The Denominational Building will stand to the world as an evidence of the Sabbath truth.

Will you have part in it and so make known your faith?

F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.
PLAINFIELD, N. J.
THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Alfred, N. Y., Tuesday, June 24 to 26, 1924.

President-H. M. Miller, N. Y. L.
Vice-President-William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary-Dr. W. C. Johnson, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer-Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Gifts or bequests are welcomed; and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.

The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denominational Session of the Church.

Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the beneficaries may improve the Stand of the Church.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Twenty-ninth Annual Session, 1926)

President-Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary-Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary-Rev. W. L. Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer-F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second Monday of each month, at 2 p.m.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President-Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I.
Assistant Recording Secretary-Rev. Arthur T. Simpkin, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary-Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.
Treasurer-H. J. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

President-Edgar O. Windle, Alfred Station, N. Y.
Recording Secretary-Rev. Arthur T. Simpkin, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary-Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.
Treasurer-F. J. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held on the second Sunday of January, April, July and October.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CONFERENCE

President-Mrs. Allen B. West, Milton, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary-Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary-Mrs. R. E. Daniels, Plainfield, N. J.

The regular meetings of the Board are held on the second Monday of each month, at 2 p.m.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE


ADDRESSSES OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

Rev. and Mrs. J. R. DeWitt, Westville, Ind., 2 cents each to first and 4 cents to every additional. a

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

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

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

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

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

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

Soon after writing the above, I found a word of advice, given by an ex-ticket-pocket, which will strongly emphasize the thought of caring for the boy if you would make a true man of him. The speaker told a men's club that "judging the criminal after he has committed the crime, is only society's way of taking revenge for something it might have prevented, had it given attention to the matter earlier. Reach the boy and you will reach the man in him. The criminal can be reformed only before he has started on a criminal career."

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

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

"It is because I believe in the sanctity of the nation and the magnificence of patriotism; it is because I believe youth can best serve the nation and mankind, not merely by dying for it, that I reaffirm my belief that the Christian Church if it be so minded can, in the name of peace, justice, liberty and rule in peace within a generation. I may be a fool, but I see God's fool!"

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

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

Condensed Review of the "Importance of a Systematic Denominational Building Movement". It will be interesting to many readers to recall the steps taken in the modern movement for a denominational building. I say "modern" because this review goes back only about
sincere effort to follow the directions of Conference just as fast as it "should seem wise to do so." Representatives of the Tract Board met with the Quarterly Meeting of the Wisconsin Churches and every phase of the question was considered in its entirety.

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

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

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

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

NORTONVILLE CONFERENCE

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

"We recommend that Conference commend the work during the past year of the committee of the Tract Board for the proposed denominational building, and that Conference heartily approve the continuance of the campaign for securing contributions of money, War Saving Stamps, and Liberty Bonds, and that Conference recommend that the Board be authorized to proceed with the erection of a denominational home as soon as in its judgment it seems wise to do so."

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

The denominational building has been kept before the people through the SABBATH TRACT RECORDER and by presentation to associations and churches by various representatives of the society.

Contributions have been coming in steadily until now the amount for the building purpose is $6,121.37; and the interest and inquiry concerning this project are constantly increasing.

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

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

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

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

The next General Conference was held in Alfred, N. Y., August, 1920. Early in this year an unexpected crisis came upon us in that we could no longer secure rooms in the Babcock Building and that we must hold ourselves ready to get out on very short notice. Eighteen pages of the RECORDER of March 1, 1920, were filled with a reprint review of the movement; and statements showing the distress we were in were sent throughout the denomination, a portion of which we give here:

TO THE PASTORS AND PEOPLE OF THE

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCHES: For twenty-five years the publishing interests of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination have been located in the Babcock building, at Plainfield, the rent being fixed when we first located there at the modest sum of $500 per year having been continued without question at that rate from year to year to the present time. This year the new agents of the Babcock building have found it
necessary to increase the rental of the publishing house from $500 to $900 per annum, and to discontinue the auxiliary office which we had on the fourth floor, making necessary the securing of another office at $300 additional rent per annum, so that the annual rental will be $1,200 instead of $500 as heretofore. This, however, is not the worst feature of the arrangement as the agents will decline to make any loss whatever on the rooms which we occupy for publishing work, stating that they contemplate a sale of that portion of the premises, and if the sale is consummated they will give us such notice as they find possible at the time, from sixty days to one month any period of time, not even thirty or sixty days.

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

February 24, 1920.

You will see that it is impossible to give all the reprints which filled eighteen pages of that review. The Tract Board was certainly up against a serious problem, to settle which it felt the need of counsel from the denomination at large. You will see by the excerpts given above that the question of location was one that must be settled before anything could be done toward building.

A communication from Battle Creek, Mich., had been before the board, setting forth the desirability of that place as a location for our plant, and making a generous offer of financial help if the Tract Board should decide to locate there.

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

The Recorder helped what it could by publishing all opinions sent in from both sides of the question as they were received.

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

We feel that the location of such a building should be decided by all the people of the denomination. By that we mean that we should not proceed with the erection of any building of a permanent character until the people of the denomination have directed us as to the city or town in which it shall be located. This thought in view we are asking for an expression from the individual members of all the churches, and we count you, as pastor, or other leader, to call a meeting to discuss this matter, using your utmost endeavor to make it possible that every one might understand the point of our desire to secure a referendum vote of the people at large, in order that every one might understand the choice of place for the Tract Board.

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

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

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

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

In the referendum vote concerning choice of place, 3,574 ballots were cast. Of these, 1,946 were for Plainfield; 1,477 were for Battle Creek; 29 for Milton; 12 scattering votes, and 10 leaving the board to decide.

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

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

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

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

The fact that some $18,000 had come in as free will offerings before the work was begun, shows something of the interest taken by the people at large. And the fact that our greatest effort is to be made by the denomination,

The points made in the plea of Mrs. Boole, the president of the influential society, are given here.

Recognizing that citizenship is a patriotic duty devolving upon men and women alike, Mrs. Edula A. Boole, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is planning for a much needed campaign of education in 1926, regarding prohibition and enforcement of law.

The points made in the plea of Mrs. Boole, president of that influential society, are given here.

The head of the White Ribbon organization in this country, Mrs. Boole, believes that every person is a law in some parts of the country, conditions are better than in the saloon days. Mrs. Boole says, 'Recognizing that prohibition is following the normal course, as history reveals that all great reforms have taken a generation of men to reach full enforcement.'

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

"Count your mercies! Count your mercies! Number all the gifts of love; Keep, daily, faith's record. Of thy comforts from above, Look at all the lovely green spots In life's weary days. Think how many cooling fountains Cheer our fainting hearts today. Count your mercies! Count your mercies! See them strewed along your way!"
of confusion, doubt, perplexity, and strife as they trouble the sea of men's lives. And thine shall be the glory, O Father of my spirit. Amen.

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

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

"Our little talent"—we hear so many folks weakly and self-pityingly talk about it. Yes, we're glad to excuse ourselves for half-hearted work with this time-worn excuse. Shame on us! for belittling the power of God. St. Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." (Philippians 4:13.) No good thing will be withhold from them that fear him. Our little talent is not within us, it is God's. We have no power (John 15:5) of our own. But if we will prove our willingness to use what God has already given us, then more power will be forthcoming. The power we may use is unlimited except by our own will. If we have faith—we shall ask what we will. We shall be done. God gives to every man according to his ability, (Matthew 25:15) and what is his ability or capacity? It is his faith—the amount of his faith. Let us exercise our faith, and our faith, that is our capacity, will grow. Let us not apologize for our small ability but let us use our ability knowing that it is a trust from God (1 Peter 4:11) and let us pray for more and more ability and we may be assured that God will not withhold this good thing for which we ask. (Psalm 84:11).

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

A DESIRE

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

Call me not: with no demanding
On this the hand of grace,

Neath the Bethlehem stars, all kindly,
Waketh thou, sweet Babe, tonight?

Do not call me: lest I find thee
Find thee, holy Light of light!

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

—JOHN FIELD TROWBRIDGE

December 25, 1925.

POPPIES

Note: The Poppies is now the national Memorial Day Flower. He told me he liked Poppies best, I did not understand. For roses then and violetas Were blooming in the land. He told me he liked Poppies best, Then one day while I stood Beside an old French roadway Near the trees of Belleau Wood, I saw a field of scarlet, All radiant, wet with dew, I thought of him—who died for France—Oh, I like Poppies, too!—American Legion Weekly.
There are different ways of viewing the Church. It is spoken of as the body of Christ, to show forth its close relationship to him. It is said and to be founded upon a rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. We may think of it as an organization, more or less perfect, which has wielded a tremendous influence in the world. We may think of it as an organization to help us, or one which we may serve. All these ideas cluster around the Church, and not inconsistent with them is the idea that it offers us an organization through which to work for world-wide mission.

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

A few months past a fellow minister said something like this: "I have been greatly disturbed because of the difference between Seventh Day Baptist beliefs and mine, and much discouraged over some of their practices. For a long time I did not know what to do or where to turn; but finally I decided that Seventh Day Baptist beliefs and practices were nearer in accord with mine than those of any other denomination and that the denomination with its organized activities offered me a chance to work for the salvation of men, the thing I care most about on earth. I therefore decided that as long as this is so I will work with the denomination." Many other men have gone through the same struggle and came to the same conclusion. It has brought peace to the heart and new usefulness to the life. Looking upon the church and denomination as means by which we may work to save our fellow men, does not make it less the body and bride of Christ or less the pillar of truth triumphing over the gates of hell. It is by making it an instrument to evangelize men over all the earth that it becomes the body of Christ and bye and bye his glorious bride. When we come to look upon the Church thus, we cease to be troubled so much over its imperfections; and when we come to engage through it with other Christian disciples in the work of rescuing men from the pitfalls of sin, many problems now troubling the Church and retarding the progress of the kingdom vanish. Christ instituted his Church for the purpose of evangelizing the world, and in faithfulness to him we must unite in it for the same glorious end.

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

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

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

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

Facing the economic problems of the poverty-stricken outcasts, the insanitary crowding of towns and cities, the maladjustments of personality in the joint family life of the Orient, makes me wish I had had real experience in social service. But the sporadic, well-meaning gestures we sometimes make in this direction, but intelligent, informed, well directed social service to those in our communities at home who live under conditions such as we must meet in poor and congested districts the world over. Such experience, backed by Christlike love and purpose, is invaluable on the mission field.

And there is music! Personally I have had no musical training and can hardly carry a tune without a bucket to carry it in. But oh, how I wish I could use to which it could be put, so many needs for it crop up on all sides. The In-
dian people love music and it finds the quickest entrance to their hearts.

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

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

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

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**A GOOD LETTER FROM LITTLE GENESSEE, N. Y.**

Sabbath Recorder,

Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR DR. GARDINER,

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

During the summer months under the direction of Miss Gladys Hulett we had a most successful Vacation Religious Day School. The attendance was almost double the first year and the result of the effort was apparent in the closing program given by the pupils themselves. The program was largely of the work done and received high praise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours in service,

G. D. HARGIS

December 10, 1925.

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"Most young men are more concerned about how they start life's work than how they are likely to finish it."
and divine truth and that shall warm the souls and the Church with the ardent compassion of Christ. That must be our prayer now and henceforth.  

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

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

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

He referred to the great Conference at Nicea sixteen hundred years before, to the great social and international problems pressing for solution, and which would come before the conference, and to the necessity of laying foundations for spiritual success.

His best wishes for good results from our stay in Sweden, and that Christendom would be united in purpose by our activity.

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

Then His Beatitude, the Patriarch of Alexandria, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, the Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Capler speaking for their respective groups appropriately responded. The session broke up and the delegates went off to the general work of the conference.

Within the palace about one-thirty in the afternoon was quite informal, and we were free until theTHE SABBATH RECORDER, Milton, Wis., November 18, 1925.

MESSAGES FROM THE W. C. T. U.
ELLA A. BOOLE, PRESIDENT

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

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

Signed: ELLA A. BOOLE, President of W. C. T. U.

``The present student body is fully up to the standard of previous years in number, in quality and achievement. Excellent work is being done in all the departments of the College. The large graduating class of thirty-one members who completed their courses last June is matched this year by a senior class of twenty-eight persons. We are not asking that you give us your interest and support merely for the sake of Milton College. This is your work quite as much as it is ours. We merely ask you to share with many others the responsibility of carrying on our common enterprise, in behalf of the trustees of Milton College, Faithfully yours,"

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

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

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

During our school days, from the grades to our college commencement we walked the same paths and people called us the " inseparable twins." Although for many years our homes have been in states many miles apart, we still find our interests following similar channels. For proof of this, last summer when we had made plans for our trip West we learned that she and her husband were planning a similar trip. It was then too late to change our plans and make any part of the trips together. So we went along, and about the time we reached home, they started out. She has written very interesting letters telling of their experiences to her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rood, and then kindly gave me permission to make such extracts as I wished for publication in this department. Another point of resemblance in our trips is that their transportation was furnished them by a railroad, not "our road," but by "their road," one that they no doubt consider much superior to ours. As many of their experiences were very similar to those of which I already have written, I have not made as many excerpts as I would have done under other circumstances, but I have made enough for three or four issues of our paper, and I am sure that you will find them most interesting.

TRAVEL STORIES
MRS. JOHN R. WHEELER

We left here (Boulder) on the 7.15 train Sabbath night, September 5. Next morning we were in Wyoming, the "Country that God Forgot." A small town of four neat little men, in dark blue uniforms, was stock much out at pasture, but not any crops. We got to Coufts, on the border line, about eleven o'clock. I had anticipated a big thrill out of crossing into Canada, but really it wasn't so much. We all got out and were herded into a tiny depot. We saw a mounted policeman and a soldier with a bright red coat and that was all. Oh, yes, the stove and stove pipe in the depot were painted with silver paint. Four neat little men, in dark blue uniforms and much gold braid, asked each of the passengers a lot of questions, the answers to which were duly written down on large sheets of paper. Then all the suit cases and trunks were put in a pile out on the platform and were searched. I expected some pleasure out of that but was disappointed again. The "search" was largely a matter of form, as we all know, and the inmates of the rooms were quieted down. The train did not go so fast. We stayed longer at stations. The trainmen were dapper little men with gentle ways, and the people on the train were different—as I said on one of my cards—they were just folks and I felt quite at home. Edmonton is a beautiful city. It lies along the bank of the Saskatchewan River, with many trees—and such flowers! I never expect to see any larger asters, dahlias, sweet peas, and cosmos. We took our usual street car ride pitching up at the parliamentary buildings. Edmonton is the capital of Alberta, as you know. We sat out on each side of the room. The "Government" seats are on one side of the room and the "Opposition" seats on the other. The speaker's chair is an immense thing. We visited the large museum and saw many fine things.

The men who showed us around were most courteous. Of course you find courtesy everywhere, but I think there is a special brand of it in Canada. We noticed it continually. Everyone, clerks, policemen, elevator boys said "good morning" and they all treated us as if we were their guests. It was a big thrill to us to go into an immense Hudson Bay Company's store and up into the public tower. We also went to Woolworth's which made us feel that we were not far from home at all. Every other store, nearly, is a fur store. We noticed the small number of automobiles. Edmonton is a large city but we could cross the street in perfect comfort. We noticed the same condition all over Canada.

We left Edmonton in the evening, and the next morning at 5.30 I awoke and looked out, and immediately I was not sleepy any more. For there was a large river, Athabaska, running parallel with the train, and better than that, mountains—real snow-capped mountains near by. One large peak, Mt. McDonald, was struggling with the clouds, trying to get his head out into the air. There were large green fields everywhere and islands in the river with the mountains beyond. I had been pretty lonely for the mountains and I'll never forget how beautiful it all was. As the train swung around curves, following the course of the river, the views changed constantly, but always were beautiful. There was fresh snow.
WOMAN'S WORK

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

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

I have been reading of the death of a hermit who, because of some fancied wrong at the hand of a friend, withdrew from all his associates and lived his life to himself. From the ado that many papers make over such people, we might imagine that one who has forsaken family and friends is a real hero. I suppose it does show courage of a sort to hold to such a manner of life, but it is the courage of a thief; for is not one who robbing other people as well as himself of their lives have touched and people apart, we still find our permission to make such extracts as I have run about the braes' high, rocky cliffs; and ducks and blue herons in the little streams here and there. But at 10.30 in the morning we had a treat and saw one of the finest things of the whole trip. We crossed a little spur of the Rockies through a deep cleft called Wind River Canon. It was beautiful indeed, but I can't tell you about it—just high, rocky cliffs on each side, that for height and grandeur beat anything we have ever seen, and we've been in the mountains many times. The cliffs looked like castles with domes high walled over, and it was narrow, with just room for a moderate stream of Milky water and the railroad, while high up against the cliffs was an auto highway, dug out of the solid rock much of the way. It was five miles long, this deep, high walled canon; and it was walled over, and about the we reached home, they started out. She has written very interesting letters telling of their experiences to her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rood, and they have kindly given me permission to make such extracts as I wished for publication in this department. Another point of resemblance in our trips is that their transportation was furnished them by a railroad, not "our road," but by "their road," one that they no doubt consider much superior to ours. As many of their experiences were very similar to those of which I already have written, I have not make as many excerpts as I would have done under other circumstances, but I have made enough for three or four issues of our paper, and I am sure that you will find them most interesting.

TRAVEL STORIES

MRS. JOHN R. WHEELER

We left here (Boulder) on the 7.15 train Sabbath night, September 5. Next morning we were in Wyoming, the "Country that God forgot." There university boys who come from there always wear a faint air of apology about them. We are used to bare plains and such, but not just like Wyoming—all the creek and river beds dry, sage brush, all baking under the hot sun; adobe soil, Mexicans, sometimes prairie dogs; and ducks and blue herons in the little streams here and there. But at 10.30 in the morning we had a treat and saw one of the finest things of the whole trip. We crossed a little spur of the Rockies through a deep cleft called Wind River Canon. It was beautiful indeed, but I can't tell you about it—just high, rocky cliffs on each side, that for height and grandeur beat anything we have ever seen, and we've been in the mountains many times. The cliffs looked like castles with domes high walled over, and it was narrow, with just room for a moderate stream of Milky water and the railroad, while high up against the cliffs was an auto highway, dug out of the solid rock much of the way. It was five miles long, this deep, high walled canon; and it was walled over, and twenty miles farther before nature quieted down. The formation of the rocks for miles is much like that of the Grand Canon of Colorado. The coloring is beyond description. We had a much increased respect for Wyoming and have stayed for awhile any way. Toward night as we neared Billings, the country changed entirely. There was splendid farming country with fine crops—wheat, wheat, wheat for miles in every direction. The next day's ride was pleasant—nice country with interminable wheat fields—fields of all sorts of alfalfa, which never looks such a brilliant green as when next to a wheat field; and beans, acres and acres of navy beans, enough to supply the whole world. At Great Falls, Mont., we had to stay over night. There was a large smelting plant with the highest smoke stack in the world—five hundred six feet high—took sixteen thousand tons of brick to build it. The Washington Monument, which is fifty feet square at the bottom, could be set inside this chimney and there would be room to drive a span of horses between the walls of the chimney and those of the monument, etc., etc. Well, it is a big chimney.

The next morning we found Northern Montana and southern Canada not so nice as around Billings and Great Falls. There was much stock out at pasture, but not any crops. We got to Coultts, on the border line, about eleven o'clock. I had anticipated a big thrill out of crossing into Canada, but really it wasn't so much. We all got out and were herded into a tiny depot. We saw a mounted policeman and a soldier with a bright red coat and that was all. Oh, yes, the stove and stove pipe in the depot were painted with silver paint. Four neat little men, in dark blue uniforms, were herded in. There was a large window in the depot; and ducks and blue herons in the little streams here and there. But at 10.30 in the morning we had a treat and saw one of the finest things of the whole trip. We crossed a little spur of the Rockies through a deep cleft called Wind River Canon. It was beautiful indeed, but I can't tell you about it—just high, rocky cliffs on each side, that for height and grandeur beat anything we have ever seen, and we've been in the mountains many times. The cliffs looked like castles with domes high walled over, and it was narrow, with just room for a moderate stream of Milky water and the railroad, while high up against the cliffs was an auto highway, dug out of the solid rock much of the way. It was five miles long, this deep, high walled canon; and it was walled over, and twenty miles farther before nature quieted down. The formation of the rocks for miles is much like that of the Grand Canon of Colorado. The coloring is beyond description. We had a much increased respect for Wyoming and have stayed for awhile any way. Toward night as we neared Billings, the country changed entirely. There was splendid farming country with fine crops—wheat, wheat, wheat for miles in every direction. The next day's ride was pleasant—nice country with interminable wheat fields—fields of all sorts of alfalfa, which never looks such a brilliant green as when next to a wheat field; and beans, acres and acres of navy beans, enough to supply the whole world. At Great Falls, Mont., we had to stay over night. There was a large smelting plant with the highest smoke stack in the world—five hundred six feet high—took sixteen thousand tons of brick to build it. The Washington Monument, which is fifty feet square at the bottom, could be set inside this chimney and there would be room to drive a span of horses between the walls of the chimney and those of the monument, etc., etc. Well, it is a big chimney.

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CONCERNING LOYALTY TO THE SABBATH
DEAR BROTHER GARDNER:

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

These crowds are not wholly made up of people of the world who make no religious profession. Multitudes of men and women who stand as pillars of the church—church officials, teachers, professors, and often pastors, who in the desk that morning have pleaded with their congregations to walk in obedience to all the teachings of God, are there. Such an evident lack of Sabbath science on the part of these recognized men of high authority as teachers of Christianity, is not without its effect upon even those who have been reared in the thought of the sacredness of the Sabbath of Jehovah, the seventh day of the week as a time to be set aside in the service of the Master—not for personal comfort and pleasure, only as that comfort and pleasure is found in magnifying the name of our God. The prophet Isaiah gives to us a wholesome thought in, "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shall honour him, not doing thine own ways, not finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." This is a truth that should abide in the hearts and minds of all. Mrs. Martha Wardner had an inspired vision when, meditating upon this teaching, she gave utterance to these words: "We need a clearer vision of the importance of the Sabbath and the place it holds in the divine plan for the ages. We need a strong conviction that this is not the mere question of a day, but the question of obedience or disobedience, a question on which the very foundation of Christianity rests. We need a deeper conviction of the fact that it is sin to break the Sabbath commandment just as truly as it is to break the commandment against stealing." These words come to us pointed with divine truth; and if they could only be burned into the hearts of all, preachers and laymen alike, it is certain a great change would be wrought in our churches. A new zest would be given to our religious life; a new power given to the conversion of the world to the Bible and to Jesus Christ would be felt in all our work. I would it were possible for our people, as individuals and as a body, to place upon the altar of the Lord and his Sabbath the sacrifice of a full surrender of self as a New Year's offering. We declare to the world that God is our high Tower, our Rock, and Refuge. Are we true to this declaration? If we are, then in him will be found sufficiency to enable all to make this sacrificial offering.

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

What am I doing on; will we march under his leadership?

Yours truly,
REV. E. ADIELBERT WITWER.
Walworth, Wis., December 9, 1925.

THE BIBLE
ELLEN W. SOCWELL RAMSEY

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

"Bread of our souls, wherein we feed;
The manna which of old we keep;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;"

"Pillar of fire through ages dark;
Of radiant cloud we see and mark;
When waves wouldwhelm our tossed bark,
Our anchor and our stay;"

"Pole-star of life's tempestuous deep;
Beacon, when doths surround;
Our compass by which we may discern;
Our deep-sea lead, to sound;"

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

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

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

"Pure oracles of truth divine;
Unlike the wisdom of the sages,
This given forth from Delphi's mystic shrine,
Or groves of Academ;e;

Word of the ever living God;
Will of his glorious Son;
Wielded as an anvil of earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?"

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

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

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

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

—Mrs. Bromling.
HOW IS PROHIBITION SUCCEEDING?

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, January 9, 1926

DAILY READINGS
Sunday—The hindrances (Isa. 28: 1-3).
Monday—Why we need law (1 Tim. 1: 9-11).
Tuesday—The fury of demons (Mark 1: 23-28).
Wednesday—Supporters of law (Rom. 13: 1-4).
Friday—Assurance of victory (Rom. 8: 31).
Sabbath Day—Topic: How is prohibition succeeding?

A few years ago, before we secured national prohibition, I was waiting for a train in Chicago, one day. While sitting in the depot, my attention was called to a commotion in the street outside. Looking out through the window, I saw a scene which I have never been able to forget. A young man, apparently intoxicated, was sitting on a box in front of a saloon, scarcely able to hold up his head. A crowd of men had gathered around him and were laughing and jeering at him, while the saloon keeper stood near, mocking his fits at him, and cursing him in a loud voice. Soon the police patrol arrived and he was shoved into it and taken away. I felt that the man who sold him the drink, who perhaps started him on the downward road, should have been placed in that police patrol instead. My heart went out in sympathy to that hand­some young man, and I wished that I could have the opportunity to show him the better life. I am glad to say that such scenes are not common now since we have prohibition, and it is saving millions of boys. This is only one of the many ways in which prohibition is succeeding.

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

Battle Creek, Mich.

LYLE CRANDALL

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

What are some good hymns that are most abused? To sing a hymn is to the majority of us the least appreciated and most abused part of a religious service. It is too often regarded as just a space­filler between other more important items. Let us make the most of this opportunity to rescue the hymn from this secondary position to one of primary importance in our worship.

LYLE CRANDALL

A MUSIC MEETING

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

THEIR SILENT INFLUENCE

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

WHAT ARE THE GREATEST HYMNS?

Each one will have to answer this question for himself. There are some old­fashioned hymns that have been treasured by the Church for centuries. Think of how many people have been helped by such hymns as “Rock of Ages,” “Lead Kindly Light,” and “Jesus, Lover of My Soul.” There are a great many newer hymns and gospel songs. Some will become famous and last, while a larger number will soon be forgotten. But it is possible to discern a definite trend.

So that is the test after all, of a hymn: Has it helped me? If so, then for me it is a valuable hymn. It will be remembered in years to come as having helped me at some particular time of need.

Rockville, R. I.

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR JANUARY 9, 1925

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

Each month this year is devoted to the study of one of the great characters of the Bible—torch-bearers as they are called. I find that my own juniors get far more real help out of a topic when I emphasize just one point than when I talk about several. Perhaps others have noticed the same results. Let us try as far as possible this year to emphasize just one good quality in each of these great characters,
and by the end of the year we will have instilled at least twelve great truths and lessons into the minds of our juniors.

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

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

Battle Creek, Mich.

RACE RELATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ashaway, R. I.

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

"Loose statements often get men into tight places."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

ABRAHAM

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Union or Sabbath School Department.

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Abraham's faith (Rom. 4: 20, 21)
Monday—Abraham's obedience (Gen. 12: 1-3, 12)
Tuesday—Abraham's courage (Gen. 14: 12-16)
Wednesday—Abraham's works (Gen. 22: 1, 2)
Thursday—Abraham's prayer (Gen. 15: 1)
Friday—Abraham's hope (Heb. 11: 8-10)

One day God spoke to Abraham and told him to leave the place where he was living and go into a strange country, which was far off. No one had loved God and knew that whatever God commanded was best, so he took his family, his cattle, and his tents and started on a long journey. Like the picture of "The Angelus" which we studied last week, he stopped many, many times and talked with God. God didn't have a church to go to when he worshiped God, but he built an altar where he stopped, and worshiped God in that way. He tried to obey God in everything.

On the journey the men who took care of Lot's cattle got to quarreling with the men who cared for Abraham's cattle. So Abraham decided that it was better that the two companies be separated. Abraham called Lot to him and showed him the country which lay before them. On one side lay a beautiful country which had plenty of water for their cattle and for their crops; the ground was just the kind on which to raise good crops. The scenery must have been beautiful as they stood looking at it with the sun shining upon it. The land and country on the other side was not as beautiful; they were from Jordan River running through fertile valleys; it probably would be much harder to work to get water for the cattle and to raise good crops for food.

When asked to choose Lot thought only of himself and his interests and immediately replied that he would take the country to the east, through which the Jordan River flowed. Lot was very selfish and knew that he was choosing the best for himself. But Abraham willingly told him to take that country and he would go the other way.

God was pleased with Abraham; he was pleased to see him so unselfish, so ready to give Lot the best, so anxious that Lot should decide first. After Lot left, God showed how pleased he was with Abraham for he said, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art...for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." After Abraham had moved his tents into Hebron he showed how unselfish he was again. He didn't think only of himself, but he took time to think about God who had given him all this country to live in. He stopped from his work and built an altar where he could worship God and thank him for all he had given him.

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

Ashaway, R. I.

OUR GIFTS

What shall I give to thee, O Lord? The kings that came before me Laid softly on thy cradle rude Their myrrh and gums and gold. Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood, Their ashes strewed thy way; They sprinkled the dust and dreams of dust, To speed thy coming day. Thou knowest of sweet and precious things, My store is scant and small; Yet, wilt thou here in want and woe? Lord, I would give thee all. There came a voice from heavenly heights: "Unclose thine eyes and see. Gifts to the least of those I love Thou givest unto me."—Selected.

THE CHRISTMAS PASSWORD

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

"You all know," said the herald, "that a huge Christmas tree grows in the palace grounds. On Christmas eve the tree will sparkle with hundreds of colored lights. There will be oranges and candies for all who are there. Christmas songs will be
**THE CANDLES THAT WOULD NOT BURN**

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

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

The next day the prince called for his ponies and sleigh, and for woodcutters to go out to cut the tree he chose. He was going out into the dark pine forest to find the tree he wanted. So he put on his fur coat and gloves and fur cap and climbed into his little red sleigh with a fur robe about him. Then the little white ponies stamped their feet and jingled the silver bells on their pretty red harness, and in a moment they were off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, no, I can't stop. I am on a quest. I am looking for the most beautiful tree in the world."

So the boys huddled up behind the sleigh and were taken home.

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

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

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

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

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

The little child came in timidly and stood and gazed at the great tree. "Oh, what a lovely tree," he said, looking wistfully at Prince Mechan.

Then, to the prince's amazement, he saw some of the candle flames flicker higher and brighter. "Strange," he said.
"My brother is outside; may he see it, too?" asked the child.

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

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

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

So, while the prince was gone, the candles on the tree were lighted again, and now they burned brightly. When the boy returned, the ball was aglow with light and loud with merriment.

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

"You know why, don't you?" he said.

"The tree that is making you happy is the Tree of Kindness that has begun to grow in your heart."—Dew Drops.

TAKING TURNS

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

"You may be first, because you are a girl," said Joe, trying hard to be polite to his sister. There, in the top of Polly's stocking, was the very blue-eyed baby doll that she had wanted more than anything else for her Christmas. Joe admired it with her, though he couldn't help seeing how his stocking was bare.

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

HOME NEWS

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

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

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

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

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

"AN ILL EAST WIND"

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

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

The reference here is not to a cyclone, but to the long continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthy quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind is soothing, the east wind is a pestilence, the west wind is refreshing. The locusts, which were under the north or west wind, powerfully multiplied, but when the weather changed repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

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

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be. I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man, under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your susceptibility. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying "I am not a Christian because I don't write hard things against myself," do not get worried about what the world is. In the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel

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

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

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

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

What was the matter with the dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse cast a warrant on his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul.

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

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

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

Keats wrote his famous poem and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed him. Tasso wrote his poem, entitled, "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillingswift was slain by his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII slew Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by the excited mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

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

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

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

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

The south wind of mild Providence makes us throw off the cold of the north wind. It gets the east wind just hard enough to drive us into the harbor of God's protection. We all feel we can manage our own affairs. We have helm and compass and chart and quadrant.
us the warm promises. The best thing that ever happens to us is trouble. That is a hard thing perhaps to say; but I repeat it, for God announced it again and again, the best thing that happens to us is trouble.

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

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle, a cracked bell, an unstrung harp, a sign board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down, a shipwreck, the horses of Phœbus lying dead in the clouds, the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, and "my picture is done." Then he added the broken palette of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with its mightier and more skilful than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, failing, smouldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God, and say, "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God." Bless God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend, keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army fell back. Oh, let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind or the north wind or the south wind—no inclination to surrender; forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that the "sorrows tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh disorders of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the heart, music that rustles from the palms, music like falling leaves of bereavement, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like caroling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked away, but still afloat—nearer and nearer the shining shore, nearer and nearer the eternal anchorage. How shall you grasp with both hands and hands tightly rounded? Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallows easily listed of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the Narrows, and some were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the wharf—brigate, galloon, line of battleship, longboat, pinnacle, war frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

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

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

DEACON CLARK BASSETT

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

His mother died when he was three years old and he was taken into the home of his uncle, Morris Bassett, where he was tenderly cared for until he was about fifteen years of age, when he went to work out and support himself. Mr. Bassett was the youngest of eight own brothers and sisters and one half sister. Of these a brother, Albert Bassett, alone survives. He is survived also by his widow and three nieces; a foster sister, Mrs. Esther Bassett Mason, also remains.

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

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

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

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

"We cannot say, and we will not say That he is dead; he is just away." F. E. Peterson.
SABBATH SCHOOL

HOREA W. BOOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

CHANGE IN SABBATH SCHOOL STUDY

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

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

A SABBATH CONSCIENCE

We should cultivate what Dr. Gardiner calls a "Sabbath conscience." There is such a thing as a person's keeping the Sabbath merely because he was reared in a Sabbath-keeping community, a Sabbath-keeping home, yet without any definite reasons of his own for doing so. We once had in our church an intelligent woman who lived as a devout Christian. She came from one of our Eastern churches and bore one of the commonest names in our denomination. Having lost her first husband, she finally married a man who, so far as I know, had no connection with any church; and she went with him "out West" to live. In doing so she broke off all connection with our people, so she and her two children by her first husband were thus lost to us. It seems like an easy enough thing for her to do—so easy that in some such way we lose many good people we'd like to keep with us.

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

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

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

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

"We certainly did," said the new man, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."
But she learned a new story that set her ad. I'd. And the ~he

"Can she read? Can she write? Can she hop, skip, and run?"

And love, to help her.

If you were a world with baby surprise—

The gods on the godshelf were shocked at her book,

And they fixed on her feet a most scowling black look.

"Can she read? Can she write? Can she hop, skip, and run?

Not so tight.

But she learned a new story that set her heart free.

And the old-fashioned G. G.

Wanted-a-son!

She took her diploma as Beautiful Pearl,

And no more did her friends call her "only a girl."

In the mission school now her work's faithfully done,

None so happy or useful as Wanted-a-son!

If I lived in China far over the sea,

I'd want some one to tell me that Jesus loves me.

Will you go, will you give, that souls may be won,

As precious to him as Wanted-a-son.

—Edith G. Estey.

"Some good old-fashioned customs

Go out of style, no doubt,

But sending Christmas greetings

We couldn't do without.

And the custom lingers:

Let's keep it always will.

For the same old-fashioned friendship

Prompts the same old greetings still!

"And so, dear friends,

May Christmas bring to you

Its tripart joy.

True faith, to free you e'er

From doubt's alloy;

Strong hope, to sing your heart

To sweet repose;

And love, to help you soothe

Another's woes?"

CHRISTMAS

Saw you never in the twilight,

When the sun had left the skies,

Up in heaven the clear stars shining

Through the gloom, like silver eyes?

So, of old, the wise men, watching,

Saw a little stranger star,

And they knew the King was given,

And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story

How they crossed the desert wild,

Journeyed on, by plain and mountain,

Till they found the Child who

How they opened all their treasure

And gave the gold and fragrant incense

And gave the myrrh in offering?

And they knew the secret of the wise men; —

"With this day let us keep feast.

And the Lord is the true God, Who is risen from the dead, and is become our everlasting God."

—Selected.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour

Spent in thy presence will avail to make!"

RECORDANT WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

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

Cash must accompany each advertisement.

CASH PAID for false teeth, dental gold, platinum, discarded jewelry, diamonds and mمتاز points.

The Denominational Building will stand to the world as an evidence of the Sabbath truth.

Will you have part in it and so make known your faith?

F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.,
PLAINFIELD, N. J.