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(A Vision in Material Form)
Plainfield, N. J.
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Conference on August 23-28, 1927.
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The Sabbath Recorder
A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.
Vol. 101, No. 21
November 22, 1926
Whole No. 4,264

Pleasant Days
The first two or three days in Battle Creek, Battle Creek, Mich., were warm and pleasant, quite like real Indian summer; but when the sudden cold wave came on after a day of drizzling rain and fog, the mercury went down to twenty degrees, and morning found everything under a blanket of snow and ice.

The editor found a welcome home with Chaplain Henry N. Jordan of the sanitarium, and greatly enjoyed preaching to the fine audience that assembled on Sabbath in the sanitarium chapel. There is an interesting Sabbath school, which meets right after the morning services, with ninety to one hundred members.

In view of the proposed extensive enlargement of the sanitarium by addition of a fifteen story extension on the chapel end, our people have to seek a new place for worship before many months go by. Just what move it will seem best for present emergency, when they have to give up the chapel, is not yet determined; but they hope to build a church in the near future. They own a fine large parsonage not far from the sanitarium.

The Young People's Board is located here, and I was glad to be present at their November meeting. There were letters read from various societies situated in the east, west, and south of our denomination, and much interest was shown in our denominational activities. The active interest taken in the Onward Movement by our young people is a great source of encouragement to many who are studying the signs of the times in these days.

The church here is seeking a pastor since the death of Elder Fifield, and I am sorry that there are none to be found without seeming to rob some other church. May the Lord lead them to find the right man.

There is a chance to do a good work here, and a pastor will find loyal, ready helpers among the people.

"Is the Devil Real" As I was passing a large church building my attention was fixed upon a conspicuous billboard at the corner of the lot, so fixed that it could be read from two streets. It measured about three by four feet, and the wording was given in large display lettering in black and red to attract attention, inviting "everybody" to a Sunday night meeting. The sermon was to be illustrated with a stereopticon, and all were invited to go and see the devil's picture. The first line of this notice was the question at the head of this article.

I did not go to this meeting, and I must freely confess the very question in that notice: "Did a good God make a bad devil?" seemed almost sacrilegious, if not actually blasphemous. I could but wonder how the Master himself would look upon such irreverent, unspiritual, glaring, circus-like invitations to attend a church service where the gospel is supposed to be preached. Somehow, since seeing that invitation, the question as to just what kind of a screen picture of Satan that show-man preacher would give his hearers has persisted in my mind, until I have come to the conclusion that the devil is real enough and that not only many a screen but also many a scene in real life reveals his presence. Wherever strong temptations are brought to bear upon men and women, tending to lure them away from the path of purity and righteousness, there may be found a representation of the tempter, or the devil, as he is called. And he is indeed very real. There is no myth about it.

This might be shown by a picture of many a home in which God is never recognized and where the Christ is never allowed to enter; where the entire influence of par-
ents is against religion and the Church; where the eternal destiny of children is being settled.

Again, a picture of many a dance hall and of many a movie show, wherein brazen, lustful, tempting human forms appear, will be a true picture of the devil at work, ruining souls and bringing woe upon the children of men.

Satan may be clearly seen in the haunts of the dissolute, law-defying, clear-eyed bootlegging crowd, and also in the shameful influence of the many wet newspapers that tend to poison the mind and to encourage criminals.

Once more, a picture of the mad rush of thousands after worldly riches and questionable pleasures, after political honors sought by fraud, after everything but spirituality and favor with God would certainly make the tempter very real. But his picture would not be that of a demon with cloven foot, fearful horns, and a pitchfork, but in whose whose lives are leading multitudes in the way of everlasting ruin. The greatest devil to be feared is to be found—not in the realm of myths—but in many a home and in the haunts of men right here on earth.

"What Must the Church Do to be Saved?" asked by one of the Battle Creek pastors on Sunday morning, November 7. It had special reference to conditions in Battle Creek. The sermon was the first in a series on "Salvation." The preacher made several very good points regarding the Church in that city should be saved from, such as being saved from the spirit of criticism and condemnation, and learn to co-operate in the work of salvation.

The one point emphasized and given a central place in the sermon was published as follows:

One thing the church needs to be saved from in Battle Creek is a division in its days of worship. We have two sabbaths here; consequently we have none. This is one thing inside the church, and not outside, that causes weakness. Evidently this is true; but in a Christian city where the Bible is strongly extolled as the only rule of life, which one of the two sabbaths should yield its claim? Should it be the one Jehovah appointed as holy time—called his holy day all through the Bible, the one observed by Christ himself all his life and by his disciples after he had gone—or the one for which there is no word of scripture, no command of God, no example of early Christians for its support?

Taking the Bible for our rule of life, true Sabbath keepers are not to be blamed for this "weakness" in Battle Creek. The fault must lie with those who have departed from the plain teachings of the very Book they claim as God's Word.

Look for a moment at the word "consequently" in our quotation—"consequently we have none!" This word implies that having two sabbaths in the town results in having none.

Is this true? Take any town or city in all the land where Sunday is the only sabbath known, where no seventh day people live or where they were never heard of, is there any more regard for a sacred day in them than there is in Battle Creek? Indeed, has not the very presence of consecrated Sabbath keepers in this city given wonderful emphasis to the true Sabbath keeping—called clearer attention to the real Sabbath claims of the Bible—than could possibly have gained a place here without them? Can it be truly said, where hundreds and hundreds do in all good conscience observe the Sabbath of the Bible, that we have none? Certainly this city has more light regarding the Sabbath of Jehovah than it could have if there were no seventh day people here. Perhaps after all, instead of being a weakness the presence of Bible Sabbath keepers may be a source of strength.

We All Sympathize A letter from Boulder, Colo., dated November 5, has just reached me at Battle Creek. Mich., being forwarded from the Recorder office at Plainfield, telling of the sad accident to Mrs. Wheeler—a fall in her home—resulting in quite a gash in her head and a broken hip.

She is in the hospital with her hip in a cast, and is being tenderly cared for in the best way possible. Mrs. Wheeler is expecting two years old and her husband will be ninety-two next month. It will be remembered that in August this worthy couple celebrated their sixty-fourth wedding anniversary.

I am sure that our dear people all over the land, to whom Elder Wheeler has ministered in years gone by, will deeply sympathize with their former pastor and his wife in this great affliction. Letters from friends directed to 632 University Avenue, Boulder, Colo., will reach her. Brother Wheeler in his feebleness visits the hospital daily, to cheer his life-long companion in her trouble. We are all sorry for these dear old friends and hope she may soon be able to go to her home.

Good Cheer and a Lift for Last week there came to hand a cheering letter from a good friend in New England, which brought warmth to the heart and filled the day with sunshine. The friend said he had been thinking for some time of sending us a subscription for the new building, and now as the first third of the fund is completed, he thought it a good time to help start the second third, and he said, "Since cash is better than pledges, I am sending you this check. This check did give the second third a good life—completing the first thousand dollars of the second third and giving the second thousand a good start. Thank the good Lord for every such loyal friend.

This gift adds another old Seventh Day Baptist family name to the list of those who propose to help build our Ebenezer in the form of a Seventh Day Baptist memorial, to be used as our denominational home.

This week the gifts have come in small amounts; these will be reported later. We are grateful for them all. I know there must be many more who wish to have part in this good work.

My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. 1 Corinthians 2:4.

In many people think that we need new measures, that we need new churches, that we need new organs, that we need new choirs, and all these other new things. But what the Church of God needs today is the old power that the apostles had. If we have that in our churches there will be new life, there will be new ministers—the same old ministers renewed with power, filled with the Spirit!—D. L. Moody.
Donald Van Horn
Carroll Cartwright
Mrs. Jesse Burdick
Merle Clarke
Lawrence Clarke
Miss Nell Colgrove
Mr. and Mrs. L. Langworthy
Miss Ruby Chandler

Anderson
Rev. Walter L. Greene
Mrs. Walter L. Greene
Mrs. Frank Vincent
Huntley
Mrs. J. Palminter

Independence
Rev. Walter L. Greene
Walter Eugene (Paterson)
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Greene
Florence Greene

Ske
Pastor Hurley S. Warren

Friendship (Nile)
Pastor H. S. Warren
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Kenyon

Richburg
Rev. A. L. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Burdick

Little Geneseo
Rev. A. L. Davis
Mrs. A. L. Davis
Deacon and Deaconess Crandall
Deacon and Deaconess Sanford
Deacon Hull

First Hebron
Rev. George P. Kenyon
Mrs. George P. Kenyon
Deacon and Mrs. L. A. Kenyon
Deacon and Mrs. Willis Brock
Deaconess Alice Dingman
George Dingman
Fordyce Brook
Dora A. Roy
Mary Kenyon
Mrs. Ells Stearns
Mr. and Mrs. Don Stearns
Genevieve Stearns
Leni Thompson
Gladys Roberts
Perry Brook
Mrs. Clifford Beebe

Second Hebron
Deacon and Mrs. James Hemphill
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hemphill

CARROLL L. HILL,
Clerk of the Ordination Council.

Following, is Mr. Beebe's statement of Christian experience, belief, and call to the ministry.

STATEMENT OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

I can not overestimate in its value to my religious experience, the fact that I was born and raised in a home where reverence for God and his Word and a high standard of ideals prevailed. I am glad that my parents might be here today, in order that I might bear them this testimony to the value of early training in a Christian home.

My early influences were not, however, such as lead to active church work and responsibility in Christian service. This was due to a number of causes, among which was the fact that there was no church of our faith in our community, and other services were rather uncertain and intermittent. With my early training, however, it was natural, when we went to Coudersport to live, that I, with my mother and sisters, should be baptized into membership in the First Baptist Church of Coudersport, of which my father was a member. This was on August 10, 1913. I can not say that I felt any change in my life then or that I realized the significance of the step. There have been crises in my life which were vital to Christian experience but not at that time.

I must mention a few of those crises. The first—and my interest was deepened in connection with my joining the Christian Endeavor society. I took the pledge seriously and thus came to feel a personal responsibility in church work, an obligation to attend the services regularly and to take part in the meetings, which was an exceptional thing for me, and the more I studied the question the more I saw that there was no escape, that there was no other way for me but to keep the Sabbath. I can not go into the details of that struggle, but it was only a year after I had decided to keep the Sabbath, that I joined the First Hebron Church, in March, 1920.

During these months, and those that followed, the conviction deepened on me that God's work for me was the ministry; and that at Alfred Conference; that summer, I was led to sign up with the Life Work Recruits and to promise to commit myself to definite Christian service.

The opportunity for this service came soon, in connection with the religious surveys which were conducted in this community (Hebron) and in Alfred Township, in both of which I had a prominent part. This work brought me in touch with conditions, with spiritual hunger and desperate need of Christ and his Word to uplift, in our own community and among our own neighbors—conditions which I had never before realized existed to such an extent. This work was followed by the mission work at Five Corners, near Alfred, which I conducted in connection with Gordon Langworthy. The crowds that filled that little schoolhouse, the hunger for the Word of God which led people to come to listen to the Gospel services of two young college students, inspired us to do our best; and it was at this time that I decided that my work was to be that of the home mission field.

In the summer of 1922, the First Hebron Church licensed me to preach the gospel, and that fall, after my marriage, we went to Fort Wayne to take up work as pastor of the church and as teachers in the school. I believe that God used us there for the advancement of his kingdom; and during that year, as well as the two years in the seminary, came a strengthening conviction as to the work of the ministry.

It was a disappointment to us that conditions made it necessary for us to give up an opportunity for service in the foreign field, for which we had offered ourselves; but now that an opportunity has come for pastoral service in the homeland, we trust that God will use us to the advancement of his kingdom.

STATEMENT OF BELIEF

I believe in God. It has long been my conviction that there is no human being who does not believe in God, regardless of the fact that he may profess to disbelieve. There is in the very nature of man a striving after God, which is the best of evidence that he exists. Those things which seem to prove to us that the universe is the product of blind operation of mechanical forces seem to me to go to prove that there is a Master Mind directing those forces. The longings and strivings of our hearts after better things show that there is a God who is near to men and interested in the affairs of their daily life.

Man considers to be the crowning work of God's creation, created, as the Bible teaches, in the image of God. This I prefer to think of as a spiritual image, rather than a physical or mental image. I would not minimize the importance of the human body, which is a wonderful physical structure, or the human mind, which is capable of lofty achievement; yet the physical and
Deity of Christ most of all because of the proof of it in the life he lived, the death he died, and the influence of that life and death through all the ages since. There is no true love without sacrifice; and the sacrifice of Christ was the highest. He gave his life while he lived as well as in his death; his life was an outgoing of his love for sinful men. For one to accept Christ is to take that sacrifice for himself—to "take up the cross and follow him." There is no Christian life without sacrificing love.

I believe—I do not like to believe it, but it is forced upon me by the facts of experience—that there is an organized spirit of evil, which we may call the devil or by some other name; it is the result and outcome of man's first evil choice, and gains strength with every succeeding one, continually working to drag men into sin.

Sin, I believe, to be a deliberate turning away from God, which believes to be right to that which he believes to be wrong. It is often defined as "missing the mark," but I do not believe it is. A mistake is not a sin; but, as the Bible teaches, "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Sin is not a missing of one's mark, but a deliberate aiming away from the mark—a leaving the right and choosing the wrong.

The fact that man has sold himself under the power of sin makes necessary salvation which will free man from that bondage and restore the broken and distorted image of God. Sin is sin, and salvation can be obtained merely, although it is that; but a salvation from a life of sin and growing degradation, which drag one down to hell, to a life of growing fellowship with God and a striving for better things, which lead one upward toward heaven. Such a salvation could only be brought about by bringing God so near to men that his tender love would touch their hearts and fill their lives; and to accomplish that it was necessary for God to become incarnate in man.

I shall not attempt to explain the mystery of the Incarnation. I do not understand it. But I believe the Bible teaches, that God was present in Jesus' birth, in some miraculous way, and that while he was thoroughly a man, yet his spirit was entirely the spirit of God. I believe in the

who are old enough to understand and to make a definite decision for the right and against the wrong. Baptism is not a saving ordinance; it is a repentance that is the saving ordinance and baptism is only a symbol; but it is an important symbol and a public confession of acceptance of Christ, which should not be omitted by the believer. As it represents complete washing away of sins it seems to me that it can be most fittingly symbolized by complete immersion in water.

I believe in the Church Universal, consisting of all sincere followers of Christ everywhere, no matter to what church they belong, or whether they belong to any; but the visible, organized Church of Christ can consist only of those baptized, regenerate believers who have associated themselves together for the advancement of his cause and his kingdom. The Church is a missionary organization; its purpose is an evangelistic one—to lead souls to Christ and to fellowship with him. The minister is called, in a special way, to work for the coming of the kingdom; but everyone who professes Christ takes the responsibility and the privilege of helping to bring his kingdom on earth.

I am thankful that God has given to me that responsibility and that privilege, and pray that I may be faithful.

SURRENDER OF SELF

Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it. It is not that one strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.

Let each one of us please his neighbor for that which is good, unto edifying. For Christ also pleased not himself. The Commandments are directed against selfishness.

O Jesus Christ; grow thou in me, And all things else recede; My heart be daily more free— From sin be daily freed.

Each day let thy supporting might My weakness still embrace; My darkness vanish in thy light, Thy life my death extract.

Make this poor self grow less and less; Be thou my life and aim; Oh, make me daily, through thy grace, More worthy of thy name.

Daily more filled with thee, my heart
Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
Oh, my prayer-Hearer be.

—John Cosgar Lavater.

Becoming one with the Eternal Goodness can not come to pass but by an absolute renunciation of ourselves that is ours, natural or spiritual; for in the same measure that a man comes out from himself, in that measure does God enter in with his divine grace, and he who loseth his life shall find it.—John Tauler.

Could a man while on earth but wholly own self-will and ownership and stand up free and at large in God's true light and continue therein, he would be sure of the kingdom of heaven.—Theologia Germanica.

There is no load a man carries so heavy as self.—T. T. Munger.

Be thou my Sun, my selfliness destroy,
Thy atmosphere of love be all my joy,
Thy presence be my sunshine ever bright,
My soul the little note that lives in thy light.

—Gerhard Tersteegen.

What we should try to do is to live under the meridian Sun, with our shadow self under our feet.—F. B. Meyer.

PRAYER

O Lord, give us more charity, more self-denial, more likeness to thee. Teach us to sacrifice our comforts to others, and our belongings for the sake of doing good. Make us kindly in thought, gentle in word, generous in deed. Teach us that it is better to give than to receive; better to forget ourselves than to put ourselves forward; better to minister than to be ministered unto. And unto thee, the God of love, be glory and praise forever. Amen.—Selections and prayer by Dean Main.

Seek with study and with prayer for the most clear and confident convictions; and when you have won them, hold them so largely and vitally that they shall be to you, not the walls which separate you from your brethren who have other convictions than yours, but the medium through which you enter into understanding of and sympathy with them, as the ocean, which once was a barrier between the nations, is now the highway for the never-resting ships and makes the whole world one.—Phillips Brooks.
awaken to the fact that the trunk of the revolving church had nearly stopped, for I was absorbed in what I was reading. How thankful I am now that my parents provided as much good reading matter for their children as they could!

I do not remember a time when the Sabbath Recorder did not come regularly to our home, and from the time I was a half a year old I have been reading it. Sometimes I hear people say that the paper is expensive, but the Sabbath Recorder that came into my father’s home and my home during the last fifty years have not cost $125 and several of us have been reading these 2,000 papers. Worth $125? Yes, that is how that to me alone. And the paper ought to do to you as much good as it has done me.

I recommend this as a suitable present to give to your children or to any friend, for it will make regular visits each week for a year, and at each visit will give information that the reader needs.

We have other literature that will make good presents.

Read Pastor Bond’s review of Letters to the Smiths in last week’s Sabbath Recorder, and give this safe, sane, and sensible book to young people and parents.

Church Membership for Juniors, by Rev. William M. Simpson, is especially designed for use in classes, but is a very good book to give to children in L. S. K. homes. The Plainfield Church has just voted to supply Pastor Bond with these books for his use in classes and to give to children in the homes of non-resident members. Other churches could profitably spend money to make such a present to their pastors and children.

A few weeks ago a man examined Letters to the Smiths and Church Membership for Juniors and told me that he thought they were books that his grandson ought to have, and arranged for me to have the books sent.

We shall be glad to send the books to other grandchildren.

Another attractive and useful present is the calendar and denominational directory. It is of real educational value and is a ready reference library concerning denominational boards, schools, dates of meetings, and matters of interest to us as Seventh Day Bap­tists. You will be interested in the new collection of pictures in the calendar. I call this one the “Eclipse Calendar.”

We have other books that are worth considering when you think of giving presents.

We wish an agent in every church to sell our literature, and are offering a liberal commission on most of our books and the calendar. Ask your pastor who your agent is, and give him or her your order.

MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the request of the trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society, the president of the Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society has arranged for a meeting to be held in the Philadelphia Bourse, in Philadelphia, on November 26 and 27, at eleven o’clock a.m., the central feature of which will be the commemoration of the life and public service of Samuel Ward, a colonial governor of Rhode Island, and a member from that colony to the Continental Congress as well as a member of the Newport Seventh Day Baptist Church.

The committee in charge of the program of the Yearly Meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist Churches of New Jersey, of New York City, and Berlin, N. Y., which meets with the church at Shiloh, N. J., this year, has left Sunday and Sunday evening, November 26, free, to accommodate those who wish to attend the Philadelphia meeting. It is hoped that all Seventh Day Baptists, as well as others, who can arrange to do so, will be present on this occasion.

C. F. R.

THE HERITAGE LEFT BY ONE FAITHFUL WOMAN

FRANK L. GREENE

Edward Burdick of Westerly, R. I., married Sarah Clarke, daughter of Elder Thomas Clarke of the Westerly Seventh Day Baptist Church. Their daughter, Prudence Burdick (born 1735) married Joshua Whithford and won him to the Sabbath truth and to the church. From this couple has descended a long line of ministers, teachers, and leaders in church and society.

Major General William Whithford of Adams, N. Y.; Deacon William Whithford, of Brookfield; Deacon John Whithford, of Berlin; Deacon Edward Wells Whithford, of Farina, Ill.; Deacon William Bliss Clarke, of Andover, N. Y.; Deacon Hosea Whithford, of Persia; Rev. Halsey C. Stilman, of Derry; Deacon Nathaniel G. Whithford, of Adams Center; Deacon J. Byron Whithford, of Berlin and Nile; President William C. Whithford, of Milton College, and state superintendent of public instruction in Wisconsin; President Albert Whithford, of Milton, and his son, President Alfred E. Whithford, now of Milton; and his daughter, Mrs. Anna Whithford Crandall, professor of German; Rev. O. U. Whithford, pastor of many churches and corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society; Deacon Asa A. Whithford, of Farina, Ill.; Dr. Myron J. Whithford, of Dunellen, N. J.; S. Whithford Maxson, long-time teacher and school super­intendent; Deacon J. Murray Maxson, of Chicago; Rev. William C. Whithford, of Alfred; Professor Edward E. Whithford, City College, New York City; Professor Roert C. Whithford, Knox College, Ill.; Deacon Albert Whithford, Plainfield, and his sons, Dr. Otis B., of Plainfield, and Dr. Edwin, of Westerly; Miss Ruth L. Phillips, of Boston and New York; to denote Holley Maxson, West New York, N. J.; Deacon Sherman G. Crandall, Independence; Deacon C. Milford Crandall, Independence; Deacon D. E. Livermore, Independence; Deacon Daniel Whithford, Harts­ville; Deacon Silas S. Whithford, Hartsville; Deacon Sylvanus C. Whithford, Alfred; Professor L. Sherman Greene, state director of Industrial Education, Gainesville, Fla.; Superintendent B. Frank Whitford, Stamford, Conn.; Professor J. Fred Whithford, Milton College; Deacon Ferris Whithford, Little Genessee; Professor William C. Whit­ford, Chicago University; Professor Earl L. Whithford, University of Wisconsin.

These and many others are the fruit of Prudence Burdick’s faithfulness.

God commended his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.—Romans 5:8.

Take time to ask yourself the question: Is my heart full of a great and steadfast faith in God’s love? If this is not the case, do not begin to pray at once! Faith does not come of itself. Take some text of Scripture in which God’s power and faithfulness and love are revealed. Appropriate the words, and say: “Yes, Lord, I will pray in firm faith in thee and in thy great love!”

—Andrew Murray.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

MISSIONS

REV. WILLIAM L. BIRDICK, ASHAWAY, R. L.
Contributing Editor

SERMON

REV. L. D. SEAGER

(Preached at the Southwestern Association, Sabbath morning, September 11, 1919)

Lift up a standard for the people.—Isaiah 62:10.

Standards, ensign, flag, colors are quite synonymous as terms for the emblem of leadership. It is said that in primitive times the chief occupied the center of the camp and the ensign was displayed at his tent. This seems to have been the order with Israel on the march to Canaan. They camped in the following definite order: Judah, Issachar, and Zebulun on the east; Reuben, Simeon, and Gad on the south; Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin on the west; Dan,Asher, and Naphtali on the north. Each tribe had its own insignia, supposed to have been the colors of the preflower, the burnishing or the breastplate of the high priest when he entered the inner sanctuary, bearing the people, as it were, upon his heart. These camps formed a hollow parallelogram within which was pitched the tabernacle. Three divisions of the Levites camped about it, and Aaron and his sons camped in its rear. Their standard—the emblem of Jehovah's presence—was a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

We should not think of it as an ordinary cloud. Surely nothing could be magnificent enough to adequately mark the divine Presence. May we not imagine a cloud of gold and of purple, silver lined—the fire by night, a column of glory more mysterious and awe-inspiring than the aurora of the north? This marvel made the people conscious of the presence and leadership of God and assured them of success.

This vision was in fulfillment of a promise God had made their ancestor, Abraham; but it is evident that he understood that more was included than just the earthly country; for he said, "For he looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God"; also, "Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." Even in Eden there is a hint of it. Moses understood it; for he spoke of a prophet greater than himself. David was promised that his throne should never lack an heir.

Nobler souls in Israel ever looked through the world kingdom to the eternal. God throughout the ages has been preparing a people to inherit these promises. His means of gathering them culminated in Jesus Christ. To carry out the figure of our text we refer to one promise of his coming, Isaiah 11:10—"There shall be a root of Jesse, which will stand for an ensign to the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek; and his rest shall be glorious." Now we "are not come to the mount that might be touched, but are come to the general assembly and church of the first born." Their ensign was visible—ours invisible. When Jesus ascended to the Father, he had commanded his disciples to carry "in the city of Jerusalem, still endowed with power from on high." "I send the promise of my Father upon you." This was the Comforter, the Holy Ghost of which Jesus spoke, "Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you." In obedience to that command the upper room was made their place of assembly, and after ten days of waiting the promise was made good. There was a sound from heaven, there were cloven fountains, the fire fell, there was speech with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues. These were not outward manifestations; the matter of greatest importance was the promised power, the presence of the invisible God. The sound as of wind was not heard again; the tongues of fire were seen no more, speaking in tongues ceased; but surely Peter knew what he was talking about when he said, "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." This God manifested himself at Sinai in the pillar of fire—he manifests himself today in power in the inner man—the hidden man of the heart. His ensign then was a glory in the heavens. His ensign today is the Holy Spirit from heaven, a glory in the soul. This is the standard we are to lift up for the people. It was the feature of the Church at the beginning. It marks the Church of God today.

Like light, electricity, every power we know is revealed by its effects. At Atlantic City we saw folks sitting under canopies of glass watching the spectral flow in the bath. Later, a lecturer at Shiloh informed us that they were deceived, the beneficial rays of the sun are excluded by the glass. The world awaits some genius who will give us a material for our homes that will admit the whole sunlight. When God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, it is found that it has the antiseptic ray that sterilizes from sin and purifies us to be fit for "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." It is God's one great specific for sin. It has been proved during the centuries, in many lands, by many people. This light is the anointing whereby we discern error and know the truth—our spiritual insight. "The wayfaring man though a fool shall not be confounded." There is also born within us that "new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Having thus become a son of God one naturally loves the Father. The first words of the Lord's Prayer become a reality to him.

A physician once asked, "What do you mean in your preaching by heart— this organ in the breast?" I said, "What causes the blushing when certain emotions are stirred, in that sense our nature is nine-tenths heart, is it not?" He replied, "Well, yes, or somewhat near that," There was no emotion to compare with the love of God. It is known only to those who have it. It is not acquired, it is born; it passeth knowledge. It is of the fullness of God. Naturally it is accompanied by great joy. Well did Peter say, "Whom having not seen ye love, how shall ye see him not, ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." There is peace also—not the mere deliverance from trouble, nor yet the conquering of fear—it is immeasurably greater than such helps. David sings of it, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." It is the peace that floweth like a river. It is the "peace of God which passeth all understanding." Love, joy, peace are part of that galaxy of virtues including also long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control. Under the magic of this heavenly light these qualities develop in us as the beauty in the rose, fragrance in the cinnamon, flavor in the fruit, by the sunshine and showers.

The World War has aroused a desire among the nations to destroy Mars from the earth. Men are busy devising plans, but God has the plan that will work—the transforming of human nature. Those who love God love their fellow men, hence hatred and hatefulness cannot exist. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor."

It is this presence of God, a banner of flame, that is the standard to be lifted up that the people may rally to it—to him. Three thousand were troubled on the day of Pentecost—it is the divine plan. Thomas Carlyle asks, "How did Christianity rise and spread among men? Was it by institutions or establishments and well arranged mechanisms? No, it arose in the mystical depths of a man's soul and was stirred, it grows, it is born, it spreads by the people. It was, the tabernacle was sanctified by the people. It was the city of Jerusalem, until endued with power from on high. '"The day shall declare it.'"

The temple at Jerusalem, each, when dedicated, was filled with glory, proving God's approval. The temple which God is building, to use Peter's figure, is composed of living stones built upon the living Rock; it grows, it is for the offering of "spiritual sacrifices acceptable unto God by Jesus Christ." The glory that fills this temple is the knowledge that God is building. The temple God is building— it does not fill the house but enters into each living stone—not just for the hour of dedication but is ever present, continuous. This, our banner of flame, kindles other hearts. It is God's method of propagation.

Very early in the Church, even in the apocryphal books, the Church began to work. The scribes and scribes of the Church—men of God—apprentices of the Church—men of God—wrote. They were the people, the church of the first days, the church of the end, the church of God—men who were interested in the Church of God—men who were interested in the Church of God—men who were interested in the Church of God.
The arm of civil power crushed out every flame. However, there were smoldering remnants—the Bible was not destroyed. A flame burst out in Bohemia but was smothered at the martyrdom of Huss. A hundred years later it again broke out, when Luther, climbing St. Peter's stairs, heard, "The just shall live by faith." Confessions burst out in England under the preaching of the Quakers, of Whitefield and Wesley and Booth. In our country the fire spread from them till large benefits accrued. Every denomination has been helped.

However, there are grave dangers confronting us, that seem to threaten the very existence of Christianity. Every fowl bird of unbelief and false religion, old and new, is finding a home among us. Irrigation abounds; perhaps the greatest menace is discrediting spiritual experiences—classing them as mere emotionalism, neurotic vagaries. Shall we despair? Christianity will succeed—it can succeed by the plan of its Founder. We must become possessed of the power of the world. He promised, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." His word will not return unto him void. But we must preach the gospel; we must lift up the standard, his standard. How? Jesus said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." It is no use wasting our funds on other fields, for the true heart of God's ensign, the standard of his kingdom, eternal his throne.

**DOCTOR GARDINER HONORED**

**CORLISS F. RANDOLPH**

In looking over the proof of the report of Salem College for the *Year Book*, recently, I learned that at its commencement last June, Salem had conferred upon our beloved editor of the *Sabbath Recorder* the degree of Doctor of Laws.

This must have been an impressive occasion. Doctor Gardiner in a very literal sense, cared for the College on his shoulders for many years. He was the center of the West Virginia hills many, many long weary miles, in scouring heat in summer time; in snow storms, in face of bitter winds, over rough frozen roads, and through mud knee deep, in the winter time, to visit parents and young people; to press upon them the importance of a classical education, and importune them loyalty to support Salem College, both with their money and their patronage.

Among the students he was an inspiring teacher. At the head of his faculty, he was an enthusiastic leader, with lofty standards of attainment and character. To the trustees, he was a veritable godfather, filling them with hope and confidence amidst appallingly discouraging, and cheerfully taking of the best of his physical energies and persuasive powers and spending days and weeks in canvassing, far and near, among the friends of the college and his personal friends, all alike, for funds with which to replenish the empty coffers of the struggling institution.

It may very truly be said that Salem College crawled across the deepest morass of her history on the back of Theodore Livingston Gardiner, and when he laid down his labors there to enter other fields, Salem was ready to enter upon the period of development and prosperity she has enjoyed since, for his long years of ceaseless toil, sleepless nights, and sickness of heart amid it all.

No less distinguished has been his career as editor of the *Sabbath Recorder* for nearly two decades. In that position, he has carried his full share of all the burdens of the entire Seventh Day Baptist denomination. If to this task, he did not bring a technical training of a journalist, he did bring an acquaintance of rare intimacy with all our people and a sympathetic contact with all our interests, such as to give him an insight into the needs of our people and an appreciation of their needs, rarely possessed by a man in such a position.

That as an editor he has been no less successful than as a college president is well attested by the well nigh innumerable assurances that have come to him through many, many ways, and of many tones and hues. That he has the full confidence, respect, and affectionate regard of the trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society, the publishers of the *Sabbath Recorder*, it is the gratifying privilege of the present writer as president of that body to testify in unqualified terms.

Again we say that the occasion of conferring of this degree was an impressive occasion; and well may it have been so. With the venerable and impressive figure of Doctor Gardiner, and before him, as President Bond, one of Doctor Gardiner's own pupils, in measured words recited the events of the public career leading up to this occasion and the inestimable value of the service involved; and when the words of admission to the degree were pronounced and Doctor Gardiner was invested with the hood accompanying it, at the hands of his grandson, it was a sight to impress all who saw it. In truth, Salem honors herself more than Doctor Gardiner. We salute thee, Theodore Livingston Gardiner, D. D. (Divinitatis Doctor), Alfred; LL. D. (Legum Doctor), Salem.

**A VISIT TO ASBURY PARK**

**REV. R. R. ST. CLAIR**

On September 6, 1926, I visited Asbury Park, N. J., and after locating several of our Seventh Day Baptist friends, held an informal conference at the residence of Evangelist and Sister Leon J. Williams. This was attended by about ten persons, inclusive of children. Brother C. A. Crichlow gladdened our hearts by the statement that the teaching and polity of Seventh Day Baptists were, in his opinion, best suited for the needs of a dying world. Brother Crichlow is now strongly attached to our church and rejoices in the good reports of our splendid Conference.

The occasion was a most enjoyable one for us all, and plans were considered for the continuation of the work in Asbury Park.

The hospitality of Evangelist Williams will long be remembered. As it had commenced to rain during the session, Brother Williams slipped out quietly and walked a mile to the center of the town, secured a taxicab, and returned to his home. Brother and Sister Williams were given places in the vehicle, and after dropping the Crichlow couple at their destination, Brother Williams directed the chauffeur to take me to the Hotel Taft, a first-class hotel in exclusive Seventh Avenue, North Asbury Park. Brother Williams not only paid for the taxi and the hotel accommodation, but, in addition, left money for cab service to the depot in the morning.

Surely when we have such sterling people as these, we need not be discouraged concerning the future of the work in Asbury Park.

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson which ought to be learned, and, however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson he learns thoroughly.

—Waterford Review.
THE MENACE OF MEDIOCRITY

(Address delivered October 21, 1956, at Cape Charles, Va., before the Salisbury District of the Blythworth League.)

It is indeed a pleasure to meet with you tonight and to have the privilege of addressing you. I have before me a group of splendid young people dedicated to the service of man and God. As I look at you I am reminded that you are liaison officers between a glorious past and an even more glorious future. You are not only to enjoy the accumulated human wealth of the ages but you are the producers of the greater wealth of the present and the distributors of it to the unborn generations of the future. It is to such choice groups of youth as you that oldsters must look for those who, like Merlin in Tennyson's poem, will follow the "Gleam.

I am a confirmed optimist, yet I want to talk to you about a subject that is grave to our civilization. It is the menace of mediocrity.

America produces politicians but few statesmen. It turns out a host of middling teachers but few scholars. It numbers its writers and scribblers by the thousands, but where are its great dramatists, its world poets? Where are its great musicians, its great sculptors, its great painters? The national set of mind seems opposed to excelling in fields where other nations and races have won great triumphs. It sometimes appears as if America were to be a nation of half-men. This fact is what I mean when I speak about the menace of mediocrity.

The welfare of America is menaced by a mediocrity of intelligence. When a prominent agriculturist writes that farmers today need only an elementary school education, he is disregarding the peril of half-baked intelligence to the farmers as a class, and through them to the nation. Any choice of folk held down by lack of education so that they cannot form among themselves an enlightened public opinion on religious, political, social, and international affairs, are enslaved to ignorance and themselves become a danger to the nation of which they are a part.

In spite of the fact that last month twenty million boys and girls started school and college; in spite of our boast that America is one of the best educated nations of the world, an examination of the facts proves that we are a people of seventh-graders taught by tenth-graders. That is our average national intelligence is that of the normal boy of thirteen, and the average intelligence of the American teacher is that of the normal boy of sixteen.

What can we expect of ourselves as a nation when a large proportion of our people are of such mediocre discernment and appreciation of values in service that they are not aware of any real evil in the events that are daily transpiring.

American intellectual mediocrity often shows itself in conspicuous and dangerous ways. A few weeks ago the daily paper recounted the actions of the mob which rushed the church in New York City where the body of Rudolph Valentino lay in state for several hours. A foreigner, unacquainted with the deeps of American life, and there are deeps—and contemplating the conduct of the actor's admirers, might very easily have concluded that the national mind was a flapper mind. He might readily agree with the cynic who remarked that American intelligence was a speck swimming in a sea of mediocrity.

I wish to cite one more instance of the menace of mediocrity in intelligence. Some of you recall the case of the Negro, Butler, who, last year, was imprisoned at Georgetown, Del., for assaulting a woman. An angry mob tried to get him out of the jail and string him up to the nearest tree. He was saved and the dignity of the law preserved only by the timely arrival of state police and by the planting of machine guns in the courthouse yard.

After he was finally hanged, the jail gates were thrown open and a wolfish throng satisfied itself by gazing at his lifeless body suspended between heaven and earth.

A Delaware friend, describing the scene, said that he had never before known that there were any such people on this peninsula as showed themselves that day. The trial and execution drew the riffraff of the entire countryside from their retreats and set them in motion against the authority of the state of Delaware. They came from Maryland, far south as Cape Charles, and far as our Father in heaven is perfect.

You and I as Christians, therefore, are launched on a great adventure. Under our divine leader we are engaged in nothing less than the fight against mediocrity, half-ness, incompleteness, perfection. There is no such person as the so-called "easy-going Christian." The phrase is a contradiction in terms. I am not, however, urging you to become fanatics or to make yourselves disagreeable to the people around you. But I have used the word "fight" on purposes, for arraying one's self with the forces of righteousness in the world that the will of God may pre-
vail, is indeed a battle. Struggling against laziness, half-heartedness, low ideals, the sins that do so easily beset us in our own persons, is a fight. Struggling to know the right, to do it, to gain ascendancy over our- selves, to achieve a sweet reasonableness, to make ourselves personalities that shall radiate righteousness, to strive to become true servants of our fellow men, is a fight. To fashion our lives into good business and professional men and women, into dependable neighbors, into wise fathers and mothers, into up-standing, clear-headed, progressive citizens of our communities, of America, of the world, to make our souls into great lenses for focusing the spirit of Jesus on to the life of our fellow men, is a fight.

Men have been waging this fight for ages. Their triumphs we call progress, civilization. They are to me the supreme evidence of God's working through the minds, hearts, and societies of men to bring about a more and more perfect world where men may fashion themselves after the Great Pattern.

Progress is God marching through the ages. Unreason, muddleheadedness, inertia, mediocrity, and sin are opposing him. Our intelligent, dynamic imagination of progress, our growing sense of decency, our inherited ideals of law, order, and justice, our improving political institutions, our growing reverence for womanhood, our strengthening solicitude for childhood, our deepening sympathy for the unfortunate, our sharpening vision of ideals, and our stiffening loyalty to the Divine are helping him. We are, in very truth, workers together with God.

But alack and alas, much remains to be done. The Lord God, who fought for and produced our present civilization and brought it down to us, have laid it squarely upon our shoulders. They are gone. We are now responsible for it. What shall we do with it? If we prove mediocre, it will perish. If we prove ourselves God's men, we shall protect it, improve it, and pass it on to be an increasing blessing.

I want you young people to see that progress and civilization do not just happen. A fine field of corn does not just happen. A beautiful cathedral does not just happen. It did not just happen that Columbus discovered America. It did not just happen that Great Britain. It did not just happen that Woodrow Wilson achieved the League of Nations. All these things were brought to pass as the result of the longed-for vision and at the cost of sweat, exhaustion, and often blood.

Also I want you young people to see that progress and civilization are not the results of the work of some other fellow, of the politician, the city man, the business man, the sordid with miraculous wisdom. I want you young folks to realize that it is the achievement of men and women who work, study, sacrifice themselves to the utmost, who are sworn enemies of mediocrity, who see all great issues of this age and great believers in God. I want you to feel that the civilization which is to pass on to the generations succeeding us is being worked out in the farms, in the shops, in the schools, and in the churches of this peninsula as well as in the great businesses, luxurious offices, splendid universities, and the towering cathedrals of the cities. It is being produced in Cape Charles as well as in Washington. I want you to understand that you and I can not delegate to any other person the responsibility for the shaping of this kind of civilization. Our parents and our grandparents are to be born. "George" won't do it for us. We must do it for ourselves and for our children.

You and I live in two separate spheres. We are citizens of two distinct worlds. On the one hand, we inhabit the land of what shall we eat and what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed, a land where we strive for a living wage, for physical comforts, and for a decent place in the sun. On the other hand, we are denizens of a country where we hope largely, aspire greatly, love divinely; where we think with the immortal sages, look into some of the innermost meanings of life with the prophets; where we are conscious of linking ourselves with the enduring forces of divine truth, beauty, goodness, and love which strain and swirl the Creator turned eternal chaos into order and will last as long as God is God.

Sometimes, at the end of the day, we may feel like saying to ourselves, "My soul has been a clod today." Then we realize we have been living solely the smaller life. At other times, we feel that we have been truly living with high and enduring matters, we say to ourselves, "Today, I have been living the universal life." If we tend to become enamored of the smaller existence, forgetting our dreams and no longer feeling the tug of the divine and the lofty, we shall forfeit our citizenship in the eternal city. We shall then be menaced by deadening mediocrity. But we shall enjoy the most abundant life when we live the everyday roundly, zestfully, understanding it to be but a part of a greater whole, but the foundation of a structure, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thus only do we escape mediocrity. This finer product is our character, acting, growing, cooperating with other souls to perfect Christian civilization.

Let us forever get away from the idea, too long prevalent, that the man who gives his family a decent living, attends church regularly, and keeps out of jail, has done his full duty as a man and is an ideal Christian citizen. To justify that sort of life is to justify the evil day menaces us. In the business and professional world few men any longer satisfy themselves by producing enough simply for themselves. A farmer grows not only enough wheat and potatoes to supply his own family; more and more he is coming to feel that it is his task of helping to supply the world with these commodities. The lawyer does not practice law merely to protect himself against encroaching neighbors. The truly great practitioner feels the burden of a greater task: he is concerned that justice may increasingly prevail in human affairs. So the modern Christian. He no longer obeys the Ten Commandments merely to keep himself out of hell. Instead, he feels the world urge for righteousness. He realizes that righteousness must become a community, a national, a world matter. He radiates a rightness of life that inspires other souls. He perceives that a goodly fraction of his time, his goods, his talents, his vision, belongs to his fellow men. Accordingly, he accepts the burden and the privilege of public service. He prays with a keener vision and a new vigor, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth."

Now, my young friends, I am coming directly to you. The fact that you belong to the Epworth League should signify that you have put away the mediocire desire of being at ease in Zion. It should mean that you have committed yourself to a life of lofty vision, unmitting endeavor, enduring fidelity to the universal life, and indestructible faith in man and God.

When America went into the war, she tried to discover the young men who by capacity and temperament were suited to leadership. She trained them on land and sea. She placed them in posts of responsibility. She knew that an army without leaders was a body without a head that would be defeated on every field. This policy won the war. Now, peace demands leaders also, men and women with special aptitudes in many lines and devoted to the great common welfare, that our Christian civilization may not go the way of Greece and Rome. America needs experts—engineers to build its highways; doctors to stay the ravages of tuberculosis and cancer; economists to show how every man may share more justly in the resources of the earth; statesmen to deal with the more wisely affairs of State; artists to refine men's natures by the gospel of beauty; preachers to inspire more largely to lives of vision and righteousness. Some of you young people sitting before me tonight have resting upon you the inescapable responsibility of leadership. Let us all stand in the way of your preparing yourself to meet God's challenge. Be "strong to seek, to find, and not to yield."

"O young Mariner, Down to the haven, Call your vessel; Launch your vessel; And crowd your canvas; And, ere it vanishes Over the margin, After it, follow, Follow the Gleam."

But some of you may be saying to yourselves, "After all, I am a mediocre person. What can I do? Do not therefore fall into leader utter condemnation?" Not at all. No one is mediocre who sees the "Gleam," who is conscious of the stirrings of divine discontent within himself—and keeps moving onward, upward. However commonplace your powers may be, you can dream great dreams, give great gifts, and do great things, if you have the will, the courage, the faith. You can emulate the example of the lowly postage-stamp—which sticks until it
But how may I find my way out of the mediocrity into the larger life? you might ask.

No age was ever richer in the means of discovering the universal life than ours. In conclusion I wish to emphasize one such means — education.

So many people hold wrong ideas about it that I wish to point out some of the things which it is not. It is not a scheme by which a man may earn more money with it than without it. It is not securing a pass to a better society than a man is born to. It is not a magic road to getting out of work. It is not a process of filling a man's head with facts so that he is esteemed wiser than all his neighbors. What is it?

Do you remember in Lady of the Lake how, when Roderick Dhu, wishing to raise the Highlanders against the Saxons, sent, by a relay of messengers, a burning cross among his people to incite them to war? Do you recall how one torch-bearer would hand the flaming emblem to the next who, whether burying the dead or marrying his bride, was required to drop everything to speed the message of the chieftain?

You are messengers. Our Christian civilization is the great message you bear. Education is the torch which, lighted by the generation preceding you, brings the message home to the generation following you. Says an educational statesman, “Never . . . were we as a people so dependent upon popular education for the retention of the best in our culture, morality, idealism, government, and home life.” Education will initiate you into the interests, purposes, information, skill, aspirations, and ideals of your fathers and forebears. Prepare yourselves to the utmost that your torch may burn brightly and bear its light far.

The followers of Roderick Dhu heeded the summons of service. Your great Chieftain is calling you to carry the precious heritage of the past to the dwelling host of the future. I know that you are going to respond.

In the increasing numbers of youth now crowding our high schools and colleges, I see a splendid promise for the years ahead. Young people nurtured in a thorough-going education constitute the best safeguard of Christian civilization, the surest guarantee of its widening and deepening effectiveness. If my voice could reach them, I would say to them as I say to you:

YOU ARE YOUTH

You are the hope of the world!

You are boundless in health, dauntless in courage, restless in energy.

On the threshold of life you stand, face-front with your future.

You crave nutriment for your dreams, inspiration for your heart and hand and brain.

Within you slumbers a spirit of industry, a desire for leadership, a will for service.

Turn to education to save yourself from mediocrity — to awaken yourself — to summon forth your hidden powers — to steady your impetuous spirit — to safeguard your ideals — to ripen your judgment.

Fortified by education, find your sphere, do full service to yourself, your country, and your God, and carry the banner of civilization to those who shall come after you.

In education invest your todays and live in the anticipation of abundant tomorrows.

May the God of your fathers grant you guidance and give you strength to follow the “Gleam.”

Speaking of the Coolidge reserve, a reporter attempted an interview:

“Do you wish to say anything about prohibition?” was the first question.

“No.”

“About the farm bloc?”

“No.”

“About the World Court?”

“No.”

The reporter turned to go.

“By the way,” added Coolidge, unexpectedly calling him back, “don’t quote me.”

BOSTON GLOBE.
dren standing with bowed heads, as if in the presence of God. And I remember that we have been told that it is God-like to give one's life for others.

[The above article arrived too late to be printed in last week's Recorder.]

MINUTES OF WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. M. G. Stillman on the afternoon of November 1, 1926. The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. A. B. West. Mrs. W. C. Daland read the twenty-first chapter of St. John and offered prayer.

Members present: Mrs. West, Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Mrs. E. E. Sutton, Mrs. Nettie West, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Mrs. J. L. Skaggs.

Visitors: Mrs. Oscar Davis, Mrs. Horace Loofboro, Mrs. G. W. Coon, Mrs. J. F. Randolph, Mrs. L. M. Stringer, Mrs. A. B. Stillman.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read.

The treasurer gave the monthly report—receipts $99.60, disbursements $38. The report was adopted.

Mrs. West read a letter from the executive secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, North America, that it was voted that the treasurer be instructed to write for definite information in regard to our obligation to this organization.

The president had asked Mrs. W. D. Burdick to bring a message to the Woman's Board and to the guests, and Mrs. Burdick gave a most interesting review of the progress of the work of the home mission fields, with some of the problems and the needs of these fields of service.

Messages were brought from several of the ladies' societies as follows: Mrs. J. F. Randolph represented DeRuyter, N. Y.; Mrs. Horace Loofboro, Welton, Iowa; Mrs. George W. Coon, the Milton Junction society; Mrs. Oscar Davis, New Auburn, Wis., and Mrs. A. B. Stillman, one of the Milton circles. The ideas and suggestions brought by these ladies were very interesting, and we trust will prove mutually helpful to the Executive Board and the ladies' societies.

The minutes were read and approved.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. W. C. Daland the first Monday in December, Mrs. A. B. West, President. Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, Secretary.

THE CHURCH'S CALL

Of what avail is the Church in the world unless she can swing the plummets of the Cross to the deepest chasms of human loss? Have you ever stopped to think just how thin is the social crust through which the Church penetrates? We are so far—so immeasurably far—removed from the unnumbered souls who have passed through the gates over which is written: "He who enters here leaves all hope behind." By sheer waving of the hand we can not dismiss the socially ostracized. We can not deny the fact that we brush the skirts of those for whom we have long since ceased to pray—the unchurched, the long-since forgotten, is the world's vast sepulchral place. Just the other day we read of some men in Sing Sing prison. When they were led to the chair, two of them were in the last stages of consumption, two of them had been condemned for murder committed in an attempt to escape from an asylum, and three others had not received a visit, inquiry, letter, or any hope from any. They were outside world during the entire period of their confinement. The alarming fact is that the vast bulk of this human flotsam is not in Sing Sing. They are on our streets and in our parlors. The great problem of the Church in this age is how to salvage human society.

To worship God in silent wood,
Or by the tossing sea—
To worship him in solitude
Is not enough for me.

My vows to him I fear would pay
The mortals congregate,
And at one common prayer,
And praise, and meditate.

My sins I would confess with those
Who, like myself, have erred,
And bring with them our common woes
To be earth-born from sin.

Of heaven forgiven, and cast away
From God's most holy sight,
That all may live a perfect day—
A day where is no night—J. B. Lawrence.

CHILDREN IN OUR COMMUNITY

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, December 11, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Help children's play (Zech. 8: 1-8)
Monday—Pects 22: 1-13
Tuesday—Help orphans (Isa. 1: 17)
Wednesday—Bless children (Luke 18: 15, 16)
Thursday—Lead them to God (Ps. 8: 1-3)
Friday—All orphan children (Matt. 10: 1-10)

Sabbath Day—Topic: The children of our community: what shall we do for them? (John 21: 15, 17; Matt. 25: 40)

The wording of our topic demands an emphatic answer—what shall we do for the children? When the spies of olden times went into the promised land, some came back with the report that it was a land flowing with milk and honey. Every Seventh Day Baptist community in our country is a community flowing with milk and honey, in a figurative sense. Every community has its boys and girls, for future church members. Are they the community's priceless jewels, its costliest gems, its greatest assets? Yes, somebody is sure to say that they are generally a community's greatest liabilities. If boys and girls become liabilities it is someone's fault. Is it the fault of the Junior society? There is the Church, the world's fault of your church? Missionary work is just as needed and important at home as it is across the seas. Children are not by nature bad, they do not usually mean to do bad things. On the other hand, they are active and full of life and their energy must some channel. They must be taught the right from the wrong. They are heroes-worshipers, and Christian Endeavorers can be their heroes if they will. If Christian young people, and older ones as well, are not the heroes of our boys and girls, then can we wonder why so many children and young people are in our penitentiaries or roaming our streets? Let us be honest with ourselves and answer this topic in the spirit of our Master, who loved little children and suffered them to come unto him.

We must love the boys and girls. There is something in every child, even in the outcasts of the street, which we can love if we will but find it. We must trust them. Nearly every child has some sense of honor and in a kind, loving, forceful way we must teach them true honor. We must sympathize in what they try to do and in a tactful way direct their work and play into right paths. We must understand their motives. We must be true to them. One false word or deed on our part may forever lose the confidence of the child. We must be giving Bibles before them. We must live the things we believe. We must live as true Christians at all times so that the children can see Jesus' love and ideals in us. For if we would win the soul of a boy or girl we must live our own lives in close contact with that of the Savior of the world.

Now that we are going to be all these things to the so-called assets in our communities, we will want to work for them and with them. I need not tell Endeavorers there is another Junior society is nor what it does. If you want faithful and active senior Endeavorers begin training the children in the Junior society. If there isn't a Junior society in your church, organize one. Every church needs a Junior society which trains its boys and girls for future church members; its members are ninety-five per cent more faithful in their attendance at their weekly meetings than the church members are at their prayer meetings; and its members are far more ready and willing to give to missionary work than that society is doing for the future church in that community one can do for your church. A whole set of plans for a year's work and any suggestions for organizing will gladly be sent on request. Determine now to do one of the biggest tasks in your church and organize a Junior society.

There is also a message in this topic for Christian Endeavorers in whose church
there is a Junior society. The Junior superintendent may be one of your own members, but she can not do your duty for the boys and girls; she can only live up to her own God-given task. You can do your part by co-operating with her. The senior members should at all times be friends to the juniors. There should be a Junior Committee composed of those senior members who are willing to give a definite part of their time to Junior work. Others may offer their services. If you are interested in social work, you may help the Junior Social Committee plan and carry out their socials; if you like missionary work, you might offer to help with a Junior mission study class, and so there are numerous ways in which you could work with the juniors. And if given in the spirit of friendly co-operation, the juniors themselves will appreciate your offer to help them.

In closing, let me give you just one sentence in a series of beautiful word pictures which one author draws in describing the dedicated lives of leaders of children: "Blessed is he who knows the secret paths which lead to the kingdom of children; for him the gates of peace shall hang on golden hinges and the ending of his life shall be like the ceasing of exquisite music."

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Topic for Sabbath Day, December 11, 1928

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Honesty and danger (Dan. 3; 16-18)
Monday—Samuel's practice (1 Sam. 12: 1-5)
Tuesday—A change of policy (Luke 19: 8)
Wednesday—Keeping one's word (Psalm 15: 4)
Thursday—A dishonest manager (Acts 5: 1-11)
Friday—The man that played Jesus false (Luke 22: 1-6)

Sabbath—Topic: Is honesty always the best policy? (Deut. 25: 13-16)

DOES HONESTY PAY?

A leading business man in a certain town would probably answer "No" to the above question. He is considered by some as the town's ablest money-getter. Yet his idea of getting money is to outwit someone else. He expects others to be honest with him and feels badly if he is cheated. But if you buy a bushel of apples of him, you are almost sure to find poorer apples in the bottom than there are on top.

Yet this man is not happy. There are none who trust him, and few even to show him friendliness. Such a man has not made a success in life but a miserable failure. For no matter how much money one may have, he has made a failure of life unless he can show to his credit some helpful rendered to his community and to his friends whose trust he has never betrayed.

Another man is barely getting along on the wage of a day laborer. The only business venture he ever engaged in was a failure. He was honest, but he trusted others too much. He could never say, "No," to those who wanted to borrow from him. Consequently he failed. Probably he feels a disappointment to this day, and people are apt to say of such a man, "Why is it that such a good man can not succeed in business?" They seem to forget that this man has succeeded. He has managed by hard work to pay up all his debts. He has a name for honesty in the community, and the Lord is taking care of his wants. He will never be rich, nor even well-to-do, but it may be all the better for him that he isn't. He has learned to be happy with little.

I have used the two extreme illustrations because there are so many nowadays who say that in order to make a success in life you have got to be willing to "do" the other fellow. It shows us that the success which dishonesty brings is only a deceitful dream, while "Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich."

Aside from the two illustrations above, we can think of many good and honest men, who were also able to win plenty of this world's goods, and could use it wisely too. We can think also of many, many who hoped to win wealth by dishonest methods, and failed. Let us remember that there is really only one kind of success that amounts to anything. It is contained in Paul's letter to Timothy: "But godliness with contentment is great gain."

FROM THE "QUARTERLY VISITOR" (MILTON)

The (Intermediate) society is getting under way for a new year of work. We received two new members and expect others to apply for membership. We are also in process of revising our roll by asking all members to sign pledge cards.

On the evening of September 30, there was a church social at which all organizations of the church were asked to present a representation of their work as an ingredient helping to make as very wonderful "Church Salad." The intermediates were represented by the superintendent and three members of the Executive Committee.

(The member of the society who won the Recorder Reading Contest this year, used the following books: Into All the World, Wells; Expert Endeavor, Wells; Daily Messages for Christian Endeavorers, Clarke; Next Steps, McCauley; Eighty Pleasant Evenings. It looks as if the winner were deserving of the prize.)

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR SABBATH DAY, DECEMBER 11

This is the last of our torch-bearers meetings, and it is quite appropriate that we study the life of Paul. No one special part of his life need be selected to illustrate the lesson which we want to teach today, for his whole life was one of service.

On the torch for this meeting, besides Paul's name write "Service," and then emphasize that one lesson as you tell the story of Paul from his conversion to his death. R. F. D. No. 1, Wesbery, R. I.

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY"

ALFRED L. PERRY

(Oration given at the Pre-Conference Young People's Meeting at Alfred, N. Y.)

A young lady once said, "If you want a good Christian Endeavor meeting don't have any prayers. They are dull and no one wants to listen to them."

If some one in our society should say that, we would turn and stare astounded. Yet her impression must have been formed from what she had heard at the meetings. In Matthew 6:7, we find, "When ye pray use not vain repetitions as the heathen do for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." In other words, we should pray, earnestly meaning what we say.

There is a painting by Tissot called "The Pharisee and the Publican." In the foreground is a Pharisee mid the splendors of the temple. His head is high, his hands outstretched, his mouth open as if he were talking loudly. His whole attitude says, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust men, adulterers, or even as this Publican." Behind him stands the Publican. What a contrast between them. The Publican is dressed in a humble robe, his head bent, his figure stooping, one hand pressed against his heart and the other upon his forehead. Everything about him is reverent. His lips seem to move as he whispers, "Lord, be merciful unto me, a sinner."

How often do we think of God as some far off Person—too way off in the universe, unmindful of our prayers or our petty affairs. Sometimes, perhaps, we pray for something that we think we need and the prayer seems to be unanswered. We decide that God does not answer our prayers, so we give it up and go on, getting along the best we can without God. We find that our efforts amount to nothing without his help and encouragement.

James Montgomery writes:

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Utttered or expressed;
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye.
When none but God is near.
O thou! by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Verna, N. Y.

TRIANGLES

MARY A. WELLS

(The Contest Oration, Young People's Pre-Conference Meetings.)

Geometry is the study of the shapes and sizes of figures and the correlation of the sizes to the shapes. From this study we learn that a triangle which has its three sides equal contains more area than any other triangle having the same perimeter. Since this fact is so clearly proved by geometry, we shall see if it applies to other fields as well.

The triangles we are going to consider are our lives. The sides of the triangles represent the three factors of our lives, physical, mental, and spiritual, and the areas...
the fullness of our lives. If one side of our triangle grows, it will not"...
CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

PAUL
ELIZABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, December 11, 1928

DAILY READINGS
Sunday—Paul's torch kindled (Acts 9: 3-9)
Monday—Paul, the persecutor (Acts 8: 1)
Tuesday—Paul's first sermons (Acts 9: 20-22)
Thursday—What Paul endured (2 Cor. 11: 23-27)
Friday—Paul in Rome (Acts 28: 30, 31)
Sabbath-Day—Topic: Paul, who carried the torch to other lands (Acts 16: 9, 10)

"The first words of Paul after he was converted laid the foundation of his whole life—"Join in suffering, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus." From that point he spent his life in trying to do the things that God wanted him to do. He became one of the greatest missionaries of the gospel. Again he tells us just what his life work was to be, "The grace was given me of God, that I should preach the gospel among the heathen." Paul gives us the secret of his life and influence, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

It is no wonder that a man with such ideals and plans for Christian work should do so much good work in the world of sin and shame. Wherever God led him he was always ready to go. He preached not only to the Jews but to the Gentiles as well. His life was one of hardships and discouragements, but he kept ever onward trusting in God and working to bring Christianity more fully to the hearts of men.

There are many lessons which we can learn from the life of Paul today as we review it briefly. One of the greatest lessons is that of service. Paul was content to go or to stay as long as it was God's will. Juniors, too, can live a life of service—service for others right at home or away from home.

R. F. D. No. 1, Westerly, R. I.

BILLY, HELEN, AND UNCLE SAM

(Continued from page 665)

ents, Miss Brown, the county nurse, whose salary was paid in part by the money appropriated under the Maternity and Infancy Act, was a warm friend, and the cheerful toot of the horn on her trusty little car was welcome music in the ears of families whose visitors were few. Miss Brown told Helen just how to prepare for the coming baby and brought the good news that a child-health conference was coming to the nearest town the next week. A doctor from the State Bureau of Child Hygiene and Miss Brown would open the first clinic for mothers and babies ever held in that county as part of the state work under the Maternity and Infancy Act. Moreover, letters from the state bureau would come every month to Helen advising her how to give herself and her baby every chance. "Uncle Sam is good to us, isn't he, Bill?" said Helen.

This little story is just one illustration of what the Maternity and Infancy Act means to thousands of mothers and children in America. Forty-three states are now cooperating with this work. And it is high time we in the United States did something for mothers. Here's a flagpole, and on it I'm going to mark the nations of the world in the order of their maternal death rates. The lowest death rate among mothers occurs in Norway—2.2 per 1,000 live births. Then comes Holland (2.3), little Denmark (2.6), Italy (2.7), Uruguay, the same (2.7), Japan (3.3), Finland (3.6), England and Wales (3.7), South Africa (4.5), New Zealand (5.0), Australia (5.1), Spain (5.1), Germany (5.3), Belgium (5.4), Ireland (5.7). And here comes the United States (6.6) at the top of the list but one—the most dangerous of all the great nations except Chile (7.4) for mothers to have babies. Eighteen thousand mothers die in the United States every year. As for the babies—here's a little grave stone for each month. On each day of the month I'm drawing a little gravestone. Each of the 30 gravestones stands for 500 deaths of little babies, for every year in the United States we bury 180,000 babies under one year of age.

It was because Congress felt that a nation which could spend $75,000,000 a year on good roads could afford just $1,250,000 a year on saving the lives of mothers and babies, that the Maternity and Infancy Act was passed. The Children's Bureau in Washington administers this act in partnership with Children's Bureaus in the states.

This partnership is very much like the partnership of members of a united family—each parent just as interested as the other in the welfare of the children, and each parent taking part of the job. The Maternity and Infancy Act binds together Uncle Sam and all his nieces and nephews, the states, and this combination brings health to mothers and babies.

This work has been going on for four years. Of course it takes time to get a big job like this started, and the first year was spent in planning work to the best advantage. After things were started, however, an enormous job was accomplished. I am going to give you the figures for only two years' work under the Maternity and Infancy Act.

Child-health conferences where a doctor and nurse are present to advise mothers and to examine babies are one of the important parts of the job—33,701 of these were held in two years—594,346 children were examined at these conferences.

Pre-natal conferences where mothers may learn how to plan for the coming baby are another important part of the Maternity and Infancy work. There were 9,869 of these conferences held, attended by 74,662 mothers. Here are some more totals which show what is accomplished.

Maternity and Infancy Act work, does not stop, for I am sure that those men down in Congress, as well as all of us plain citizens at home, think that Uncle Sam would be just a bit more human if he would look like this—jolly and smiling and interested in the small baby that even bachelor uncles like Uncle Sam like to play with and care for.

[Mr. Mitchell illustrated his talk with chalk drawings which, unfortunately, can not be reproduced here.]—U. S. Department of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington.

BOY, WHERE ARE YOU?

This little paragraph appeared recently in a daily newspaper:

"To my boy, who left home Monday night, September 16—My darling boy: If you see this, which I pray our heavenly Father you may, please let your distressed mother know where you are. Mother."

This was all—no name, nothing to let the world know; only the cry of a mother sent blindly out into the crowded streets; no syllable about whose fault it was—no blame, no reproach; only the reaching out of a mother-who can not help loving her boy.

Perhaps there never was a boy really worthy of a mother's love. But the mothers never care for that—they just keep on loving.

Boy, how far are you from your mother? Not in miles—the other way? Couldn't you be just a little kinder, a little more thoughtful, a little closer friends? You don't know how far you have gone from her in the last few years; she does, though. Come back, close, boy. Some day you won't be able to, you know.—Selected by T. L. G.

Over a year ago a movement was started in China for the careful presentation of a million copies of the New Testament to the people of that land. The plan was endorsed by the Bible societies and the missionaries who made request for 750,000 copies of the book for wide distribution among the people of their districts. A half million of the books are now being printed in Shanghai and it is planned to begin the nation-wide distribution this autumn.—The Baptist.
SABBATH SCHOOL
HOSHEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

Two or three days ago I went to school to see what I could learn. Having been a teacher myself, I am interested in young folks in school. There is something inspiring in the innocent eagerness and eager activity of them in a lively class recitation. It is enough to set us older ones thinking. For the best result, the minds of both teacher and pupils must be lively. This liveliness must depend mostly upon the teacher. She must be the guiding spirit, with her own mind and the minds of her pupils well under control. She should be able to follow well the course of study under the general direction of her superintendent. Yet she should happily be capable of controlling those directions with her own good knowledge of what she is teaching and how best to do it. Also she should be able to understand as fully as practicable the minds of her pupils and how best to come into touch with them.

I would not be writing this had I not, when at school last week, been led to think of it. The boys and girls there were sixth graders. Those who have had some experience with nine and ten year olds, either in school or at home, understand somewhat how active their minds are apt to be—in one way or another. It is a wise teacher who knows well how to guide that activity and make the most of it. I may say, too, that such a teacher has good reason to be happy, for what can be more interesting than watching in children of that age the awakening of their young minds day by day to fresh knowledge of things all about them—things they are glad to know and understand—and to feel that it is her blessed privilege to lead them into such knowledge and under her direction to lead them. How happy it would be for all of us to have the vision to see clearly the growth of mind, of soul, as we do that of the body.

I was particularly interested the other day to see the teacher's manner of opening the minds of her pupils into seeing something quite new in the lesson before them. She told me it was a memory lesson. They were memorizing a worth while poem as a class exercise. First she wrote a stanza on the board before them; she did not scribble it off—any way to get it down after a fashion—but made it look neat and plain. She intended that her writing should be a model for her pupils. Then she asked them all to read it carefully, thoughtfully. After having erased half of the first two lines, she called for those who could do so to repeat them. Then she did the same with the last two lines, then with the whole stanza. With this intense attention the poem was soon memorized and the class was able to recite it in concert and separately.

I am not telling this to just say that those girls and boys thus committed the poem to memory, but to say something more about it. Firing the lively attention they gave to the exercise, they were truly through the lively manner and interest of their teacher. All seemed eager to respond to her questions and were ready at once when called upon to come to the front and speak before the class. She asked them the meaning of the principal words of the poem and their opinions concerning certain expressions. I was surprised at their quick readiness to express themselves. The teacher did not do much of the talking, but just enough to draw them out. It might have been easier for her to tell them all about it. What was the wireless communication of thought back and forth between teacher and class, and the personality of the teacher, she being the chief operator.

Seeing this, I thought how good it would be for us in the Sabbath school to come into the same contact with the member of our classes—to draw them out in the same way. The teachers in the schoolhouse, though, have the advantage of us; they are with their classes face to face five days in the week, and we less than an hour. It becomes us, therefore, to make the most of what opportunity we have to develop a more active vocabulary. How good and how beautiful it is for boys and girls to grow into manhood and womanhood with a familiarity with the good Book.
Lone Sabbath Keeper’s Page

COMMUNION
MARY E. FILLAYW
Several years ago I read a sermon, the text for which was, “Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.” Revelation 2:4.

The picture painted is that of the younger son in his father’s arms, his first smile as he looked into the love-revealing eyes of his first love, followed the wanderings of the boy till at last the world and its ways, having become more attractive than the faithful love and unselfish devotion of his first love, caused the boy—now grown to manhood—to step out from the parental home to live a life of utter worthlessness. But, by and by, after his mother’s gray hairs had gone down with sorrow to the grave, the man remembered his first love, and turned his face homeward. But before reaching the old homestead, it is seen that his mother had been laid to rest, but then an aged father still lived who might tolerate his presence as a hired servant. Knowing that he had been a disobedient son, he dared not ask for a place by the side of that elder brother who had never transgressed a single command of their father.

Again the preacher pictured “the happiest man in the world eating his first meal alone with his first love, a different kind of love from that of his infancy and boyhood days, a new kind of love—so far superior to that of his infancy that no man had ever before experienced such love in its strength and utter abandonment of selfishness, that is, if you take his word for it. But time passes on, and the love of money becomes stronger and stronger, until his manhood love lies buried under a pile of rubbish; the once beautiful wife is pale, and her once shining tresses no longer attractive, because age and sorrow of heart are thinning and whitening them. She is stricken with fever and death stands at her door; but a repentant husband falls on his knees and begs for a longer lease of life for his first love.

Now we come to the saddest picture of all. A man has committed a great crime, has been condemned; the gallows is ready and everybody waiting for the appointed moment when a soul will be hurled into eternity. Some are weeping, others talking and laughing, while still others are jeering at the criminal; only a few creatures more—a man, hasteless and almost breathless, hands the sheriff a paper signed by the governor of the state, and the criminal is a free man.

Terror has given place to joy, and with eyes upturned toward heaven he gives vent to his pent-up emotions in the unmistakable language of one that has passed from death unto life. When a church leaves its first love, it is like the wandering son whose mother had prayed for him with her last breath. When a church becomes more and more fond of external forms and thinks more of the blowing of trumpets in self-praise than of the graces of the Spirit and of treasures to be laid up in heaven, it is like the man who let the love of money take the place of love and unselfish devotion which he felt on his wedding day toward his manhood’s first love. When a church has gone so far as to commit sacrilege by robbing God of what belongs to him, it is like the criminal on the scaffold, apparently ready to be deprived of life. But there is hope, for the wandering church, for the church too fond of externals and the one that fails in its faith; for a place by the side of that elder brother who had never transgressed a single command of their father.

The church of which I speak was united as a church several years ago. The young people were strong in the faith, and those who held the fort, were men and women of the first rank. The pastor pictured by the preacher was the picture of the shepherd of the sheep, the right hand of his father, the father of the church. But with the passing of time the enemy of the church was at work, and slowly but surely, the church was being pulled apart. The pastor was left alone, and wearily he watched the church go to pieces, and the fellowship with its members, also. The pastor’s prayers were heard by his father, and though not answered in the way he expected, it was answered in a way he had never dreamed of in his days of youth.

When the preacher had finished, the congregation rose in unison, and in the music of the choir, “When the clouds and mountains tear asunder,” and the fullness of Christ, “When the bread and wine came.”

The long awaited loaf of bread was in the hands of the pastor, and the warmth of the Holy Spirit was felt in every heart. The love of the Lord Jesus Christ was felt as never before. The pastor sang “Till then I shall go down” as the last line of the message was taken up as a song of praise, and the congregation was united in its love for the Lord Jesus Christ, and in thanks for the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, and in the fellowship of the blood of Christ.”

The Greek word εἰρήνη, the word translated communion, means, first, fellowship, then partnership. Acts 2:42 says, “And they continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.” Wherever the apostles’ doctrine takes root, there you find fellowship and partnership. A fellow is one who loves what we love, who hates what we hate, and enjoys what we enjoy, and is grieved when we suffer. When we are in need, his hands are opened wide for our relief; and when we are poor, he does not shrink from a fellow who soon becomes our partner, and we trust him in the fullness of perfect friendship.

When God raises us up until he delights in calling us friends, we have fellowship with him and are made partners with him in his glorious work of salvation. When he has need of us (see Luke 19:31, 34) we are glad to carry him in “the ends of the earth.” We are glad to be guided by him and also to suffer with him. For if we partake of the fellowship of his sufferings we shall also partake of the glory of his kingdom; for St. Paul wrote: “Remember that Jesus Christ of the Seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel: Wherein I suffer trouble, as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. Therefore I endure all things for the elect’s sakes that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with an expectation of things which are to come.” 2 Timothy 2:8-13.

In Phillipians 3:7-11, he also says things that were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.”

There is also another word that means fellowship, and it was used in 2 Corinthians 6:14. This word χρωμάτισις, here, signifies the unity of action proceeding from those who are actuated by the same motives, and in the masculine form represents the actors themselves. In the mas-
The lamp of truth that day
Shone bright through the cloud.
And bade him drink, when sick and faint:
The hand that held it scarce was seen.
Then raised it to the weary saint,
Till none could miss the way;
When the captain says 'Well done!
Lay down his burden, and go in.'
Lay down his burden, and go in.
Newly crowned king of England was about
told him that was unnecessary; but 'he re­
turned to the winepress,'
And there eating is said to be
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

W. B."
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F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer the Denominational Building. (A Vision in Material Form) Plainfield, N. J.

JESUS AND THE WOMEN

Women stood on the edge of the throng and listened to him with that thrill we feel when the sermon touches us. He spoke of the woman in the kitchen, like the one he knew in Nazareth, putting in the leaven and thinking of the kingdom of God, for the woman who had lost her piece of silver, and the woman who had lost something finer and in her shame—found mercy and forgiveness. We think of the little daughter raised from the dead, of the restoration of the demoniac boy, of the fear and faith of one who touched the hem of his garment; and women in every part of the world are lifted up and transformed and find abiding joy in the vision and the satisfying activity in the work he has left to be done. Women do not need a new religion or a new philosophy. It is all in their Word from God. They only need to accept and practice it.

—Mrs. Henry W. Peabody.

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