PAY-UP WEEK
For the First Half of the
CONFERENCE YEAR
DECEMBER 17-23

William C. Whitford, Treasurer
ALFRED, N. Y.

A PRAYER BY DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

"HELP us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus
that we may share in the song of the angels,
the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of
the Wise Men. Close the doors of hate and open
the doors of love all over the world. Let kindness
come with every gift and good desires with every
greeting. Deliver us from evil by the blessing
that Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with
clean hearts. May the Christmas morning make us
happy to be thy children, and the Christmas evening
bring us to our beds with grateful thoughts, for
Jesus' sake, Amen."
Luke 2:11 and 12
And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped swaddling clothes about him, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath spoken unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

Matthew 2:1 and 2
Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa; in the days of Herod the king, there was a writer among the wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where the child was born.
have

The IndianapoliB becomes denominational, as the conference will concern itself with the problem of cooperation.

The Federal Council, which has been in existence for several years, has brought the denominations into a much closer relationship than they enjoyed before. It has problems common to all the churches, and has attacked them as matters that must be worked out by all acting in union, yet without demanding that any church lose its identity or give up its creed.

"The meeting will concern itself with such topics as evangelism, church cooperation, better relations between the races, enlarged social programs for churches, cooperation between American and European churches, the necessity for world unity, international relief, greater attention to Christian education and more comprehensive publicity for religious news. Men who stand high in every department of church work will speak at the sessions."
If, we did not know this from observation and experience, it would be proven beyond peradventure by the pages of "Who's Who in America". For many years tabulations of the notabilities listed in this volume have shown that 1 per cent of our population, college trained, furnished 73 per cent of the leadership in all sections of our life, while the country's million persons provide only 27 per cent. Further comment is unnecessary.

Thus the problem of the world's welfare shifts to the college. In its walls today are being trained the men and women who will determine our weal or woe tomorrow. The world will go where they go. Which way will they lead?

The cure for all the world's social ills, as well as for the personal ills of men, lies in the application of the Christian principle to them. If we can Christianize, then we can stabilize, reconstruct, save, but without the religious foundation and basis most of our efforts are likely to be superficial.

Give us, therefore, above all else, great leaders who are Christians, and who will lead the world straight on the path that leads to the kingdom.

We do not know any other way whereby we may be saved—socially, industrially, politically. If the welfare of the world depends upon Christian leaders, there must be a system of Christian education to produce such leaders. Men are made by their training. Leaders, let us repeat, come from the college. And it is thus impossible to escape the conclusion that the Christian college is a fundamental institution. We can not get on without it.

In Chicago there will soon convene a series of gatherings which possess great significance. The Council of Church Boards of Education, made up of the educational executives of practically all the great Protestant denominations in America; the church workers in universities, those men who are laboring at the mighty task of caring for the religious life and Christian training of students in the great secular universities from which the Christian element in education is so often wholly absent; the Association of American Colleges, the organization representing the Christian institutions themselves; conventions or meetings of nine great Boards of Education representing those denominations—these organizations meeting simultaneously from January 8 to 13 will stage a "Christian Education Week" in Chicago, which will profoundly influence the life and thought of our country.

Nothing is more urgently demanded. It is not necessary to be a reactionary alarmist to understand that the Christian element is departing from American education. When it is no longer in education it will no longer be in the hearts of our leaders. And then the world will certainly go wrong.

Many voices call to the church member of today, and many interests demand his attention. But none of them are more important than Christian education. Indeed we may well say that Christian education is more important than any, for it is the support and preliminary requisite of them all, since it provides them their leaders and workers.

Surely the time has come when the church should take with overweening seriousness the supreme task of Christianizing our education. And this "Christian Education Week" in Chicago should receive our most earnest sympathy and prayers.

Nashville, Tenn.

WORDS OF A POEM REQUESTED
A subscriber to the SABBATH RECORDER would be pleased to see printed in the paper the poem, "A Flower from my Angel Mother's Grave". A part of the poem is:

"Treasured in my memory like a happy dream
Are the loving words she gave.
And my heart fondly clings to the dry and withered leaves,
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave."

Will some one who has the poem please send a copy of it to the SABBATH RECORDER.

"You can't send missionaries around the world to tell of a world Savior and a gospel of world responsibility while you send your political ambassadors to say that this nation has no responsibility except where its own interests are involved. We can't play the dual part of Christian philanthropy and political paganism in our relations with the rest of the world."—Rev. M. Ashly Jones, in address at Washington, October 18, 1922.
THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT
AND
SABBATH STUDY AND PROMOTION

AYVA J. C. BOND, Director
207 West Sixth Street, Plainfield, N. J.

LINCOLN ON THE SABBATH

"As we keep or break the Sabbath, we nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope by which man rises."—Lincoln.

The above words might well be committed to memory and repeated often by every Seventh Day Baptist. This choice sentence expresses a truth which should grip our hearts, and influence our lives, and grow more precious as the weeks go by.

Of course the noble Lincoln was not thinking of the day which we hold dear. Perhaps he had never been called upon to consider the day of the Sabbath. But it is clearer today than it was in Lincoln's day that the only way to restore to mankind the Sabbath blessing of peace and hope is through a sacred regard for the holy day of rest. Perhaps he would forbid any person to labor or to employ others to labor on Sunday, except on works of necessity or charity, to keep open any theater, moving picture house, dance hall, or amusement place for some business purpose, or "to engage in unlawful sports on the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday."

"Unlawful sports", it is explained by advocates of the bill, would be any games for which an admission fee is charged. The bill makes no exemptions in favor of those observing any day other than Sunday. This drastic and un-American bill has the endorsement of several reform and religious organizations. There seems to be no disposition on the part of the chairman of the committee or any of its members, either to hold in view the true spirit of this law, or to act in such a manner, as has been done, in order to defeat the re-election of members of the committee who refuse to act on these pending Sunday bills.

It is a pity that these Sunday-law advocates continue to be engaged in teaching people the law of God, concerning the Sabbath, and thus be in harmony with the Master, who is Lord of the Sabbath.

I am not in favor of amending the Volunteer Act in respect to the amount of permissible alcohol in beverages. I am not in favor of allowing light wines and beers to be sold under the Eighteenth Amendment. I believe it would defeat the purpose of the amendment. No such distinction as that between wine and beer on the one hand and spirituous liquors on the other is practicable as a police measure. Any such loophole would make the amendment a laughing-stock.—Ex-President Taft, Chief Justice United States.

Three Sunday bills for the District of Columbia have been reintroduced in the present Congress, and have been referred to the committee on the District of Columbia, but without much hope of their getting any farther.

Two of these bills provide for one day's rest in seven for employees in certain employments where seven days' labor a week is now the practice. Surely Sunday has the commendable feature of being humanitarian rather than religious. The third would forbid any person to labor or to employ others to labor on Sunday, except on works of necessity or charity, to keep open any theater, moving picture house, dance hall, or amusement place for some business purpose, or "to engage in unlawful sports on the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday."

"Unlawful sports", it is explained by advocates of the bill, would be any games for which an admission fee is charged. The bill makes no exemptions in favor of those observing any day other than Sunday. This drastic and un-American bill has the endorsement of several reform and religious organizations. There seems to be no disposition on the part of the chairman of the committee or any of its members, either to hold in view the true spirit of this law, or to act in such a manner, as has been done, in order to defeat the re-election of members of the committee who refuse to act on these pending Sunday bills.

It is a pity that these Sunday-law advocates continue to be engaged in teaching people the law of God, concerning the Sabbath, and thus be in harmony with the Master, who is Lord of the Sabbath.

I am not in favor of amending the Volunteer Act in respect to the amount of permissible alcohol in beverages. I am not in favor of allowing light wines and beers to be sold under the Eighteenth Amendment. I believe it would defeat the purpose of the amendment. No such distinction as that between wine and beer on the one hand and spirituous liquors on the other is practicable as a police measure. Any such loophole would make the amendment a laughing-stock.—Ex-President Taft, Chief Justice United States.

JUST AN ORDINARY MAN
BY NEMO

He was simply an ordinary man, sitting on the depot platform probably waiting for the train. Many people had passed by him and paid no attention to him, and why, should they stop and talk with him. He was a stranger in the village and was in no way different from ordinary men who changed cars at this town and waited for a train. I spoke to him and he answered so pleasantly and looked so cheerful that I sat down by him and entered into conversation with him. How easy it was to converse with him, how pleasant he seemed and what a real pleasure it was to sit and talk with him. I did not enquire into his private affairs, but during a friendly conversation I learned that he was married man, thirty years old, with wife and three small children. He had been farming where rent was very high and in four years time he had lost money by farming and was now looking for a place where by honest and faithful labor he could "get ahead" by renting a farm. He would sell off all he owned and pay "every dollar" he owed if it took the last dollar he had, and he thought it would almost come to that, but he was re- solved old habits die hard and he would be the first to admit that he was discouraged and down hearted, but he looked at me in such a sincere, open manner and said, "I have a good wife. She is as good a woman as ever wore a dress, good to work, good to save and a good woman." And I said to him most sincerely, "You are indeed a fortunate man and must have a treasure as a wife."

His wife's people live near them and she will be sorry to move away from her people but she says, "I will go with you anywhere where you can find a place where we can get along and raise our family as we should." "Noble, true-hearted woman," I said to him. He now lives in a Catholic community and he wants to live among Protestants where he can attend church and rear the children among religious influences.

He was raised in Missouri and his parents were farmers and members of the Christian church as he himself also is. He was raised in comparatively poverty, wore patched clothing as he grew to manhood and went barefooted and worked hard on the farm. He loves his parents, especially his mother, and he writes her a letter each week.

How interesting he became and I came to love him. I tried to understand him, especially in his Christian living, became interested in his family about whom he told me very much, sympathized with him in his trials and disappointments and heart aches of which he told me many. He became much more to me than simply an ordinary man waiting for a train, because my little visit with him had awakened in my heart an interest in him that will ever abide.

I had tried to scatter a little good seed into the heart of this brother whom I had chanced to meet upon the highway of life. I had simply improved one little opportunity that God had placed before me to make the best of it, to encourage a fellow traveler who was in a strange town, was lonesome and seemed glad to reciprocate the friendly feeling I showed in him.

I do not know the man's name and shall probably never meet him again in this life, but I shall think of him many times and shall pray for God to bless him and his family and bless the good seed I scattered in his willing heart.

I shall never do any great deeds but I shall try to do wise deeds, such as I have described. I shall try to do wise deeds, to take all the given opportunities, and of course I find them. Pleasant indeed is this work of improving small opportunities and it is what a discouraged and disappointed world needs far more than it needs profound sermons.

This man was glad he met me, glad I stopped to talk with him, glad I talked with him as I did, and extended to me his very best wishes and most kind feelings, and out in life somewhere he is journeying on toward the great meeting place where I shall find him once more.

The first spoon was the palm of the hand. Afterward people used shells they got at the seashore. Then they thought of fitting handles on shells. Though spoons were used ages ago in ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, it was a long time before they were used in the west of Europe. As late as the fifteenth century the highest form of the spoon was the shell with the handle. But by the time that Louis XVI reigned in France the modern daintily decorated spoon was used.—East and West.
MISSIONS

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

MISSIONS IN THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION, PAST AND PRESENT

PAST

In the territory included in the Western Association thirty-two Seventh Day Baptist churches have been organized. Only twelve of these are now extant. Why is it that twenty out of thirty-two churches have died? More than one cause has entered in to bring this about, but the chief cause has been the lack of missionary effort on the part of the denomination. When one runs over the history of this association, it is apparent that the churches have grown under missionary endeavor and waned when such work was withdrawn before they were able to self-supporting. This matter is summed up in Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America, page 750, in the following language:

"Death and removals have played no small part. Adventism is said to have wrought havoc in some instances, disentrenched the Wilson Church, but the most powerful factor has been the lack of ministerial care—small churches left pastors to die."

The first group of churches in the bounds of this association was in western Pennsylvania, in the French Creek Valley. About 1796, several families from Dunellen, N. J., settled in this beautiful valley, near Meadville, Pa., formed a Seventh Day Baptist church and named it Shiloh. It was given no missionary aid and died after a feeble career of about twenty years.

Soon after it became extinct, Morris Cole, who had been a member of the little church mentioned above, asked aid from the Missionary Society. Eld. John Green, an able missionary of that day, was sent to that section and in three months the Hayfield Church was organized in the same valley, but not in the same tract. Nineteen years later missionary help this church flourished for a time; but before becoming strong enough to be self-supporting, it was deserted by the denomination and consequently died. Dr. H. P. Burdick wrote of this church as follows:

"All my travels I have never been in a place where the thought of the loss of our entire interest made me more sad than when in the French Creek valley. With no pastor or missionary help our people went to Adventism. Their anticipations were not realized and they largely went to infidelity."

Out of the ruins of this church, and a little farther north in this same fertile valley, grew the Sussewago Church. This was the result of the missionary labors of Eld. A. A. F. Randolph, aided by the Missionary Board. Under his labors a revival sprang up during which twenty-five were converted, backsliders reclaimed, a number embraced the Sabbath. The church was assisted in the support of a pastor for a few years. After a time men could not be found to labor on the field regularly. It was neglected and became so reduced that the organization was abandoned.

The work at Alfred, N. Y., which started a few years after that in the French Creek valley, was the result of Seventh Day Baptist emigration to that section, but the growth of Seventh Day Baptist interests in that section was the result of missionary endeavor.

Through the missionary labors of Elders Richard Hall, Daniel Babcock and Amos Satterlee, among the new settlements sprang up a score of other places in Allegany, Steuben, and Cattaraugus counties, N. Y., and Potter County, Pa. At many of these places Seventh Day Baptist churches were established. It is most interesting and inspiring to read how these worthy men went from place to place and left in that new country, preaching the Gospel and ministering to saint and sinner as they struggled with primitive life conditions. A little later the work was furthered by the missionary labors of Elders W. B. Gillette, Varnum Hall, T. T. Babcock, Rouse Babcock, John Greene, Joel Greene, Henry P. Greene, S. R. Wheeler and last but not least, H. P. Burdick. Then came student evangelists, J. L. Huffman, T. L. Gardiner, D. H. Davis, B. F. Rogers, W. D. Williams and G. M. Cottrell, with evangelistic fire, holding meetings never to be forgotten, building up weak churches where but few were present, this connection should be made of the missionary labors of Elders L. M. Cottrell, Charles A. Burdick and G. P. Kenyon.

The history of this group of churches is the story of missionary endeavor. Their decline (where they have declined) has come in most cases from the lack of persistent efficient missionary efforts. Time and again during the last one hundred years mission-ary work has been done for a little time on these fields with splendid results, then the work ceased for lack of men, money or both and everything sagged back, discouraged and ready to die.

There was once a group of churches in Erie, Genesee and Niagara counties, N. Y., belonging to this association. Elder N. V. Hull's early ministry, for a period of about fifteen years, was so wonderful that these churches were largely the result of his missionary zeal and endeavor. With uniting faithfulness he rode up and down this country, preaching the Gospel with fiery zeal and eloquence. Under his labors, the Clarence, Darien and Pendleton churches were organized and the able and faithful ministers, James H. Cochran and Leman Andrus, were converted to the Sabbath. The Clarence church came to have a membership of two hundred resident members, but in 1846 Elder Hull was called to another field. This church and the entire field left to laborers. This fact is summed up in one sentence in Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America, page 748:

"After Elder Hull left, the church rapidly declined, being left the most of the time without a pastor."

The past in this association teaches that efficient and persistent missionary endeavor will establish and build up Seventh Day Baptist churches and that renunciation means decline and extinction.

PRESENT

As stated above there are now twelve churches in the Western Association, and all but three are supplied with pastoral services. This statement does not take into account the church at Niles, whose pastor went to DeRuyter, N. Y., the first of December. Miss Elizabeth F. Randolph is pastor of the Hartsville and Sebo churches. Mr. William M. Simpson, pastor at Alfred Station, is caring for Petrolia since the general missionary was called away, September 1. Mr. W. I. Greene, pastor at Independence, is also pastor at Andover. Mr. E. F. Looff, pastor at Little Genesee, is pastor of the Richburg Church. The East Fortville and Hebron churches are the only ones that have no regular supply since the general missionary for the Western Association left the field; but plans for securing pastoral help for these churches are being perfected.

There may not be so many churches in this association as in former days, but the work and needs are just as great, and the opportunities for upbuilding and usefulness are beyond measure. If Seventh Day Baptists can catch the vision and rise to their opportunities a greater work than ever may be accomplished on this field.

THE GEORGETOWN MISSION

DEAR READERS OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

It was my intention ever since I became a Sabbath-keeper to pen the following lines. I have been a Sunday worshipper all my life, and never even thought of the Sabbath, although like all other comrades I have been repeating, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." I say it was not until I came in contact with Elder Spencer, and that mark of God revealed some true facts to me, and the search light was fully turned on, that I became fully of the fact that I must get back to what I had. This is my testimony of theGEORGETOWN MISSION.

There may be no more churches in this association as in former days, but the work and needs are just as great, and the opportunities for upbuilding and usefulness are beyond measure. If Seventh Day Baptists can catch the vision and rise to their opportunities a greater work than ever may be accomplished on this field.
ORDINATION OF DEACONS AT NORTH LOUP

D. T. BABCOCK

Sabbath Day, November 25, during the Sabbath school hour, H. H. Thorgnate and R. J. Davis were ordained deacons of the North Loup Church. The services began at the last quarterly meeting and as Rev. Edwin Shaw was to be here November 25, it seemed an opportune time for the ordination services.

The congregation resolved itself into a circle and called C. E. J. Babcock moderator. He briefly stated the work that was to be done, and then called upon Brother Thorgnate for a statement. Brother Thorgnate said that he believed in God, and the Bible, and the saving power of Jesus Christ, and that he would obey the teachings. He said, was the chief end of our living upon earth, and in accepting this office of deacon, it was to be for service and that he would endeavor to put aside all selfish motives. Brother Davis was then called upon for his statement, and he said that while he felt his unworthiness to occupy the office of deacon, still upon learning of his election, he was filled with a feeling of peace and joy in his Savior. He told of his conversion, baptism, and early training, and that from birth, taken when eleven years old, and his baptism by water, brought him a hope of eternal life.

After these statements the moderator called upon one to speak, or question the candidates. Pastor H. L. Polan and Brother James V. Barber both spoke briefly, expressing their appreciation of the acceptance of the office by these brethren and their confidence in them, and recom­mending them to the church for the office. The moderator then turned the ordination service over to the candidates Henry Thorgnate, N. W. Babcock, Robert Van Horn, R. O. Babcock, and Oscar Cox sat upon the platform.

After the singing of "On Christ the Solid Rock I Stand" by the congregation, Rev. Edwin Shaw spoke briefly, and proposed several injunctions, using words begin­ning with the letters of the word "Deacons". They were: Don't forget, and Do it; Exhort and Encourage; Attend and Attract; Comfort and Counsel; Obey Orders; Neglect No One; and Sach Simmers.

The candidates knelt while the consecrating prayer was given by Deacon Henry Thorgnate, father of one of the brethren.

W. G. Rood made the charge to the candidates, and said that we have chosen men of good report, honest, full of the Holy Spirit, and leaders in the activities of the world. Our relationships change now, and these men become our leaders and so have an added responsibility. He closed by saying that "We trust you and accept you as leaders, and will follow you, and trust God to lead us from one victory to another. We ask God's blessing upon these men in their new relationships."

Deacon Cox, who can not see as we can, but who has a vision for us, gave the charge to the church, saying that he knew these men, and knew that they were suitable for the place, and that they could be depended upon to know their duties and not be slack in fulfilling them.

Deacon R. O. Babcock, welcomed the new deacons into their new office and responsibility, and said he welcomed their advice and help.

After the singing of the old song, "Blest be the Tie that Binds", the council was closed by a prayer by Pastor Polan.

We are praying now for a church home, and I am asking to some local, consecrated heart, man or woman, to remit me a donation for which I'll be thankful.

As a missionary of the church it is my duty to keep the ball rolling and I intend doing so, God being my helper. Sisters in Christ, and fellow believers, I am appealing for aid for our building fund. Our pastor has told us that the Missionary Board is in debt, and I am appealing to all to help our Missionary Board to erect the building soon. Many are looking on to see a permanent place of worship erected. We have a good central site and now we need our building.

We are trying to rise to the occasion loyally. As a Bible worker I am scattering literature, visiting, and giving Bible readings, wherever an open door is presented. Pray for us.

I am,

Yours truly,

MRS. FLORETT M. SMITH.

233 South Road Bouvard,
Georgetown, British Guiana, S. A.

THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT ALFRED

This is Alfred's eighty-seventh year.

This year sees Alfred's largest enrollment of college students—293.

For the twelfth consecutive year Alfred has lived within its income and incurred no deficit for current expenses.

The budget of the university now approximates $175,000 annually.

A new laboratory building, forty by one hundred feet, located on the east side of State Street, is now nearing completion.

A new professorship in Economics will be established in 1923.

Three fraternities now own their homes where they can house seventy-five men.

These houses, with their equipment, are valued at $30,000.

The old library barn, recently purchased by the university, has been removed and the site graded and added to the campus.

A Union Church has been organized, composed of students and town's people who worship on Sunday. Its membership is now over one hundred. The Seventh Day Baptist Church extends the privileges of its church house for the Sunday worship and Sunday school of the Union Church.

Architects Childs and Smith, of Chicago, have prepared elaborate plans for the future development and enlargement of the campus and the proper location of new buildings to be added. A cut of these plans may be expected in a later Bulletin.

The trustees, at the autumn meeting, voted to purchase the lands now owned by Miss Susan M. Burgick and Mr. D. S. Burdick, lying on the east side of Main Street and north and east of the campus, for the purpose of enlarging the campus.

The trustees have been looking toward the raising of money for a new gymnasium, to be located on the campus convenient to the new athletic field contemplated in the campus plans.

The liberation of the old Chapel, from athletic uses, and its renovation and equipment for an Alumni Assembly Hall is also part of the new plans.

The trustees have elected Orsa S. Rogers, class of 1894, president of the Board of Trustees to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Vernon A. Baggs who has for twelve years held that office.

Alfred University is more than ever a "going concern", and with the loyal co-operation of its alumni and friends, is just entering upon an era of greatly enlarged usefulness.

By Classes

Graduates.....2
Seniors.....46
Second Day Baptist.....44
Baptist.....35
Youth.....75
Seniors.....35
Juniors.....63
Catholic.....23
Youth.....23
Sophomores.....77
Lutheran.....22
Freshmen.....22
Evangelical.....12
Semi...12
United Brethren.....7
Specials.....12
Methodist.....1
Libraries and Belles Scien. .....119
Methodist.....4
Science.....119
Lutheran.....4
Pre-medical.....65
Christian Science.....4
Pre-medical.....3
By Courses

By Degrees

By Denominations

By Classes

Graduates.....2
Pre-medical.....97
United Brethren.....1
Semi.....4
Presbyterian.....1
Pre-medical.....24
Methodist.....59
Presbyterian.....7
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....4
Lutheran.....4
Evangelical.....4
Lutheran.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist.....23
Methodist....3
THE SABBATH RECORDER

ATHLETIC SCORES 1922

Football
Alfred 28 Bucknell University 41
Alfred 29 Westminster 0
Alfred 25 St. Bonaventure 7
Alfred 20 Hamilton 0
Alfred 22 Buffalo 0
Alfred 17 Niagara 0
Alfred 14 St. Francis 0
Alfred 7 Allegheny 33
Alfred 0 Thiel 14

Cross Country
Alfred 35 Hamilton 20
Alfred 20 Hobart 35
Alfred 15 Bucknell 40

(Cross Country, the smaller score is the winner.)

SALEM COLLEGE NOTEs

REV. GEORGE E. FITFIELD SPEAKS TO STUDENTS

During the past week the students and faculty of Salem have had the rare privilege of listening to a series of addresses by Rev. George Fitfield, of Battle Creek, Mich.

Mr. Fitfield is forceful, dynamic and earnest. His messages were simple, clear-cut, straightforward ones that were applicable to every hearer; ones that touched the heart of student problems. The theme of the addresses was the relation of education and religion, or spiritual and mental life.

Mr. Fitfield said that students of today were the hope of the world, a fact which J. Stitt Wilson had emphasized just before and he pleaded with the students to measure up to the world's demand. He said that many thought that "salvation prepared people to die; instead it prepares them to live." He showed by sharply defined illustrations how salvation gives one the desire for education; how love for humanity brings to the individual God's love. He said, "God is the most mistreated being, and yet the most patient." "A mother loves her boy, no matter what he is, and is patient, believing in him and seeing good in him, that is the children.

J. STITT WILSON MAKES THREE STRONG TALKS

Dr. J. Stitt Wilson, the "wandering prophet of California" made three addresses at Salem College Tuesday, November 21.

Dr. Wilson has spoken to audiences in over one hundred and forty of the larger universities and colleges of the United States and Canada in the last four years, and Salem College was indeed fortunate to procure him for a day. He came here directly from New York and spoke to a number of other West Virginia schools on this trip. Reports from all colleges that he has visited state that he has influenced the faculty and students more profoundly than any other man who has visited them in recent years.

In Dr. Wilson's first address at 10 o'clock, he put before his audience the four great problems of the world today, namely: the inter-racial, the international, the economic, and the spiritual or personal problems.

At 2 o'clock he gave his lecture on science in which he showed the truth that in the evolution of life, from the lower to the higher creatures, the struggle for self decreases and the struggle for others increases. And also: in the struggle for existence those creatures are best fitted to survive in which the struggle for others transcends the struggle for self. Green and White.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

W. D. Tickner

The invention of the phonograph was and still is considered a wonderful achievement. Voices of those long since hushed can be heard again and again.

As I sat musing over the events of long ago this thought came to mind: Supposing there had been phonographs in the days of Moses and supposing that when God spoke from Sinai's crest some one had made a record of his voice, supposing too that a photograph could have been taken of the scene, would we have had any better evidence of this most wonderful event than we have today. Phonographic records are, at best, easily marred and could scarce have withstood the ravages of time and war, especially when whole cities were burned by fire. Photographs too would have only added fuel to the flames. A more enduring evidence was needed in those times of revolution when kingdoms rose and continued but for a short period. Cities, great and powerful, succumbed to the devouring flames. Phonographic records or photographic records during those tempestuous times would have been absolutely, leaving not a trace of their former existence.

We, of the Twentieth Century, A. D., may look back to those days when the mighty cities of Nineveh, Babylon, and Calneh of Asia, Thebes, On, and Memphis of Egypt, were in their glory. We may even have a feeling of pity for them when we think of our advantages compared to those which they enjoyed. They had no automobiles, telephones, telegraphs. There were no steamboats on the Euphrates or the Nile rivers. "Radio broadcasting" was to them unknown. Steam or electrically driven printing presses are inventions of modern times but the ignorance of the people concerning these matters thus compelling them to use more primitive methods for records and correspondence, had its compensation in the enduring properties of records thus made.

It reads: "A similar case to an unknown: Steam or electrically driven printing presses are inventions of modern times but the ignorance of the people concerning these matters thus compelling them to use more primitive methods for records and correspondence, had its compensation in the enduring properties of records thus made and left to be burned, the buildings razed to the dust and left desolate without an inhabitant for two thousand or more years, who would, after that time, visit, the desolate region with any reasonable hope of finding any of the Congregationalists, the soul-stirring speeches of Clay, Webster, Sumner, and others would have long since been forgotten, and all trace of any records concerning them would have utterly perished. All correspondence between the diplomatists of this country with those of other lands would have suffered a like fate. But the feelings something akin to awe must the archirologist turn with his spade the soil covering the ruins of cities of the East, cities once populous and wealthy but long since deserted, for he is aware that at any moment he may unearth something that will awaken the echoes of the past, that will make us, in our minds at least, live again in the past ages, to view the scenes that those ancient people lived on the life of city and country hamlets, to view again as others then did, the magnificence of the rulers and the poverty of the masses.

How like an echo from the past are the records of sales, the textbooks of astronomy, arithmetic and law. More than 2,200 years before Moses was born records were made that have endured the vicissitudes of time, and, after the lapse of more than 4,000 years, have been recovered from ruins which had been their tomb for centuries. One of these is especially interesting, as it throws a side light upon the narrative of Moses' early life. Why, it may be asked, did Jochebed, Moses' mother, make an ark of bulrushes in which to hide her infant son? Why did she place the ark among the flags in the river? Was this thought to do so original with her? No. At a similar experiment had been tried many years before, and with such results that we need not wonder that in Jochebed's anxiety concerning the safety of her infant son she concluded to try the experiment herself. Surely she had reason to hope that in this case the outcome would prove successful, as had a like case with him who, many years before, had become the mighty king of Chaldea. How many times before or since that time an experiment was tried, we do not know, but the record made, and left by Jochebed and Moses, the Chaldean king, concerning himself comes almost like a voice from the tomb. It reads: "My mother placed me in an ark of bulrushes; with bitumen my door she closed up; she threw me into the river, which did not enter into the river. The river carried me; to the dwelling of Akki the water-carrier, it brought me. Akki the water-carrier, in his goodness of heart, lifted me up from the river. Akki the water-carrier brought me up as his own son." (Records of the Past, Vol. V, p. 3, as quoted by P. V. N. Myers.)

These side lights on the Biblical narratives are interesting, because they make clear some details that were not well understood. It is not at all strange that after various schemes had been pondered over in Jochebed's mind, that this story should have suggested to her a course of action. (To be continued)

"The church is here to seek the whole kingdom of God. It exists not to be ministered unto but to minister. The church that would honor Christ must reach out to others. "It is under obligation to do the largest work in the most efficient way."
WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CHISLEY, MILTON, WIS.

The dear Christ enters in.

"O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, Lord, descend!
We hear the Christmas angels' \(\text{silently}^{\dagger}\),
"O' come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel."

CHILDREN'S TIME O' YEAR

She wasn't feeling humorous in the very least, but she actually wrote out the ridiculous thing in black and white.

"Silly you!" she cackled herself. Then she laughed out in a delicious little trill it.

"She didn't she?" the woman asked. "She was getting to be a bundle of placid Christmas...." said Geraldine. "Was she to blame for as its cruel to vision come an' tuck me right; I'm goin' to lay down on the floor."

"Wings-Mar' in black and white-so silly!--" "I'm sorry, ma'am, I'll take 'em home. I know how 'tis you feel. I dress mine in their little bands, too. It's Children's Time O' Year, I says, Christmas is. We can't do nothin' too much for 'em, I says. I have a terrible good time gettin' it up, only this year--"

"Yes, Miss--Mrs. She says she thinks she is just what you are lookin' after. She's terrible experienced. She says she can furnish a character if you want. She says--" "That's why I called you, Ma'am."

The Experienced One came in briskly and stood expectantly waiting.

"You came--" "Yes, ma'am, I see your ad in the paper an' 'She needs me an' I need her, 'I says, and here I be. I've had twenty years of doin' what you want did an' I guess I can suit you, ma'am. I'll be terrible glad o' the chance to. What with makin' the children's Christmas an' the high cost o' livin' an' dyin'--I lost my little girl with the influ-"

Geraldine was suddenly aware that the Experiened One! She sprang to her feet and caught the shabby sleigh and gently pressed the woman down into a chair.

"I am so sorry," was all she could think to say. "The sobbing ceased as abruptly as it had begun. It is too much of a luxury for shabby ones."

"I'm ready to go right to work, come Monday, ma'am. Unless your washin's have been accumulatin' an' you want I should start right in--Still I'd kind of hate to take the time from the children's Christmas, so--"

Oh--waschin's. Washin's. Of--of course. That advertisement she'd put in the paper a while ago and forgotten, I'm sure. So the lessons in the gentle Art of Christmas that she did so sorely need had not after

all been miraculously "shown up" by Sec-ond-Maid Mary. Geraldine sighed and lost the little paper in her hand.

"Come Monday," she said briefly. "Unless on second thought, you'd be willing to stay a few minutes today and straighten out the clothes chute--sort out the children's little white dresses--for Christmas--Did children need little white dresses for Christmas? Was it a white time? Perhaps you'd be willing to take just those home and do them up--"

"Sure, ma'am, I'll take 'em home. I know how 'tis you feel. I dress mine in their little bands, too. It's Children's Time O' Year, I says, Christmas is. We can't do nothin' too much for 'em, I says. I have a terrible good time gettin' it up, only this year--"

"Yes, Miss--Mrs. She says she thinks she is just what you are lookin' after. She's terrible experienced. She says she can furnish a character if you want. She says--"

"Well, Marjorie, it's pitch daylight--"

"I'm going to lay down on the couch an' you come an' tickle me an' miss the place an' kiss my nose--go ahead."

"But it's pitch daylight--"

"We'll pull down all the shades."

"An' there's nothin' to tickle in an' you aren't in a n'gown with you hair all everywhere an' she was pluckily lovely 'n' nangued. Under her hair, you heah, only she wasn't back-to, so Marjorie couldn't be certain-for-sure. An', she

"sighed the little voice with a curious cadence, "she might have flew here, she came so terrible sudden. Once when we woke up she was here. Is yours pluckily lovely?" Ma "pluckily" lovely? The small stranger made a sound like a little giggle. But the daughter of Ma was not unloyal."

"She's pluckily lovely all 'ceptin'--'ceptin' her face, an' her hair, remembering the red roughness of them, "but she hasn't got any wings," for the small stranger had seen Ma back-to. "She's a beautiful Tucker-in--tentatively. Would this person with a "mangel-mother" be able to compete with that?

"Tucker--what?"

"In, nights. Doesn't yours? Come up an' do it ev'ry night, an' kiss you in the dark? An' miss the place sometimes an' kiss your nose! It's funny then, an' we laugh.

For the merest breath of space no answer, then a valiant little laugh.

"Yes, it's funny then, isn't it?"

Afterward the child whose name was Gracia confessed to her twin Marjorie. They were in the nursery together. Gracia's face was troubled, guilty.

"I told her she tucked us in an' missed the place, but she had begun the small stranger's entertainment. They were sitting on the back stairs now exchanging experiences. Geraldine, as she started out into the Majorie, leaped into--"

"Oh, we always had her" the small stranger was saying.

"We haven't always had our mother," replied the other. "We only got her a little mite of a while ago. Does yours have--" "Wings-Mar' it was not audible to Geraldine, who, earsdropping or not, longed to hear the rest. Yet with a sigh she turned back and closed the door.

"Wings--Ma? It was difficult to vision Ma in wings if the wildest stretch of imagination, which the small stranger was far from possessing.

"Well, we think ours has 'em. Marjorie got out of bed and saw her in her n'gown with her hair all everywhere an' she was pluckily lovely 'n' nangued. Under her hair, you heah, only she wasn't back-to, so Marjorie couldn't be certain-for-sure. An', she sighed the little voice with a curious cadence, "she might have flew here, she came so terrible sudden. Once when we woke up she was here. Is yours pluckily lovely?" Ma "pluckily" lovely? The small stranger made a sound like a little giggle. But the daughter of Ma was not unloyal."

"She's pluckily lovely all 'ceptin'--'ceptin' her face, an' her hair, remembering the red roughness of them, "but she hasn't got any wings," for the small stranger had seen Ma back-to. "She's a beautiful Tucker-in--tentatively. Would this person with a "mangel-mother" be able to compete with that?

"Tucker--what?"

"In, nights. Doesn't yours? Come up an' do it ev'ry night, an' kiss you in the dark? An' miss the place sometimes an' kiss your nose! It's funny then, an' we laugh.

For the merest breath of space no answer, then a valiant little laugh.

"Yes, it's funny then, isn't it?"

Afterward the child whose name was Gracia confessed to her twin Marjorie. They were in the nursery together. Gracia's face was troubled, guilty.

"I told her she tucked us in an' missed the place, but she had begun the small stranger's entertainment. They were sitting on the back stairs now exchanging experiences. Geraldine, as she started out into the Majorie, leaped into--"
Geraldine Merrideth pulled the many pins from her luxurious hair and let it float about her in a beautiful mist. It was hardly to be wondered at that the children thought wings might be concealed underneath so lovely a covering. Geraldine had the most beautiful hair, sat before her bedroom fires and studied a list she had made on a bit of paper. Her brows were drawn in a puzzled little frown. Easy enough to make lists. Lists—lists! Marjorie's name, Gracia's, little Hoddy's, with the things she, Geraldine Merrideth, lately Scott, liked opposite the names. How did she know how to put the things that Marjorie—Gracia—little Hoddy liked there? What kind of a list was this? She picked out one of the items and regarded it with disgust. Opposite the two little girls-in-law she had written "manicure set!"

"Am I an idiot or just a creature without-mother-sense? Why, oh, why didn't I make that washer-mother give me a lesson this morning instead of sorting out little white dresses? This is so much more important than little dresses! And tomorrow is the last day. Oh, of course I can lay in a stock of these, and tin horns and jumping-jacks, but we might as well pick out manicure sets for all the dear personalness that won't be in them, not in them at all! If I could have got a little bit acquainted before it had to be Christmas—Not to be acquainted at all with little likes-in-law and dislikes-in-law! To select manicure sets for little seven-year-old Christmases! Well, she had had the grace to be ashamed of that. With a sweep of her pencil she crossed out the manicure sets. But what in their places? What things they in the small twin souls desired—oh, those things!

"If the twins to the lady sat there by the fire all night. Gracia at length frankly surrendered and toppled her head over against Marjorie. Marjorie, the little mother little mother-sense?"

"Gracia! Gracia!—Wake up. It's time to do it!" whispered, she by and by.

"Do what? Oh, oh, yes, I remember now—tuck.

"Oh!—Put on your felt slippers and walk in your toes. Don't speak. But they neither of them had any desire to speak as they got nearer and nearer their field of thought. They were both frightened. Curiously it was Gracia who was perhaps the least so. It was she who assumed command at the door of the Lovely Lady.

"Sh!"

"I am sh-ing. Do you hear an' thing, Gracia? I hear her sleeping, but it was the softest possible sound, a faint sweet sleeping. The twins crept into the room.

"You first, Gracia!"

"I—I will in a m-inute. I got to breathe first. It's pretty dark, in here."

"Another breath, Marjorie, trembling in her little felt shoes.

"I am goin' ahead, and Gracia on tip-toe reached to that spot of whiteness with her lips. She missed it and softly kissed the Lovely Lady's nose. But it wasn't funny then. A little very string in the still room was the trembling of the twins.

"I heard you—that isn't tuckin'!"

"Sh! It's part of tuckin'. I'm goin' to again. It is nice!"

"No, I'm goin' to!"

The Lovely Lady was having a beautiful dream.

"Let me, Gracia. Gracia, where'll I-I aim to?"

A shaft of starshine revealed the little white paws and on the pillows a lovely sleeping face. There might have been wings underneath the small "ni-gowns"—easily wings.

"There, I did an' I think it was her nose."

"Mine was, too. —Still it wasn't funny. It was—tuck was dear. To a motherless little pair the touch of the smooth, cool flesh was thrilly and sweet. It felt like a—a mother that they kissed. If only the Lovely Lady had loved her children and was that why the dream was so sweet?"

"Now," whispered Gracia. "We'll tuck, but alas, tucking was fumbling, and fumbling woke the sleeper. Was it "alas"?

"Oh!" cried the Lovely Lady, her eyes flying open and beholding the little intruders by the revealing light of another starbeam.

"Oh!" cried the little intruders.

"Why?"

"Why?"

It seemed suddenly very light indeed to them all. Gracia it was who explained.

"We came—we just came to tuck you. We were goin' right away again in a minute! Did—did it hurt you?"

"To 'tuck' me?" The Lovely Lady's voice shook a little. "Oh, no, oh, no, it did not hurt! I think like being "tucked,'"

"An' kissed?" quavered honest Gracia.

"We kissed you, too."

"Oh, you nose because we missed," added Marjorie. So presently all the little tale was told. Then with a swift motion the lady was up in her bed holding out both her arms to them.

"One on each side—come!" she cried out. She was getting acquainted!

"We'll lie here and talk about—Christmas?"

"Oh, yes, 'bout Chris'mas! Let's us."

"Only—"

"We'd like to have Hoddy, too. Seems kind of—of no-fair not to have Hoddy here."

"But Hoddy is asleep.

"We could bring him in our arms. He's very easy to bring."

"Then we'll bring him in our arms."

The Lady's voice was tremulous.

"You will have to show me how," she said. She had never "brought" a little child before, even one very easy to bring. The three of them went away to do it.

"This is nice, isn't it?" whispered the twins. "I'm glad," added Marjorie, "that we are goin' to keep you. Aren't you glad, Gracia?"

"To keep me?"

"Yes, not have you ever go away sudden like you came. We weren't certain-for sure before. Why were they certain-for sure now? They could not have told."

"We knew," whispered Gracia.

"Oh, my dears, my dears!" the lovely Lady cried. They were in Hoddy's room now and suddenly she found herself on Hoddy's little bed with them all in her arms, all three. She was acquainted. She meant that they got them all back in her room in her bed, to lie with them in the soft darkness and talk her lesson in the Gentle Art. To find out the things she needed to know. What little
A FATHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

My commuting companion yesterday morning was a rich man—his name good for more thousands than some of us have tens. So, when he asked if I'd care to see what he was going to give his ten-year-old boy for Christmas, and took out his gold-trimmed card-case, naturally my first guess was a check.

"My, but I'd like to be able to start my boy off with a few savings accounts," I thought to myself. So you may imagine my surprise when I read on the slip of paper these words:

For one year from date, I promise to give my son, one hour of my time every day, with two hours on Sunday. And I promise that this time shall be solely his, without interference for business or pleasure of any other sort, and that I shall regard it as a prior engagement each day.

His name was signed at the bottom. And I wonder what that boy will think and say on Christmas morning when he reads this paper!

If he is an average boy, probably he will not know just what to make of it. As an average boy with an average father, his first thought may be to question the value of such a gift.

For we American fathers—as a rule—give our boys and girls so little of our time, and then mostly fag-ends, that none could blame them for doubting the worth of an agreement of this sort.

Yet, before many days have passed, this particular boy shall have learned that his father could have given nothing quite so fine.

For this man is the most charming of companions. His range of knowledge is wide. He has the faculty of entering into things enthusiastically—that is one reason for his success in business. And he understands human nature.

His Christmas present is so worth while that I want to pass along what he said about it.

"Would you like to know what made me think of it?" he asked.

"Well, the other day a young fellow came to me for a job. I had known his father years ago, and they were fine family. Now this son is down and out. He looked as if he'd been drinking. And evidently, he had no funds.

"When I asked how he had come to such a pass, 'and with such a father?' I added, he half-broke down.

"My father must have been a fine man," he said, 'but, unfortunately for me, I only knew it through others. He always was too busy to pay much attention to me. As a matter of fact, I never knew him as a companion, a confidant or anything but a man who paid the bills."

"As I sat listening to that poor chap, I suddenly realized that he was painting my picture, too. I've been 'too busy' many a time to take an interest in the things brought to me by my boy. I never have been a companion to him. We're not friends now! Think of that!

"Think of a man neglecting the most important business in which he can engage—the proper raising of a child or children to help strengthen humanity and carry on the world's work! It all came over me like a flash, and I know I must have reddened with shame. And I gave the fellow a job and told him he'd given me the best job I'd ever had. He didn't say anything, but I think he understood.

"So, you see, I'm going to put it as a gift, though it's the highest sort of a duty. Really, I ought to make it more than an hour a day, considering the years I've been neglecting this biggest of opportunities.

"Do you know, I feel like hiring a hall and giving my boys fathers as could crowd in and begging them to join hands with me in this sort of thing. Here I've been all these years, rushing and working and worrying at a work any ordinary intelligent and industrious man could do—and paying the least possible attention to a work no other man in the world can do but myself—being my boy's father!

"Now, I'm going to try to make up to him—and to myself—what we've lost. Already I've arranged matters at the office so as to get away an hour earlier in the afternoon. It may decrease the profits a little, but even if it should cut them in half, I'd rather leave my boy the remembrance of a father who was his confidant more than a whole mint of money.

"Anyway, the more you have to do with money, the more you understand how powerless it is to take the place of things that can't be seen or held or stored away—except in the mind or the heart!"

Neither of us said anything for a minute or so. Then he asked me if I agreed with his idea.

"Do I agree with it? Why, if every father in this land should give his children the same sort of Christmas gift—and live up to it, this would be the best Christmas that ever came along!"

"It was a way every father could!"

Some do already, thank God!—Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in Philadelphia North American.
MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

The Woman's Executive Board met at the home of Mrs. A. B. West, on December 8, and Mrs. Edwin Crosley by telegraph on December 9.

The Treasurer reported for October receipts $167.54, disbursements, $37.30; for November receipts $130.40, disbursements, $30.00. The Treasurer gave the report for the quarter ending September 30. All reports were adopted. Mrs. Whitford reported the annual appropriation for the expense of correspondence forwarded to the Secretaries.

A letter from Mrs. Saunders, of Robinsdale, Minn., in regard to the interests of the Fouke School, was read.

The Corresponding Secretary read letters from the Committee of Reference and Counsel, and from the World Missionary Agency of the City.

Mrs. Babcock reported that Mrs. Charles Coon, of Riverside, Cal., has accepted the office as Associate Treasurer for the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Edwin Shaw was asked to serve as one of the Vice Presidents of the Board.

The Secretary was instructed to have the usual amount of letter heads printed. Mrs. West was asked to correspond with Mrs. T. J. Van Horn in regard to the pageant for Woman's Day, to be held in the coming Conference at North Loop, Neb., in December, 1923.

Some time was spent in looking at interesting pictures of our missions in China. After reading and approval of the minutes the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. Daland January 8, 1924.

MRS. A. B. WEST, President.
MARTHA P. BABCOCK, Corresponding Secretary.

"If I were to utter a prayer for this republic tonight, it would be to reconcile us as American peoples. It can only be a God-fearing, God-loving people."—President Harding.

FROM THE MANGER OF A STABLE TO THE THRONE OF HEAVEN

JOHN PETER KLOTZBACH

Jesus came to the earth as a stranger—
In a stable our Savior was born,
And his birth by the wise was unnoticed
Though the angels proclaimed it that morn.
Men thought not that this humble baby
Who was placed in a manger that night
Was destined to rule all the nations
With a heavenly glory and might.

Jesus came, it is true, as a stranger,
And the world did not honor him then;
But the Father sent down hosts of angels
To proclaim to the shepherds his name;
And his star God did place into the heavens,
Telling wise men the Savior was born,
And they came angelically guided
Which appeared on that glorious morn.

And the message of God's holy angels
Was that he who in swaddling clothes lay,
In the manger with Joseph and Mary,
Was to be born a Savior that day;
Bringing glory to God in the highest,
Among men bringing good will and peace,
Christ the Lord in the City of David,
In a kingdom that never would cease.

Thus Jesus and God had anointed
Christ the Son, Holy Savior, and King,
Come to live among men who were sinful
That to them he should bring light and life;
Hence among them he be ministered daily—
He preached and he taught and he healed—
To the poor, as the Father's great love he revealed.

BY his nation he then was rejected,
They received not his message of love,
They rejected the prophesied Messiah
Sent to them by the Father above;
To the cross they then stubbornly nailed him,
But our sins he bore on the tree,
And he died as a ransom for nations,
That believers in him might be free.

And, though thus he was slain by his nation,
Yet the vision of God was fulfilled;
He came as the prophet had promised,
He did the work the Father had willed.
And, though thus on the cross he has suffered,
And, though once in the tomb he has lain,
He has risen and gone to the Father,
As the Lamb who for sinners was slain.

God has welcomed his Son to the Heavens,
He has seated him there in his throne,
He all power unto him has given,
He shall reign o'er the earth as his own;
And through nations and men through the ages
Have rebelled and refused to submit,
Yet today they are nearing subjection—
Christ shall soon on his earthly throne sit.

There shall never again be rebellion
Against Jesus our glorious Son,
All the nations shall honor him ever,
And to him they their glory will bring;
He will reign as the perfecter
Will be wielded in goodness and love;
The redeemed among men will sing praises
As the angels sing praises above.

AN EXPLANATION

Although the 1923 topic material for this department was ordered in October it has not yet been received. The Chicago office of the United Society of Christian Endeavor stated under date of December 9, that they had not yet received their 1923 supplies from the printers. Therefore though we regret it, it is impossible to give in this issue either Daily Readings or comments.

A NEW YEAR'S LETTER

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

I once heard an evangelist relate how he was led into the ministry. He was converted when a youth and joined the Y. M. C. A. There were some remarkable elements in his conversion experience. He had been asked to remain for further services. He replied that he could not preach or conduct services but the people were so insistent that he finally consented to remain until some one could be secured who was qualified for the work. For several evenings in succession he held the crowd by telling his experience, and he said, "I could do it." It is just to say that between that time and the time I heard him, he had become a Bible student and fully qualified to preach a sermon. He had also married a very fine Christian soloist, who had enlarged his experience.

Well here we are at the threshold of another New Year, and your editor, fearing that on account of my advancing years, your annual message might be forgotten, gave me a gentle reminder.

I am free to confess that like the evangelist, I don't know what to give you unless it is something from my experience and you have already had so much of that, that

THE SABBATH RECORDER 821
C. E. NEWS NOTES

ASHAWAY, R. I.—It has been several months since you heard from us but we are still on the map and striving for the best year yet. We were very proud at Conference time, when we were awarded two banners and when we were hung, one above the other, right in front of the church. It was in the form of a "Mid-winter Excursion." It proved to be a very enjoyable excursion.

This year our Sabbath school is to observe "White Christmas," our gifts to be given to the Fowke School. The Christian Endeavor will join them in this work.

Cordially yours,

MARThA H. WARDNER.

202 North Washington Avenue,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
December 25, 1922.

A HINT FOR PRAYER MEETING COMMITTEES

The booklet "Fifty-two Varieie's" to which Mrs. Burdick refers will be a paying investment for any Prayer Meeting Committee. It contains fifty-two novel plans for conducting Christian Endeavor meetings. Properly used it is a pretty sure cure for dull meetings. It may be secured for twenty cents from the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass. It also contains a paying investment for any Prayer Meeting Committee. It contains fifty-two novel plans for conducting Christian Endeavor meetings. Properly used it is a pretty sure cure for dull meetings. It may be secured for twenty cents from the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass. It also contains

R. C. B.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD MEETING

The Young People's Board met in regular session in the College Building of the Sanitarium, at eight o'clock, December 7, 1922.

The President called the meeting to order. Prayer was offered by Miss Marjorie Willis, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Miss Emma Maxson, Miss Edna Van Horn, Mrs. D. B. Coon, E. H. Clarke, L. S. Hurley, I. O. Tappan, Aden Clarke, Miss Marjorie Willis.

The Treasurer gave a verbal report. Bills were allowed as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Supplies (Mrs. Ruby Babcock)</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stationery (Dr. Johnson)</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$3.30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Corresponding Secretary read her report, which was accepted. It follows:

SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR NOVEMBER, 1922

Number of letters written, 10; number of letters (Bulletins) sent out, 45. Correspondence has been carried on with Miss Elizabeth Kenyon, Mrs. Fuela F. Randolph, Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, Rev. William L. Burdick, Rev. A. L. Davis, Mrs. Edna Heulett, Rev. L. F. Burdick, Mrs. Hancy Burdick, Rev. W. D. Burdick, Letterly Clarbor.

Report of Junior Superintendent, Miss Elizabeth Kenyon. Goals have been sent out; letters written to Junior superintendents, correspondence from Brookfield and Battle Creek has been carried on; material has been sent in for the Sabhath society; started Junior Round Robin. Letters have been written to all Senior Endeavor societies where there is no Junior in regard to over one junior society.

The Christmas Standard Social was received from the Social Fellowship Superintendent, Mrs. Edna, which has been sent to each Christian Endeavor society.

MRS. FRANCES F. BABCOCK.

Communications were read from Miss Elizabeth Kenyon, Mrs. Hancy Burdick, Rev. L. F. Burdick, Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, Rev. W. D. Burdick. The President reported a communication from Lester Osborne, and a letter written to the Hebron society.

Voted that the President appoint a committee to prepare the program for the Young People's Annual Conference.

The Corresponding Secretary was instructed to send out the semiannual report blanks.

Reading of the minutes. Adjournment.

MISS MARJORIE WILLIS.

Recording Secretary.
"Now," continued Santa Claus, "I am going to connect up with that new family and see who they are. There I see them; it is just before bedtime. There are two big boys about fourteen and twelve I should think, and a jolly girl of eleven, and what looks like a pair of twins, both girls, too, about nine, and another little chap of seven and a baby in arms.

"But mother, I want a sled so much," Santa Claus heard the oldest boy say, "you know the crossing is much better than we ever had in New Jersey." 

"Well, I think John, you will have to earn it," replied the mother, "you see, as I have said before, it costs so very much to move here that we haven't any money now to spend for fun, but as soon as father gets started in his new business it will be easier; but for this one Christmas we will just be happy and thankful that we are all together and that father has a good job.

We will hang our stockings as usual and each one plan a good joke for someone else and then we will have an extra gift for the baby and after that perhaps father will hitch up Old Deborah in the sleigh and we will go for a long ride. Now how many will agree to do his and her part toward making this our first Christmas a happy one? Do it for father's sake!"

"Good," shouted Santa Claus as he turned away from the telescope and heard phone.

"What is it," Mrs. Santa Claus angrily asked because she had not had the benefit of the telescope and had only heard the conversation.

"Why, every hand went up enthusiastically, and their faces are just shining with the joy they are to make for each other. Well, well, I am glad I saw that little scene. I believe this world isn't quite so bad yet. There are two happy homes anyway. I must do something. I think I will do some telephoning now, Martha, if you will get me a good hot supper for I must be off directly on some delayed business."

Mrs. Santa Claus bustled off in her motherly fashion eager to do her part in spreading the Christmas joy.

Mr. Santa Claus sat down at his desk to telephone and to think. What should he do for those two little girls who were so busily making white gifts! Santa Claus scratched his head some time. "Dear me," he groaned, "it is easy enough to plan for the new family, just empty one of my packs down their chimney and they will be sure to be suited; but I mustn't do that for the girls. Their good deeds mustn't be 'paid for'—that would encourage a wrong motive. Oh dear, where is my thinker," and he buried his hands in his palms again.

"I have it, I have it," he shouted and jumped up so quickly that poor Tabby flew to the kitchen for refuge and Mrs. Santa Claus rushed in to see what had happened.

"Oh dear," she said, "what a sorry year, only that I have solved my problem for the little girls. I shall telephone at once to Cuba for a certain magic plant, or rather its seed, which I saw when I was on my annual trip last year, and have it sent up tonight by the express. That will give plenty of time to prepare the package before leaving on my rounds."

"Have you seen them," asked Eunice.

"Yes, dear, they seem to be very happy and interested doing something, but I wish I could hear their voices, they look so animated.

"Well, wait a minute until I can connect my telephone, and you shall hear. There, can you hear now?"

"Yes, Shhh."

"But you see, Eunice, there are eight in the family, besides the father and mother, and can we ever make white gifts enough for all?"

"Oh sure, we can, Jean. You make a daisy chain for each of the twins, that's two, and I will make this picture scrap book of cloth for the baby, and a hat and a budge of fudge for Tommy, and papa said he would buy shoes for the two older ones and mama thought she could fix over a couple of our dresses for the two older girls and grandma and auntie spoke of something for the father and mother and so, you see, it can be done as easily as anything."

"Oh, goody, I just can't wait, and won't they be surprised for I just know that Santa Claus won't stop at their house this year, because they have just moved here, and he won't know anything about it."

"Could you hear them, too, Santa?" asked Martha, as she turned away from the telescope.

"Yes, and if that is a fair sample of those two girls, I do not wonder the neighbors have been telephoning me. You see the neighbors have known about them for a long time and they were afraid I would treat them just as ordinary children. But, I am not just sure what I shall do yet."
Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

ANNUAL MESSAGE TO L. S. K's

DEAR LONE SABBATH KEEPERS:

We desire to talk to you a few moments about the King's business.

We appeal to you who are loyal to the King of kings, living the Christian life and keeping God's commands.

We appeal to some of you, who, though you have not entirely forsaken your first love, yet may have become negligent as to your walk as a subject of the Lord of lords and King of kings.

We appeal to a few who may read these lines who have wandered into some by-path of strange doctrine or of doubt, or of sin, while still believing in your innermost heart that Jesus is Lord, and that his commandments are right and should be kept.

There was never a greater opportunity, or so much to be done, than in this time of stress and turmoil. Men hardly know what to believe, or why professing Christians (the great mass of church members) believe as they do.

It is a time to get back to God, and back to the Bible. We who have a reason for the hope that is within us can help as no others can. Will we do it?

The Lord has the greatest work to be done, backed by the greatest plan for its execution that was ever conceived. He needs you, and you, and you! Shall we not arise from our selfishness and our indifference and our negligence, make an inventory of our lives, seek forgiveness, and reconcile ourselves, asking: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" When the task is made known to us, shall we not go about its accomplishment cheerfully, doing it the very best we can for Jesus' sake?

Jesus is not here in the flesh, but he is depending upon each of us to do his bidding. If he is King his will is absolute. What would he do if he were living where I live, and had the same opportunities and hindrances that you have? We can only decide what he would do by studying our Bibles to learn what he did do, and by praying for the Holy Spirit to enlighten us as to what we ought to do.

The leaders in our denomination are praying and toiling in a conscientious effort to carry forward the King's business. Let us all do what we can to encourage and help. Sometimes men spend sleepless nights, and weary days, in anxiety about their own affairs. How many spend many days and sleepless nights in prayer and study about the King's business as these men, (our leaders), have?

Let us all help, and not hinder. I would that every family had the Recorder. The publishing house needs the money to make the paper a paying proposition, and we all need the Recorder. If you do not take it, why not send for it for your family for Christmas?

The slogan for this Conference year is "Better." Shall we not each, dear L. S. K's, pledge God and ourselves to do better and more work for our Lord and King, if we do, and keep the pledge, the work will move forward. Many will be converted to God, and will begin to keep his commandments. Those who have been holding from God his just due,—robbing him of his rights and offerings,—will loosen up the purse strings and make restitution.

Let us one live the question of paying a tithe. Let us do more than that. I know of some who count out a fifth of their income, and are happy to do it. Shall we not deny ourselves and take up our crosses daily, whatever they may be, and follow him who is well deserving of our allegiance? Let us honor him with our substance,—with the first fruits of our increase, (we shall not starve), and let us give our whole lives to him to be guided and directed by him, faithfully doing the task he gives, doing better and doing more for King Jesus than we have ever done. By his power, and by his strength and wisdom and love we can if we will.

Let us do better work than we've done heretofore.

Do more for our Lord than ever before.

He deserves of our best, he deserves of our all. My brother, my sister, pray heed his clear call.

Do we know in our souls what we might do for him? Has our walk been lagging and lacking in vim? Are we anxious to serve, and know not the way? Let us look, and let us do; let him instruct us straightway.

The fields are waiting; the workers are few. There's a place for me and a place for you.

SABATH HISTORY I.
BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF MODERN DENOMINATIONS

AHVA JOHN CLARENCE BOND

CHAPTER ONE
A Growing Regard for Bible Authority

CHAPTER TWO
The Sabbath in the Old Testament

CHAPTER THREE
The Sabbath in the Gospels

CHAPTER FOUR
The Sabbath in the Early Church

CHAPTER FIVE
The No-Sabbath Theory of the Early Reformers

CHAPTER SIX
The Sabbath in the Reformed Church

CHAPTER SEVEN
The Uniformity of Biblical Exposition

CHAPTER EIGHT
The Sabbath in the Reformed Church

A Sabbath Creed of the Seventeenth Century

SABBATH HISTORY I is a neat volume, 5x7½ inches in size, containing 64 pages printed in clear type, and with an attractive green cover. Very appropriate for a Christmas present.

This book of nine chapters is recommended by the Youth People's Board for use in this year's study classes. Five copies will be sent post paid to one address for $2.00. Send for five copies, sell four at the regular price, and get your copy free.

Address: The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.
Which noble else can fill as our Lord designed; Let us seek at once that place to find. There's so much of turmoil and so much of strife. There's so much of sorrow and pain in each life! The earth needs the wisdom and peace he can give. His comfort and healing to help them to live. Oh, let us surrender our wills to the King. Ourselves and our all an offering bring. 'Tis the only life wise and my friend. Giving joy superna! which never shall end.

 Yours for the coming kingdom, ANGELINE ABBEY, Director.
1601 Third Avenue, S., Minneapolis, Minn.
G. M. COTTRELL, Secretary.
504 Columbian Building, Topeka, Kan.

ECHOES FROM MASSACHUSETTS

LOIS R. FAY

Civilization has progressed as usual during the months since any echoes from this section have been re-echoed in the Recorder. A great hum of industry, and pleasure-seeking, science and education, rises daily from this section. As one views the rush from a distance, the words of the Psalmist come to mind; "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand, did seek God." Among those who did not recognize God, the Psalmist found "none that doeth good, no not one". So today in the circles of infidelity, they are all gone aside, they are corrupt, but in unobserved corners, two of them are gathered together in Christ's name, and he is there also, in the midst of them.

During the past year, eight isolated Sabbath-keepers have come to my knowledge, all relics of Seventh-Day Adventist existence over a quarter of a century ago. The excitement has vanished, there is now no church of that denomination in the vicinity, of that former excitement, but these few have lived their faith as best they could—alone. Another one, still more isolated, an aged lady, has passed away, with this reputation to live after her. "She was a woman of estimable character—always kept Satur-

day instead of Sunday". Just a few, unheralded and unfamed, living the truth! I was sitting, one summer afternoon, by a flower-bed, with my hands at work and my thoughts comparing these few isolated Sabbath-keepers, with the names on the mailing list of a large city's Protestant Cathedral, and as often occurs when pomp and humanity are compared, the tempter suggested, "You are foolish to ally yourself with these few individuals of no distinction. Just join this rich and large church that has such gifted preachers, grand edifice, inspiring services, wonderful music, and opportunities for usefulness in its social service among the poor."

The suggestion was a tempting one, and the environment like that of Eve's temptation in some of its features—a garden, solitude, and an alluring voice offering greater freedom from restraint. Just when the pleasure of deceptive persuasion seemed almost overwhelming there was a peculiar stir among the flowers, and a close look to see why the blossoms left their individual heads so surprisingly, revealed the tiniest, but most beautiful humming-bird I ever saw, flitting from flower to flower so swiftly the sight could barely follow its flight, on wings that were almost invisible in their magical vibrations. Stalwartly moving closer to scan its flickering shape, I secured only a few rapid glances at the delightful colors adorning this marvelously tiny insect-like bird, before it became aware of my presence, and obedient to the innate shy instincts of humming-birds, darted away toward the woodland.

I sat still a few moments, thrilled with the impression of that tiny creature, so beautifully and perfectly equipped, when my eye caught sight of one of the large hawks, or small eagles, which nest on the mountain near by, and frequently soar majestically over our heads, as they seek prey from the neighboring poultry flocks; and as I compared the relative merits of the two creatures, that majestic hawk and the tiny humming bird, I could not but realize the little creature was the more delightful friend, and the safer associate.

The recent temptation to choose the friendship of a great, majestic organization in preference to a humble un-noticed group, no longer had any weight whatever. As often, now, as the ambition arises to become allied with a great worldly power, to the neglect of a small humble minority who are on the side of right, I think of the humming bird. It is better to have humble associates, divinely endowed, than to be allied with majestic greatness which is merely of this present world.

The position of Sabbath-keepers in this present generation is because of its imperfection, not need be ashamed of the day of small things. "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Every time the tempter taunts us with our littleness, let us remember one with God is a majority, and that he looks toward the humble and contrite ones. As I read church history and national history, I am convinced the manifold temptations that beset us indicate how zealously Satan is working to defeat God's will for humanity. There are traps, and deceptions, complications and diversions, besides severe persecutions; all designed to undermine and pervert and destroy the Kingdom of God. During the hours of trial it is almost impossible to see the glory that shall be in the end. Let us be true to our service, in our seed-sowing, in our prayers for divine help, till victory crowns our labors.

A CRED FOR CHRISTIAN STEWARDS

What do we need? Not more collections. Not fewer collections. We need a generation of Christian men who will understand the plain truth about the stewardship of money. What is this truth? We might put it into a creed for Christian stewards.

1. BELIEVE

1. My money is mine only in trust. It belongs to God, just as I do.
2. This money is not filthy lucre. It is not the devil's coin. It is stored-up human power. It is so much of myself which I can set at work in China or India or New York or Colorado.
3. I do not demand upon this money for his work. It is to build his churches and preach his gospel, train his workers and send them out, teach and heal and save his children, and help bring in a new kingdom of righteousness and brotherhood and peace.
4. To spend my income rightly is one of my first tasks as a Christian. Until I settle this, my prayers and confessions will be like swimming, "Lord, Lord," and not doing the will of my Father.

5. I should set aside a definite proportion of my income for the church and the service of others. I do this in acknowledgment of God's sovereignty over all of my material possessions. I do this to guard against my own selfishness. I do this because it is businesslike. Giving by impulse and without system does not accord with the importance of this work.

6. The proportion to be set aside for these purposes should not be less than one tenth of my income. The Old Testament enjoined the Tithe in ancient Israel, and surely I am receiving far more from God than did the men of any former generation. Nevertheless one tenth is not to be the limit of my giving. I should not begin with less than one tenth. I ought to give more if I am able.

7. I should invest this money for God as carefully as in my temporal business, and keep strict account of this fund. I should study the church and its work that I may give wisely. I should give systematically. I should pray with my giving—Selected.

URGE INTERNATIONAL PARTICIPATION OF UNITED STATES

The American Association for International Co-operation, to crystallize sentiment throughout the country in behalf of larger measures of its participation in international affairs, is being organized, with George W. Wick camer, United States attorney general under President Roosevelt; as chairman, and Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, general secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, as secretary-treasurer. Its national council, in process of formation, will include "eminent persons selected as representative friends and supporters of our cause in every state in the Union," according to a letter from headquarters of the association.

Christian influence is an important part in the new organization, and associated with them is a non-partisan group of prominent citizens from various walks of life—Selected.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."
DEATHS

MAXSON.—Mrs. Lucy L. Stillman Maxson, the daughter of Robert and Phyllira Main Stillman, was born in Delray, N. Y., June 8, 1841, and died at the Country Home at Oakloosa, Kan., December 5, 1922, aged 81 years, 5 months and 27 days.

When fifteen years of age, she moved with her parents to West Hallock, Ill., where she was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of that place. On November 22, 1852, she was married to Norman Maxson, who died about 1896. They moved from West Hallock, Ill., to Farina, Ill., in 1866 and she remained an active church member of the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church. After living fourteen years at Farina, they moved to Nortonville, Kan., and she remained at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church of which church she remained a member until her death.

One sister, Mrs. Julia Barber, of Little Genesee, N. Y., two half-sisters, Dellia Maxson, of Troumble, Neb., and Mrs. D. C. Coon, of Nortonville, Kan., and two daughters, Mrs. Addie M. Bahood, of Nortonville, Kan., and Minnie Maxson, of Oakloosa, Kan., still survive her.

A short time before her death, she was heard saying, "Peace, peace, perfect peace." Just before she died, she said to her daughter Minnie, "Are you still a Seventh Day Baptist?" When told that she was, she replied, "So am I." This showed that in her closing moments, her thoughts were upon the things of God and her faith was lifting the shadows from the face of death.

The funeral services, conducted by her pastor, Herbert L. Cottrell, were held at the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Nortonville Wednesday afternoon, December 6, 1922, and the body was laid to rest in the Nortonville cemetery.

DAVIS.—Sarah J. Davis was born September 22, 1840, and died November 15, 1922, aged 82 years, 1 month and 23 days.

She was the only daughter of George and Virginia Rymer. On September 27, 1860, she was married to Levi B. Davis, of Lost Creek, W. Va., and to this union were born two sons and two daughters. The youngest child died April 15, 1881. Her husband died June 4, 1912. The seven children surviving were with her in her last hours. There are ten grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

In early girlhood she was converted, and united with the Methodists. When the question of marriage with one of another faith was to be settled she agreed to take the Bible authority on the Sabbath. She proved a true convert and her children have faithfully followed the example of the parents. This can be thankfully said, and the reason was in their faith that the Bible ought to be the authority, and because the parents were faithfully active for the church cause and winning in the spirit and manner of their home life.

They were among the main workers in the Master's cause. The attendance at the obituary service was much larger than the capacity of the church.

Kenyon.—Phoebe Elizabeth Kenyon was born January 13, 1832, and died at Rockville, R. I., November 5, 1922, aged 90 years, 9 months, 23 days.

She was a daughter of William C. Crandall and Phoebe Burdick Crandall. At the age of fourteen she was baptized by Elder Alfred H. Burdick and united with the Rockville Seventh Day Baptist Church, in September, 1846. She was married November 19, 1853, to Benjamin Kenyon, and in 1903 they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Three children were born to them, Clarence E., who died June 24, 1872, and Elnor E., and Byron L., who survive her. One grandson, Clarence E. Kenyon also remains.

Her life of quiet friendship was as such as to bless the community and the home in which she lived for so many years. Farewell services were held at the home, Pastor Burdick officiating, and the body was laid to rest in the Rockville cemetery.

Ellis.—Marie Wells Ellis was born in Ashaway, R. I., and died at her home at Alfred, N. Y., September 25, 1922.

She was the daughter of Peter Clarke and Elina Stillman Wells. She was married to Samuel Ellis, of Alfred, where she afterwards made her home. In early life she united with the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church. After her marriage she transferred her membership to Alfred, where she remained a member until her death.

She is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Harriet W. Clarke, Mrs. John C. Burbour and Miss Emma Wells; and one brother, Oscar J. Wells, of Ashaway; and by two sons and four daughters, Oscar W., of Bound Brook, N. J., Charles B., of Stephentown, N. Y., Mrs. Robert L. Coon, of Ashaway, R. I., Miss Adalyn, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Misses Loula and Iva Ellis, of Alfred, N. Y., also by five grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted from her home by her pastor and she was laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

The Sabbath Recorder
METHODIST TEMPERANCE BOARD ADOPTS RESOLUTION RESPECTING BEER ATTITUDE OF SENATOR ELECT CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its regular annual meeting at its headquarters in Washington, December 5, 1922:

WHEREAS, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, once a member of the General Conference and now an official member of one of the leading Methodist Episcopal Churches in New York City, United States Senate elect from the State of New York, publicly and in illegal traffic with the liquor traffic, the use of beer and liquor, and in defiance of the solemn action of that church through its General Conference; and that we respectfully present to the Senator-elect from New York State to seek to make such adjustment of his political obligations that they will not conflict with his obligations to the cause of fundamental righteousness and to a church to which he has stood before the world as a leader in the outlawry of the liquor traffic and to the return of which he seems to be committed by the platform of his party and his public statements in connection therewith.

WHAT I MEAN IS THIS

You have seen him haven't you? Or if you haven't you him you have had letters from him. Or you have heard others tell about him. He is the man that tells you all about something. Or he asks you to do something. Or he makes a suggestion. Or he wishes to remind you of something. Or he wants to tell you what he believes. And when he tells you what he believes he is through, he seems to feel that you have not quite grasped his meaning. Or he doubts the keenness of your intellect. Or he thinks of a better way of stating the matter.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardner, D.D., Editor

Luciles P. Burch, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription

Per Year...........................................$3.00

Per Copy...........................................35c

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 10 cents additional, on account of extra postage.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless specially renewed.

All communications, whether on business or for publications, should be addressed to the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

Or he is not quite ready to stop talking. So he says, "What I mean is this," and he proceeds to tell the thing all over again. Perhaps twice over. In this repeating he may state things in a clearer manner. He may use fewer words. He may arrive at the point in a more direct way.

And all the time you are thinking, "Why didn't he say so before?" or, "I knew what he meant," but you smile: "Oh yes, I see," or if not so polite you say, "I get you," which leads him on to make still further explanations.

All the time you are wishing he would get through knocking fists, make a clean hit, and give you a chance at the bat.

What I mean is this,—that it would save time and space if we would learn how to state a matter clearly and kindly on first trial and trust to the intelligence of the other fellow to get our meaning. That's all.

—Gene S. Nabur.

RECORER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted and advertisements of a like nature will be run in this column at the rate of 25 cents per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for subsequent insertions. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

U.S. GOVERNMENT UNDERWRAP—2,500,000 pieces New York Tribune size—sold by us to sell to the public direct at 75c each. Act now before the Stock is all sold. Shirts 24 to 46—Drawers 30 to 46. Send correct sizes, or send us money order. If underwear is not satisfactory, we will refund money promptly upon request. Dept. 24, The Plainfield, N. Y.

Send for Sale—Farms and undeveloped tracts. Good roads, good schools. Ask Seventh Day Baptists for your home or investment will do well to investigate this country. Correspondence solicited. Branch Bros. & Sons, White Cloud, Mich. 18-4-14

ALFRED UNIVERSITY

Seventh Day Baptists are attending Alfred in increasing numbers because of the enlarging service and broadening opportunities

In the ten years 1910-1920, Alfred College graduated 15 Seventh Day Baptists; in the ten years 1920-1930, Alfred College graduated 110 Seventh Day Baptists. The class of 1931 has 17 Seventh Day Baptists, the maximum number in any class in over thirty years. Seventh Day Baptists have doubled while non-Seventh Day Baptists have more than quadrupled in ten years, and now make up eighty per cent of the total University enrollment.

For catalogue or other information, address

BOOTHE COLLEGE, LL. D., President

ALFRED, N. Y.

The Fouke School

Miss Fucia Fitz Randolph, Principal

Fouke, Ark.

Other competent teachers will assist.

Former excellent standard of work will be maintained.

BOOKLETS AND TRACTS

Gospel Tracts—A Series of Ten Gospel Tracts, specially prepared, in attractive, self-cover form. A sample package free on request. 25 cents a hundred.

The Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists—A neat little folder, illustrated. Just the information needed for such a condemned form. Price, 25 cents per dozen.

Baptists—Twenty page booklet, embossed cover, a brief history of Baptists, with a valuable bibliography. Price, 20 cents a package, or 10 cents per dozen.

Vol. 1 Department of Agriculture, Lincoln, N. B. 18-4-12

COUNTRY LIFE LEADERSHIP

Alfred Edward Whitford, M. C.

ACTING PRESIDENT

MILTON, WISCONSIN

Chicago, Ill.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY

A LLied Service.—A Series of Catholic Pamphlets

816 First Natl. Bank Building, Phone Central 611

Before Students of Alfred University

Price, 15 cents prepaid

American Sabbath School Tracy Society, Plainfield, N. J.

SABBATH HISTORY, VOLUME I

Before the Beginning of Modern Denominations

By Abraham G. Basing, D. D.

Price, 10 cents prepaid

American Sabbath School Tracy Society, Plainfield, N. J.

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK

Held at Evanston, Illinois, May 14th, 1930

American Sabbath School Tracy Society, Plainfield, N. J.

AMERICAN BIBLE TRACT SOCIETY

S. D. B. GRADED LESSONS

Junior Series—Illustrated, issued quarterly, 15c per copy, 25c per dozen.

Senior Series—Illustrated, issued quarterly, 25c per copy, 40c per dozen.

Send subscriptions to American Sabbath School Tracy Society, Plainfield, N. J.
"Creed for a warless world"

We believe that nations no less than persons are subject to God's immutable moral laws.

We believe that nations achieve lasting welfare, greatness, and honor only through just dealing, and unselfish service.

We believe that nations regarding themselves as Christian have special international obligations.

We believe that Christian spirit can conquer every barrier of trade, creed, or race.

We believe that Christian patriotism demands the practice of good will among nations.

We believe in International Law, Courts of Justice and Boards of Arbitration.

We believe in a world-wide organization of nations for world-wide peace.

We believe in a warless world; and we dedicate ourselves to its achievement.