always to hear about God, I have often wished that I knew my Bible better—that I had memorized more of the matchless passages in it, and above all that I had mastered the art of story telling. For all orientals love stories, especially about God and his dealings with men. The story of the Prodigal Son grips the hearts of men in the farthest corners of the earth. And for the inquiring young Christian men and women I need a very different knowledge of my Bible, that I may give to the searching questions of their puzzled minds a "reason for the faith that is in me."

Get the best Bible courses you can get in college and out. Lay your foundations well. But take care that critical study shall not crowd out your secret, devotional study, your daily quiet time, your first-hand contact with God. For here is where we busy, fact-loving folk of the West, with all our efficiency and zeal for service, fall short as we come with the message of Jesus Christ to the Eastern world, where we meet men with such a passion for things spiritual, such an abandon of devotion to God as startles and condemns us. If we can but bring these face to face with Jesus, convincing them by the witness of our inner life of the truth of our message, they in turn will teach us deep secrets of devotion, and will immeasurably enrich the spiritual experience of the Christian Church.

Facing the economic problems of the poverty-stricken outcastes, the insanitary crowding of towns and cities, the maladjustments of personality in the joint family life of the Orient, makes me wish I had had real experience in social service. Not the sporadic, well-meaning gestures we sometimes make in this direction, but intelligent, informed, well directed social service to those in our communities at home who live under conditions such as we must meet in poor and congested districts the world over. Such experience, backed by Christlike love and purpose, is invaluable on the mission field.

And there is music! Personally I have had no musical training and can hardly carry a tune without a bucket to carry it in. But oh, how I wish I could! So many uses to which it could be put, so many needs for it crop up on all sides. The In-

dian people love music and it finds the quickest entrance to their hearts.

As I struggle over the accounting that is a part of the necessary work of almost every missionary, and as I pound out my correspondence on the defenceless typewriter by the laborious "hunt and pick" method, I wish I had learned long years ago the best ways of doing both. As the grind and strain of the work press at times more strongly upon me I am thankful with all my heart for the regular habits of sleep and exercise learned in college days which stand me in good stead through many an emergency.

To play tennis, to drive a Ford, to milk a cow, build a brick wall, plant corn, plan a house—in fact there is little you can learn in college that will not be useful to you sooner or later on the field. So let's learn all we can, then and later, but above all things else let us learn to keep our tempers, (especially we red-heads!) and to live and work with other frail, human beings in a Christlike spirit, with plenty of fun and good humor sprinkled in. This is the greatest, most constant need out here or at home. I wish I had learned it at college! But it seems to take me a lifetime to learn. This lesson can only be learned by "much prayer." Let us go to the great Teacher of life and sit often at his feet that we may learn from him the secret of love's winsomeness and patience, its joy and endurance.

And as we learn let's laugh along the way. If you haven't learned to laugh, even when the joke is on you, then don't come to the mission field!—*The Student Volunteer Movement Bulletin*.

A GOOD LETTER FROM LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.

Sabbath Recorder,
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

The year is fast coming to a close and Little Genesee has not been heard from for some time. We are closing a very successful year in many ways. The church seems to be doing more than ever before and there seems to be an atmosphere of willingness to do even more.

During the summer months under the direction of Miss Gladys Hulett we had a most successful Vacation Religious Day School. The attendance was almost double

the first year and the result of the effort was apparent in the closing program given by the pupils themselves. The program was largely of the work done and received high praise.

Since Conference we have been holding Sunday evening services with surprising interest. We purchased an Acme moving picture machine for use in these services. We have outlined a series of films which we have used and they have met with unanimous approval. Our audiences have averaged better than one hundred fifty people. On one evening we used the "Passion Play" with an audience of almost three hundred out to witness it. For four weeks we have featured a play, entitled "Joseph and His Brethren," using a thousand feet of film each night, and the interest has been keen.

Our plan of service has been about twenty minutes of praise with songs in which every one takes part—our orchestra helps this part of the service very much. Following the praise service we have a sermon with an evangelistic spirit, then the film, and then close with the hymn thrown on the screen. Special music features every service and we draw from far and near.

We have completed our building program, spending almost \$1,300 in improvements. The church has raised an enlarged budget and will close the year out of debt, and we hope with a substantial balance toward next year.

The pastor had the privilege of baptizing a class of ten people some weeks ago. We are seeing results of the interest of outsiders in our church affairs.

We are leaving this field of work in the spring to labor with the people of Riverside. I am convinced that the church here has one of the most hopeful outlooks of any eastern church. Pray for the workers here that we may be led to plan and prepare for a greater year in 1926 than ever before.

With best wishes to the RECORDER and to you personally, I am

Yours in service,

G. D. HARGIS.

December 10, 1925.

"Most young men are more concerned about how they start life's work than how they are likely to finish it."

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE

IV

DEAN J. NELSON NORWOOD, PH. D.

KING GUSTAV V OFFICIALLY OPENS THE
CONFERENCE

We formed in fours in the main aisle of the cathedral and marched out, across the square and into the courtyard of the royal palace. The on-looking crowds were larger than ever. As we neared the portals of the palace, movie cameras clicked rapidly. I happened to be on the off side of the four-fold procession so didn't disfigure the film much. I was decidedly eclipsed; just dressed in common clothes—a blue suit, a boiled shirt and brown felt hat. My white collar was turning black and my black shoes were turning white. But, then, there were plenty of delegates dressed no more gaily than I. If I ever attend another such gathering, I shall be tempted to carry along cap and gown and hood and whatever other church, school, or lodge regalia I can lay my hands on.

Once inside the portals we started up the long, wide, flat staircase, with soldiers all about us—big soldiers, medium soldiers, soldiers in khaki, soldiers in uncomfortable-looking polished steel or aluminum corsets, soldiers in big beaver hats two feet high, soldiers, soldiers, soldiers with drawn swords, all standing at attention. They were well disciplined. I winked at one or two but could get nothing from them but the faintest glimmer of a smile at the corners of eyes or mouth.

Through room after room we marched, big rooms and little rooms, brown, green, gray, blue, pink, gold rooms; rooms furnished with fine paintings, tapestry, and statuary. They all had hard waxed floors too, and one had to watch his step. Skating would have been quite possible. Through the windows we could see the green hills, the blue waters, and the traffic of a busy capital. Finally we reached the audience

room—a long, narrow apartment some one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. Its walls were colonaded and tapestried, its ceiling sculptured, its floor handsomely carpeted. Low, backless benches with dark blue coverings, liberally besprinkled with pictured Swedish royal crowns were provided for seats. Aisles ran down the middle and sides. The gallery on three sides was filled with the diplomatic corps, civil, naval, and military officers, many of them in brilliant attire. The American delegation again had a favorable section of the hall. The king, queen, crown prince, crown princess, and some royal youngsters came in from the right front and took their places in chairs facing us.

King Gustavus is a kingly looking man some six feet tall. He is sixty-seven years old, has a long, weather-beaten face, light eyes, thin iron-gray hair, a close cropped mustache and beard, regular features, large irregular teeth, and a pleasant smile. I got into trouble trying to describe the queen's dress at the Alfred church so I forbear here. The king was dressed in a quiet military uniform. A twelve-year-old girl was dressed about as you'd expect to see a girl of that age dressed in Alfred or Plainfield. I was sorry for the whole royal lot. It is no sinecure being the social secretary to a whole nation. I should think they would be bored to death being on exhibition perennially even in a palatial show. But then why worry about them. Maybe they like it.

When all was ready the Archbishop of Upsala, the most versatile leader at the conference, addressing the king and queen said, "Your Majesties, when the spirit of God visits humanity, it is the same flame that is kindled in human hearts, although land and water separate them. Such is the origin of this meeting of Christendom. The misery of the world, our fellowship around the Cross of Christ, the call of the Master to us to realize through Life and Work the visible unity for which he prayed, has, after many vicissitudes, hindrances, prayers, counsels and other preparations, brought Christian men and women together from almost every part of the globe. God grant that the flames kindled in our hearts may be purified and united here into a fire of love and justice that shall enlighten Christendom with new clearness of the eternal

and divine truth and that shall warm the souls and the Church with the ardent compassion of Christ. That must be our prayer now and henceforth.

"May it please Your Majesty to open the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work."

This little speech was given in good English. The king then in the same language opened the conference.

"Your Beatitude, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen. It is with the greatest satisfaction I bid you, representatives of the Church from the old world and the new, from orthodox and evangelic Christendom, welcome to the capital of Sweden."

He referred to the great Conference at Nicea sixteen hundred years before, to the great social and international problems pressing for solution, and which would come before the conference, and to the necessity of laying foundations for spiritual success deep in the hearts of men. He expressed his best wishes for good results from our meeting, his hopes that we would enjoy our stay in Sweden, and that Christendom would be unified in purpose by our activity.

"With these wishes and hopes I declare the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work opened."

Then His Beatitude, the Patriarch of Alexandria, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, the Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Kapler speaking for their respective groups appropriately responded. The session broke up and the royal family conversed informally for a few minutes with the officers and some of the delegates. In due time we marched out again through many, many rooms and into a big reception room. Here we stayed sweltering and visiting until the king and queen walked leisurely through, chatting with delegates as they passed. They passed within four or five feet of me, and never noticed me.

I felt slighted a bit. I was thinking what he and I had in common. His ancestors, physical or spiritual, the old vikings, discovered America back in A. D. 1000. I discovered America much more recently. I was comforted by the thought that I had the best of it, since it is better to be a living delegate than a dead viking, and Leif Ericsson is dead, very dead.

We were now directed into adjoining rooms where, to our surprise and delight,

there loomed up yards and yards, rods and rods (I almost said miles and miles) of tables loaded with every conceivable good thing to eat and numberless good and bad things to drink. For let me confide to RECORDER readers right here the undeniable fact that this was not a prohibition conference. But more anon. How I did eat, and drink—lemonade and mineral water! We had waited long and the viands were good, so good.

Our exit from the palace about one-thirty in the afternoon was quite informal, and we were free until four-thirty. On the way out I was hunting souvenirs. What could I get? Here was a stand where they were giving away cigars. I took one. I did! Now please, my shocked co-religionists, please, before getting critical and even angry—just remember that by bringing it away myself, I have forever insured that it will not get smoked. For I long since quit trying to generate consecrated tobacco smoke.

MILTON NEEDS YOUR HELP

Some days ago, President Alfred E. Whitford sent the editor of this page a copy of the appeal which Milton is making to its particular constituency in the Northwest. The letter sets forth in such a straight-from-the-shoulder fashion the service and the needs of the college that it deserves wide publicity throughout the denomination that it may reach the hearts and pockets of all our people. Others—many of them—outside the Northwesterners will wish to and should contribute to Milton College in its splendid work and its vital need.

The entire letter given below speaks eloquently for itself.

MILTON COLLEGE

TO THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCHES OF THE WEST:

Milton College is recognized by all people as the college of Seventh Day Baptists of the West. Throughout a history of over seventy-five years the institution has been supported and promoted by Seventh Day Baptists. Fully ninety per cent of the funds given to Milton College for buildings, endowment, and current expenses has come from our denomination. Nearly one half

of the \$270,000 which Milton College now has as endowment is held in trust for it by the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Board. At the present time the great majority of the faculty of Milton College and also of its trustees are active, energetic workers in Seventh Day Baptist churches. Over fifty-three per cent of its present student body have come from Seventh Day Baptist homes.

Every Christian college should and must be anchored to a Christian denomination. Otherwise such a college will soon lose its sense of responsibility in training its students in character and personality for leadership in the tasks that challenge the Christian Church. While Milton College provides no sectarian instruction, still it does desire to be of definite service to the denomination by providing a place and an environment that will be helpful to our young people in their religious life and faith and will deepen and broaden their intellectual and spiritual life. Our past and our present standards justify us in appealing to you to give the college your loyalty and hearty support.

For several years the trustees of Milton College have made an appeal to the churches of the West to give the college a special free-will offering at the Thanksgiving time. We have asked you to give us an average day's income. We want this to become a habit with you, so that each year at Thanksgiving time you will regularly set aside your annual offering to Milton College for its current expenses. We definitely ask you to do this for us this fall. You may give the money through your regular church officers, or you may send it directly to Milton College. In either case the gift will be credited to your church. If you are in the habit of giving a tithe of your income for benevolent purposes, is it too much to ask for one thirtieth of that tithe for Milton College?

An estimate of the expense and income of Milton College for the present year is as follows:

BUDGET FOR 1925-1926	
<i>Expenses</i>	
Salaries	\$28,025.00
Supplies and other expenses	9,230.00
Total	<u>\$37,255.00</u>

<i>Income</i>	
Interest from Endowment Funds	\$15,600.00
Student fees	17,500.00
Miscellaneous income	900.00
Donations from individuals	1,000.00
	<u>\$35,000.00</u>
Gifts desired from Thanksgiving offering from churches	2,255.00
Total	<u>\$37,255.00</u>

The present student body is fully up to the standard of previous years in number, in quality and achievement. Excellent work is being done in all the departments of the college. The large graduating class of thirty-one members who completed their courses last June is matched this year by a senior class of twenty-eight persons.

We are not asking that you give us your interest and support merely for the sake of Milton College. This is your work quite as much as it is ours. We merely ask you to share with many others the responsibility of carrying on our common enterprise.

In behalf of the trustees of Milton College,

Faithfully yours,
ALFRED E. WHITFORD,
President of Milton College.

Milton, Wis.,
November 18, 1925.

MESSAGES FROM THE W. C. T. U.

ELLA A. BOOLE, PRESIDENT

Woman's Christian Temperance Unions in twenty thousand communities of the United States will hold meetings for prayer on January 7, 1926, in keeping with the long standing practice of that excellent society. This is their call:

"We call upon all local unions to meet together for prayer on January 7, Thursday of the Week of Prayer, for the purpose of prayer for God's blessing upon the W. C. T. U., its leaders, and the organization; upon the plans for law observance and law enforcement; upon the authorities to whom is entrusted the responsibility for law enforcement; and upon the American people that they may realize their responsibility to obey the law themselves, and to support the Constitution. Read John 14: 14; John 18: 19."

Signed: ELLA A. BOOLE,
IDA B. WISE SMITH,
FRANCES P. PARKS,
MARGARET C. MUNNS,
ELIZABETH P. ANDERSON,
SARA H. HOGG.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"Friendship fragrant
As the breath of flowers
Adds grace and sweetness
To the darkest hours."

I have been reading of the death of a hermit who, because of some fancied wrong at the hand of a friend, withdrew from all his associates and lived his life to himself. From the ado that many papers make over such people, we might imagine that one who has forsworn family and friends is a real hero. I suppose it does show courage of a sort to hold to such a manner of life, but it is the courage of a thief; for is not one robbing other people as well as himself of the benefits, material and spiritual, that are the certain results of a life of contact with others?

The happiness of the holiday season is always increased when we take time to name over our friends. There always comes to me a glow of happiness and this brings courage to "carry on" when I think over the people whom I am privileged to call my friends. How do I know they are my friends? Because their lives have touched mine in so many helpful ways. I am not going to name these people over, it would take too long. But there is one familiar friend who stands out from the rest as "the best ever." I never can estimate the loss there would have been in my life if I could not say when I think of her,

"We twa hae run about the braes'
And pu'd the gowans fine."

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WOMAN'S WORK

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

"Friendship fragrant
As the breath of flowers
Adds grace and sweetness
To the darkest hours."

I have been reading of the death of a hermit who, because of some fancied wrong at the hand of a friend, withdrew from all his associates and lived his life to himself. From the ado that many papers make over such people, we might imagine that one who has forsworn family and friends is a real hero. I suppose it does show courage of a sort to hold to such a manner of life, but it is the courage of a thief; for is not one robbing other people as well as himself of the benefits, material and spiritual, that are the certain results of a life of contact with others?

The happiness of the holiday season is always increased when we take time to name over our friends. There always comes to me a glow of happiness and this brings courage to "carry on" when I think over the people whom I am privileged to call my friends. How do I know they are my friends? Because their lives have touched mine in so many helpful ways. I am not going to name these people over, it would take too long. But there is one familiar friend who stands out from the rest as "the best ever." I never can estimate the loss there would have been in my life if I could not say when I think of her,

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along the sides of the mountains beneath the perpetual snow. And while I was looking I saw a deer close beside the track—a doe. She did not move as the train swept by—and then I saw back among the trees, a buck with his branching horns, then another doe. I could hardly get dressed for fear I should miss something. We got to Jasper at 7 o'clock. Jasper is three and a half miles from the entrance to Jasper National Park.

DIARY OF ELDER NATHAN WARDNER FOR NOVEMBER, 1850

November 1st.—Sabbath. The pleasures and sanctity of this day have been mainly lost to me by reason of an unpleasant circumstance which occurred.

2nd.—Watched again with Mr. Parker and find him gradually failing.

5th.—Attended Mr. Parker's funeral at 4 p. m.

9th.—Attended a special church meeting to consider Wong's case, having had new cause of grief.

10th.—Went to look at a building lot outside the South Gate. My teacher says that when the Chinese purchase land, the seller is considered to have the liberty to redeem it at any time, unless buildings are erected on it, which must not be done without his consent, and in which case he is always expected to receive an additional price for the land. Also if a man is owing, he can not sell landed property for less than his debts, whether it be equal in value or not.

13th.—Last evening a deed for a chapel lot inside the great East Gate was drawn up and signed and today it was sent to the American consul for his and the foutai's signatures and seals.

14th.—We all dined on board the Onida, Captain Creesy who has his wife with him.

18th.—Brother C.'s teacher says the Chinese think there were formerly three Shang-ties, who co-jointly governed all things, but becoming weary, they committed all into the hands of Nqo-Wong Shangtie whose mother, it is said, was operated on by the Holy Spirit at the time of his conception same as Mary was, and saw a wonderful vision of light, etc., etc.

26th.—Saw an infant corpse which had been thrown out upon the wall.

CONCERNING LOYALTY TO THE SABBATH

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

It seems to me that your editorials in the RECORDER of November 30, concerning the Sabbath, its observance, and the teaching of others concerning its importance, are timely. One does not need to be possessed of special keenness of mind or clearness of vision to recognize the fact that Sabbath conscience is becoming very weak in the world. This is clearly revealed in the great crowds that gather to witness the Sunday sports and frequent places of public amusement on that day.

These crowds are not wholly made up of people of the world who make no religious profession. Multitudes of men and women who stand as pillars of the church—church officials, teachers, professors, and often pastors, who in the desk that morning have pleaded with their congregations to walk in obedience to all the teachings of God, are there. Such an evident lack of Sabbath conscience on the part of these recognized men of high authority as teachers of Christianity, is not without its effect upon even those who have been reared in the thought of the sacredness of the Sabbath of Jehovah, the seventh day of the week as a time to be used alone in the service of the Master—not for personal comfort and pleasure, only as that comfort and pleasure is found in magnifying the name of our God. The prophet Isaiah gives to us a wholesome thought in, "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shall honour him, not doing thine own ways, not finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord."

This is a truth that should abide in the hearts and minds of all. Mrs. Martha Wardner had an inspired vision when, meditating upon this teaching, she gave utterance to these words: "We need a clearer vision of the importance of the Sabbath and the place it holds in the divine plan for the ages. We need a strong conviction that this is not the mere question of a day, but the question of obedience or disobedience, a question on which the very foundation of Christianity rests. We need a deeper conviction of the fact that it is sin to break the Sabbath commandment just as truly as

it is to break the commandment against stealing." These words come to us pointed with divine truth; and if they could only be burned into the hearts of all, preachers and laymen alike, it is certain a great change would be wrought in our churches. A new zest would be given to our religious life; a new power for the conversion of the world to the Bible and to Jesus Christ would be felt in all our work. I would it were possible for our people, as individuals and as a body, to place upon the altar of the Lord and his Sabbath the sacrifice of a full surrender of self as a New Year's offering. We declare to the world that God is our high Tower, our Rock, and Refuge. Are we true to this declaration? If we are, then in him will be found sufficiency to enable all to make this sacrificial offering.

Were this done, there would be heard a new note in "Glory to God in the Highest." A new era would be ushered in for our work as Seventh Day Baptists. A new song of joy to the world would be lifted from the sons of earth as they come to feel the power of this changed attitude toward God and the religion of Jesus Christ.

God is marching on; will we march under his leadership?

Yours truly,

REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER.

Walworth, Wis.,

December 9, 1925.

THE BIBLE

ELLEN W. SOCWELL RAMSEY

"Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook by the traveler's way;

"Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, whereon we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

"Pillar of fire through ages dark,
Of radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

"Pole-star of life's tempestuous deep;
Beacon, when doubts surround;
Compass by which our course we keep;
Our deep-sea lead, to sound;

"Riches in poverty; our aid
In every needful hour;
Unshaken rock; the pilgrim's shade;
The soldier's fortress-tower;

"Our shield and buckler in the fight;
Victory's triumphant palm;
Comfort of grief; in weakness might;
In sickness Gilead's balm;

"Childhood's preceptor; manhood's trust;
Old age's firm ally,
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality;

"Pure oracles of truth divine;
Unlike each fabled dream
Given forth from Delphi's mystic shrine,
Or groves of Academe;

"Word of the ever living God;
Will of his glorious Son;
Without thee, how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?"

A clipping, yellow with age, lies between the leaves of my mother's Bible—which is also yellow with age, the edges worn with much use, and the paper turning soft and velvety as old books do.

The verses above are on one side of the clipping; on the reverse side are advertisements of various business firms of Bridgeton, N. J., under date of June 4, 1851. The clipping was cut from the *West Jersey Pioneer* of that date.

My mother was, at that time, a young married woman of only twenty-four. For nearly sixty years after this she lived with the Bible as her daily guide. Now her busy hands have long been quietly folded in her last rest. The Fithians and Kirkpatrick's of those advertisements also have long ago passed away. The *Pioneer* has gone into oblivion. But the Bible lives on, as it has for ages, and will for ages to come. My father's handwriting on the fly leaf of this, my mother's best friend, is almost as bright as when he wrote it, in 1856. But he, too, is resting from his labors. As I read his writing and look at the Book they both so dearly loved, I am minded to send these verses to be printed, proving, perhaps, to some of those who today scoff at the inspiration of the very beautiful portions of the Bible, that they are in the wrong. May these verses, written by I know not whom, be the means of doing a world of good.

Let star-wheels and angel-wings with their holy
winnings
Keep beside you all the way;
Lest in passion you should dash with a blind and
heavy crash
Up against the thick-bossed shield of God's
judgment in the field.

—Mrs. Browning.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

HOW IS PROHIBITION SUCCEEDING?

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 9, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—The hinderers (Isa. 28: 1-3)
Monday—Why we need law (1 Tim. 1: 9-11)
Tuesday—The fury of demons (Mark 1: 23-28)
Wednesday—Supporters of law (Rom. 13: 1-4)
Thursday—The iron hand (Deut. 17: 8-13)
Friday—Assurance of victory (Rom. 8: 31)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How is prohibition succeeding? (Prov. 23: 29-32)

An indication of the success of prohibition is the progress of the building and loan associations, which in the United States under prohibition have increased their assets more than \$822,000,000, and have had 1,513,000 new members.

The total cost of prohibition enforcement for last year was \$19,319,817, which includes the cost of the Coast Guard operations against rum-running. This is an insignificant sum when compared with the \$2,000,000,000 which was the cost of the liquor traffic before prohibition.

Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce declares that prohibition has proved to be an enormously helpful economical factor. Wages in the United States are now double the wages of 1913, while living is only seventy per cent higher. The number of wage earners has increased twenty-five per cent, but the horse power they use has increased fifty per cent.

The charge is often made that prohibition has led to an increase in the use of drugs, but the police in Boston, Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco say that not one in a thousand drug addicts are using narcotics as a substitute for alcohol. The same statement is made by hospital heads, by the Public Health Service of the nation, by the surgeon-general of the United States, the chief of the Narcotic Division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and by every other man whose opinion is worth anything.

The United States government has now made definite arrangements with the Cana-

dian government for the suppression of the smuggling of liquor into this country. A large number of officials have been designated and authorized to engage in this preventive work. These include on the Canadian side the deputy minister of customs, the chief of the Preventive service, the customs collectors, and American consuls, and on our side the customs collectors and district attorneys.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Andrews, now in charge of prohibition enforcement, has made a most important gain for prohibition by obtaining for the prohibition administration the charge of all industrial alcohol, its control being taken out of the hands of the internal revenue collectors. Double authority in this matter has led to endless friction between the two departments, and it is thought that every year at least 6,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol have found their way into the contraband liquor traffic.

The New York State Board of Charities, reporting a great reduction in the number of dependent children, attributes this reduction partly to improved industrial conditions brought about by prohibition, and partly to the effects of prohibition in the homes of the poorer people. In this connection it is to be noted that the population of New York State reformatory has decreased constantly from 1917 to 1925, and that during the period from 1914 to 1923 the population of the sixty-three state almshouses declined by one-third.—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

A few years ago, before we secured national prohibition, I was waiting for a train in Chicago, one day. While sitting in the depot, my attention was called to a commotion in the street outside. Looking out through the window, I saw a scene which I have never been able to forget. A young man, apparently intoxicated, was sitting on a box in front of a saloon, scarcely able to hold up his head. A crowd of men had gathered around him and were laughing and jeering at him, while the saloon keeper stood near, shaking his fists at him, and cursing him in a loud voice. Soon the police patrol arrived and he was shoved into

it and taken away. I felt that the man who sold him the drink, who perhaps started him on the downward road, should have been placed in that police patrol instead. My heart went out in sympathy to that handsome young man, and I wished that I could have the opportunity to show him the better life. I am glad to say that such scenes are not common now since we have prohibition, and it is saving millions of boys. This is only one of the many ways in which prohibition is succeeding.

What is our duty? Now that our country is dry, must we sit idly, and do nothing? No. We must continue fighting, for the devil is continually working, trying to get the Eighteenth Amendment repealed. The best way by which we can fight is by educating the younger generation to know the evil effects of strong drink and the misery and wretchedness it causes. Then they will not desire it, and the fight will be easier.

Battle Creek, Mich.

INTERMEDIATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Topic for Sabbath Day, January 9, 1926

WHAT ARE SOME GREAT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH? PS. 95: 1-3; 100: 1-5

THE MUCH ABUSED HYMN

Many thanks to whatever committee it is that gets up these topics, for having put in this topic about hymns. For the hymn is with the majority of us the least appreciated and most abused part of a religious service. It is too often regarded as just a space-filler between other more important items. Let us make the most of this opportunity to rescue the hymn from this secondary position to one of primary importance in our worship.

A MUSIC MEETING

Let the leader plan this meeting very carefully, in co-operation with the Music Committee. As each hymn is sung, let its meaning be fully brought out by studying the words and then singing soft or loud, fast or slow, as the sense requires. Tell the story of the hymn and its writer where possible. One of our commonest mistakes is to sing all hymns too slowly, but there is also an opposite extreme to be avoided, which is to dash and roar and yelp through a hymn like hounds in full cry after a rab-

bit. A good, yet simple rule, is to mean what you sing, and then sing it as though you meant it.

THEIR SILENT INFLUENCE

How often during the week do you find yourself thinking of the words of some hymn, or humming its tune to yourself, or even whistling or singing it at your work or play? If you ever have this experience, and the hymn is a good one, you are fortunate, for that hymn is having some influence on your life. I know a garageman who whistles or hums some gospel hymn while at his work, and I am sure that it helps to keep him even-tempered while he is at some difficult task, to have that hymn singing itself in the back of his head.

WHAT ARE THE GREATEST HYMNS?

Each one will have to answer this question for himself. There are some old-fashioned hymns that have been treasured by the Church for centuries. Think of how many people have been helped by such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Lead Kindly Light," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Then there are a great many newer hymns and gospel songs. Some will become famous and last, while a larger number will soon be forgotten. But if someone is helped by one of them, it has fulfilled its mission. So that is the test after all, of a hymn: Has it helped me? If so, then for me it is a valuable hymn. It will be remembered in years to come as having helped me at some particular time of need.

Rockville, R. I.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR JANUARY 9, 1925

Remember to have the goal song sung during the meeting and as far as possible have all the testimonies given in the forms of mottoes.

One topic each month this year is devoted to the study of one of the great characters of the Bible—torch-bearers as they are called. I find that my own juniors get far more real help out of a topic when I emphasize just one point than when I talk about several. Perhaps others have noticed the same results. Let's try as far as possible this year to emphasize just one good quality in each of these great characters,

and by the end of the year we will have instilled at least twelve great truths and lessons into the minds of our juniors.

Because the topics all call the Bible characters torch-bearers, we might make each month a large white torch with the name of the character we studied and the one outstanding lesson we used printed on it. Let these hang in the Junior room as a reminder during the year, adding a new one each month. The flame part of the torch might be colored red and yellow to make it more attractive. On the one for this month print "Abraham" near the top and "Unselfishness" near the bottom.

Besides using the topic on the Children's Page, the story of "The King of the Golden River" might be told briefly to emphasize the truth of unselfishness.

Battle Creek, Mich.

RACE RELATIONS

[This series of studies on Race Relations was presented at the meetings of the Battle Creek Christian Endeavor society, by Miss Marjorie Willis, recording secretary of the Young People's Board. Her discussions of the many phases of this vital problem, and the suggestions offered for its ultimate solution were so good that we wish to share them with all our young people, and she has kindly consented to prepare them for publication in this department.—R. C. B.]

(This discussion of race relations is not intended to be exhaustive. It is hoped that it will suggest deeper investigations of serious problems that exist.—M. W.)

Everyone is well aware that there exists today among the various races of mankind, strong racial antagonism. Some have considered that this racial prejudice is inherent, and therefore just. As a result an impenetrable wall arises between ourselves and people of other races. Recently, however, there has sprung up a realization of the truth that we are all of one family of God. A growing sense of the essential unity of the human race is struggling for existence and we, if for no other reason than that we are Christians, ought to be the first to comprehend this truth of our oneness in God in spite of color or race. It is not easy to overcome personal prejudice against other races, but it seems to me that there are certain principles which, if we understood

them, would help to attain this conception of unity.

We seriously question the truth of the assumption that racial hatred is instinctive. It rises, rather, from other causes, and has been so fostered through succeeding generations that it may operate as a powerful instinct. It is a striking fact that young children, in whom every action is primarily instinctive, show no signs of race or color prejudice. On our street live two little girls, one white and the other black. When the latter moved into the neighborhood the two played together for several days, or until the mother of the first one discovered their friendship. She immediately called her daughter into the house. The next day the same little girl walked past her erstwhile playmate with her head high in the air, not deigning to speak to her. Numerous other illustrations could be cited to show that the feeling of antagonism is not inborn, but is a case of acquired meaning.

"He made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."—Acts 17:26.

Have we ever seriously considered that we are all of one family of God? It is worth while to read right through the thirty-two verses of names and people in the tenth chapter of Genesis in order to see that all races of the earth are really kinsmen. This feeling, with many, must needs be cultivated. We need to say to ourselves that indissolubly knit together are myself, other folks, and God. It is a growing realization of this truth that is causing a gradual disuse of the word "foreign" in connection with missions. The intelligent assimilation of the truth as to the essential unity of the human race on the part of any individual, is a real attainment. When can it be said of us, "He is not ashamed to call them brethren"?

Ashaway, R. I.

The educated man is the man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word in all the affairs of his life.—*The Assistant Pastor.*

"Loose statements often get men into tight places."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

ABRAHAM

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 9, 1928

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Abraham's faith (Rom. 4: 20, 21)
Monday—Abraham's obedience (Gen. 22: 1-3, 12)
Tuesday—Abraham's courage (Gen. 14: 12-16)
Wednesday—Abraham's works (Jas. 2: 21-23)
Thursday—Abraham's vision (Gen. 15: 1)
Friday—Abraham's hope (Heb. 11: 8-10)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Abraham, the first torch-bearer (Gen. 12: 1, 2)

One day God spoke to Abraham and told him to leave the place where he was living and go into a strange country that was far off. Abraham loved God and knew that whatever God commanded was best, so he took his family, his cattle, and his tents and started on a long journey. Like the picture of "The Angelus" which we studied last week, he stopped many, many times and talked with God. He didn't have a church to go to when he worshiped God, but he built an altar when he stopped, and worshiped God in that way. He tried to obey God in everything.

On the journey the men who took care of Lot's cattle got to quarreling with the men who cared for Abraham's cattle. So Abraham decided that it was better that the two companies be separated. Abraham called Lot to him and showed him the country which lay before them. On one side lay a beautiful country which had plenty of water for their cattle and for their crops; the ground was just the kind on which to raise good crops. The scenery must have been beautiful as they stood looking at it with the sun shining upon it. The land and country on the other side was not as beautiful; there was no Jordan River running through fertile valleys; it probably would be much harder to work to get water for the cattle and to raise good crops for food.

When asked to choose Lot thought only of himself and his interests and immediately replied that he would take the country to the east, through which the Jordan River

flowed. Lot was very selfish and knew that he was choosing the best for himself. But Abraham willingly told him to take that country and he would go the other way.

God was pleased with Abraham; he was pleased to see him so unselfish, so ready to give Lot the best, so anxious that Lot should decide first. After Lot left, God showed how pleased he was with Abraham for he said, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art . . . for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever."

After Abraham had moved his tents into Hebron he showed how unselfish he was again. He didn't think only of himself, but he took time to think about God who had given him all this country to live in. He stopped from his work and built an altar where he could worship God and thank him for all he had given him.

We, too, can be like Abraham. We can be unselfish in all that we do and say, thinking always of God and others first.

Ashaway, R. I.

OUR GIFTS

What shall I give to thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood,
Their ashes strewed thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust,
To speed thy coming day.

Thou knowest of sweet and precious things,
My store is scant and small;
Yet, wert thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give thee all!

There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see.
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto me." —*Selected.*

THE CHRISTMAS PASSWORD

Dressed in a green velvet suit with a red plume in his hat, the king's herald rode throughout the kingdom and proclaimed to all the people that they were to gather at the castle gate on the eve of Christmas.

"You all know," said the herald, "that a huge Christmas tree grows in the palace grounds. On Christmas eve the tree will sparkle with hundreds of colored lights. There will be oranges and candy for all who are there. Christmas songs will be

sung, and the king will offer a beautiful Christmas prayer for all his people."

When the people heard this, they shouted, "Long live the king! Hurray! We will all be at the Christmas tree on Christmas eve."

But the herald replied, "Wait; there are certain rules which you must observe. All who enter the palace grounds that night must wear upon their faces the Christmas smile, and give to the guard at the gates the Christmas password."

While the herald was going throughout the land, the king said to Prince Gerald, "You are a prince, and as some day you will be king, you must be an example to all your people. On Christmas eve you are to ride at the head of the great crowd of people who will be at the gates. You will be the first to enter; so upon your lips must be the Christmas smile, and in your heart the Christmas password."

At last the longed-for evening came.

At the head of his father's people, on a white pony, sat Prince Gerald. Slowly, slowly, the great castle-wall gates opened, as the Christmas chimes pealed forth. Two knights, mounted upon horses, waited at the entrance to hear the password and judge the smile upon the faces of the king's subjects. First, Prince Gerald smiled at the knights.

"Ah," said one, "you are smiling, but it is not the Christmas smile. Tell me the password. What is it that you feel at Christmas time?"

Into the knight's ear the prince whispered the one word, "Happiness."

"Wrong!" exclaimed the knight. "Turn back."

Poor Prince Gerald was very much ashamed to have failed when he was supposed to be an example for his people. So, with a bowed head he rode through the throng and disappeared. Far down the road the boy galloped.

Finally he came to a wood. Just as he was about to enter it, he thought he heard some one crying. He listened, and then, just as he was about to pass on, he noticed a little form in the snow near a tree. He got down from his pony and saw that it was a boy sitting in the snow.

"What is the trouble?" asked the prince.

"Oh," cried the boy, "I want to go to see the Christmas tree at the palace. I

couldn't walk as fast as the others, and I got lost from the boys and girls I was with."

"Never mind," said the prince, "I'll take you to the palace."

He helped the boy up on the pony, and they rode back toward the palace. Prince Gerald forgot that he did not know the password; he was only thinking how happy the boy would be to see the glorious Christmas tree.

Finally they came to the gates and found the boys and girls from whom the boy had become separated.

"Oh," said the prince to the guard, "I don't know the password, but please, please take this boy in to see the tree."

"Wait," said the guard. "You are smiling, and it is the smile of Christmas. Tell me, what is the password?"

"I do not know," repeated the prince, "but at Christmas time we feel so kindly toward everyone, I should think it would be *Love*."

"Forward," shouted the guard.

So, through the gates the prince rode, and with him were the boys and girls and the curly-headed lad.

What a wonderful sight was that Christmas tree covered with colored lights, and what a happy throng of people were gathered about it. But the boys and girls stopped for a moment and bowed their heads, and the prince took off his plumed hat, for the king was just finishing his prayer:

"Because it is unselfish kindness and devotion to others that make our faces lovely at Christmas time; because it is the thought of the Babe in the manger who died for us; Father, help us always to have upon our faces the Christmas smile, and in our hearts the password, *Love!*"—*Dew Drops*.

WHICH?

I often wonder when I look
Into the starry sky,
Which ones shone down on Bethlehem
That night so long gone by.

Some of them must have gleamed and glowed
Above the little town,
When angels left the heavenly heights
And to the earth came down.

And when I see a brighter one
Than all the others are,
I always think it might have been
That wondrous Christmas Star!

—*Exchange*.

THE CANDLES THAT WOULD NOT BURN

"I will have the most beautiful tree that was ever seen," said Prince Mechant. "It shall reach to the ceiling, and its candles shall light every dark corner of this great hall, and it shall be all mine."

Everyone hoped that the prince would have his wish, and there was a reason why. If Prince Mechant did not have just what pleased him, he was apt to be very cross.

The next day the prince called for his ponies and sleigh, and for woodcutters to go out to cut the tree he chose. He was going out into the dark pine forest to find the tree he wanted.

So he put on his fur coat and fur gloves and fur cap and climbed into his little red sleigh with a fur robe about him. Then the little white ponies stamped their feet and jingled the silver bells on their pretty red harness, and in a moment they were off.

The snow was deep, and the wind was cold, but the prince was warm. It was not so with the woodcutters. They were thinly clad and their hands were bare.

"Stop, prince," they begged at last, "and let us build a fire here and warm ourselves."

But the prince only looked surprised. "Not yet, I must find my tree first," he said. "Then you can get warm chopping it down. This tree is going to make me very happy this Christmas."

So they went deeper and deeper into the forest, the sleighbells jingling merrily. Although the prince looked this way and that, he could find no tree that suited him.

Soon, ahead of him he saw two boys walking. Their faces were blue with cold, and their coats were thin. They were a charcoal burner's sons. As the sleigh approached, one of them put out his hand.

"Please give us a ride. We are far from home, and it is cold," he begged.

"Oh, no, I can't stop. I am on a quest. I am looking for the most beautiful tree in the forest to be my Christmas tree so that I will be very happy this Christmas time," called out the prince, and on he went, jingle, jangle, leaving the poor boys to make their own way home.

At last on the farther edge of the forest Prince Mechant suddenly drew his little white ponies to a stop. Before him towered a great pine tree whose tip seemed to strike the clouds.

"Here is my tree," he shouted and waited impatiently for the woodcutters to come up to him, for they were far behind.

It was a mighty tree. How they chopped and chopped, and when at last it fell, it was as though a giant had toppled over in the forest. Then, back through the forest the little white ponies galloped, sending the bunnies scurrying to their burrows and making the little foxes peep out of their holes to see what the gay noise was about.

The prince was almost back to the castle when, ahead of him in the path, he saw an old man. "Out of my way!" called the prince. "I am returning from a quest. I have found the most beautiful tree in the forest to make me happy this Christmas."

The old man drew aside, but he placed his hand on the red leather bridle of one of the ponies and brought it to a stop. "Fine, fine, my little prince," said he, "but I fear this tree will not make you happy. The tree that will bring you happiness grows not in the forest but in your heart."

"What did he mean?" thought the prince, as he drove on.

The great tree was dragged to the castle yard on sledges, and it took fifty men to set it up in the castle hall. Then they hung it with bright things and put candles on its branches.

When Christmas eve came, the hall was a gay sight, though the tree was not yet lighted. The prince stood by it with his attendants about him. "Now let the tree be lighted," he commanded.

So they took torches and began to light the candles. But alas! Most of them just sputtered and went out, and the few that stayed lit only gave a flickering light.

"What is the matter?" shouted the prince, but no one knew. "Oh, oh," he cried at last, "this tree isn't making me happy at all. What shall I do?"

Just then a servant came in to say that there was a beggar child outside who wished to come in and warm himself.

"Let him come," replied the prince crossly; "perhaps he would like to look at the old tree."

The little child came in timidly and stood and gazed at the great tree. "Oh, what a lovely tree," he breathed.

Then, to the prince's amazement, he saw some of the candle flames flicker higher and brighter. "Strange," he said.

"My brother is outside; may he see it, too?" asked the child.

The prince shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care," he said.

So the other child came in, and as he looked, the other candle flames flickered brighter and higher.

The beggar children were thin and cold, and they made the prince think of the charcoal burner's children. "I'll go for them," he thought suddenly, "and for all the others I can find." Even as he thought it, the tree began to glow brightly.

So, while the prince was gone, the candles on the tree were lighted again, and now they burned brightly. When the boy returned, the hall was aglow with light and loud with merriment. Soon the shouts of the happy visitors added to the joy.

"Oh, my beautiful, beautiful tree," whispered the prince, "I am so happy." Then he felt a sudden touch on his arm. It was the old man.

"You know why, don't you?" he said. "The tree that is making you happy is the Tree of Kindness that has begun to grow in your heart."—*Dew Drops*.

TAKING TURNS

Polly and Joe awakened early Christmas morning and slipped downstairs to open their stockings. What they enjoyed most was the fun of showing their presents to each other. But it was hard for them to decide which one should open his stocking first.

"You may be first, because you are a girl," said Joe, trying hard to be polite to his sister.

There, in the very tiptop of Polly's stocking, was the very blue-eyed baby doll that she had wanted more than anything else for her Christmas. Joe admired it with her, though she couldn't help seeing how his eyes strayed to the topmost package in his stocking. Then Polly had a happy thought. Just because she was a girl was no reason that she shouldn't play fair with her brother.

"Let's take it turn and turn about," she said, "because then it won't be so long for either one to wait."

Joe's eyes shone with his appreciation, and into the stocking his eager hands went to draw out the baseball he had been wanting.

Polly remembered how nice he had been to admire her doll. So she looked at his

ball and helped him to bounce it before she took her next turn. They found it the very happiest way to open a Christmas stocking.

You will find it so, too, if you have brothers and sisters. All of you gather around the tree and then take turn and turn about taking out your presents. It is lots more fun to share the other's joy in their gifts and then have them share yours with you.—*Frances M. Morton*.

The bachelor listened to the baby in the flat above crying until he decided he could stand it no longer. He stepped into the hall, rang the bell and called up the tube, "Say, if you can't stop that kid's yelling I'll come up there and do it myself!"

"Oh, you angel!" called back a sweet feminine voice. "Do come! We've tried everything ourselves and were just getting desperate."—*The Baptist*.

HOME NEWS

LOST CREEK, W. VA.—Christian Endeavor is doing some splendid work. Recently the society completed the study of a book on missions, *Adventures in Brotherhood*, by Dorothy Giles. The society has entered a SABBATH RECORDER Reading Contest with other societies of the denomination. Every page read by a member counts five miles on a tour of our various societies across the continent. A board report read counts an extra twenty-five miles. Entire RECORDER read counts another extra twenty-five. A new subscription to the SABBATH RECORDER secured counts for two hundred fifty miles; renewals twenty-five miles each. Reading of the RECORDER by others not members, if reported, counts for the society, but not for an individual's contest. Great interest is being shown.

A fine interest is being manifested in the prayer meetings, practically one hundred per cent participation by prayer and testimony being achieved in the meetings from Sabbath to Sabbath.

The monthly business and fellowship meetings are well attended and are "Standard" C. E. socials.

Topic cards with names of leaders from October till March have been published with the printed pledge. On the front cover is a list of the officers and committee chairmen. This cover also carries a halftone of the church.—*Lost Creek Booster*.

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

"AN ILL EAST WIND"

[This old sermon by Dr. Talmage, was sent by an aged lone Sabbath keeper, who has treasured it for many years, read it over and over, and now as she reads it again, she is moved to request its publication here, hoping other lonely ones may find it as helpful as it has been to her. The paper is colored with age showing something of the years she has kept it among her treasures.—T. L. G.]

Text: "And the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day and all that night."—Exodus 10:13.

The reference here is not to a cyclone, but to the long continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthy quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind is relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the east wind. Moses describes the thin ears blasted by the east wind. The Psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were borne in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was shattered by the east wind, and in all the six thousand summers, autumns, winters, springs of the world's existence the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a climate of perpetual nor'wester, how genial and kind and placid and industrious Christians we would all be. But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind.

Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the most of the world's villainies, frauds, outrages, suicides and murders have been hatched out. I think if you should keep a meteorologic history of the days of the year and put right beside it the criminal record of the country, you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the Church's piety than you have yet suspected. Rev.

Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied, "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Francia, dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people, but when the weather changed repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

Before I overtake the main thought of my subject I want to tell Christian people they ought to be observant of climatical changes. Be on your guard when the wind blows from the east. There are certain styles of temptation that you can not endure under certain styles of weather. When the wind blows from the east, if you are of a nervous temperament, go not among exasperating people, try not to settle bad debts, do not try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a bigot on religion, do not go among those people who delight in saying irritating things, do not try to collect funds for a charitable institution, do not try to answer an insulting letter. If these things must be done, do them when the wind is from the north, or the south, or the west, but not when the wind is from the east.

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be. I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man, under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying, "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exhilarant," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say: "Get thee behind me, satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house; get out of my heart thou demon of darkness horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel

I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope; and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philipp Melancton were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a great triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration!

The dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide his face, and I intrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at his feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

What was the matter with the dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul.

Appealing to God for help, brace yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the Psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish, shipwreck you.

But notice in my text that the Lord controls the east wind: "The Lord brought the east wind." He brings it for especial purpose; it must sometimes blow from that quarter. The east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did escape it? Especially who that accomplished anything for Church or State ever escaped it? I was in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said, "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said, "John, you were drunk last night." So John Wesley passed under the flail.

I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it, and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Halloos, jumps, cries. Changes from crying. Halloos, and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process. You can not escape it.

Keats wrote his famous poem and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed him. Tasso wrote his poem, entitled, "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillingfleet was slain by

his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII slew Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by the excited mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

And you will have trial of some sort. You have had it already. Why need I prophesy? I might better mention a historical fact in your history. You are a merchant. What a time you had with that old business partner! How hard it was to get rid of him! Before you bought him out, or he ruined both of you, what magnitude of annoyance! Then after you had paid him down a certain sum of money to have him go out and to promise he would not open a store of the same kind of business in your street, did he not open the very same kind of business as near to you as possible and take all your customers as far as he could take them? And then, knowing all your frailties and weaknesses, after being in your business firm for so many years, is he not now spending his time in making a commentary on what you furnished as a text? You are a physician; and in your sickness or in your absence, you get a neighboring doctor to take your place in the sick room, and he ingratiates himself into the favor of that family so that you forever lose their patronage. Or, you take a patient through the serious stages of a fever, and some day the impatient father or husband of the sick one rushes out and gets another medical practitioner, who comes in just in time to get the credit of the cure. Or, you are a lawyer; and you come in contact with a trickster in your profession, and in your absence, and contrary to agreement he moves a nonsuit or the dismissal of the case. Or, the judge on the bench, remembering an old political grudge, rules against you every time he gets a chance, and says with a snarl, "If you don't like my decision, take an exception." Or, you are a farmer and the curculio stings the fruit, or the weevil gets into the wheat or the drought stunts the corn, or the long-continued rains give you no opportunity for gathering the harvest. Your best cow gets the hollow horn; your best horse gets foundered. A French proverb said that trouble comes on horseback and goes away

on foot. So trouble dashed in on you suddenly; but, oh, how long it was in getting away! Came on horseback, goes away on foot—rapid in coming, slow in going. That is the history of nearly all your troubles. Again and again and again you have experienced the power of the east wind. It may be blowing from that direction now.

My friends, God intended these troubles and trials for some particular purpose. They do not come at random. Here is the promise: "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." In the tower of London the swords and the guns of other ages are burnished and arranged into huge passion flowers and sunflowers and bridal cakes, and you wonder how anything so hard as steel could be put into such floral shapes. I have to tell you that the hardest, sharpest, most cutting, most piercing sorrows of this life may be made to bloom and blossom and put on bridal festivity. The Bible says they shall be mitigated, they shall be assuaged, they shall be graduated. God is not going to allow you to be overthrown. A Christian woman, very much despondent, was holding her child in her arms, and the pastor, trying to console the woman in her spiritual depression, said, "There, you will let your child drop." "Oh, no," she said, "I couldn't let the child drop." He said, "You will let the child drop." "Why," she said, "if I should drop the child here it would dash his life out!" "Well, now," said the Christian minister, "don't you think God is as good as you are? Won't God, your Father, take as good care of you, his child, as you take care of your child? God won't let you drop."

I suppose God lets the east wind blow just hard enough to drive us into the harbor of God's protection. We all feel we can manage our own affairs. We have helm and compass and chart and quadrant. Give us plenty of sea room and we sail on and sail on; but after a while there comes a Caribbean whirlwind up the coast, and we are helpless in the gale, and we cry out for harbor. All our calculations upset, we say with the poet:

"Change and decay on all around I see.
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me!"

The south wind of mild Providence makes us throw off the cloak of Christian character and we catch cold, but the sharp east wind of trouble makes us wrap around

us the warm promises. The best thing that ever happens to us is trouble. That is a hard thing perhaps to say; but I repeat it, for God announces it again and again, the best thing that happens to us is trouble.

When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics. We can not understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh, my friends, have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corncribs of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did it do for Richard Baxter? Gave him capacity to write of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shining gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh, bless God for the east wind! It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle, a cracked bell, an unstrung harp, a sign board of a tavern

called "The World's End" falling down, a shipwreck, the horses of Phoebus lying dead in the clouds, the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire." "One thing more," said Hogarth, "and my picture is done." Then he added the broken palette of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hand mightier and more skillful than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, failing, smoldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God, and say, "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

Bless God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend, keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surrendered. Oh, let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind or the north wind or the south wind—no inclination to surrender; forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrowing tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harps and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like caroling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne

shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked away, but still afloat—nearer and nearer the shining shore, nearer and nearer the eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads; haul away! Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallows easily listed of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the Narrows, and some were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the wharf—brigantine, galleon, line of battleship, longboat, pinnace, war frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed him for the south wind, and blessed him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless him for the east wind?

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

DEACON CLARK BASSETT

Clark Morris Bassett, the son of Henry and Catherine Bassett, was born near Burlington Flats, N. Y., October 27, 1856. He died in Leonardsville, N. Y., November 22, 1925, aged sixty-nine years and twenty-five days.

His mother died when he was three years old and he was taken into the home of his uncle, Morris Bassett, where he was tenderly cared for until he was about fifteen years of age, when he went to work out and support himself.

Mr. Bassett was the youngest of eight own brothers and sisters and one half sister. Of these a brother, Albert Bassett, alone survives. He is survived also by his widow and three nieces; a foster sister, Mrs. Esther Bassett Mason, also remains.

March 21, 1877, he was married to Miss Cora Brown, of Leonardsville, and they went to keeping house on the farm belonging to her parents, where they spent the greater part of their married life. Some years were spent in Brookfield, and later in Leonardsville; but they finally returned to the farm to care for her invalid father and mother and aged aunt, until after their death. In 1919, they came to Leonardsville, where they have since resided.

Mr. Bassett was baptized by Elder Stephen Burdick in 1878, and united with the Leonardsville Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was made a deacon of that church in 1910, at the same time that Deacon Coon was ordained, and Elder Severance was ordained to the gospel ministry.

In the departure of Deacon Bassett the church and community have suffered an irreparable loss. For forty-seven years he has lived a life that has faithfully reflected the spirit of the Master. The writer has never known a man who more clearly, in all his relationships in life, exemplified the golden rule. For the fifteen years of his deaconship, he honored his sacred office. Widely known from his boyhood days, he had not an enemy, and claimed a host of friends. His interests and affections clustered around his home and his church, and these were ever first and uppermost in his thought and care. Of him truly the words of the Master may be applied, "He hath done what he could."

Farewell services were held from his late home and in the Leonardsville Seventh Day Baptist church, Wednesday afternoon, November 25, conducted by his pastor, Rev. F. E. Peterson, who used as his theme the words of St. Paul: "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." The large church was well filled with relatives and friends, the children of the public school attending in a body. There were many beautiful flowers. Mrs. Blanche Cumberston sang two appropriate and comforting solos. The remains were carried to their final rest in the new cemetery.

"We cannot say, and we will not say
That he is dead; he is just away."

F. E. PETERSON.

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

CHANGE IN SABBATH SCHOOL STUDY

In accordance with plans of the Sabbath School Board we are to have a change in our lessons. For some years we have had, with the *Helping Hand*, the series adopted and prepared by the International Sunday School Association. We are just coming to the end of the course for 1925; and for the three months to begin with January, 1926, there is to be a change as prepared and published by our denomination. During those three months we are to have six studies upon the Sabbath, as compiled by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, of Plainfield. For about two years Brother Bond has spent considerable time upon these studies, and should by this time have a compilation well worth while for all of us to study. He has so arranged his matter that we shall have twelve lessons of it. They will be printed in the present form of the *Helping Hand*.

It is to be hoped that every *Helping Hand* class will enter earnestly into the study of this subject. We can not be too well informed upon this prominent point of our doctrine as Seventh Day Baptists. We often hear it said from the pulpit, and read it from the SABBATH RECORDER, that without the *practical doctrine* of the seventh day Sabbath—the Sabbath of the Commandments, of God's chosen people, the Sabbath of the divine Teacher, of Paul and all the other apostles, of the early Christian Church, of all Christians until the heathen element began to come into the Church—we Seventh Day Baptists have no call for a separate existence as a church. Every one of us should understand as well as we can the full meaning of this statement. If we believe it to be true we should be able to tell why.

A SABBATH CONSCIENCE

We should cultivate what Dr. Gardiner calls a "Sabbath conscience." There is such a thing as a person's keeping the Sabbath merely because he was reared in a Sabbath-keeping community, a Sabbath-keeping home, yet without any definite reasons of

his own for doing so. We once had in our church an intelligent woman who lived as a devout Christian. She came from one of our Eastern churches and bore one of the commonest names in our denomination. Having lost her first husband, she finally married a man who, so far as I know, had no connection with any church; and she went with him "out West" to live. In doing so she broke off all connection with our people, so she and her two children by her first husband were thus lost to us. It seemed like an easy enough thing for her to do—so easy that in some such way we lose many good people we'd like to keep with us.

I knew years ago a good Seventh Day Baptist girl who gave her heart to a young man who did not keep the Sabbath. They, too, were married and went "out West." But she continued to keep the Sabbath, holding her membership in one of our churches. Her Sabbath conscience was deep and abiding. Such cases as this are, I guess, not common, for it is not easy to maintain a truly Christian home with a mating so unequal. It is hard for the children in such a home.

I am thinking now of a case in Milton College some years ago in which both had a quick conscience. The two talked it over candidly and concluded not to marry, though I suspect it was not easy to do so. It was, however, honest. In due time he married a girl who was not a Sabbath-keeper, but she became one with him, and is today one of our most active church workers. The other girl has never married.

The lessons we are to study from January to April next should do something toward cultivating a conscience that will tend toward spiritual Sabbath keeping, without which there is not very much of any real regard for the day. I do hope these studies may be taken seriously and be profitable to us.

A green brakeman was making his first trip up the Ute pass. The train was going up a very steep grade, and with unusual difficulty the engineer reached the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said with relief, "I tell you, my lad, we had a job getting up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the new man, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."

DEATHS

BASSETT.—In Leonardsville, N. Y., on November 22, 1925, Deacon Clark Morris Bassett, aged sixty-nine years and twenty-five days. Extended obituary elsewhere. F. E. P.

WARDNER.—Martha Harvey Wardner was born May 6, 1856, daughter of Hiram and Hannah Harvey, and granddaughter of Rev. Jessie Burnham, a pioneer Free-will Baptist minister of Southern Wisconsin, and Northern Illinois.

She was converted in her sixteenth year, and united with the United Brethren Church, was baptized by Rev. S. L. Eldrid, and very soon became engaged in active Christian work. She was elected secretary of the Sunday school, and later served as its superintendent.

When the Wisconsin branch of the Woman's Missionary Association was organized, she became its president. During her time of service she visited different places and spoke on the cause of missions and succeeded in organizing several missionary societies.

In February, 1885, she embraced the Sabbath truth, thus becoming a lone Sabbath keeper.

December, 1889, she was united in marriage with Dr. Nathan Wardner, this happy union lasting a little more than four years, terminating with Dr. Wardner's death.

In 1902, on account of ill health she removed from Milton Junction, Wis., to Laporte, Ind., where she remained nearly thirteen years, a lone

Sabbath keeper. During the greater part of this time she was engaged in active Christian work with the First Baptist Church of that city.

More than eleven years here she was teacher of a large Bible class, and at different times, in the absence of the pastor, she supplied the pulpit. In the spring of 1917, on account of ill health, it became necessary for her to make a change, and at this time she located in Battle Creek. Here she became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and a teacher in the Sabbath school. She became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Ladies' Aid in 1918, and acted first as its secretary, and in 1920 became its president, which office she filled actively as long as she was able, and as president emeritus until the time of her death.

For nearly two and a half years Mrs. Wardner had been confined to her bed in the sanitarium annex. She was ever patient, cheerful, and hopeful, and her sick room will ever remain a bright spot in the memory of all who called on her there. For some weeks she had been failing fast, and early Sabbath morning, December 5, she passed away.

Her memorial services here in Battle Creek were held Sunday evening, December 6, in the Farley undertaking rooms. They were conducted by Pastor G. E. Fifield, consisting of scripture reading, a prayer by Rev. Henry N. Jordan, and an address and final prayer by the pastor.

The service was made much more impressive and beautiful by the singing of three songs, favorites of Mrs. Wardner, by a quartet from the church.

After the service, the body was taken by train to Milton, Wis., for interment there. It was accompanied by Rev. Henry N. Jordan, who conducted services at Milton.

G. E. P.

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WANTED, A SON

If you were a girl with shiny eyes
Which looked at the world with baby surprise—
If you were a girl would you call it much fun
To be known by the name of Wanted-a-son?

Where the storied pagodas point up to the sky,
And the bells softly ring as the breeze wanders by,
Far over in China her life was begun,
This wee baby girl they called Wanted-a-sop.

The nurse would have bound her small feet up
so tight,
But her father said, "No, she shall read, she shall
write,
She shall go to the school in the next street but
one,
She shall learn, though she came when we wanted
a son!"

The gods on the god-shelf were shocked at her
book,
And they fixed on her feet a most scowling black
look.

"Can she read? Can she write? Can she hop,
skip, and run?
Not so the grandmothers of Wanted-a-son!"

But she learned a new story that set her heart
free,
And she learned a new song—it was "Jesus loves
me."

And the idols came down from the shelf one by
one,
While she earned a new name—little Wanted-a-
son.

She took her diploma as Beautiful Pearl,
And no more did her friends call her "only a
girl."

In the mission school now her work's faithfully
done,
None so happy or useful as Wanted-a-son!

If I lived in China far over the sea,
I'd want some one to tell me that Jesus loves me.
Will you go, will you give, that souls may be won,
As precious to him as Wanted-a-son?

—Edith G. Estey.

"Some good old-fashioned customs
Go out of style, no doubt,
But sending Christmas greetings
We couldn't do without.
And so the custom lingers:
Let's hope it always will,
For the same old-fashioned friendship
Prompts the same old greetings still!"

"And so, dear friends,
"May Christmas bring to you
Its tripart joy,—
True faith, to free you e'er
From doubt's alloy;
Strong hope, to sing your heart
To sweet repose;
And love, to help you soothe
Another's woes!"

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CHRISTMAS

Saw you never in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?
So, of old, the wise men, watching,
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on, by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek his cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love and faith and true devotion
For our Savior, God and King.

—Selected.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!"

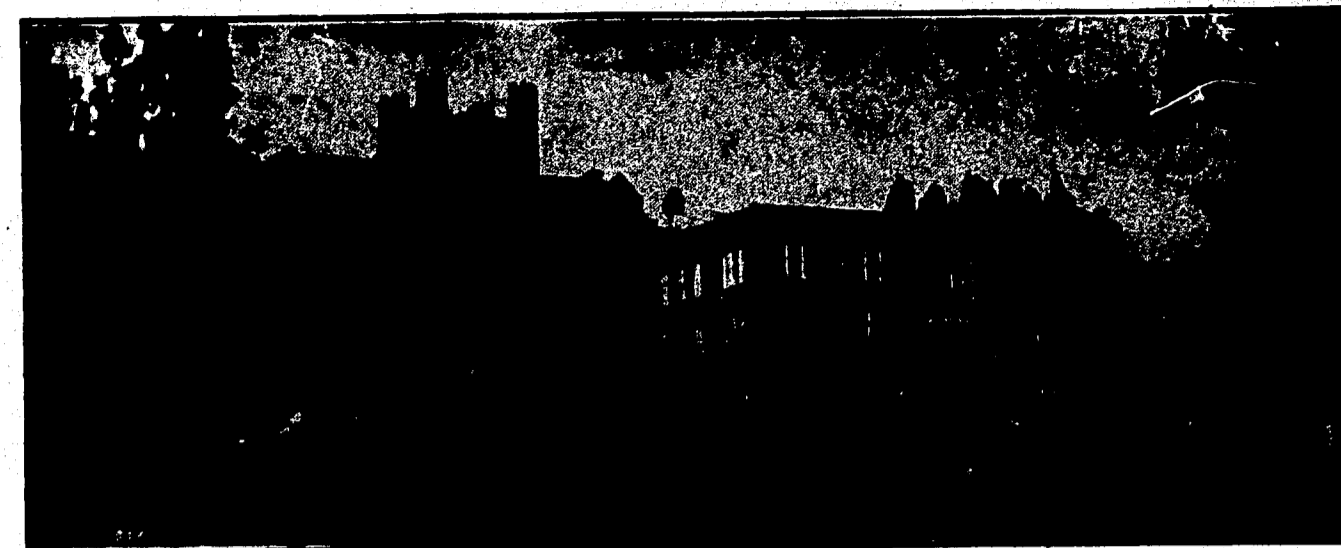
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THE GRACE OF GIVING

I never knew how it came about, said Richard Baxter, but I always seem to have the most come in when I give the most away.

Jesus said: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."—Luke 6:38.

Hear Paul: "Therefore, as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love for us, see that ye abound in this grace also."—2 Cor. 8:7.

"For the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

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