by one hundred fifteen associates, friends, and admirers at the Elm Tree Inn last night at a home town recognition dinner which honored Doctor Barber for his achievements in the field of invention.

Reference was made by speakers to the most recent honor accorded Doctor Barber, that of being named among twenty-nine modern pioneers and receiving wide recognition in Washington, D. C., and in Boston. Colonel Bourdon A. Babcock, president of the Pawcatuck Board of Trade of which Doctor Barber is chairman of the board of directors, was toastmaster. Also at the head table were Charles P. Cottrell, president of the Cottrell firm, Arthur M. Cottrell, Jr., and Philip Cottrell. Mr. Barber's career was traced in an interesting talk by Karl G. Anderson, a local merchant. About fifty guests were present. A recording was made of the music and ceremony.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight, And turn a few pages in memory tonight; Bring to our vision the scenes of the past, And make us wish that we might stand again.

And the scampering feet of three lively boys.
The years have been pleasant, no ugly scenes mar
So--forward—go forward, but don't, as you leave,
And may our good years together give your future new zest.

This gift is intended to bring you repose,
And preacher folk need that, as everyone knows.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

You may rest sure our friendship and all our good will
Will follow your path and abide with you still.

Evangeline C. Kenyon.

ARTISTS

By Irene Hulet

They are impractical, 'tis said,
Those people of creative mind.
Who, in their fellowship with Art
A keen enjoyment find.

'Tis true, they may not way-wise be
In many of the things of earth,
Yet who shall say these dreams of theirs
Are not of equal worth?

The birds, the flowers, the summer breeze,
The sunshine after rain,
Are God's guiding messengers
To ease our human pain.

Likewise, the brush, the pen, the song,
The skill of instrument
May joyous missions have
To lessen discontent.

And he to whom this urge is given,
In greater or in lesser degree,
Should not repress this hidden thing,
But loose—and set it free.

God made them so; he wills that they
Should not these talents waste or dim,
And what can be more practical
Than pleasing him?

MARriages


Ashway, R. J.

At a meeting of the Ashway Ladies' Aid society of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, Mrs. Everett T. Harris, who has been secretary and an active worker in the society, was presented with an "occasional" chair by the society. Mrs. Howard Kenyon, president, made the presentation and the following lines written by Mrs. Walter D. Kenyon, president, made the presentation.

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O time, in your flight,
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Bring to our vision the scenes of the past,
And make us wish that we might stand again.

The parsonage echoes with bustle and noise
To the matronly helpmeet who walks by his side,
And the scampering feet of three lively boys.

The working of people and pastor thus far.
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PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 18, 1940
No. 21

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

HERBERT C. VAN HORN, D.D., Editor
L. H. NORTH, Manager of the Publishing House

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
William L. Burdick, D.D.
Mrs. W. C. Davis
Mrs. Walter L. Greene
Marion C. Van Horn
Rev. Eric E. Sutton

EDITORIALS
A THANKSGIVING "BLACKOUT"? NO.

What can we do to give thanks to God in a time like this? Look at the misery about us in our homeland—poverty, cold, hunger—suffering within stone's throw of many who read this. Abroad, such darkness, such despair—with the horrors of war like a funeral pall over the land. Suicide showered down upon innocent children and tender mothers. "Blackouts" of so much we hold dear. And in our own land, registration and conscription of the men. What have we to be thankful for? Like herd of old, millions are led to exclaim, "How can we sing the Lord's song?"

In answering this cry, we must say—it is not easy. But there are points in the dark situation we may find the answer in the encouragement of faith. We can be thankful for life amidst pleasant surroundings and opportunities for service.

We can be thankful for America — and those who have given it to us with its freedoms and blessings; for its apportionment, giving greater security and opportunity to work out in a fuller measure the purpose and will of God.

Truly, there is much to thank God for. But we must beware lest we become self-righteous and self-centered—like the Pharisee—see and pray, "God, I thank thee I am not like other men. Our very blessings and privileges should make us humble and make us sensitive to grave responsibility for the welfare of others; eager to help others. In our thanksgiving, shall we not pray—and make me a blessing remove that a thorn from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.

Finally, we suggest, he gave thanks for the cross. That upon which men looked with terror, he saw as symbolic of the great purpose for which he had come into the world. Then there will be remembered the Christian who looked to Jesus, "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

In the light of such thanksgiving, cannot we all take courage when everything at this thanksgiving season seems so dark? We can be thankful for the multitude of little things that are ours and which bring us unspeakable joy; we also have given thanks for friends and loved ones. We have the will of God—and we can be thankful for opportunities for great sacrifice.
The annual Roll Call, when everyone from coast to coast could see most of the local Red Cross chapter takes place from November 11 to November 30. Last year in that period more than 7,000,000 men and women joined the Red Cross ranks, while an equal number of boys and girls were affiliated with the Junior Red Cross. This year, among the tasks those figures should be raised to eight, nine, or ten million. Join your local Red Cross chapter!

MISSIONS

THE COST OF CLIMBING SYCAMORE TREES

(Sermon delivered by Rev. A. L. Davis during Missionary session at Conference, Battle Creek, Mich., 1940)

Text: And he (Zacchaeus) ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him (Jesus), for he was to pass that way. Luke 19: 4.

If Zacchaeus ever counted the cost of climbing that sycamore tree, it must have been after the day Jesus came to town. And if he ever considered whether or not it was worth what it cost him, he confronted one of the most delicate and vital questions of life.

Zacchaeus had counted the cost in lesser adventures. There was a day when the richest man in Rome, he the Capitol, and the Roman Senate, and the Popes, and their families must be continued. The 3,721 chapters and the national organization must maintain a state of preparedness to cope with disaster and the victims of war.

The Medical and Nutrition Services, which not only conduct their own programs but also serve as an auxiliary to public and private health and welfare agencies the country over, must keep up their good work. In fact, all these services, and many others, too, must be ready and able to meet new demands as they arise.

There is but one way in which this can be done. The strength of the Red Cross, its membership, must be increased. The low annual dues received from members and such voluntary contributions and gifts as are received from time to time, are the sole source of Red Cross funds used for normal activities.

In production services, these volunteers made 1,201,571 garments for use at home and in Europe, 9,938,201 surgical dressings for hospitals in this country and the war zones, and 23,000,000 meals. The 18,000 Christmas bags for soldiers, sailors, and marines stationed outside continental United States.

Volunteer workers produced 1,143,963 pages in raised type for the blind, while canteen workers served more than 80,000 meals. Other volunteer services that were active during the year included the Motor Corps, the Gray Ladies, who are active in government hospitals, the Nurse's Aides, and Home Service workers.

Volunteer services of the Red Cross were organized largely during the World War. Today they are the medium through which heavy tasks abroad, there can be no letup in the demands as they arise.

In fact, all these services, and many others, must be increased. The low voluntary contributions and gifts as are received from time to time, are the sole source of Red Cross funds used for normal activities.
The SABBATH Recorder

who went home with Zacchaeus to dinner, beckoned young Doctor Grenfell to come to the little coast of Labrador to heal and hearten certain fishermen, not unlike those who plied their trade in Galilee (Since this sermon was delivered, the General Con- ference, Doctor Grenfell, at the age of sev- enty-five, after forty-three years of active service, has laid down his work and gone to his eternal home."

A Japanese student said some years ago that the strange thing about Jesus is that you cannot get away from him. "You can never pronounce him an inspired man, or a mad man, a genius, or a fool," writes Dr. E. F. Tuttle: an hour of working or to reject him, befriended or betrayed him, die for him or crucify him—the one thing you cannot do is to ignore him.

Spending time in sycamore trees and getting a good look of Jesus is such a costly adven- ture, is it not strange that we go right on planting and cultivating these same trees? One hundred twenty years ago a little band of men and women planted such a tree right here in Verona, where I am writing this sermon. With the mere changing of the date and place it might read Middle Island, Baptist, she was excused from classroom service, has laid down his work and gone to his eternal home.

"The only instruction I ever received in personal work and visitation evangelism, of which she never received a cent; attended their labors and sacrifices. Sabbath after Sabbath you go to your church for what purpose? The Sunday school teacher, which she never received a cent; attended their labors and sacrifices. Sabbath after Sabbath you go to your church for what purpose? The Sunday school teacher, Tuttle; thirty-five, after fifty years, a stranger to me, took me to the salt of the earth." But salt in order to preserve and season must give itself to and lose itself in that which is to be pre- served.

"The SABBATH RECORDER"

The SABBATH RECORDER

October 1940

Receipts

| Adams Center  | $36.80 |
| Albion        | 349.50 |
| Alfred        | 349.00 |
| Allendale     | 388.35 |
| Associations  | 211.00 |
| Bernhjem      | 116.95 |
| Berlin        | 10.00  |
| Boulder       | 363.15 |
| Brookfield    | 39.75  |
| Brooklyn      | 31.25  |
| Dodge Center  | 65.85  |
| Denver        | 46.70  |
| De Ruyter     | 80.50  |
| Dinuba        | 11.30  |
| Dunkirk       | 27.50  |
| Farina        | 40.00  |
| Friendship    | 12.55  |
| Genesee       | 4.50   |
| Hebron        | 10.80  |
| Hoisington    | 9.00   |
| Independence  | 50.00  |
| Independence  | 50.00  |
| Jackson Center| 6.00   |
| Little Meridian| 9.95  |
| Little Prairie| 41.00  |
| Los Angeles   | 2.50   |
| Los Creek     | 3.10   |
| Marlboro      | 103.65 |
| Middle Island | 13.30  |
| Milton        | 449.78 |
| Milton Center | 184.49 |
| New Auburn    | 184.49 |
| New York City | 110.00 |
| North Buffalo | 25.99  |
| Nortonville   | 50.00  |
| Pawcatuck    | 891.05 |

| Total for 4 months

Before you and I try such a course, let us hear again the plea of Christ, "If you call me the Son of God" will come as if a woman took a cake of yeast and hid it in three measures of meal until the whole lump is leavened. "You are the light of the world. You do not light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but on the stand that it may give light to all who are in the house." But salt in order to preserve and season must give itself to and lose itself in that which is to be pre- served.

If we are to be Christians on the Sabbath, but publicans and sinners from Sunday to Friday night, then both our religion and our civilization are doomed. And we become the assassins of our own and our children's happiness.

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, October, 1940

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**THE SABBATH RECORDER**

People's S. D. B. Church, Washington 5.00 5.00
Piscataway 51.73
Plainfield 122.85 411.89
Richburg 12.00 49.50
Ritchie 5.00 11.17
Riverside 35.00 137.10
Roanoke 5.00
Rockville 8.10 27.60
Salem 52.00 142.30
Shiloh 130.88 410.46
Verona 30.20 43.65
Waterford 16.00 39.40
White Cloud 30.89 69.45

**Comparative Statement**

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**WOMAN'S WORK**

**MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING**

The Woman's Board met in regular session November 10, 1940, in the Mrs. G. H. Trainer Sabbath school room with the following members present: Mrs. E. F. Loofboro, Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. Hallie May, Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, Mrs. S. O. Bond, Mrs. Okey W. Davis, Mrs. G. H. Trainer, Miss Lotta Bond, and Miss Greta Randolph.

The members each gave a verse of Scripture and Mrs. Skaggs led in prayer. Greta Randolph was appointed secretary pro tem.

Mrs. S. O. Bond gave her treasurer's report, showing a balance of $662.64. The report was adopted as read.

A letter was read from Rev. Marion Van Horn accepting the call to be promoter of evangelism. The contract with the promoter of evangelism was presented and approved by the board.

Voted that the treasurer pay the necessary moving expenses of Mr. Van Horn when the bill is presented.

Voted that Mrs. Okey Davis, Mrs. May, Mrs. Trainer, Mrs. Edward Davis, and Greta Randolph be a committee to plan an installation service for Mr. Van horn; this service will be held at the next regular board meeting.

Voted to adjourn to meet at the regular time in December.

Mrs. E. F. Loofboro, President, Greta Randolph, Secretary pro tem.

Salem, W. Va.

**LETTER FROM THE BOARD**

Dear Friends:

Perhaps you feel that you have had to wait a long time for your fall letter from the board. We thought the Conference articles and the accompanying letter from Mrs. James L. Skaggs were so full of material that they would bridge the space between. The delay is not from inactivity of the board. We have met every two weeks since Conference, making plans for our special project.

Two weeks ago Rev. Marion C. Van Horn met with us and discussed the aim of our evangelical project and methods by which it could be carried on. Two weeks previous to that meeting Rev. A. L. Davis met with us in a similar discussion. During the meeting with Mr. Van Horn a statement from the board concerning the project, a copy of which appears in the Recorder of November 4, 1940, was adopted by the board.

We expect to have the plans completed very soon and a man on the field before Christmas.

The women at Conference felt that the goals were very helpful in unifying our work, and suggested that they be continued with some changes. The board adopted them as follows:

1. Give as much or more to the United Budget as last year, and otherwise encourage its support.
2. Promote interest in the Sabbath Recorder through increased subscriptions.
3. Stimulate tithing or some other plan of proportionate giving.
4. Encourage Seventh Day Baptist women to ally themselves with the temperance movement.

Supplement to The Sabbath Recorder

Plainfield, New Jersey

November 18, 1940

**STEPHEN BABCOCK**

A Biographical Sketch

By

CORLISS FITZ RANDOLPH
I make no apology for the long delay in completing and making public this biographical sketch of Mr. Stephen Babcock, which is likewise designed to be an appreciative tribute to his memory. While such a sketch and such a tribute come with a certain feeling of sentimental value and satisfaction soon after the decease of their subject, while the heart is still sore and sensitive from the newly-experienced loss, it is equally true that delay makes for accuracy and completeness such as could not be attained in any other way. Then, the more conspicuous and the more prominent the personality of the subject, the more difficult it is to gather together all the threads of biography that should be woven into the fabric of the finished tapestry that is to depict the life thus commemorated.

I knew Stephen Babcock for the twenty-seven years immediately preceding his death. In a certain sense, the acquaintance was an intimate one, but it was in a restricted sense, for he was a man who gave his full confidence to but very few. When I first came to New York City in the fall of 1889, he was the most conspicuous member of the New York Church, and so remained up to the time that he was stricken with his last illness, on Thanksgiving day, November 27, 1913. For by far the greater portion of this time, I was his confidant concerning church and denominational affairs, and of them I write largely from personal knowledge and from recorded history. For such history as I have of other phases of his life, I am indebted to numerous friends, including intimate members of his family.

Mr. Babcock came of a long line of sturdy New Englanders. He was of the eighth generation of his family in America, a family which enjoys the distinction of an ancient lineage in England. It is believed that it arose through a Saxon warrior, of the ranks of Hengist and Horsa. This soldier is supposed to have come to England with the Saxons to assist the English in their struggle against the Picts and Scots, and to have founded the family in 449 A.D. Whatever its origin, however, it appears to have been widespread in England, representatives of it having been found in Cornwall, Devonshire, Lincolnshire, Middlesex, and Essex, but most numerously, apparently, in Essex. Earlier, the name was spelled Badcock—supposed to have been pronounced as if it were spelled Badco—and it retained that form to the second generation in this country.

The founder of the American branch of the family was James Badcock, who was born in 1612, supposedly in Essex, England, and came to this country and settled in the town of Portsmouth, R. I., as early as February 25, 1642, where he occupied a position of importance as official gunsmith in that town. In this capacity, he frequently inspected the firearms of the colonists, and kept them in condition for immediate use in the event of a sudden attack from the Indians. In March, 1662, he removed to Westerly, R. I., where he and his three sons were of the twenty-four freemen in that town at the time of its incorporation in May, 1669. At the age of fifty-eight years, he was baptized by Elder William Hiscox, and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Newport and Westerly.

John, the second son of James Badcock, married Mary Lawton, and settled on the banks of the Pawcatuck River, near what is now Avondale, R. I., where he was active in Indian warfare and in public life. There appears to be no record of his church membership.

James, the eldest son of John and Mary Lawton Badcock, better known as Captain James, established his home in Westerly, where he was born and where he died. The Christian name of his first wife was Elizabeth; it is not definitely known what her maiden name was. It is believed by some to have been Saunders, by others it is conjectured to have been Babbitt, or it may have been neither. In 1692, Captain James

1. Among those consulted in the preparation of this sketch, aside from those noted in the text, were the following: Mrs. Stephen Babcock; Mrs. Julia M. B. Ambler, Mr. Babcock's sister; William C. Hubbard, Recording Secretary of the Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund; Arthur L. Tittsworth, Recording Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society; Mrs. George P. Fenner, Mr. Babcock's niece; William L. Clarke, President of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society; Dr.BOOTHE C. Davis, President of Alfred University; and Miss L. Adelle Rogers, long associated with Mr. Babcock as a teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind.

2. For a biography of Stephen Babcock, New York, 1905, has been constantly consulted.

became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Newport and Westerly; and when Westerly became an independent body—now known as the First Hopkinton Church—he became a constituent member, and at his death bequeathed the church one hundred pounds in money.

James, Jr., son of Captain James and Elizabeth Babcock, married Sarah Vose, the daughter of Capt. James Vose, Jr., and Sarah settled upon that part in the farm at Stonington, Conn., which is now known as Pendleton Hill, in North Stonington. They were members of the Congregational Church at that place.

Oliver, son of James, Jr., and Sarah Vose Babcock, was born at Stonington, Conn., and settled upon that part of his father's farm which was bequeathed to Oliver. The latter and his wife were members of the North Stonington Congregational Church.

Hon. Daniel Babcock was the youngest of the nine children of Oliver and Anna Avery Babcock. At fourteen years of age he became an apprentice to Elder Henry Clarke, who was a blacksmith. Upon the expiration of his apprenticeship, he established himself as a smith at Potter Hill, R. I., where he married Content Potter. He was active in public life, serving in both houses of the legislature of his state, and as county judge became an apprentice to

From childhood, Stephen's eyes were weak, and by the time he had reached the age of twelve years they had become so much so that he was obliged to relinquish attending school, and to abstain from employments that would tax his eye-sight. When he was sixteen years old, he met with an accident that further intensified this weakness of his eye-sight, so that they rapidly grew worse. Eye specialists in Boston, New York City, and elsewhere, were consulted, all to no purpose. In the hope that his general health might be improved, he frequently went back and forth on a sloop which sailed between Westerly and New London. From that time on, he was a clerk in his uncle's store; he then engaged in manual pursuits to a greater or less extent upon his father's farm. One day when out in the field cropping grain, his sight failed to such an extent that he was obliged to stop.

As a last resort, he made a journey to Utica, N. Y., in company with his sister Amanda, afterward Mrs. Greene, to visit an oculist there, of whose success in treating such diseases, he had received encouraging reports. As he passed through New York City on his way to Utica, he was able to distinguish the masts on the moving river front; but on his return, he could not even see them. By the time he was nineteen years of age, he was wholly blind.

Total blindness comes upon you in the mature years, so that pupils readily performed long examples in multiplication and its applications, such as finding the square root of a number. It was now found that they could not add as much as before, and that they could possibly add to the sum of human happiness—of others as well as himself—and no one who ever knew him in the three score years and ten that followed ever questioned that he realized his purpose.

In pursuit of his determination, he now cast about for some kind of manual work suited to the sightless. Shortly afterward, in 1853, he entered the New York Institution for the Blind, with which he associated himself for fifteen years.

He aroused himself of the advantages offered by the Institution to such good purpose that, on the completion of his course in training, he was made an instructor in 1853; and two years afterward, in 1857, became the principal teacher.

Indeed, his native qualities for leadership were manifest earlier, for while yet a student in the Institution, observing that the matron felt it a burden to conduct the morning and evening prayers in the school chapel, he offered to assist her. The offer was accepted, and he performed the service in a satisfactory manner. His fellow students, who, it was feared by the superintendent, might be disposed to mark this departure from the established practice by making a disturbance, recognized his qualifications for such an office, and accepted his ministrations with every evidence of confidence and respect.

As a teacher, he laid great emphasis upon the necessity of the blind performing, wholly mentally, all those things which pupils possessing normal eye-sight were able to do because of that. This was particularly true of the higher branches of study. Here pencil and paper, as a matter of course, are no use to the blind in performing long, intricate calculations; so the mind must assume the full burden otherwise borne by such helps. To that end he trained his pupils in rapid mental work suited to the sightless. For example, he taught them the multiplication table to at least twenty times twenty-five. His pupils readily performed long examples in multiplication and its applications, such as finding the square root of a number. It was now found that they could not add as much as before, and that they could possibly add to the sum of human happiness—of others as well as himself—and no one who ever knew him in the three score years and ten that followed ever questioned that he realized his purpose.
to 1914, its president, succeeding J. Franklin Hubbard in the latter office. He served on the Board of Directors of the Society, having in charge the removal of the Publishing House of the Society from Alfred, N. Y., to Plainfield, N. J., in 1894. He was a member of the committee charged with the revision of the charter, constitution, and by-laws of the Society in 1903. He served as chairman of the Committee on the Socity Work at the annual session of the General Conference in 1904. In 1903, at the time an effort was made to merge the corporate bodies concerned into the General Conference, he was a member of a small committee which represented the Tract Society and a Committee on Legal Status and Formulating Plan of Union" of the various corporate bodies affiliated with the General Conference. As president of the Tract Society Work, he was ex officio member of all the committees of the Society, and of the Board of Directors. The last meeting of the Directors which he attended was on November 9, 1913, less than three weeks before he was stricken with his last illness.

From October 12, 1902, to August 29, 1915, Mr. Babcock of all its transactions, the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society. At the first meeting of the Board which he attended after his election, he expressed his high appreciation of what he considered the honor conferred upon him by such election, and pledged his unreserved support of the Board. He was very regular in his attendance at its meetings, and by much skilful questioning, kept a clear idea of all its transactions. The last meeting at which he was present was that of October 12, 1913.

At its annual meeting at Shiloh, N. J., in August, words of commendation and praise. And well it might; for Stephen Babcock was a man of commanding presence. To see such a man, who was unashamed, read the Holy Scriptures with manifest ease and power, who could be understood by a multitude, to speak with authority to an assembled multitude, to understand to an assembled multitude, to understand to an assembled multitude, was a man of intellectual power, such as he possessed—all in raised print such as the blind use for reading; and yet, in the calm deliberation, and cool presence of mind with which he presided throughout the sessions of the General Conference, what he considered the honor conferred upon him by such election, and pledged his best efforts to the interest of the Board. He served the General Conference in ways other than as its president, a duty of adjustment, already briefly referred to in connection with his activities in the Tract Society Work, suspended active operations. He represented the General Conference in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and to that body was a member of the Board of Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment from 1901 to 1913, inclusive; and of the Board of Systematic Benevolence from 1902 to 1912, inclusive. He was also a member of the Sabbath School Board of the General Conference, from 1902 to 1912, being one of its incorporators in 1908.

He became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society in 1894. He was a member of the Board of Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment from 1901 to 1913, inclusive; and of the Board of Systematic Benevolence from 1902 to 1912, inclusive. He was also a member of the Sabbath School Board of the General Conference, from 1902 to 1912, being one of its incorporators in 1908.

He was likewise a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society, but apparently never a member of the Tract Society. That the interests which it fostered lay very near his heart is amply attested by the fact that in 1888 he was a member of the General Conference's Committee on Education, which he attended after his last illness. He was a member of the General Conference's Committee on Education in 1901; of the Committee on Readjustment in 1902; and of the General Advisory Board of the General Conference in 1906 and 1907, or until the Board suspended active operations. He represented the General Conference in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and to that body was a member of the Board of Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment from 1901 to 1913, inclusive; and of the Board of Systematic Benevolence from 1902 to 1912, inclusive. He was also a member of the Sabbath School Board of the General Conference, from 1902 to 1912, being one of its incorporators in 1908.

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of the founder of the American branch in this country, down to the time of going to press. The book has just been published in 1903. He was occupied in the compilation of the book for some thirty years or more; during the last four years of this time, he gave all of his leisure time to this task. His work is represented by some 650 plates, of which is is presented in a very attractive form. The book is copiously illustrated with portraits and other subjects, including the Babcock coat-of-arms in colors. The work has been pronounced one of a high order of merit by librarians and genealogists. It would almost seem as if this book alone would be a lifetime achievement for a man deprived of his sight. With Mr. Babcock, however, it was but one of the many activities in which he engaged to successful purpose in the course of his life.

For it must not be forgotten that his one outstanding interest, his one real mission in life, was that of a teacher of the blind. In all too literal a sense, their misfortune was his misfortune; and the joy and happiness that he found in a life of service, he sought to make their joy and happiness. To that end, he devoted all the energies of body and mind, keeping ever before him in mind the Creator and the fellow men. He kept in his mind the spiritual blindness compensated by a more acute quickening of the remaining senses, and by a stimulated mental and moral growth that might not otherwise be attained.

After he had retired and established his home in Yonkers, Mr. Babcock devoted all of his remaining years peacefully, he sought to encourage his neighbors in their efforts to cultivate local civic pride by becoming a member of the South Yonkers Improvement Association, and for several years previous to the beginning of his last illness, he was vice-president of this organization.

Mr. Babcock was a devout Christian. He used to say that so far as he knew he was always a Christian. Brought up in the bosom of a devout family, he breathed in the very atmosphere of the Christian's faith and devotion. Prayer with him was no empty form, no mere sound of words, but a very real communion with his Heavenly Father. From the time that he first came to New York City in 1833, he was a regular attendant at church services, and for several years previous to his illness, he was treasurer of the church to succeed Francis H. Stillman, who resigned the office that time. Although not made treasurer until more than twenty years after he became a member of the church, he was intimately identified with its finances, as a trustee, from the beginning of his membership. He was officially concerned in the settlement of the church with the estate of Thomas B. Stillman, who had made the church a beneficiary under the terms of his will. He was likewise prominent in the negotiations for the sale of the chapel belonging to the church, in East Eleventh Street, as previously indicated, and for the property on East Seventh Street, which was the former home of Thomas B. Stillman, purchased by the church as an investment after his death, and of the cemetery in Plainfield, N. J., that was the joint property of the Plainfield and the New York City Churches. In all these transactions, Mr. Babcock had scrupulously guarded the financial interests and the honor of the church, both alike. It must not be inferred, however, that his main interest was in his daily life, or in his relations with the church, because of his great interest in its temporal affairs. He lived close to his Maker, and to his fellow men. He kept himself in a close, warm sympathy with all the interests and activities of the church, and gave freely of his time, his counsel, and his money to its spiritual well-being and uplift; and, though his lips are silent, the memory of his example and of his wise counsel are full of throbbing life, and are a heritage to all the churches of which his family has ever been a part.
"Second. His home-life was always one of unbounded hospitality. Even to those from whose course of life he differed so widely, he showed the utmost cordiality; and along with this hospitality, he was generous to a fault. No one ever appealed to him for aid, worthy or unworthy, who did not receive help in some measure.

"Third. He was a man of unshaken faith in God and loyalty to his convictions. He was a man of vision, and labored not for the present but for the future. For that vision, we who are left the heritage which he has left us in the fellowship of our church, rise up and call him blessed. In that period of the church's history when the future seemed so dark as to be almost hopeless, there were those who advised the abandonment of the organization and the distribution of its funds; but Mr. Babcock, with faith in God and his truth, and with a vision of the future and a sense of duty to the coming generations, insisted that there was a future in this city for the church, and maintained its organization very largely at his own expense. And the wisdom of his course, and the justification of his faith, are witnessed in the splendid organization of today and in the blessing that flows into so many lives from the fellowship of our church.

"Last, but not least, his walk was a walk by faith. On numberless occasions during these seven years, I have acted as his guide about the streets of Yonkers, and on his way to Plainfield, where he presided over the meetings of the directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society. And in all these walks, I have been conscious of the divine presence and of the hand that was leading him to the Heavenly Mansions above. Physically he was dependent upon the guidance of his earthly friends; but in his spiritual walk he was sustained by the hand of his Heavenly Father, in whom he trusted with implicit faith."

In behalf of the American Sabbath Tract Society, Rev. Edwin Shaw said,

"How often have I seen Mr. Babcock coming down the street and to the steps of the church where the meetings over which he presided with such dignity and justice were held! How strong he seemed, how erect and boldly he walked! And when I took his hand in greeting it was as gentle as a mother's, as warm and trusting as a child's, and I always felt that combination of strength and beauty.

"It was even so in his character, in his life, in his relations to the work of this Society. There was a stability about him, a firmness, a steady assurance, that gave to the rest of us hope and confidence and courage; such was the influence of the strength of his character, of his mind and heart.

"And there was that sweetness and gentleness, and gracious courtesy, all so sincere and unaffected, that we were made, even in times of doubt and debate and disaster, we were made patient and forbearing and charitable, and were inspired to imitate his unselfish devotion to the work in hand, led on by the strength and beauty of his life."

After his recovery from the shock of his blindness, Mr. Babcock enjoyed good health, with occasional lapses into slight indisposition, all his life up to the time of his retirement from teaching and for some years afterward, when there developed certain symptoms of a gradual slowing down of his physical and mental vigor, incident to advancing age. His health was good, however, and his mind perfectly clear. On Thanksgiving day, November 27, 1913, he was stricken down, the result of a blood-clot in the brain. After a time, he rallied somewhat, but never wholly regained either his physical or mental powers, except for occasional intervals, until on May 19, 1916, he was called to his Heavenly Home.

Funeral services were held at his late home on Sunday, May 21, 1916, at 48 Livingston Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., conducted by his pastor, the Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn. Besides that of the pastor, addresses were made by the Rev. Edwin Shaw, Corresponding Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society, and by the Rev. Loyal A. Bigelow, a lifelong, intimate friend. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Boothe C. Davis, President of Alfred University; and two hymns, How firm a foundation, and Abide with me, were sung by Dr. Harry W. Prentice of the New York City Church. Besides a generous representation from the New York City Church, the following organizations and institutions were among those represented: New York Institution for the Blind, American Sabbath Tract Society, Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund, Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, Seventh Day Baptist Education Society, and Alfred University. The next day, May 22, accompanied by a number of friends, the body was taken to Rhode Island, where it was laid to rest in the family plot in the First Hopkinson Cemetery. The brief services at the grave was in charge of the pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn; the committal was made by the Rev. Loyal A. Bigelow; and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. Edward B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society.

On July 10, 1878, Mr. Babcock was married, in Washington, D. C., to Henrietta Van Patten, widow of John H. Taylor, of Amsterdam, N. Y. Mrs. Babcock, who was born at Glenville, N. Y., some thirty miles
west of Albany, September 25, 1840, was
the daughter of Adam C. and Maria Groot
Van Patten. She attended the public schools
of Glenville, and then went to the State
Normal School at Albany, N. Y., for further
training. After completing her work at
Albany, through the influence of Mr. Wil-
liam B. Wait, then connected with the New
York Institution for the Blind, she came to
the Institution as a teacher, from October,
1865, to June, 1866. Mr. Wait, who had
married Mr. Babcock's sister Phebe Jane,
had attended the Albany Normal School,
himself, and thus became acquainted with
Miss Van Patten. At the close of her year's
work in the Institution, Miss Van Patten
joined her family in Washington, D. C.,
whither they had but recently removed. On
the 16th of July of the following year, 1867,
she was married to John H. Taylor, of Am-
sterdam, N. Y., where the newly married
couple made their home until the death of
Mr. Taylor, October 16, 1870, after which
Mrs. Taylor returned to her father's home
in Washington, where she remained until
her marriage to Mr. Babcock. Mr. and Mrs.
Taylor had one son, Ralph, who died in
early manhood. For a year or more after
their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock lived
at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Thirty-
third Street, in New York City; then Mr.
Babcock purchased the house at 344 West
Thirty-third Street, where they made their
home until forced to abandon it to make way
for public improvements, as already related.
For a time, then, they lived at No. 363 West
 Thirty-fourth Street, until Mr. Babcock re-
tired from his duties at the Institution for
the Blind. For a year or more, now, they trav-
elled through the north-western and western
parts of the United States, going as far west
as the Pacific coast, for the double purpose
of diverting Mr. Babcock's mind from the
absence of school duties to which he had
been so long accustomed and in the hope of
improving Mrs. Babcock's health, which had
been impaired for some time. When, on
their return, they re-established their home,
it was at No. 48 Livingston Avenue, Yonkers,
N. Y., where they both lived until their
death.

Mrs. Babcock was noted for the beauty of
her Christian character. Of a bright, cheer-
ful, sunny disposition; possessed of a keen
warm sympathy, of rare mental poise, of a
gracious personal presence, and of acute in-
telligence, she not only made a beautiful,
happy home for Mr. Babcock, but was his
loyal, devoted, helpful adviser, possessed of
a rare tact that saved her sightless husband
many an embarrassment. With a holy hatred
of injustice, of wrong, of vice, of sin in any
form, she was the zealous champion of the
suffering and down-trodden. Her hands and
her purse were ever open to ameliorate the
conditions of the unfortunate and the needy,
and to minister to the claims of righteousness
and charity and philanthropy. For many
years she was an active worker in the cause
of temperance, and was an earnest advocate
of woman's suffrage. Indeed, as Miss Fran-
ces E. Willard is often said to have done
far more for the cause of temperance by the
charm of her personality in social life than
in any other way, so Mrs. Babcock may
be said to have influenced people in behalf
of any cause she espoused in a similar man-
er. Hers was a high type of gracious,
feminine womanhood, devoid of any hint
of masculinity or undue aggressiveness, but
characterized by a firmness of faith in God
and in conscious right that placed conviction
of her sincerity and unselfishness beyond all
cavil.

She was Mr. Babcock's daily assistant and
confidential secretary. His dedication of his
book, Babcock Genealogy, "To my dear wife,
whose faithful assistance has never faltered
during the long years which have been
necessary to complete my task, I gratefully
dedicate this volume," was no mere formal
convention. Much of the laborious detail,
such as a sightless man could not do, she
had done for him. Nor was such service by
any means confined to this book. It ex-
tended into every phase of his greatly diversi-
fied life, those of a non-professional char-
acter in particular; and when he laid down
his vocational duties, her share in his avoca-
tions increased rather than lessened. Pre-
vious to the time of her marriage to Mr.
Babcock, she was a consistent member of
the Dutch Reformed Church. On January
2, 1886, nearly eight years after this mar-
riage, she became a member of New York
City Seventh Day Baptist Church, trans-
ferring her membership thither from the
First Hopkinton Church, the door through
which Mr. Babcock had preceded her into
the New York City Church.
For a number of years Mrs. Babcock had suffered from a pulmonary trouble, which advanced insidiously but steadily. Everything suggested for her relief that seemed to promise well all without avail. The trip already spoken of to the Pacific coast did not afford the anticipated relief. After the trip Babcock's long last illness, while others shared her burdens as far as humanly possible, the weight of added responsibilities, anxiety and care occasioned by his condition, drained her physical resources sadly, and, at the time of his death, it was clear that the day of her own departure was rapidly drawing near; and, on August 6, 1916, the Angel of Death released her, too. She had realized her father as he left home for his daily trip, and with a beaming smile would turn toward her parents. After her death, as long as Mr. Babcock lived, it was clear that the day of his own departure was rapidly drawing near; and, when a few days before his final summons came, one of the nurses who had cared for him for a long time, said to him in one of his lucid moments, "Mr. Babcock, I'm very glad to have known you. Your influence has been very helpful to me." He replied; and it was with a benediction in his heart that he went to meet his Maker.

To a keen observer of Mr. Babcock's life, two characteristics were notable: His abiding faith in his Heavenly Father, and his love for, and his loyalty to, his friends.

Mr. Babcock was not a man whose interest was confined to himself. He was always courteous in his manner, he had the unconscious reserve of a man deprived of a sense which is so necessary in all social life, and who is obliged to reserve his opinion of new acquaintances until he has had opportunity to test them in such ways as other means permitted. But once accepted as friends, he was unfinchng in his loyalty to them. On the other hand, if he felt that any one had consciously done him a wrong, he placed the most constructive construction upon the act, and then sought to dismiss it from his mind.

His religious faith was a simple faith, and as rugged and stalwart as his. His early childhood training, and his struggles with himself and his Maker over his blindness had fixed his heart for all time; and though he lived in the midst of the storms of controversy over certain phases of theological doctrine that raged for forty years, they made no impression upon his heart. His religious experience was too real and too personal for any dogma, or any phases with himself and his Maker over his blindness had fixed his heart for all time; and though he lived in the midst of the storms of controversy over certain phases of theological doctrine that raged for forty years, they made no impression upon his heart. His religious experience was too real and too personal for any dogma, or any question of the claims of "New Theology" or "Modernism" as opposed to "Orthodox Theology" or "Fundamentalism" to disturb his serenity of mind. His faith was an abiding faith, and when he expired in the security of his anchor. He rejoiced in song, in the stable, abiding hymns that are sung in the church, and at the Sabbath service, his full, rich, sonorous voice added a certain quality of religious conviction to the congregational singing that was refreshing and satisfying to all who heard it. When ever he did, he sought to do in the spirit of his Master, and with such a spirit personality, influencing all the lives of others. Only a few days before his final summons came, one of the nurses who had cared for him for a long time, said to him in one of his lucid moments, "Mr. Babcock, I'm very glad to have known you. Your influence has been very helpful to me." He replied; and it was with a benediction in his heart that he went to meet his Maker.

The Sabbath Recorder

Monday, November 25

In the beginning was the Word. John 1:1

Today I am thankful for the Bible. I have recently learned that in the Bible are found wonders heretofore dreamed of. In the Psalms and Job are found specimens of thecreated life, as none of us who long to write could even imagine. In one place there is more beauty than "He that dwelleth in the secret places," or "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Let us be thankful that our faith could be found more deep interest, more tenderness, more pleading, than is given to us in the gospels—"Come unto me," and "love thy neighbor." Where is there more lofty exaltation than can be found in Paul's writings? Oh, well can we be sure, "Give me the Bible."

Prayer—Dear Jesus, make me more worthy of the Book of Life. Amen.

Tuesday, November 26

Which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

Today I am thankful for people. It is fun to watch the ripples of water spread when a pebble is cast in a pond. The circles widen and widen until the entire body has been touched. One's family could be the first ripple, and for our loved ones we can be glad. Jesus loved his brothers and sisters, his mother, and his earthly father. Then the ripple to the friends who mean a lot, friends who do not mean so much; or to those we know barely enough to say "hello." There is a business, to the ones we know only through work or play, and then to those of our own acquaintance. From then on it is a short step to other nationalities. Secretary of State Hull has said, "Now we will have to learn to speak Spanish. The world is not so large, but it used to be if we could learn to think Spanish." How interesting would our lives be if we couldn't touch the people outside of our loved ones?

Prayer—Dear Jesus, help us all to remember that we are part of thy great family. Amen.

Wednesday, November 27

God shall wipe away all tears. Revelations 7:17

Today I am thankful for tears. It may be a strange thing to be thankful for, yet tears

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Myra Thorngate Barber, North Loup, Neb.)

Sunday, November 24

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, Psalm 96:9

Today I am thankful for beauty. Not long ago I kept a diary over a small body of water. In the deep reflection stood the shaggy sandhill trees. Fair tints of pink, gold, and blue shone on the glassy pond. About me was a holy calm, seldom observed in our windy state. God has given us much of beauty. No wonder David sang of beauty, "She is more adorable than concubines." Without price are these glorious gifts. Once I saw the thin crescent of the moon come out of the eastern sky. I have seen a wondrous Indian blanket. I am thankful for beauty and for the eyes to see it, for the soul to enjoy it.

Prayer—So much of beauty to me is given—What, dear Lord, shall I give in return? Amen.
are needful. A life free from pain would be as a long road, going into the distance, without a bend. Life without tears would be as a diet of cake, as a year of sunny weather, as a constant carrying about on a polka dot. But it is deep enough to bring tears, a dissatisfaction, a heartache that can be eased only with tears, are God's blessings. Helping to make better, stronger men and women in God's good time, tears are the means to the end. Out of broken dreams comes a new plan, out of a tor- tured soul comes a new being, out of a sad experience may come a new ideal! I am thankful for tears.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Prayer—Dear Jesus, help us to endure. Amen.

Thursday, November 28

For his mercy endureth forever Psalm 136.

Today I am thankful for all that God has given to me: for a home where the light shines out at night, for the smell of good food, for a clean sky without the fear of bombing planes, for my church where I can get every Sabbath for the children in my town who call me by my first name, for the friends who wave across the street at me, for my eyes, my hands, my feet, for the pencils and papers with which I can write down my thoughts, for the privilege of speaking, worshipping, reading as I desire, for the sun that shines by day, for the sun that shines by day, for the open Bible, for faith, for love that passeth understanding, for dreams that can come true, for a future that is mine, and for a risen Christ who can and will forgive sins.

I sometimes think we fail to use the days as we were, to come to us, that we live too much in the past, that we worry too much about the future. There is the day to press on to the mark. Paul knew well what had passed, yet he could forget. Today is the day to cut loose the weights of yesterday, and take up the wings of a new day. Let us use our new day wisely and well.

Here there comes dawning Another blue day.

Think, shall we let it
Slip useless away?

Prayer—Dear Jesus, we thank thee for the Sabbath. Grant that this day may no: be wasted. Amen.

MORE RECORDERS WANTED

Clean Recorders, wanted, and wanted by Mr. Frank Jeffers of Racine, Wis., for personal distribution. Mr. Jeffers has distributed thousands of Recorders during the past ten or more years. He will still welcome and distribute any you will send. Address him at 1223 Franklin Street, Racine, Wis.

"Christianity is not so much what we think but how we live."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MEDITATION FROM PRE-CONFERENCE CAMP

By Purcell Coalwell

With glimpses of the eastern horizon visible through the foliage surrounding me, I "could do better than that—if I tried." Sometimes I wonder about the talents given us, and the uphill fight of making people understand, of spreading God's plan. Only that which comes hard is worth the price. The misunderstanding and jibes of our own country are part of God's plan. The new awareness of God through nature and the fellowship with conscientious young people have instilled in my soul a desire for a fuller consecrated life in the service of my God and my fellow men.

I pray that the new sunrise in my soul may not be blotted out by the haze and clouds of indifference and unfruitful living. May it be better able to meet the challenge that—

"Life itself cannot give me joy. Life just gives me time space, It's up to me to fill it.

Milton Junction, Wis.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE COMMUNITY

(Delivered by Edward Crandall

Young People's Conference)

I suppose each generation in ages past had imagined itself confronted with the greatest problems ever to exist. We of this generation run true to form. Surely, the excitement and turmoil of the coming time, the threat of world war, everlasting depression, etc. are the greatest challenge to humanity, of all and in any time. We of this generation need honest, full confession and to a second group who find employment and live outside these communities.

When I thought of the first group it seemed unimportant. Now it seems the more important of the two. It should not, however, present the problem it does. Our churches need empty churches every Sabbath morning. We have enough folks come once a week for a meeting. There is a challenge to young people who live and work in seventh day communities, and to second group who find employment and live outside these communities.

Out of the great world-wide problems common to people we must bring ourselves differently to our own. In such a restless world Seventh Day Baptists find themselves today. Sometimes we would like to challenge the large ones and let pass the small ones of no importance.

One of the seemingly small problems that we would like to dismiss is that of Sabbath keeping. It will still welcome and distribute any you will send. Address him at 1223 Franklin Street, Racine, Wis.

"Christianity is not so much what we think but how we live."

THE CHALLENGE OF THE COMMUNITY

(Delivered by Edward Crandall

Young People's Conference)

I suppose each generation in ages past had imagined itself confronted with the greatest problems ever to exist. We of this generation run true to form. Surely, the excitement and turmoil of the coming time, the threat of world war, everlasting depression, etc., are facing the greatest challenge to humanity, of all and in any time. In 2 Corinthians 4: 8 is the following, written about A.D. 60. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair." If that does not describe our plight today, nothing can.

A careful study of history will show that we face trials and troubles not unlike those of ages past.

Out of the great world-wide problems common to people we must bring ourselves differently to our own. In such a restless world Seventh Day Baptists find themselves today. Sometimes we would like to challenge the large ones and let pass the small ones of no importance.

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bath, and to be thoughtful and tolerant with those who do not believe as we do. With the grace of God within our hearts, and a true message on our lips, we will not fall.

Conscientious Objector’s Certificate

As the time draws near for some of the conscientious objectors of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination to appear before their local draft boards, means of proving their sincerity is of utmost importance. With this in mind, Constand V. Davis, corresponding secretary of the General Conference, has prepared a certificate as follows:

This is to certify that there is on file in my office and subject to inspection the following statement:

Believing in the right of individual conscience to refuse to bear arms or submit to military training, I hereby affirm in the presence of these witnesses to take bearing arms or submitting to military training, and request that you so record my name.

Signed .................................................................

Under date of ............................................. and witnessed by

.................................................................

Corresponding Secretary

He will send a copy of this certificate filled out, upon request to any objector whose home is on file at 510 Watchung Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

It is not necessary for objectors to apply for this certificate until they are sure of being called to appear before their local draft boards.

It has been suggested and is highly desirable that an objector request a representative citizen to accompany him when he shall appear before his local draft board.

An Opportunity for New Writers

The Wilmuth Publishing Company of 42 East 53rd Street, New York City, which was established in 1915, is now considering manuscripts for immediate publication. They are particularly interested in the works of new writers. They will consider novels, biographies, poetry, essays, historical works, collections of short stories, travel, and plays.

The Sabbath Recorder

Children’s Page

Our Letter Exchange

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have been very busy, not only in school but in the beet.

You have read my story of Joseph so far and am sure I will the rest of it.

There was a little girl, who attended our school, killed as she was riding to school on one of the buses. A car drove out in the road and did not see the bus coming. The people in the car were going to see one of their sons who had been in a wreck the night before. The door of the bus flew open and the little girl fell on a large rock. She was broken back, had a broken heart, head injuries. The little girl’s name was Dorothy Shildt. She was five years old.

I will put another of my poems in the Recorder this time.

Yours truly,

Donna Lane.

Little Magic Hands

The hands had been froward and naughty. And mostly could tenderly chuckle
due to the care of my heart.

I have enjoyed your story of Joseph so far, but haven’t got around to read the other one. I have a lot of work, too. There are dividends, bonds.

So now when I read it I am sorry to hear about little Dorothy’s tragic death. But we may be sure that Jesus, the friend of little children, has gathered her into the fold.

I like the little poem you sent very much.

Yours sincerely,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have noticed that you didn’t have any letter mailed with things that they shouldn’t;

I strove to be childingly naughty.

They crept round my neck and

merely could tenderly chuckle

with my appendix.

And note they were made to be kissed.

A dimple for each little knuckle,

so now when I ought to be playing

and not just staying.

Those hands, in their mischievous straying.

Have taken command of my heart.

Dear Dorothy:

I am glad you like the story about Joseph. Since I have two such nice long letters this week, I’ll have to wait until next week to continue my story.

I am sorry to hear about little Dorothy’s tragic death. But we may be sure that Jesus, the friend of little children, has gathered her into the fold.

I like the little poem you sent very much.

Yours sincerely,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have had two such nice letters this week, for three weeks, and I thought I would write to you. I have been planning to write for quite a while but just haven’t got around to do it. I have a lot of work, though, now, as I am lying flat on my back in bed. I have been having trouble with my appendix.

I have seen that no one has reported on the Southeastern Association Summer Camp and I decided I would try to, even though it is pretty late for it. Pastor and Mrs. Marion C. Van Horn, of the Salemville, Pa., Church, had charge of this year. The girls’ and boys’ camps were again held together, as they were last year. There were nine girls and eleven boys who attended. Seven of the group were from Berea, eight from Springfield, two from Middle Island, one from Salemville, and one from New York City. The one from New York City was my cousin who was visiting us at the same time. Miss Lois Brizzie, and Miss Julia Meathrell, from Berea, were our cooks. Lois Brizzie’s aunt, a Mrs. Robinson, helped the cooks, while of course the campers took turns in helping. Mr. Grover Brizzie, from Salem, helped in recreation, and we had lots of fun.

The most interesting thing to me was our evening service. Every evening we went down to the river and had a campfire. We sang songs until the campfire died down until we could use it no more as a light. It sounded real nice, so many young voices out in the open air, so clear.

I had the privilege of going to New York City with my aunt, a little while after camp was out. I visited my Aunt Ruth Hunting in Plainfield for a week and then was in New York City for two weeks. I visited the World’s Fair while in New York. It surely is a wonderful sight. My aunt in New York City is an authoress and I met one of her authoress friends while I was there.

Well, I had better close as my letter is getting long.

Your friend,

Ann Estelle Bebee.

Berea, W. Va.

Dear Anne:

I have come to the end of my page so must wait until next week to answer your good letter.

Sincerely yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.
PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

Mrs. Ethlyn Copeland seemed indispensable to Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Emma Wagenleitner; besides several visitors arrived from each of these places: Healdsburg, Sonoma, Lodi, Modesto, Chowchilla, Madera, Fresno, Caruthers, Orange Cove, Dinuba, Shafter, Linden, Delano, and Los Angeles. Twenty-six visitors came from the State of Washington. Beside the above-named Sabbath keepers, there were many visitors from Sunday churches.

The theme was "Spiritual Preparedness" and was constantly stressed. In these tremendous and uncertain times, as always, we need to know that we are prepared, and how to be prepared, and what to do when prepared. Conversation, prayer, Bible study, Christian living, service, and evangelism were stressed as essential preparation for fellowship with brethren. In the presence of this group, those on the regular program included Brethren Hargis, Ballenger, Easterly, Friesen, Montgomery, Henry, Willard Wells, and Hurley; Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Emma Wagenleitner; besides several visitors who gave brief messages.

Willard Wells had charge of the young people's program, besides leading the music. Mrs. Ethlyn Copeland seemed indispensable at the piano. Some outside talent including a male quartet and a ladies' trio was much enjoyed. Solos, duets, and quartets came at favorable places in the program. Choruses added spice and spirit. Early morning prayer brought us very near to God. At an unusual meeting came Sunday afternoon when Mrs. Robinson told us of the Layne Foundation, thinking they may have helped others as we live and teach the truth of the Saviour. In the meeting that day churches.

Pray for us out here on the coast, that we may have a vital experience of the Sabbath—one that we may freely share with others as we live and teach the truth of the Sabbath.

Loyal F. Hurley, Corresponding Secretary.

OUR PULPIT

THANKFULNESS FOR HUNGER

(Submitted by Rev. T. R. Sutton, New Market, N. J., upon request of editor)

Text—Matthew 3: 6—"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Perhaps the title of this sermon may surprise you. "How queer," you may be saying. "At Thanksgiving we give thanks for the material blessings of life—and we should do so much more than just once a year. We are thankful for food and water, but how often do we feel hungry and thirsty so that we may enjoy these things? We give thanks for a bountiful harvest, for good weather. Are we thankful that we are able to enjoy that dinner? Jesus taught us that there is other food and water than that which satisfies the body. He spoke of hunger for spiritual food or thirst for the water of life. Here, too, we may have 'given thanks for having been saved. But do we ever think that God has created in us a craving after spiritual needs—after righteousness in accord with his will? Let us consider a few of the ways in which we may be thankful for this hunger.

First, let us be thankful for a hunger for the gospel of Christ. I believe every human being has in him, unless he has been overturned by selfishness and rebellion against God, a longing for something better than he is. The foundation of his life must be laid on that—his ideals—a desire to find spiritual food, but have failed to find it. Isaiah speaks of man's spiritual hunger (Isaiah 65: 13, 14). Jesus offers satisfaction for this desire (John 4: 13, 14). In him is found that spiritual food for which man seeks.

A blind girl was having Gospel to explain to her. "Is it not written in the Bible? "Yes, God is that what you call him? I have known him for a long time." In some way she had found the answer, not that it was to her knowledge, yet it was giving further satisfaction. Do we hunger and thirst after righteousness today? Or do we cut the Bible as though with a penknife? Do we omit those portions we cannot understand, or do not want to believe? Do we take a passage here and one there to compose a personal theory? Do we say God's Word is not practical? In other words, do we read the Bible in the light of self, or see self in the light of the Bible? Do we hunger enough to believe?

In the second place, do we hunger for Christ? Is there not only way of fellowship of one Christian with another on the same level. If true fellowship is to be found in our various avenues of life, the true way of fellowship is found in the company of those whose religious experiences are much the same. We need to worship and work together in the common task of Christian evangelism if we are to deal properly with each other in the world. There is something wrong with a person's spiritual life when he is not working with another on the same level. If true fellowship is essential for Christian growth. We need to help each other by sharing our experiences and problems. We need to do this before we can do much in helping someone else find his Savior. Do we resent the presence of other Christians, or do we hunger after fellowship? Are we Christian enough to forgive and love?

A third aspect of spiritual hunger is that of Christian co-operation. The Church has a program to carry out as it strives to lead hungry peoples to the source of food. This takes co-operation. It may be an important task in the program and yet it may be a logical and vital place where we can help each other. The Church should seek to do his part that the boys and girls, men and women in one's company, may understand and know of the Christ and be led to a saving experience in him.

Co-operation also reaches out into the realm of applied Christianity. Salvation comes through belief in the Lord Jesus, rather than by works. Yet, when one's experience has been genuine, surely he will desire to apply his salvation to the problems of living. This begins with his many daily contacts—branching out into one's profession or job, his home and its problems, world problems, his pleasures—indeed all avenues of life in which he passes. How can we expect wars, conflicts, suffering, and selfishness to end unless we, who find this better way of Jesus, are willing to apply his teachings? The need for co-operation in building up the Christian society challenges us today. Do we hunger for this service, or are we so starved ourselves that we feel no pain?

Finally, let us consider the hunger for sacred time—the Sabbath. Are we anxious to keep the Sabbath as a holy day? God created the Sabbath for man that it may be a time for spiritual uplift—that man might have a definite time out of each week to feast on the bread of life—to worship, study, and help others gain God's food. Can we expect wars, conflicts, suffering, to cease? We can clearly see how it may be kept—that we have a willingness to sacrifice, to even better incomes and promotions if necessary, that we may obey God. The Sabbath may be just one of the ways in which the Sabbath should govern the way in which we use the day.

Of course we should take time each day as sacred time. Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the sabbath was made for man.." (Mark 2: 27.) If Christ were standing by our side. Do we hunger for sacred time—for the Sabbath.
Middle Island, where Pastor Van Horn we met with the members of the Brick Church. They met every two weeks in West Virginia. They met with the members of the Brick Church.

Sunday, September 8, the two Seventh Day Baptist churches held their annual picnic near Lafayetteville. The day was unfavorable to start with as it was rainy, but at noon the sun and blue sky came peeping through the dark clouds and made the rest of the day more enjoyable. Everyone wholeheartedly enjoyed the games and contests.

Prayer meeting has been discontinued, much to our regret. Some plans were talked of for meeting with the members of the Brick Church for prayer meetings once a month, but nothing definite has yet been done about it.

Our pastor and wife spent two and one half weeks in West Virginia. They met Sunday, October 13, with the Woman's Board at Salem, and spent about ten days at Middle Island, where Pastor Van Horn conducted a Preaching Mission. During our pastor's absence Rev. Edward E. Noll, pastor of the Reformed Church at Loysburg, filled our pulpit one Sabbath. The other Sabbath we met with the members of the Brick Church.

It was with deep regret that we released our pastor and wife from their duties to the church, so they might take up work in another field December first. We hate to see these dear folks leave us in so few weeks. We send with them God's richest blessing and wish them success in their new work.

Correspondent.

MARRIAGES

Randolph - Clifford. — Kenneth Randolph of Rye, N. Y., and Nellie Clifford of South Bristol, Me., were married at the bride's home in South Bristol, October 19, 1940.

OBITUARY

Vandenburg — Hannah Davis Petty, born at West Hallock, Ill., October 11, 1852, died at Nortonville, Kan., October 11, 1940. She came to Kansas with her parents, Samuel and Eunice W. Petty, in 1857. In her early teens she was baptized and joined the Nortonville Church. On October 7, 1873, she was married to George Vandenburg, who died in 1880, leaving her with four small children, two of whom are still living — George in Portland, Ore., and Homer in Chicago.

"Little Aunt Hannah" will long be remembered by the many friends who knew, respected, and loved her. She had a good many hard experiences in life, but through it all she trusted in her never-failing Friend, who comforted, strengthened, and upheld her. Funeral services at the Seventh Day Baptist church were conducted by Rev. Mr. Dennison, a friend and neighbor for years. — Contributed.

"In the hills of life are two trails. One lies along the higher sunlit fields where those who journey see afar, and the light lingers, even when the sun is down; and one leads to the lower ground where those who travel, as they go look over their shoulders with eyes of dread, and gloomy shadows gather long before the sun is down."

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. — Proverbs.