Loving Tribute to the
Rev. Lester C. Randolph, D. D.,
And His Sons, Kenneth and Paul

We have just received the copy prepared by loving hands, for a memorial number of the Sabbath Recorder devoted to the memory of Dr. Lester Charles Randolph, late pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Milton, Wis., and of his two sons Kenneth and Paul who died in the service of their country.

In the Recorder of November 25, 1918, will be found a brief editorial note announcing the sudden death of Dr. Randolph on the twenty-first of that month. Paul was lost at sea, October 4, 1918, when the United States Steamship Herman Frasch went down on its way to France, and five days later Kenneth, of the Student Army Corps at Cornell, fell a victim to the influenza. The telegrams bringing the bad news of both deaths reached Brother Randolph and wife within a few hours of each other. Then under the strain of hard work and deep sorrow, after arranging memorial services for his two boys, Dr. Randolph himself was smitten with the influenza and died on November 21, 1918.

All three memorial services were held together in the Milton church beginning with Sabbath eve prayer meeting and ending Sabbath Day. Further memorial services were held at Whitewater, Wis., where Dr. Randolph preached his last sermon.

The patriotic and thanksgiving services were carried out just as Dr. Randolph had planned them when he expected the tributes to be brought in honor of his dear sons, little thinking that he too would be among the dead when the services were held.

Never in the history of our people, so far as I know, has such a calamity befallen the family of one of our ministers, and it seemed fitting that there should be a memorial number of the Recorder—especially so since Dr. Randolph had served as contributing editor so many years in its columns. The story of his service in this paper together with the editor's tribute will be found in the Recorder of December 2, 1918.

It is hard to realize that "Lester" is gone and that those who loved him as a true friend and yoke fellow must go on with the work without his cheering, helpful presence.

Since it seems better to have all that belongs to these memorial services appear, as far as possible, in one issue, we have decided to request every thing else to stand aside for once, and give these tributes the right of way. It may be impossible to get them all in, and if this can not be done, whatever remains will appear in another number.

Associations and Conference are close at hand and after this week much space will be needed in which to prepare for them. As our faithful and dependable workers drop out, those who are left must buckle on the harness all the tighter and strive to do a little more for the Master while they can.

MEMORIAL PRAYER MEETING
NOVEMBER 22, 1918

The people came very quietly into the familiar white-walled room, with its picture of the kneeling Christ of Gethsemane, on that first Sabbath evening. Each heart was seeing clearly an absent face, hearing clearly a silent voice. There in that room of prayer, as never before, the things of the spirit seemed more real than the things of sense; and in the presence of a King immortal and invisible, the brother who had put on immortality seemed very near. As Mr. Jeffrey came forward slowly to the leader's chair, he said, "I am thinking of those words, 'Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for this is holy ground.'"
Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go unto my Father, and your Father; and your God.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him. Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he also do: and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and ye shall see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me: for I will come to you. Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it came to pass, that when it is come to pass, ye might believe. Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me. But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence. I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me; and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

After reading these words, Mr. Jeffrey offered prayer, a prayer of trust, asking that the Savior who wore the crown of thorns might comfort all that mourn. The people then sang hymn Number 311, "What a friend we have in Jesus." Mr. Jeffrey then said, "I could find for tonight no better theme than love—undying and abounding love—the only thing that can sustain us. Let us all trust this Jesus who so loves us and the world that he will bring all to be comforted.

Song, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

Professor Barbour spoke of realizing as never before what the "love of Christ" might mean in a human life. He would pray that Paul's prayer might be answered for us, that we might know the length and the breadth of the love of Christ which passeth understanding.

Mr. Nelson followed with a prayer for help in sorrow and for strength to serve in the coming day.

Mr. Sherrill Clarke said, "It is good for us to be here. The love of Christ can make the house of mourning better than the house of feasting."
With Me," after which Mr. Jeffrey asked Professor Barbour to pronounce the benediction:

Our great heavenly Father: There is nothing awful or overwhelming except sin and shame. Thou, God of the Rock under the generations. We do not expect that this world is a place in which we are meant to receive all the things good reserved for us. But we bless thee for an opportunity to show here something of the inspiration of Pastor Randolph's life. He left us, but he go in his direction.

And now the God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight. Through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory forever and ever. Amen.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

SABBATH MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1918

The quiet morning light rested upon things sacred and eternal, in the hushed church. There were symbols of mourning in the draperies of the pastor's vacant chair; symbols of consecration in the star-spangled banner and the great service flag; symbols of final victory in the golden eagle and the colors of the United States and the Allies; symbols of unspeakable love in the white chrysanthemum blooms. Often, as friends from far off joined the silent congregation, a gentle look and smile of greeting showed the faith and hope and love within the hearts of the people. While Mrs. Rogers began the organ prelude, President Daland with Dean Lewis and Doctor William L. Burkard came upon the platform. Then till the people sang,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below, Praise Him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The invocation was given by President Daland:

Ever-merciful God, whose almighty power is our only source of strength, whose meriting wisdom and counsel are our sole reliance, and whose tender and compassionate love is our only comfort, grant us the aid of thy blessed spirit, that our worship may be acceptable in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

After the singing of the Gloria, President Daland led the people in responsive reading from the twenty-fourth and the ninety-eighth Psalms:

O noble army, men and boys, Take it from the Lord, from heaven, Around the throne of God rejoice, in robes of light arrayed. They shall be for ever the inheritance of heaven Through peril, toil and pain; O God, to us may grace be given To follow in their train.

The Scripture lesson, from the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, was read by Doctor Burdick, of Alfred.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the foundations of many generations. And strangers shall possess their houses, and strangers shall dwell in their streets. They shall call you the acceptable year of the Lord. In that day shall the saying of the Lord be fulfilled, Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world and he that dwelleth therein.

Sing unto the Lord the Lord with the harp; with a loud sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world and he that dwelleth therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together.

Before the Lord shall come forth to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Then all the people sang together the well-loved hymn, "All Saints":

The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red garments bare: Who follows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphing in joy? Who patient bears his cross below, He follows in His train.

A noble band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came, Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the torch of flame; They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The lion's gory mane. They bowed their necks the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train? A noble army, men and boys, Take it from the Lord, from heaven, Around the throne of God rejoice, in robes of light arrayed. They shall be for ever the inheritance of heaven Through peril, toil and pain; O God, to us may grace be given To follow in their train.
of him who has been our commander and our friend under thy divine guidance, and who is now present with us, the sheep, to show forth his faith and courage. We thank thee that thou hast given it to him to see the dawn of Peace after the dark night of war and conflict. Help us to make his spirit ours, that we may not be utterly bowed down in our sorrow, not utterly overwhelmed by the weight of pitiability of our leader. But may we rather rise as a strong man when smitten in battle, and as a mighty son of God, press on, closer to thee because he has left us, truer to thee because of our loss.

May this be not a day of inexpressible gloom, but a day of triumph, a day of joy and holy victory. Grant unto us the victory over our spiritual foes. Make us strong and reverent and patient and loving. Give unto us those gracious qualities which were revealed in thy servant. Help us to follow in his footsteps and in the footsteps of that true lowly Son of man, our all-sufficient Savior. Remember the sorrowing and afflicted. Remember the President of the United States to strengthen and guide him and his aids. Give to us peace in our time throughout our land.

Bestow peace upon the hearts that mourn the one who is no longer here, and may the spirit of love, which the Lord hath bestowed upon all of us, be an additional comfort to those who sorrow. Guide us so that we may rise as a strong man when smitten in battle, and as a mighty son of God, press on, closer to thee. Let us raise this compound up from the earth in the afternoon he had with us, and make the exercises of the Sabbath morning at the usual hour of service, and speak about ten minutes with others in the afternoon, at the memorial service. We want the services to be an expression of joy, and to the great extent that lies before us—that these may not have died in vain.

We count you our close friend and we have confidence that you will know how to say the right things in the right way. Do not come, we ought not to. Perhaps you can get word to me by Sabbath morning—that is necessary, though.

"We thank you for your good letters."

(Signed) Lester C. Randolph.

My dear old man, my dear old Sunshine, I am here now, at the close of our spiritual leadership, I answer, Present, Examination. But as I am saying the right thing in the right way, I can understand, God so loved the world that he has received a blow on the head. What little coherence there might have been in this address is gone.

Over there in the parsonage is lying a bit of earth, very dear to us. It is sacred, a sacred bit of earth. Everywhere, in the bosom of earth, are other bits returned to her—bits that we know as Paul Kelly, Carroll West, Clinton Lewis, and Kenneth Randolph. And somewhere, tossing with tangle and with shallots, is the bit of earth that we knew as Paul.

But the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. We were a preacher I would preach from that text. For your consideration, I have been a brother to you. The Sabbath day, and the Sabbath is a memorial of creation. It is a moral, not of death, but of life—the life in all my speech. I know that it was good. He set his approval upon life—every one knows the result of grain, every grain of wheat, every fine kernel, in the bag. We can not see that it is all good, but the Sabbath expresses our faith in God's judgment of it. We had it in mind to trace in outline the history of God's earth. Long ago—though nothing is necessarily long to God—some unknown star passed very near our sun, and by its at

reception drew off a few wreaths of gas, which began to wheel about our sun. In due time the sun, how long have been into it for half a million years. More than six hundred are known, but we usually think of only eight, and ours is the third from the sun. It is a solid ball of rock, not a fiery core with a crust. For a long time our earth was lifeless. It revolved about the sun, but there was no eye to address the thing under the sun. At a moment when the balance of heat, light, moisture, and carbon dioxide was right, the rock had given off gases that condensed, leaving an upper layer that we call our atmosphere. Bacteria have produced tiny pools, which spread and became the hydrosphere. The waters washed the rock debris, and the blue rays of the sun were able to select certain elements from this detritus and the water, and raise this compound up from the earth in the form that we call a plant. There appeared a green leaf, the basis of all life. And its constitution has always remained the same. Chlorophyll contains 73.34 per cent of carbon; 97.2 per cent of hydrogen; 5.68 per cent of nitrogen; 0.54 per cent of oxygen; 1.36 per cent of phosphorus; and 34.100 per cent of magnesium. Such was life in its chief form and its period also begins with bacteria, and these were able, perhaps, to take up elements directly from the rock. Bacteria have in part the life of a plant, and in part they remain the greatest living enemy of higher forms.

Upon the turn rock called the earth a cellular bloom, a thin film of life. The rock is eight thousand miles thick. On its outer surface is this thin, evanishing, marvelous film, which God touches with his spirit, to reveal to us the face once more. It came

"We are the people of the earth."

We went out that we are all brothers, all members one another, and that God is our Father. There is the true ideal for all life on earth. There is the secret of the adaptation of man to the planet.

The earth is sacred, for it is the Lord's. It is not ours. The earth is for God. It is not for us to use it as a monopoly of land among us. Every fifty years they let the land revert to its former owners. They have entertained the wild dream of conquering the whole earth, but they gave it up. When they said that the earth is the Lord's, they meant that they were not socialists or communists, but they knew

Professor Williston, if a hundred million years would cover the history of life on earth. He said that a billion years would be nearer the truth. But warm blooded life is only three or four million years old.

Think of it! It was only yesterday that Mother Earth—let us use this harmless poetry—decided on warm blood. After every possible chance of human life was decided on life that could suffer. She decided on eyes that could shed tears. She decided on minds that could think. Young that have to be cared for. Before the day was gone she brought forth the human race—the human race was the triumph of force! Was this the survival of the strongest? No, it was the triumph of meanest. There must be a supreme force as the chief object of life has steadily been discredited.

Now consider how this is shown by the course of human history. The continents took many shapes before they settled into their present difficult shapes. How absurd the shapes seem. Think of the vast wheatfields of Russia having to depend on the little straits known as the Dardanelles, a mere creek for an outlet. So human life has had a hard struggle to adapt itself to the surface of the earth. It is only when we learn that they do understand. The Eskimo loves the snow and the icy seas. The negro loves the earth and the sun. But tribes that occupied mountains or steppe or peninsula were always tempted to war with the peaceful farmers. Egypt, being sheltered by the desert, was not invaded for a long time, and went on with its early civilization. Mesopotamia, that hot and fertile valley, was overrun by Assyrians, Akkadians, Persians, Maccabees, Huguenots, Assyrians, Arians, Galileans, and the conqueror raised an empire upon the enslaved labors of the conquered. But luxury always ruins the country, and God was going to show us another world. He was continuing his eternal lesson, that force does not pay, but emperors were blind. Another lesson: The Egyptians and Mesopotamians, and the Greeks, and the Romans, and the Germans, have long been teaching their youth the doctrine that the strongest must survive. Strange biology! Strange politics! Strange morality! Strange ethics! Strange morals! Its teeth tore like sabres. Its blood was cold. Under the force of the force, and the nations that could suffer. After every possible chance of human life was decided on life that could suffer. She decided on eyes that could shed tears. She decided on minds that could think. Young that have to be cared for. Before the day was gone she brought forth the human race—the human race was the triumph of force! Was this the survival of the strongest? No, it was the triumph of meanest. There must be a supreme force as the chief object of life has steadily been discredited.

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that every private owner is God's trustee. The great economic lesson of Biblical history is just that.

Yet how far we have been from believing it. Charles of Hapsburg—Charles the Fifth—wined the whole Western hemisphere. The pope gave it to him—to convert and to pillage. The Church assumed similar dreams of ownership. But time is past when any one man can monopolize a great section of earth and its private convenience. Woe to the man who fails to perceive this. Woe to him who does not see the direction in which the world is moving.

We blame William of Hohenzollern for entertaining such a dream. But where were we? Was our public opinion? We had had our public opinion so little weight with him? We were asleep at the switch, dear friends. We were asleep because we did not see that it was possible for one man to set the world on fire. By a mere turn of his hand, like an executioner turning on the deadly current, he was able to destroy fifteen million men. We had forgotten that the earth is the Lord's.

We hope that there will not be another such world disaster. These boys have made it possible to avoid such a disaster. But they could not assure peace on earth—they could not assure it. And they are dead.

Especially is it for your young men to be constructive. We must make as a spiritual and intelligent cooperation in the building up of the new world. We must have a change of heart. We must believe, really believe, that if we common people look to God, as Abraham did, or to the Lord, as Rahab did, we can bring enduring peace on earth. I feel very deeply about this. Our boys and their comrades could show us how the world can be a more harmonious, more of recent history, more of economics. They must know where the coal and the oil and the gold are, where the wheat is, and the inevitable relations of trade to politics. But their knowledge should be guided by the ideals which are the birthright of the Lord's chosen people of the holy earth. It is not the chief end of a nation to become the business rival of another nation, but its economic policy by arms. It is the business of nations to cooperate in all matters, so that God's earth may support the largest number of happy and human beings.

Does all this seem materialistic? Perhaps, but we need truer conceptions of matter. Look into the sweet face of a child and see how beautiful matter may be. Gaze upon the face of one who is beautiful. It will become. See it as the physicist sees it—all grossness changing into mysterious molecules, atoms and cells. The true mathematical relations. The earth is transparent to subder rays than light. The earth is one of God's largest, most beautiful creations. God is the Lord's.

And in the earth it must be safe for innocent life to live. Weak peoples must not be crushed. We must have a league of nations. Don't tell us that the scheme is visionary. We must have it.

Boys and girls, the future of the earth depends on you. These ideals seem dim and far away. But there comes a day, as it came to our dead soldiers, when the ideal must be incarnated on earth. Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed will confront us heroically, fearlessly, purely, and open our eyes, and say, "And not myself was loved? Prove now thy claim of thee the promise of thy youth."

That was the very essence of Pastor Randolph's life. The service that he rendered was not lip service. Therefore this must be a day of thanksgiving. We must try to smile through our tears, seeing how much greater are the cause and the glory than any individual life. It is for you young men to meet the test. May the men of the G. T. T. not go into uniform fight for liberty. But liberty is not irresponsible—it is pure responsibility. Up to this time that right of responsibility has been very great. Good men have staggered under it, like our beloved leader who yonder lies dead. But we have been unduly over­loaded, because so few were sharing the burden. And if the day is ever to come when there is true freedom, true self-government, true prosperity and absence of poverty, it will be because such men as you put your shoulders under the new yoke and make it dependent on your intelligence, your co-operation. You will do your part to carry the burden of freedom. And in this may God bless you!

At the close of Dean Lewis' address, President Daland asked all present to rise and sing, a new verse for the enlisted men, then

We must have a league of nations. May God bless you! We must try to carry the burden of freedom. And in this, may God bless you!

The service closed with the benediction, pronounced by President Daland:

The peace of God that passeth understanding keep your hearts and minds in the knowledges and love of Jesus Christ our Lord; and may the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be with you always. Amen.

With the playing of the organ arrangement of "Come Ye Disconsolate," by Ash­cmeal, the people passed from the church.

MEMORIAL AND FUNERAL SERVICE

SABBATH AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 23, 1918

At one o'clock that November afternoon, a gaud of honor from the Students' Army Training Corps of Milton College escorted the body of Pastor Randolph to the church he had served. Here below the pulpit, massed with a loving wealth of flowers, it lay in state with young soldiers, Chester Newman and Merle Bond, at the head and foot; and above, on a simply draped desk, were the pictured faces of Kenneth and Paul. Outside at the door, two young soldiers were stationed. Such will be his life. Thus will he stand, motionless while the silent throes passed by. Inside, where the quiet afternoon light came through the windows, crimson and blue and amber and violet and green, the steady lines of people had thronged the pews and the anterooms long before the hour of the service; but still they came, men and women and children, in a hushed procession, finding seats placed in the aisles; and still new wreaths and flowers were brought. The church was too small to hold the hundreds of his neighbors who loved him, and the friends who could have come to their private adoration. The members of his family were given places in the front pews, with the speakers and the Boy Scouts on the left and the deacons of the church on the right. President Daland took his place upon the platform alone; but when Mrs. Rogers began the prelude, the singers of the male octet took their places in the choir­ seats.—Leslie Bennett and Allison Burdick, Jesse Lippincott and E. M. Hol­ton, George Johnson and Mr. Lewis Babcock, and Professors Inglis and Whitford. During the moments while Mrs. Rogers at the organ played the funeral music from Chopin, two memories were formed which must always be associated with these: one, of "Uncle Paul" Green going slowly up alone to look on the quiet face of his friend,—the other of a young mother in the church, crying silently but as if her heart would break. After the singing of the "Near the Tree" by the eight men, as planned by the Pastor, President Daland rose and said:

Here where we have met so often to listen to the friendly words of counsel and cheer spoken by our beloved brother, in this spot made holier by his beautiful testament, we look about him in vain today. We are all here because we would look toward him. But death has in its wisdom taken our comfort. Our eyes seek in vain for that smiling and genial countenance. Our hands can touch the warm and happy hand which has so often helped us. As we go about the streets we do not see that figure swilt on its strong and smiling brow, starting a laugh in the corridors of the college. He seems not to be here. And yet, dear friends, this body that lies here, covered with our offerings of love, is not our departed brother. More real than this that we shall lay in the ground is his courage, his faith, his life. These are here, and they abide with us. Truly we may say, he is not gone; he still lives. A friend of many years, with you I mourn his loss. I am bowed with inexpressible grief. I can not tell you anything of him which you do not already know. If to-day the memory of the happy, loving, kind, and tenderly beloved pastor of Milton College, who loved you, in the very briefest way, a few of the important facts of this wonderful, full, beautiful, marvelous life, of the morning called him "Lester." To some he was "Doctor Randolph, the brilliant lecturer." To others, "The man of Milton Col­lege," the genuine shepherd of a loyal flock. I must voice the sentiments of that flock as I did to-day. It is the first time that we have been without our shepherd; for whether he was here in Milton College, or whether he was working for the college and the world, while he lived we never felt that we were without a pastor. It is the shepherd, thinking of his flock, planning and laboring for them.

The friend of many, Lester Charles Randolph, the son of Howell W. and Hannah Bowen Rand­olph, was born at Walworth, Wis., on Au­ gust 16, 1864. He was graduated in Cornell University, on November 21, 1918, in the fifty-fifth year of his age,—snatched away at the climax of his pow­ers, in the midst of his most active labors.

Many of those here today know more of his childhood and youth than I. These years may perhaps be called the life of his early existence. Very early, when he was about eleven, he gave his heart and life and will to the service of his Father's Master, and received into the fellowship of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Walworth, and was always God's man. He attended the Walworth district school, and what was known as the "Big Foot Academy." In 1884 he entered Milton College, from which he was graduated in 1888.

The year following his graduation he spent in advanced studies in Cornell University, in the department of philosophy under President (then Professor) Schurman. Then he en-
tered the Baptist Union Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Ill. In this seminary were other young men with whom he was closely associated. They engaged in evangelistic work as quartets, and their labors together laid the foundation for their later successful work as an evangelist and worker in the field of temperance and other reform movements.

During his seminary course he was made pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Chicago, and served there until 1889. He then served the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society as evangelist for one year at Abilene, Texas, and for a few months at a church in New York City.

In 1890, at the age of 24, he was married to Miss E. B. Saunders, a young woman whom he had known since childhood. He was born in Chicago, in 1864, and his father, Rev. Dr. A. B. Saunders, was a prominent minister in the Seventh Day Baptist Church.

The Reverend Edgar D. Van Horn, pastor of the Seventy Day Baptist Church in Milford, was first introduced by President Daland:

What I have to say today I wish to say as the representative of the young people of the denomination. I know they would be glad to have me say it.

Clayton said that Doctor H. Clay Trumbull was not only as a memorial to his two sons, but more as an inspiration to all of us to be true and faithful to our country. Except for the tribulations of our own times, he said, our country is a much better place than it was a hundred years ago. But it was the ambition of our brother to be a better father, a better husband, and a better citizen. He dearly loved his family, and he was a good husband and father as well as a good man.

During the absence of the pastor of the Congregational Church in Whitewater, he had ministered week by week to this people. This added labor was doubtless more than he could bear. One day when he came from Whitewater he was taken ill in the night, and after a few days of semi-consciousness spent in the hospital, he died in the midst of pain, as far as he could express to his wife and his son his wish that she should be his companion rather than his wife in the world of the dead. His last words were loving ones of her. As he dropped into delirium now and again, his words ran rapidly on the subject of death and of the beloved society, the Christian Endeavor societies, and the Boy Scouts. These were on his heart.

His family relations of any man of public character are not a matter of importance. But it was the ambition of our brother to be a good husband and father as well as a good citizen and Christian. And wondrously did he fulfill that ambition. He dearly loved his home and neglected the necessity of his distance from the Pacific Coast to his mother and brother and sister; one strong young man is the support of his mother, and the gift of God, Doris, is her comfort.

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heard." And the younger one said, "He always had a smile when he preached, and it was so easy." This was their comment on this great man.

When I saw these Boy Scouts come in today in a body, I remembered how I loved them, and how anxious he was for them to live up to their Scout principles, and I believe they did.

I sympathize with the members of this church in this your great loss and bereavement. He helped their church to live on, and press on in the great work which he has given us to do.

President Daland next introduced Pastor C. B. Loofbourrow, of Walworth, who said:

It has seemed to me since I was invited to speak of Dr. Randolph that I have risked the expression of all the things that are worth-while to do. I am by birth an alien to the faith so dear to our brother. Neither have I the advantage of having had his influence over me when young, as I did not know him until he became pastor of the Milton Church at a time when I was doorkeeper. After leaving Milton, while teaching two years in Richland County, I kept in touch with Pastor Randolph, for such he seemed to me. In the two years that I was in the school in Richland County, an entertainment or lecture course was taken up the coming year, and Doctor Randolph came to open the course with "That Delightful Fellow, The American Boy." He was a true com mencement speaker the graduating class unanimously chose him. Three times in that way he was to speak on one occasion he delivered two lectures before leaving.

No pastor in Walworth for three years I have had intimate association with him. In all these relations I found him always the same. A man so thoroughly a fellow, ever ready to speak a word of helpfulness, always ready to reach out his hand to those who needed it, always ready to do all that was in his power for the good of the church and his own interests, all my life and will try to emulate those peculiar conditions in his make-up which made him the all-round man and Christian that he was.

The Reverend W. L. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., then brought his tribute:

Death to those who remain is loneliness and sorrow, but to the dying Christian it is gain. Christ said on the eve of his death, "The hour has come that the Son of Man shall be glorified." What death was to Christ it was to our brother, coronation and glorification, and that, he had today.

I have come nearly a thousand miles to mourn with sorrow with yours at the falling of our fellow-worker and comrade, but more I come as a representative of the church of which Dr. Randolph was pastor for ten and one-half years, of the church into which he has baptized many scores of happy candidates. We had heard the sad news of Paul's and Kenneth's deaths and were deeply moved.

It was our grief as well as yours, because they belonged to Alfred and had spent a large portion of their lives there. When the news came that Pastor Randolph had passed away, it was the leading men of the church said, "Some one must go to Milton to attend the farewell service," and then they said, "The pastor is the one to go," and I come from the church, my expenses borne by it, to bring their love and respect.

I want to express the love and sympathy of the church but also of the university, of which he was a trustee for ten years and from which he received his Doctorate. President Davis made special request that I should bring his tribute of appreciation and sorrow.

Pastor Randolph came to open the course in the university for the first year and Doctor Randolph came to open the course with "That Delightful Fellow, The American Boy." He was a true commencement speaker the graduating class unanimously chose him. Three times in that way he was to speak on one occasion he delivered two lectures before leaving.

I have known much of Pastor Randolph through a personal acquaintance of twenty-five years, but more of all-round man and Christian that he was. This is only a legend, not true perhaps in fact, yet containing a fundamental truth. It has been always, is now, a fact that which is worth most costs the most, the most precious possession of any country, State or community is its unspoiled, courageous young manhood, along with its modest, virtuous, strong young womanhood.

When in 1861 a yawning chasm opened up in the life of the world, there came a call to men and women of all ages to put their lives into the great conflict. It would call not only that which was most highly treasured must be cast into the chasm. Neither gold nor silver nor precious stones alone would answer the purpose, though they could help. Above all else of value was what Curtis himself gave, away back in the early days of Rome, when he said, "Surely Rome has no greater treasure than the lives and courage of her young men who are willing to die for their country!" And just as the phrasing of the offer of the kingdom of England and France and Italy was girded for the sacrifice.

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tion and exalted courage of the splendid young men who have made the great world crisis through which we have just passed so profoundly grim, so cruel, so ghastly. Now that we have come happily to the close of the terrible struggle, we can not but be surprised at the wealth in both money and manhood which the S. A. T. C. has gained. The men are greater than the most optimistic of us suspected at the beginning of the war. And we know that the day will come when their work—truly rejoice in their memory—in the memory of our manhood, not only physically but in greater and greater service, as their fathers did do it.

Death is only a transition. To the Christian soldier it is promotion into a higher and better life, a happy life, happy in the consciousness of duty well done, and with the exalted courage of the splendid up. Death is only a transition. To the Christian soldier it is promotion into a higher and better life, a happy life, happy in the consciousness of duty well done, and with the exalted courage of the splendid up. Death is only a transition.

TRIBUTE TO KENNETH RANDOLPH

Professor Whitford then came forward from his seat with the octet and said:

Kenneth Bowen Randolph was born on May 16, 1895, in Chicago, where he died at Ithaca, N. Y., on October 9, 1918, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He received his earlier education in the public schools of Alfred, taking the last two years of his high school course at Milton, where he was graduated with the class of 1912. He then entered Milton College and completed his four-year course in 1916. His class numbered seventeen members; nine of these men were, every one of whom I believe has been of the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The voice of two whom—Kenneth and Carroll West—have gone from us.

During his college vacations Kenneth studied music in the studio of Professor E. H. Whitford, at Woodstock, Ill., where he was especially successful in his work with young boys. The year following Kenneth entered business in Fredonia, but the latter part of the year he again took up teaching. Later he was offered a large salary to teach in the Fredonia Normal School, but instead he felt that it was his duty to undertake work for the Government as a machinist. He joined the Home Guard, and also served as assistant scout master to the Boy Scouts. He made many friends and was greatly beloved in Fredonia, where he now lies at the foot of an oak tree in their beautiful cemetery.

Many of you have heard Pastor Randolph tell the story of the splendid and noble boys that had been from the beginning of the war. And who stay than it is for him who is gone. Kenneth was a great soldier. He bravely and cheerfully did his work, and was a rare example to all, a faithful scout, and a true friend. Kenneth made a great sacrifice. He bravely and cheerfully did his work, and was a rare example to all, a faithful scout, and a true friend. Kenneth made a great sacrifice. He bravely and cheerfully did his work, and was a rare example to all, a faithful scout, and a true friend. Kenneth made a great sacrifice. He bravely and cheerfully did his work, and was a rare example to all, a faithful scout, and a true friend. Kenneth made a great sacrifice. He bravely and cheerfully did his work, and was a rare example to all, a faithful scout, and a true friend. Kenneth made a great sacrifice.

It becomes my pleasure to speak to you briefly of the life of Kenneth Randolph. We knew him as a soldier whom we knew of his rare spirit and noble character. Kenneth Bowen Randolph was born on May 16, 1895, in Chicago, where he died at Ithaca, N. Y., on October 9, 1918, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He received his earlier education in the public schools of Alfred, taking the last two years of his high school course at Milton, where he was graduated with the class of 1912. He then entered Milton College and completed his four-year course in 1916. His class numbered seventeen members; nine of these men were, every one of whom I believe has been of the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The voice of two whom—Kenneth and Carroll West—have gone from us.

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TRIBUTE TO PAUL RANDOLPH

When Professor Whitford had retired to his seat with the singers, Allison Burdick came forward and gave his affectionate tribute to Paul; in uniform, representing the boys in the United States service, he spoke in part as follows:

As a boy, Paul was "One of Those Delightful Fellows, the American Boy." He was a real boy, too, in work or play, one who could do a good time. One of his teachers writes of him: "Paul was a very fine young man. He had a very sound sense of justice and fairness. Whether it was a matter pertaining to school discipline, difference of opinion among classmates, or in athletic contests with rival teams." And it was always with him. He was always just, and believed in absolute fairness in everything. I remember him on the baseball diamond, bowler he always played square. When he said a man was out, there was no argument about it.

After finishing high school here, Paul attended Milton College for one year, the year that Victor was a Senior and Kenneth a Junior. He was a member of the Philomathian Society, active on committees and prominent in all school activities. He was well liked by everyone.

After Victor went back to California, his magazine business increased greatly and in December, 1915, Paul went to San Francisco to work with Victor. He was never again in California. His father saw him through the gate while he was at the guano fields near San Pedro, Cal., to the Naval Training Station. After that he worked for himself, and when his money was gone, he came to the East and West while on short furloughs on all the battleships. Any letters have since come from friends he made in those days.

One wrote, "We all just loved Paul."

College friends were: U. S. "Orion," to South America, and the second to Panama. All the while his ambition was the thrill of the military, not of the fighting. In letters home Paul often said he was working hard for promotion. It was some of those "One Man Frasch" that lost his life on the way to France. On October 4th the collision occurred with another vessel which had been driven out of her course by a submarine after suffering several casualties. It was in the middle of the night and nearly everyone was in bed.

Twenty-three lives were lost, among them Paul's. One of the survivors wrote to Paul's home telling how Paul had been concerned about his companions. "I know that your son was lost when the ship sank. He was yeoman for the paymaster and I can say that every man on board thought a whole lot of him. He was a very nice lad."

These were the words of one of the men who saw Paul last.

After Mr. Burdick had taken his seat among the octet, Leslie Bennett came forward and sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which Paul's father had chosen to be sung at this time.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep,
Secure that no evil hand can reach me;
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
Rocked in the cradle of the Deep.

And such the trust that still were mine
That storms, tempests, wilds rush on the skies
And through the tempest's fiery breath
Wake me from sleep to wreck and death:

In ocean's wave still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the Deep.

President Daland next introduced Professor Barbour, who spoke on the relationship between Pastor Randolph and Milton College:

Pastor Randolph was a part of the life of Milton College. He could not be confused in official relations. When he came on the platform in chapel it was not as others came, as visitors. He seemed to be one of us. It was not that he attended many of the formal exercises of the college. But he dwelt where the minds of the students dwelt. How many times we have seen him humming and playing in the park! It was just the other way around. Pastor Randolph was the champion of the college for a game of football. He was one with the college in its activities,—full of little suggestions for their improvement. He was the champion of the Literary Movement, the literary societies and the College Bulletin.

One reason that he was thus identified so closely with the college was that he liked the students, and tried to help them. He understood them. When Pastor Randolph met a new student of Milton that student felt that he was just the friend he had been interested in him. I once heard him say that in early life he determined that he would be "a good listener and a good talker." You know some people one talks with seem to be interested mainly to tell you what you think. But Pastor Randolph was just the opposite. He would listen to everything you had to say, and then tell you what you thought. He would lead you out and get you to express yourself. Many a time after talking with him you would realize you had enjoyed stating your opinion, and perhaps had forgotten to ask about his. He did not have to make himself interested. He was really interested. So he liked us. And we liked him. Pastor Randolph never lost the boy's heart. He had himself in marked degree the characteristic temper of a college student. Many who have never had the advantage of a college course, like those who have left their college days behind, lack that resiliency, that spontaneous enthusiasm and exhilaration of life which characterize the college student. Pastor Randolph had this; and he had the moral qualities that college men admire. He seemed to us very much a man. He stood up to every situation he was in. And he was always ready to see him under any circumstances when some would be resentful, envious or jealous; and there was not a shadow of such a feeling in him. He was sweet,—sweet clear through.

But he was not only a part of the life of Milton College. He was a pastor of the college. He believed in his work. Once when he was talking with me of the value of education, he described anything being worth doing for its own sake; he valued it only in so far as it contributed to the fine Christian character which he saw so many lacking in the students. How jealously he would watch anything creeping into the college that endangered its wholesome influence—things which might be viewed more lightly by those who cared less for the true welfare of the boys and girls. Many a time those who was in the deeper things. It is for this reason that he seems to us to be like those in the Scriptur who are said to "shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father, they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for turn ever and ever."
just below this desk one year ago last Commencement, if I remember right, that he could not undertake this task did it not mean the accomplishment of the very same end, that Aristotle is putting his life here as a pastor. And so when he talked to a man, he did not try merely to get all the money he could from him. He had the right idea, full of the Miltonian endowment of Milton College—when one reflects that it is more than a mere amount of money—that it stands for interest in the kind of meeting it seems as if his presence pervaded to have funds of it. I have seen him in bus driving on the work as if he had been.

Let us say—all together—softly, tenderly and hence in this world struggle he was intensely as this has come. The world see his greatest forward look. for the betterment of church and community.

And carried her out into other communities. to be made. After supper, Brother Randolph did we have a wide circle of friends that it is more than a mere amount of money ice among us. As I look back upon that

strangely enough, the last issue of the thing into which that he could not undertake this that he was unable to rally.

says, if can say can sum up what these men have said a few words sum up those men themselves? No. Then how much more than many who have lived here as a pastor. And so when he talked to ceptable way than in social

It is as truly a victim of the barbarous thing. Can't you hear Lester's voice even in the Bible. "We love him because he first loved us." Perhaps no man is greatly loved unless he first loves greatly. That is the price we pay for the love of our fellows.

Descriptions are inadequate, but commands move ahead—through the assembly, and the memory of it in many minds will be associated with memory of him.

In the short time he was with us all learned to ad, respect and love intensely. He represented all that is noble in manhood. To meet him, to get his warm handclasp, and
dim, seasoned with mercy, for every oppressed

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do: They followed her divine completeness: they loved her that they died for her; and you all know with what thoughtful grace he played the part of Hamlet on your stage. I seem to hear and see things. I have exclaimed, like. the desolate faraway, "He
doeth him that gives, and him that takes, thou untaught! what manners is in

when all was from week to week than in the Bible. "We love him because he first loved us." Perhaps no man is greatly loved unless he first loves greatly. That is the price we pay for the love of our fellows.

When his boys died, it almost broke his heart. He could not go to the same bed. Early in the morning he woke up and began to talk of denominational problems. He intended, he said, to preach. But he had not got to the point where he could feel sectarian. Some Seventh Day Baptists, he thought, had no love for persons of other denominations. He thought that Seventh Day Baptists ought to love all Christians and cared for Milton, but he wasn't sure that he had better leave the denomination, because the spirit of it was so narrow.

Well, he became a denominational leader. He did much to broaden denominational views. He had the. Phillips spirit. In his own creed so deeply that he was willing to let other men love theirs. His mind grew ever and observed the change they were making in the cause of his Master and Leader, Jesus the Christ.

There is no use, however, in trying to find due words of appreciation. Let me rather close with certain words of Lowell:

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil amid the fury of the storm. Content at last, for guardian of their toll.

When the last maid said she had left him, many in sad faith sought for her. Many, with crossed hands, followed her. But these, our brothers, fought for her.

At life's dear peril wrought for her. So loved her they that died for her. Their tears ran down like the water of lions.

Of her divine completeness:

Those love her best who to themselves are true. And when the dust had settled, she dare to do: They followed her and found her.

Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind, But beautiful, with danger's sweetness-round her,

_Thitewater, she was at a Conference, and he and I slept in the same bed. Early in the morning he woke up and began to talk of denominational problems. He intended, he said, to preach. But he had not got to the point where he could feel sectarian. Some Seventh Day Baptists, he thought, had no love for persons of other denominations. He thought that Seventh Day Baptists ought to love all Christians and cared for Milton, but he wasn't sure that he had better leave the denomination, because the spirit of it was so narrow.

Well, he became a denominational leader. He did much to broaden denominational views. He had the. Phillips spirit. In his own creed so deeply that he was willing to let other men love theirs. His mind grew ever and observed the change they were making in the cause of his Master and Leader, Jesus the Christ.

There is no use, however, in trying to find due words of appreciation. Let me rather close with certain words of Lowell:

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil amid the fury of the storm. Content at last, for guardian of their toll.

When the last maid said she had left him, many in sad faith sought for her. Many, with crossed hands, followed her. But these, our brothers, fought for her.

At life's dear peril wrought for her. So loved her they that died for her. Their tears ran down like the water of lions.

Of her divine completeness:

Those love her best who to themselves are true. And when the dust had settled, she dare to do: They followed her and found her.

Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind, But beautiful, with danger's sweetness-round her,
tian faith and practical loyalty and service, bidding each one take this as his final charge to us who are left to carry on God's work here. 

After the eight men had sung this selection, "Keep Rank, Keep Rank, Make Jesus King," President Daland uttered the words of dismissal and benediction praying that God might sanctify to our hearts our friendship for his servant and use us to further the great causes for which he had given his life.

The lights had long since been lighted in the church, and it was in the early winter dusk that the funeral procession passed to the churchyard, with the Boy Scouts and the Students' Army Training Corps and hundreds of friends joining in the last tributes of love. Rev. William L. Burdick offered prayer at the grave side, and the mourning hearts in the darkness heard again the divine words, "Amen.

Touched by the sunset's parting gleam, A
The sheltering arms are open thrown, The Savior is the same today.
O wondrous plan that God has wrought! All things, all things shall work for good.
The Savior in my place hath stood.
He leadeth me, O blessed though I
There, amid the blood-washed throng: mother, risen to her place;
And through the same abounding grace Have other voices joined the song.
No death, no pain, no gathering tears, No smiling while the tears drops fall.
For Christ shall be our all in all,
The harps of gold their message call, And whosoever will may come.

LESTER—
An Appreciation

[This "Appreciation" was received some months ago, and we took the liberty to withhold it until the material for the Randolph Memorial Number was all in hand. —Ed.]

You will pardon me for the familiar designation. He once requested me when introducing him to leave off his honorary title. He was my special friend. I claim no distinction, however, on that account. Very many people, both old and young, more modest than I am, would like the privilege of saying the same thing as publicly as it pleased me to say it, as I am permitted to say it here. For Lester had the rare faculty of making you, before you knew him long, want to claim him as your special friend. But perhaps the privilege may, appropriately, be mine by virtue of a late start in college life. But his words of encouragement were buoyant, and added to my determination to make the most of my chance. Early in my first term there, he was one to lead the college meeting. I can see him now, as if it were but last night, standing there before us in the old Davis room, with radiant face and tones vibrant with earnestness as he talked to us about "redeeming the time," having read a part of Ephesians, 5th chapter. If there was a tenacious or despondent spirit toward you inspired courage and self-respect. Your smallness was rebuked by his generosity. Your blues found an antidote in his rollicking, fun-loving disposition.

We finished college together, but he preceded me by a year in his seminary course. But during that course it was my good fortune to be with him and the other "boys" in the evangelistic campaign of 1892. Since that memorable year he has been my delightful yokefellow, for a longer or shorter period, in almost every place where I have worked as pastor or missionary. Pulaski, Nat. Bridgeport, Ill., Louisville and Shepherdsville, Ky., West Halloch, Ill., Albion, Wis., and Dodge Center, Minn., would heartily corroborate anything I might say about his magnetic winsomeness, his persuasive eloquence and his power in presenting the great ethical ideals of the religion of Jesus Christ.

I am writing this in the confusion of once more breaking up the home. Some letters were left out in the sorting process and among them were some from him written three or four years ago. One of these held my attention as I looked it through with quickened heart throbns. It was in answer to one I had written when in the loneliness and isolation of work in the Southwest I was longing for some tokens of the old friendship. How it stirred the memories of the old days at Milton College and at Morgan Park. If you knew how long I have pondered, and sought to find in some reference in such a letter, however serious in tone, flashes of humor recalling laughable experiences in student life. Was there danger that time, or distance, or possible misunderstanding would break the magic charm of the old friendship? There could be no answering such doubts, and it mattered little what followed after in the letter beginning in the old familiar way, "My dear old Van." Then here is a letter which no one shall see for it would bare a bit of sensitive folly in my own life. It will be treasured in the sacred archives of memory, and if you could see it you would get suggestions of how wise and tactful and sympathetic such a friend could be when you are treading a path of danger and perplexity. Another one confines to me his own soul struggle in an experience of great peril when, quoting the words of the Psalmist, he said, "My feet had well nigh slipped," and praised God for deliverance. These are a few out of the many memories that have crowded my mind since the sad news came that our friend had gone from us. Since the day we were so stunned by the tidings of his death, we have been trying to adjust our minds to the fact of his passing from the familiar places where we had such pleasure in seeing him. It is hard even yet to realize that he will not again appear among us here. Many letters from friends who knew him have been received in our home and there is the common note of sorrow that he has left us not to return. "I don't know what we will do," is the pathetic cry in one letter. One from the stricken parish writes, "we are without our Leader. How we miss his cheerful uplift in our midst! He was a grand man, and grew greater in heart and purpose concomitantly. I know that only a few, comparatively, out of the multitude of such words of loving appreciation have drifted my way, and I am glad to add my poor tribute in memory of the friend we loved.

It is expressive and yet inadequate, to reflect that he passed through on the "Sunshine Route." And I am grateful, as every other one who has had the privilege, that I was a fellow traveler, for at least a part of the way.

T. J. Van Horn.

A TRIBUTE TO CLAUDE COON

[The following letter is one of the last written by Brother Randolph, to friends who had allowed one under his mentor's care.

The lights had long since been lighted in the church, and it was in the early winter dusk that the funeral procession passed to the churchyard, with the Boy Scouts and the Students' Army Training Corps and hundreds of friends joining in the last tributes of love. Rev. William L. Burdick offered prayer at the grave side, and the mourning hearts in the darkness heard again the divine words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

VERSIES that comforted Lester Randolph at the time of his first little daughter's death. Possibly they were written by him.

A hurried step, a startled cry, A sudden fear while hopes depart, A sudden wrenching of the heart, A sudden darkening of the sky.

It all was but a troubled dream. Her winsome form will greet my sight, I'm sure that I shall meet her. Touched by the sunset's parting gleam, Once more she'll lead the merry chase To be the first one I shall meet, Once more will fall the kisses sweet Open a lonely father's face.

The gingham dress is put aside, The cloak and bonnet are laid by, The scrap-book and the dolly lies just as she left them when she died.

'Twas love that gave what now is flown, Sweet songs of faith the memory fill, The little singer singeth still, And love can never lose her own.

The Savior loved the fair young flowers That bloomed by far blue Galilee, He took the children on his knee And blessed for them the happy hours.

And still the tender accents say, "Forbid them not, but let them come."
Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad with exceeding joy. (1 Peter 4: 12, 13.)

"If ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven; whereof I Paul am made a minister; who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church" (Col. 1: 23, 24).

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted" (2 Cor. 1: 3, 4).

Our boys have given their lives in behalf of others. In some humble sense they have in this been following in the footsteps of the Redeemer. If they have followed him in the sacrifice, they will follow him in the victory, and we can take great comfort in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation: "And the armies which are in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, ... And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords."

Let us make Claude's memory a happy and inspiring one. Let the example which he has set be cherished. His work on earth has not ceased. His work in heaven has just begun.

In loving and tender sympathy, Sincerely yours," L. C. RANDOLPH.

FORM OF MARRIAGE CEREMONY COMMONLY USED BY PASTOR L. C. RANDOLPH

In the dawn of Creation, in the morning of human history, God ordained two institutions upon which, as upon two great pillars, the superstructure of our civilization rests.

The first of these was the Sabbath. In the weekly cycle of days, one day was always to be a memorial of God. In the midst of his sorrow and his joy, his labor and his pain, man should have a continually recurring reminder of him who is both his Creator and his Father.

The other institution was the home, founded in the marriage of a woman to a man, in a union so complete and indissoluble that it is said they are no longer twain, but one flesh. In the beautiful symbolic story in the Book of Genesis, it is said that God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and then took from him a portion of himself, and from this made woman; taking her not from his head, to be his master—nor from his feet to be his slave—but from his breast, to be his companion. Then, taking the woman by the hand, he led her to the man—and the first wedding ceremony was performed, with the arch of heaven as the cathedral, the songs of the birds for the wedding march and God's own voice pronouncing the union.

When entered into thoughtfully, advisedly and reverently, this is the sweetest and dearest of all human relationships. A man's home is his castle and strong tower where the heart takes deep root and blossoming love comes to full fruition. A woman's home is her world, where she reigns as queen.

There are many love stories in the dear old Book, but the best of all is the one which represents the Royal Lover as coming back to the earth where he lived a life of love, for his redemptive life to claim the bride for whom he gave his life. It is the marriage supper of the Lamb of which the scene being enacted here today is the type and prophecy and the love which is to characterize this home finds its example in the love which Christ gives to the church which he has purchased with his own precious blood.

This is not a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure. It is not a contract for a day or a month or a year. It is a covenant for life. Until death doth part, you are to walk the pathway of life together.

Do you, Walter, take this woman to be your wedded wife, to cherish, to honor and to help, in sickness and in health, in fair weather and in foul, for better or for worse, until death doth part? Do you, Clara, take this man to be your wedded husband, to love and to cherish, to honor and to help, in sickness and in health, in fair weather and in foul, for better or for worse, until death doth part?

Do you, Walter, take this woman to be your wedded wife, to cherish, to honor and to help, in sickness and in health, in fair weather and in foul, for better or for worse, until death doth part? Do you, Clara, take this man to be your wedded husband, to love and to cherish, to honor and to help, in sickness and in health, in fair weather and in foul, for better or for worse, until death doth part? Is there a ring as symbol of this pledge?

In further token of this pledge you may join your right hands. Now, by the authority of Almighty God and the laws of the State of Wisconsin, I do pronounce you husband and wife, and what God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Let us pray.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

THE RANDOLPH QUARTET

The above family of four brothers, all of whom enlisted in the Army or Navy, was broken up by the recent death of Paul, who was one of the missing list from the sinking of the "Herman Frasch" in mid-ocean, the vessel going down in seven minutes. Kenneth died five days later, after two days' illness from Spanish influenza, at Cornell University, where he went to enlist in the Students' Army Training Corps.

Paul and Victor are well known locally, having made their home for some years with their uncle, C. B. Strong, of College Avenue, while attending the University of California, where Victor is now in the Students' Army Training Corps preparing to be a physician. They are the sons of Rev. Lester C. Randolph, of Milton, Wis., well known through the middle West as a lecturer. His lecture before our club some three years ago on "The American Boy," will be remembered by those present as a masterpiece. — Vernon-Rockbridge Bulletin, Oakland, Cal.

HOPPEL PAUL

KENTUCKY VICTOR

WHITEWATER CHURCH MEMORIAL SERVICE

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1918

Scripture reading, Song of Solomon, 8: 6-7; 1 Corinthians 12: 27-13; 13.

Offertory, "Open the Gates of the Temple." Sermon by Professor Harris M. Barbour, of Milton College.

(On the request to preach a short sermon, words were taken on the third chapter of Ephesians, the nineteenth verse, "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge," since they seemed remarkably to characterize Pastor Randolph's relationship to people.)

The Divine Love passes knowledge. It could not perfectly reveal itself to human understanding in the body of Jesus. It was too strong. The body wearied before it had accomplished all to which the divine love within prompted. And when on the cross that love was diked back by his own people, the heart could not support it. Divine love can not be revealed in a human body. It breaks it.

And yet nevertheless Divine Love has been clearly revealed in a measure. It is "the love of Christ." Its characteristics, while not disclosing its full nature, lead out in that direction, suggesting the quality of the heart which is growing in likeness to God. Jesus seemed to love every one alike. This not in a sentimental sense. Love is based on knowledge. We fail to love only where we fail to understand. But it seems that Jesus found himself understanding every one—every one alike. This is one of the divine marks of the Savior. We like certain temperaments, and others that will not wait are able to cherish these; and other natures, try as we will, we can not make congenial. We say, "I can not understand them." But Jesus seemed to know just where to find every one he met—the singing woman, the learned scholar, the workman by the sea, the governor on his throne. For he treated everyone differently, seeing...
to know just their difficulty at the moment. They seemed to be a part of his life. "He came among us as if among his own people." And Jesus seemed to love men to the extent of the child Jesus, standing with solemn presence, childishly Fascinated with the world. . . .

And if we put such words as leap to our minds—words that come to us like a flash from the past, or the present... then we find that there is a real choice at the very outset of the Christian life. . . .

THE WORD OF GOD OUR GUIDE AND COMFORT

DR. GRACE I. CRANDALL

(Sermon preached in the Milton church, November, 1918)

I find it very hard to speak in this pulpit at this time, and I ask your prayers for my help. I have asked God's guidance in the choice of the words. For the present comfort and strength today as never before. This is a time of crisis, both in the nation and in the world. Issues even greater than the winning of the Great War are at stake. Any false move or any neglect at this time may mean that our boys have died in vain.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

728

THE SABBATH RECORDER

729

If 'picture great town figure. We have memories of him and she sat right down just as she was, people—a woman of her clothes that the prayer rose naturally from his heart, intimately— not as sympathetic with people of all kinds, and familiar "with the fact that pain makes it difficult to to. Christian living, his rare gift to set others

And Jesus seemed to love men to the extent of the child Jesus, standing with solemn presence, childishly Fascinated with the world. . . .

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So too it is a time of crisis in this church at Milton. A great and powerful leader has gone—Pastor. Work and devotion had carried his people along with him. The one who also lived what he preached. He has gone to be with the Lord. In his efforts to prepare us for the future he fortified himself; and he has reached the goal before us.

If Christ were among us today and did as he did when on earth, I wonder how many of the prudent would believe him. If he came among us and did as he did, I wonder if we could be moved to faith with as much distrust and reserved ideas.

The Bible is full of such texts as these which teach simple faith in a spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing, if I speak unto you, they are spirit, and flesh profiteth nothing.

In my reading recently I was impressed with a statement something like this: The great reason why people fail to understand the Scriptures is because they do not believe that God means what he says. You remember that last Sabbath said that we have never fully realized that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. We like our ministers to believe in a comfortable sermons. But when we come to the hard sayings, the serious things, we want them softened or explained away. It is not possible to get anything out of that part of the Bible.

Stephen in the chapter of John, where Christ was speaking of the eating of his flesh and the drinking of his blood being essential to having a part with him. People said, "This is a hard saying." They doubted him because they did not understand. John says, "From that time many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him." But they would take nothing by faith and so lost it all. Doubt blinded them to the wonderful truths which Christ had so clearly if they had trusted and waited a little.

So also with the Twelve. Christ was always trying to teach them the mysteries of his death and resurrection. But this was distasteful to them; so they met all his words with disbelief. Even when he had laid down the way to Emmaus, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all these things which the prophets have spoken." Christ's last prayer when with his disciples had such words as these: "For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me. . . I have given them thy word; . . . sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."

God has given us this word through the prophets, the disciples, and all who have moved by his spirit. Let us believe, even if it seems impossible, and we do not understand.

God is many-sided. In this respect we may learn a lesson from the war. We have not been able to think of God as an administrator of justice. Yet the Bible teacheth, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." Have we love mercy are claming for justice. Nothing seems more evident than the German Kaiser. The cruel ties shown to fellow-men, the German army have moved us far more than their blasphemy for their crime. Either doer does not explain—if he can not understand—it is enough that father says so. That is faith. The war in its entirety has shook and cast calculat- ing often. God wants the trusting child, and it is in such hearts that he works his greatest work.

There is the young man who distrusts the spirit-led man. Undoubtedly it is true that such men who claim to be spirit-led are fanatical. But if Christ were among us today and did as he did when on earth, I wonder how many of the prudent would believe him. "It is hard saying," they would say. Christ taught us that we must be above and beyond even the understanding of God down to man's level? We should Ultimately come through unshaken. Our faith is the sub­ 8.81 and critical study of the Bible. That will ever come through unshaken.

"We spend our days and hours reading other things, strive for that which does not satisfy, and the way we wonder why it is that life has so little for us. We wonder why there must be wars, why there is so much division, how can we solve out problems through the wise conclusions of wise men. We look to national and interna­ tional Christianity for us, laws, treaties, and many other things to change the hearts of men.

The time, right on our tables, is the book of books which will solve it all for us and for the world. We know, and yet we only half believe. I have heard Christian business men say that religion and business are two different things. You can not do business and Christianity at the same time. Most of the trouble in the world right now is because men will not believe that God knows how to do morally right and well. We will not believe. We do not trust him.

Is cruelty to our fellow-men worse than such cruelty to a master? Who would like to be a slave for our boys in Fance to have died in vain than it is for Christ the divine one to have died in vain? Even so, we Christians are so luke-warm. It will be no wonder if God spews us out of his mouth!

But we need not be Laodiceans; the Gospel is ours to believe in, and to act upon in faith, as did the Thessalonians to whom Paul sent the words of our glory—who were his glory and joy.

"For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance, as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake.

This gospel should come unto us of this church in power and in the Holy Ghost, for those who love the Lord, and he has been such a man for our sakes. We can not let his life be in vain among us.

Yet the king and his friends are perpetuating the loss of the Pastor's influence for their children, look to the Word of God. It has power, and the power of God. It is a power for your children; and after all there is no one who has such a powerful influence upon the child as the saying regarding the Master's children. We can not shirk our responsibility. Perhaps it may be that we have been letting the Pastor live on for some years. We must take up our burdens and go forward. Those of us who are missing the Pastor so much for ourselves, must remember that greater than he is here. Were the Pastor standing here today, he would point you to that One. You of this church must go far for- ward, that ye may be there. All things are possible to him that believeth."
TOILERS OF INDIA

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, April 18, 1908

DAILY READINGS
Sunday—Idolatry (Jer. 10: 1-11) Monday—Philosophical foolishness (Rom. 1: 20-23) Tuesday—Converted idolaters (1 Thess. 1: 2-10) Wednesday—The gospel "whosoever" (Rev. 22: 17) Thursday—Invitation to India (Isa. 55: 1-13) Friday—Offer of reconciliation (2 Cor. 5: 11-20)

Sabbath Day—Topic: Christianity and the toilers of India (Isa. 40: 18-31). (Missionary meeting)

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know that there are millions in India who are always hungry? One authority, Sir C. A. Elliot, says that half the agricultural population of India "never know from year's end to year's end what it is to have their hunger fully satisfied."

On authority of another it is stated that "there are forty million continually hungry people in British India."

Do you know that one-sixth of the total population of India is made up of fifty million outcasts—the "untouchables"—those who are "lower in the social scale than even the despised lowest cast"? For them is the "keenest suffering from the general poverty resulting among the agricultural population, for their lot is to perform the most menial tasks of the villages. When there is undernourishment and even starvation to such a great extent among cultivators and tenant farmers, desolate indeed is the state of those who are only scavengers."

Do you know that there were to add up the value of all the possessions of an ordinary farmer [in India], including his household furniture, his implements, and tools, and clothes on his back—all the movable goods that he has in the world,—the total amount would not come to more than five dollars? Then "add to this the fact that seventy-two percent of the population of India are dependent upon agriculture, and you get some conception of the widespread poverty of India's masses."

Do you know that "there are at the present moment on the waiting list of one American mission more than one hundred and fifty thousand applicants who can not be admitted to the church because it is impossible to secure enough preachers and teachers to educate them, and the people themselves are much too poor to pay for this education."

"INDIA'S PROBLEM"

Quoting at some length from the book referred to, the author says: "Now what do these grim facts of poverty have to do with Christianity? Just this: a self-supporting and self-respecting Christian church is impossible among people who never know what it is to have their hunger satisfied, and who, on their total cash income of less than ten dollars a year, are naturally unable to support a church or religious or educational organization of any kind. Such organizations can not perpetually be maintained by money from across the sea; in fact, in most cases the money can not even be obtained to establish them. If Christianity is to take root in India and become indigenous, it must be maintained from within the country."

"HOW IS INDIA TO BE SAVED?"

"How is the Indian farmer to secure the means with which to maintain a church, a school, a hospital, and whatever else he needs in order to live a rounded, intelligent Christian life? There is only one way he can do it, and that is by increasing his own earning power. This means to increase his agricultural production."

"There is no abiding reason why the farmer of India should be destitute. The growing season is nearly twelve months long. There is scarcely a time of the year when some crops may not be raised. The true reason for India's agricultural inferiority is in the use of archaic agricultural methods."

"For the truth is that the progress of Christianity in India will depend to a very large extent in the future upon the progress of agriculture."

"Out of these matters arises the vital need for farmer missionaries who will go to India in the name of Christianity and Christian progress and, by showing the farmer how to make the best use of his natural skill and industry, and of the country's natural resources will put him on an independent footing so that it may be possible for him to live a clean, intelligent, and worthy Christian life."

"CHRISTIAN AGENCIES AT WORK"

"The growing of chickens," says Mr. Price, "may seem a peculiar way to begin the propagation of Christian truth. And yet that is a method which is being followed in and around Etah, a mission movement area occupied by the American Presbyterians."

As to the results of this method of spreading Christianity the author says, "The spiritual results of this application of Western science to the production of eggs is that Christianity is being supported and propagated in this district as never before, and villages are beginning to maintain native workers and institutions in a way that they would never have dreamed possible in the old days before the poultry expert set up his sanctified business in Etah."

"THE MODERN JOSEPH"

There are many other agricultural missionary enterprises that might be mentioned, but among them perhaps the most outstanding are the results that have been accomplished by Mr. Sam Higginbottom at Allahabad, in the United Provinces. Mr. Higginbottom went to India as a teacher in the Allahabad Christian College, now called Ewing Christian College. After his arrival in India, he was assigned the care of the toilers of India, and after he was pressed into teaching economics. He knew little of the science of economics, but he very soon made a practical application of his subject to everyday affairs. As our author says, "It did not take many journeys into practical economics to convince him that the great economic problem of India is inferior agricultural production. He saw further than that; he realized that the problem was not only economic but social, moral and spiritual." He at once set about introducing twentieth century agriculture. The result is that Mr. Higginbottom is doing for India what Joseph did in the years of plenty in Egypt to prepare for the lean years.
MINUTES OF A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

A special meeting of the Sabbath School Board was called by the President to meet in the Whitford Memorial Hall of Milton College, Milton, Wis., Tuesday night, May 6, 1919, at 8:30 o'clock, President A. E. Whitford presiding. The following Trustees were present: A. E. Whitford, L. M. Babcock, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, E. M. Holston, D. N. Inglis, G. E. Crosley and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. J. H. Babcock.

The report of the Joint Committee, composed of the committees on Publication and Field Work was presented and adopted as follows:

"Following the action and recommendation of the Sabbath School Board at its meeting April 5, 1919, the Joint Committee discussed fully the plan of employing a Field Representative who shall do missionary and educational work, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

The Joint Committee recommends that the Sabbath School Board employ Mr. E. M. Holston as its Field Representative for day Baptist concerns concerning the Armenian affairs, was read and his expenses and allowance proposed. It was voted that he would be unable to accept the appointment.

A request was presented by Rev. E. D. Van Horn that he be asked to attend the coming meeting. The minutes of the previous meetings were read.

The Committee on Field Work reported that Professor D. N. Inglis had consented to act as the representative of the Board at the semiannual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin, to be held with the church at New Auburn, Wis., June 15-19, 1919, provided that the evangelistic quartet with which he was working, is laboring on that field at that time.

After Mr. E. M. Holston had announced that he would be unable to accept the appointment as Field Representative of the Sabbath School Board at the present, because of personal business reasons, the Committee on Field Work further recommended that the President, Professor A. E. Whitford, be asked to attend the coming sessions of the Eastern, Central and Western associations in the interests of the Sabbath School Board.

Upon motion the report was adopted and the Committee on Field Work was authorized to arrange with Professor Whitford for his expenses and remuneration.

The report of the Treasurer was presented and adopted. The report showed:

The Treasurer, W. H. Greenman, presented his resignation as treasurer of the Sabbath School Board and as a member of the Board of Trustees.

It was voted that Mr. Greenman's resignation as treasurer be accepted, the same to take effect July 1, 1919.

A request was presented by Rev. E. D. Van Horn that he be asked to attend the coming meeting. The minutes of the previous meetings were read.

The secretary was instructed to procure the necessary postal card statistical blanks for securing the annual statistics of the Sabbath schools.

SUGGESTIONS METHODS IDEAS FOR C. E. WORK

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May 23—John 1: 9-20

May 31—Mark 2: 23-28

The Editor's Notes, see Helping Hand
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

Eighty-third session, to be held with the First Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church at Leonardville, N. Y., June 19-22, 1919.

PROGRAM

Thursday Afternoon
2.00 Devotional Service—Rev. William H. Clayton
2.15 Address of Welcome—A. M. Coon
2.45 Reports of Officers, Committees and Delegates
Communications from Churches
Appointment of Standing Committees
Thursday Evening
8.15 Praise Service—Rev. J. E. Hutchins
8.30 Annual Sermon—Rev. T. J. Van Horn

Friday Morning
8.15 Devotional Service—C. J. York
10.00 Business
10.45 Education Society Hour

Friday Afternoon
2.00 Devotional Service—Rev. Edwin Shaw
2.15 Sabbath School Board Hour
2.16 Woman's Board Hour—Mrs. Adelaide Clarke Brown

Sabbath Eve
8.15 Praise Service
8.30 Sermon—Rev. M. C. Stillman, Delegate from the Southeastern Association Followed by Testimony Meeting

Sabbath Morning
10.10 Sabbath Worship—Rev. Clyde Ehret
10.45 Sermon—Rev. W. C. Daland, Delegate from the Northwestern Association

Sabbath Afternoon
2.30 Sabbath School—Superintendent of the Leonardville Sabbath School
2.50 Special Service of Memorial and Recognition for Men in the Service—Rev. J. E. Hutchins

Evening After Sabbath
8.15 Praise Service
8.30 Sermon—Rev. T. L. Gardiner, Editor of the "Sabbath Recorder"

Sunday Morning
9.30 Praise Service—Rev. L. D. Burdick
11.00 Business
11.15 Sermon—Rev. W. L. Greene, Delegate from the Western Association
Offering for the Sabbath School, Woman's, and Young People's Boards

Sunday Afternoon
2.15 Praise Service
2.50 Missionary and Tract Societies Hour, in charge of Secretary Edwin Shaw
4.00 Finishing Business

Sunday Evening
8.15 Praise Service
8.30 Closing Sermon—Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Delegate from the Eastern Association
Closing Conference

For America to fail to stand behind the League of Nations in this great hour when every nation, hitherto the prey of the strong, turns to her with eager and trusting eyes, would be to disappoint the hope of the world.—Our Dumb Animals.

Learning, undigested by thought, is labor lost.—Confucius.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
Lucius P. Hurey, Business Manager

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This being shut up by ecclesiasticism to a narrow way of coming to God has stilled many a soul.—Beecher.

RECORER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

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WANTED—By the Recorder Press, an opportunity to figure on the next job of printing Booklets, Advertising Literature, Catalogues, Letter Heads, Envelopes, etc. "Better let the Recorder print it!" The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. 12-17ff

WANTED—At once, two or three capable, experienced preferred, young men to work on up-to-date, completely-equipped dairy farm. Fine chance for staunch Seventh Day Baptist young men. Good pay. Privileges, Farm one-half mile from city limits. Write immediately. M. W. Wentworth, The Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. 12-19ff

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The Church takes a just pride in the fact that, from the very days of its founder, its missionary impulse has lifted the eyes and hearts of men to include all mankind in its horizon, and has thus been a mighty factor in the development of the modern sense of international responsibility and world brotherhood. In the new day this missionary spirit must now be kindled more brightly than ever in the lives of all followers of Christ, and the church as a whole must enlarge its missionary undertakings commensurately with its opportunities. In international relations a League of Nations is, in effect, an attempt to apply Christian principles to the dealings of nations with one another. The churches, therefore, owe their fullest support to such a league, and must contribute to it the spirit of goodwill without which it can not be effective or long endurable. The one sure hope of permanent peace lies in the application to all the world of the principles of the Christian Gospel.

Surely there is a special responsibility resting at this time upon the Christian Church to lead in the ministry of reconciliation with those who have lately been our enemies, and to point the way toward the repentance which is a condition of forgiveness, by penitence on our own part for those elements in our national life which the war has revealed to us to be sinful. — The Federal Council of Churches.

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