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(A Vision in Material Form)
Plainfield, N. J.
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A Great Sabbath

On Sabbath morning the At Shiloh church was filled with a great audience to hear Rev. Harold Cran dall of New York City preach. The yard around the church was as full of automo biles as the house was of people. It was an inspiring scene. I could not but wonder what the old fathers of a hundred years ago would think if they could return to see the great changes that have come about.

History tells us that it took them two days to make the trip from New Market and Plainfield, but on this morning there were loads of young people who had come all the way through from north Jersey in time for the Sabbath morning service.

When the time to open the meeting came, a hundred people were there, and a good testimony meeting followed the sermon.

Of course I had to look in vain for the familiar faces of other days, and I found that the boys and girls I once knew had put on gray hair and were now the fathers and mothers of a large company of young people. If I wished to find traces of the old friends and loved ones, I had to go to the cemetery and read their names on the tombstones.

It is surprising what changes "the grim messenger" does make in a community within a few years! Several times I found myself dreaming around among the monuments in the city of the dead.

It was a good fortune to be given a home with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel V. Davis, on the very thirty-seventh anniversary of the day in which I performed the ceremony that made them husband and wife. After the evening meeting Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Davis informed me that it was the thirty-seventh anniversary of the marriage, in which I officiated on my last evening before leaving this pastorate.

Many dear readers know full well how one seems to walk in dreamland among the scenes of departed years, and so you can understand something of the reasons why I could be seen stopping in my walks here and there about Shiloh and standing as in a study of memory's book.
Too many are like the convert who ran well until he got cheered about something and forgot God until he became very well and then he remembered him. How much such a man loses by forgetting God. The man who forgets God until in his last sickness he sends for the minister and repents, is only giving the leavings of his life to God.

The theme of Brother Crfoot's sermon, "Forgetting God," was a practical one. He showed that the great sins of earth are due to the fact that men forget God. Abraham was chosen because he had not forgotten the true God. Such a man could learn of God and so become a help to other people. Thus it was that through the family first, and then through a nation, God has revealed himself until men know him as the Father God. The growth of true conceptions of God, not merely as the God of a nation but as God of the whole world, has thus obtained among men.

The world's troubles have always come by forgetting God. When men tried to make idols to represent God, they used for themselves first all they wanted of the tree to warm themselves and to roast their food, until they could say, "Aha, I am warm, I have seen the first spring with "the residue thereof he maketh a god." Thus the heathen provided for self first and devoted the left overs to God! I greatly fear that too much of this spirit prevails today. Judging by the way our offerings for the Onward Movement are coming in thus far this year, it looks as though many were forgetting God and are determined to get all the comforts and luxuries for self first and attend to matters of religion last. And so they make abundant provision for personal pleasures and luxuries, and then devote what may be left over to God! Yes, I fear that people are still forgetting God. After five months of our Conference year have passed by, we find that only one fourth of what is due to him, on the "budget plan for his work," has now been paid. Five months have gone by and only five weeks' dues to the Lord have been paid!

Again, half of our life—our time—are we giving to God? Sometimes people wonder why men do not go to church. Really, if a man does not spend five minutes in prayer during the week, why should he be expected to go to church or to worship on the Sabbath?
had part in framing the Declaration of Independence, and who died in Philadelphia in 1776.

This memorial meeting was held under the auspices of the Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society and was conducted by its president, Professor Corliss F. Randolph. The place selected for the meeting was in the Bourse building, which stands on the spot once occupied by the burial place bequeathed to the Seventh Day Baptists of America by Richard Sparks of Philadelphia. This ancient burial place was for many years in charge of the Shiloh and Piscataway churches, and for several years the writer and Professor Edward Tomlinson were the trustees appointed to look after the lot. Finally the last foot of this burial place was absorbed by the city and the funds received therefor were divided between the two old New Jersey churches. The few bones left, and the inscribed monument—a large marble slab—were also transferred to the Shiloh cemetery, where the old church, like a brick base, was completely filled with inscriptions.

Then the purchasers of the old Philadelphia lot placed a large bronze tablet in the pavement where these graves were, stating the facts about the bequest of Richard Sparks to the Seventh Day Baptist churches. The tablet has been placed at the front of the Continental Congress Hall, near the entrance to the Bourse, and close by the entrance to the Bourse, and only a few rods from the Continental Congress Hall. The pleasant chapel on the second floor of the Bourse was indeed an appropriate place for the memorial service, and about one-half of the people responded to the call. Both came from Shiloh and from Plainfield, and the meeting was an interesting one.

"America" was sung by the congregation, and after an invocation by Rev. Jay W. Crofoot, and Scripture reading by Rev. T. J. Van Hoarsven, prayer was offered by the editor. Then President Randolph made some introductory remarks and read interesting letters from Brother Johnson, president of Conference; W. L. Burdick, secretary of the Missionary Board; Dean A. E. Main, of the seminary; President B. C. Davis, of Alfred University; Dean John Daland, of Milton College; S. Orestes Bond, president of Salem College; President Paul E. Titzworth of Washington College; and one from the secretary of the Historical Society. I trust these interesting letters may in due time be furnished, for the SABBATH RECORDER. Then came an address by Pastor Bond on "Seventh Day Baptists and the Kings of England." This, too, was an interesting talk.

The main memorial address on Governor Ward was presented by President Randolph and listened to with much interest. This, too, will doubtless be given Recorder readers.

Everybody joined in singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and we went away feeling that the day had been well spent. We only wish that all our people could have enjoyed the inspiration and uplift of the meeting. These we cannot give by the pen.

The Year Book Our readers will see by Has Been Mailed the notice from Mr. North, elsewhere in this Recorder, that the 1926 Year Book is all printed and mailed to the various churches.

Here is an opportunity now for a careful and complete study of denominational work reported to the General Conference, and also to learn what is expected of the churches in order to carry on the good work this year. Please do not fail to study it carefully.

"MARRYING IN"

REV. AHYA J. C. BOND
Leader in Sabbath Promotion

In a rather informal public discussion of the Sabbath question sometime since, the remark was made that many of our young people "marry out of the denomination." This was something that the man who spoke very much regretted. He added that his wife "married in."

At the close of the service a man came up to me and said, "That woman who spoke back there a while ago, telling of difficulties and victories in bringing up her children as Sabbath keepers while living in a community where there were no other Sabbath keepers, is one of those who 'married in.'"

Then I began to wonder whether we had been giving due consideration to this side of the question, and whether we had rightly estimated the strength that has come to the
denomination through marriage. We have had a good deal to say about the losses.

Now Professor Frank L. Greene, of Alfred, N. Y., comes along with an article in a recent issue of the Sabbath Recorder and gives a little bit of what Seventh Day Baptists, including several ministers and a goodly number of deacons, descended from one, Joshua Whitford, who “married in” many long years ago. Prudence Burdick was a loyal Seventh Day Baptist. Joshua Whitford fell in love with her and won her hand in marriage. But she won her husband to the Sabbath truth and to the church of her faith.

It seems to me to be quite worth while in this connection to give a bit of the history of one small church and to note some of the accessions to the membership of this church through marriage.

When this church was organized, more than fifty years ago, two deacons were chosen, one representing the older generation at that time, and one the younger generation. The senior deacon was a convert to the Sabbath, having married a Seventh Day Baptist woman. The junior deacon married a first-day girl, who became a faithful member of the church with her husband, and throughout a long life she has been a faithful deacon’s wife. The third deacon to be chosen in this church, a member of the third generation in the life of the church, may not be the deacon of the generation. Blacksmith, a conscientious Christian girl who became a Sabbath keeper and who is bringing up her children in the faith.

The Seventh Day Baptist church was the first meeting house to be built in that pioneer community fifty years ago. The reason for this is that when the building of the church was a Sabbath convert through marriage to a Seventh Day Baptist girl. Through a long and active life this man was one of the most progressive men in the community and was an honored member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in which he was a leading worker.

This church has sent out one minister. The father of the minister married a first-day girl, who became a true Sabbath keeper and a loyal Seventh Day Baptist. I know something of the influence of that mother upon the boy who became a minister. I can not say too much in her behalf or praise her too highly for her Christian influence, much of which relates itself in memory to the Sabbath day. She believed in the Sabbath, and she observed it and brought her children up to love it.

I could name others who “married in” in that little church, which I think never numbered more than fifty living members at one time. This ought to be sufficient to set us all thinking of the other side of the question. We sorrow because of those who “marry out.” Doubtless often a little more faith would have us, for instance, to the smaller colleges which enroll only a few hundred. These may be well-nigh unanimous in replying that drinking increased or decreased since prohibition, as you have observed it?”

There are two hundred thirteen replies, representing forty states, or nearly the total number of the higher colleges and universities in the country, a record-breaking percentage. They include higher institutions of learning of all sizes of population, from the University of Chicago, with fourteen thousand and a few undergraduate students, for instance, to the smaller colleges which enroll only a few hundred.

A person or a denomination with a mission must expect to face serious problems. These should be considered prayerfully, and courageous attempts should be made to solve them.

To guard against discouragement when facing these problems, one needs to keep constantly in mind the worthy objects in view in living the Christian life and being united in church and denominational work. These may be summarized in the purpose to honor, praise, worship, love, and obey God; to secure the personal benefits gained in salvation; and to help others to fulfill their obligations to God, to self, and to their fellow man.

A serious problem is that some of our churches are not living up to the privileges and responsibilities of the Christian life; they do not attend church regularly, and fail to give the cause their moral, spiritual, and financial support. The solving of the problem of these disinterested ones in the church will greatly help in solving other problems in the denomination. We need a reorganized membership. Every church needs a revival that will reach every person whose name is on the church membership list.

A second problem is that of holding our people true to the Sabbath. The temptations to leave the Sabbath for financial interests are great. How shall we meet the problem? By giving proper place to our spiritual interests, by recognizing the significance of Jesus’ teaching that the Sabbath was made for man.

Another problem is that of securing enthusiasm in living and teaching the truths we hold. It pays to hold truths that are not in public favor, to stand for something, to personize well-doing. Such a course begets enthusiasm and makes others enthusiastic.

On the campus of Northwestern University there was unveiled, not long ago, a great boulder in memory of a young doctor who died in the recent war. He was not a student of distinction. He had never been able to make the first team on the football squad. The inscription on the monument is, “He played four years on the scrub. He never quit.”

THE THEOLOGY OF THE SPIRIT

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

December 31-January 4, 1927—Jamaica Seventh Day Baptist Association convenes at Kingston, Jamaica.

Rev. H. C. Van Horn is assisting in evangeli
cal meetings at Salemville, Pa.; Rev. William L. Burdick, at Salem, W. Va.; and Rev. H. M. Lawson of Washington, D. C., is conducting evangelical meetings at Shiloh, N. J.

Will your church send one half of its quota for the denominational budget for this Conference year by the last week in December?

SOME OF OUR PROBLEMS

(Outline of address given at the Yearly Meet
ing at Shiloh, on Sabbath night, November 27, 1926.)

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THE THEOLOGY OF THE SPIRIT
If the unified budget needs changing, we should change it at the General Conference and not turn it down in the middle of the year.

While it is a problem to raise the budget, I believe a more serious problem would be to propose a budget that we are not promoting by the aid of the budget.

These, and all other problems, should be considered by individuals and by churches, and together we should seek to solve them in the interests of the cause we love.

**ORIENTALS ON THE PACIFIC COAST**

*How our Presbyterian Church ministers to Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, and other Orientals*

Walking up Grant Avenue from the heart of San Francisco, one suddenly sees the modern American city disappear and in its place are the curved roofs and the little spires of old China. The people on the street are talking in Cantonese and the silks and satins of the Orient have taken the place of American clothes. It is old China, but it is in America. Out on Post Street one may come as suddenly on Japan, and on Oak Street one may walk into Korea, but it is in America, and nearly every city along the Pacific coast has its tang of the Orient and its settlement of Orientals.

The Orientals have had their difficulties, and the new land to which they have come has not been over hospitable, and in some instances has been far from Christian, but it isn’t our purpose to discuss political issues but to give one a little insight into their life and into the work the church is doing for them.

The best known group of these people is the Chinese, but they are not the largest in number. In California there are sixty-five thousand of them. They are materialists today, having largely forsaken the ancestor worship of their fathers, and in the new land have really no religion at all. A number have become Roman Catholics and probably three or four thousand have some connection with the Protestant churches, but the vast majority live like the Americans around them and hope to come out all right in the end.

The greatest influence on Chinese life is the Tong or Chinese brotherhood. The Tong is not an importation from China but a strictly Chinese American production growing up as a form of social life for these Chinese in a strange land. There are really only twelve or thirteen families from Canton and vicinity on the Pacific coast, and consequently the brotherhood life is natural and to begin with, there was little harm in it. But later the fighting Tong developed, which is such a terrible hindrance to Christian work today. There are eighteen different Tongs on the Pacific coast and each Tong has many chapters. All the Chinese young men are welcomed into them and there they are skillfully taught all the vices of the underworld. The Tongs have three classes of members, those who pay the bills, those who pay some money and do the routine work, and those who pay no money and are the killers or warriors of the Tong. Absolute loyalty to the organization is the secret of their strength, and if any man betrays his Tong he is immediately marked and the killers never tell his story. These men carry on the Tong wars which rage from time to time, and it is almost impossible for even the best police service to intervene as the loyalty and secrecy are insurmountable barriers.

The Presbyterian Church has two wonderful rescue homes for Chinese girls, where Miss Donaldina Cameron has so faithfully worked for many years rescuing hundreds of girls in the course of her career from the Chinese slave markets, where the girls are sold much like the slaves of the pre-Civil War days in the South. A Chinese girl brought from $3,000 to $5,000 on the market when sold to the highest bidder. Of course it is against the law, but with Chinatown undermined like Rome with its catacombs, only a few of the offenders are ever caught and prosecuted.

The Protestant churches are rapidly combining their power to help save the Chinese for God and America. This year the Protestant churches had a Union Daily Vacation Bible School with four hundred Chinese children enrolled in San Francisco, and four other centers have now combined their language and night schools so that it is the largest school of its kind in operation anywhere. This school will teach the gospel of Jesus Christ to the young Chinese right through the year. The Presbyterian Church has twelve centers of work along the Pacific coast, and Christianity and its influence is making itself felt upon the children from old China.

The smallest group of Orientals is the Koreans, who came to this country largely because of its possibilities as a fruit and truck farming area; but with the passing of the alien land law, prohibiting Orientals from owning or leasing land in which is such an alluring field, the Koreans left the country in droves, and today only two thousand remain in all America. These are congregated largely in the metropolitan centers and follow business and professional pursuits. There is a small group in the San Joaquin Valley, where the faithful Rev. C. K. Oh has worked with scarcely any remuneration for years, so that his people might not forget Christianity. The Koreans are Christians, seventy-five per cent of those in America belonging to and attending either the Presbyterian or Methodist Church. They are a splendid object lesson to their American neighbors.

The largest group of all is the Japanese, which is scattered all along the coast and in the interior mountain district around Salt Lake and Ogden, where the Presbyterians, and Congregationalists maintain three union churches and thirteen mission stations. Large groups of Japanese in the Hood River country of Oregon work in the fruit industry, and many more are employed up through Washington and even in Canada. The Japanese are Buddhists as a nation, and many beautiful temples have been built to Buddha all along the coast. In Hanford, Calif., the Presbyterian church stands on the property adjoining the Buddhist temple. Los Angeles has a temple which cost $300,000, and Fresno, Calif., has one nearly as large. The Japanese last year brought over the leader of the Buddhist Church in Japan, who toured the coast and raised an enormous sum of money for Buddhist missionary work in America. The Japanese are a splendid people and many are turning to Christianity. They are the largest percentage givers of any of our Christians, and their churches come to self-support often early in their existence.

Last year one of the board’s secretaries was called to Monterey by the Japanese, who were meeting in an old store building instead of a church. Six representative Japanese met the secretary, and after an Oriental meal one of the Japanese said, “We need a church and we called on you to see what could be done. Now it isn’t for ourselves we ask it. We are fishermen, and a fisherman never works when he is out of work, and we have our boats together and have our prayer meeting. But our children, they must have a Bible school.” “Well,” said the secretary, “the board has a big debt this year and we are very poor, but if the Board of National Missions could help us, what could you do?” The leader of the group talked it over with the others in Japanese and finally turned back and said, “If the board will help us we will give our entire catch of tuna this year for a church, and we will guarantee it to bring in $2,000.” The deal was made, and on many a day last summer if one went down to the pier at San Pedro or San Diego one would see the Monterey Japanese fishing fleet, fishing for tuna—not for their own gain but for God and for the cause of Christianity—even as the fishermen of old on Galilee. —Rev. Philip F. Payne, in Presbyterians Advocate.

Sarah Bernhardt, after playing before the prisoners in the San Quentin prison last month, told the reception committee an appropriate little story.

“There was an old clergyman,” she said, “who resigned his church in order to become chaplain of a jail. The good old man began his farewell sermon to his parishioners in this wise: “My friends, I am leaving you because you do not love the church, which you attend very irregularly. I am leaving you because you do not love me; another—there have been no marriages among you during the last three years. And I am leaving you because you do not love me, for you contribute very little to my support. My text you will find in the fourteenth chapter, second verse of St. John: ‘No man can give a place for you.’” —Selected by E. L. G.

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—Exchange.
IDENTIFYING OURSELVES WITH THOSE WHOM WE WOULD HELP

Four generations ago, there was a man in one of our communities who was noted for his skill in raising funds for needy people in his neighborhood. It is said that when a neighbor met a misfortune, such as losing a cow upon which the family was depending, he would go to the other neighbors, state what had happened, and then say, "How much do you pity the unfortunate one?" The people came to understand that he meant, "How many dollars does your pity for the neighbor and his family pull out of your pocket?" He was working on a fundamental principle of missionary and all Christian work; he was asking men to identify themselves with the misfortunes of their neighbor.

The identifying of the benefactor with those whom he would help is prominent throughout the Bible, and it is vital in Christian work. In the Sabbath school lessons the past year we have seen how Moses identified himself with the children of Israel, not alone in getting them out of Egyptian bondage but also in their sinning. In desperation he calls on God to cut him off on account of their sins and, the same sentiment over and over, "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep." The attitude of Christ toward those whom he would help is set forth when it is recorded of him that he was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities"; and again, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." The road to success in missions, or any Christian work, is not an easy one; we must identify ourselves with the need of the one we would help. These needs or woes must come to be our own. A common illustration is the work of the minister in trying to comfort the sorrowing. He who does not enter into their sorrows never can comfort bereaved ones. They know how he feels; he does not need to tell them in words; they know whether he is identified with them in their bereavement; and unless he is, all his ministrations are nothing more than perfunctory affairs. Unless we, as ministers, laymen, missionaries, churches, boards, and denominations identify ourselves with the mistakes, follies, and sins of men, we are powerless to help them. We must have more than sympathy; we must have agonizing hearts.

Sometimes there is a temptation to feel ill toward the wayward and sinning. This is wrong and ruinous. He who allows ill feelings toward anyone to rankle in his heart is poisoning his own soul and redemption. One can not afford to do this, no matter how he may have been treated. But if we are to be really successful in missionary or any Christian work, we must possess more than good feeling toward everyone; we must identify ourselves with others' follies and sins, troubles and disappointments, successes and defeats, joys and sorrows.

A DRIVE FOR SOULS

It should be kept in mind that the all-important thing in church work, life, and objective, should be the salvation of souls. Jesus taught us that there is one thing needful, that is, eternal life.

What does it amount to have a magnificent church building, a scholarly pastor, great congregations, large collections, and what people call a good time socially, if we are not bringing sinners to Christ? The thing of supreme importance is to find the prodigal far away from the Father's house and bring him back to the open arms of his mercy.

God so loved the world that he gave his Son—for what? That the lost might be found, redeemed, brought into the kingdom of his grace, and eventually into the heavenly glory. This should be remembered as the supreme end and object of all phases of church work. If souls are not won to Christ, then have failed, utterly failed, in the great work to which we are called.

No minister of the gospel, no church organization, no congregation claiming to be the disciples of Christ, can be satisfied with various and sundry programs, plans, efforts of one kind and another, that do not lead up to the attracting of the attention, fixing conviction, and drawing the unsaved by the cords of love and the power of the gospel to the Lord Jesus for salvation.

To the onlooker it seems that there are in the city, church buildings, well educated pastors, large congregations, the collection of much money, many gatherings of a social character, much feasting, suppering, dining, speechifying, and yet the main object of the church—the salvation of sinners—lost sight of, entirely forgotten, the people going on cheerfully, seeming to have a good time! The pastor is popular, well paid, the people would not give him up and are eager to retain him, but where are the souls? Who is being led to Christ? Who is being born again, made new in Christ? What shall we have in the way of redeemed souls to show to our Master as the result of our faith, love, and labor, when he appears?

We have had many church drives—drives for missions, drives for education, drives for denominational purposes, drives for larger attendance at Bible school. Certainly we can not object to these drives, as they are important, and we need to be stirred up along these lines, to be urged forward in the discharge of Christian duty. How would it do to have a great drive for human souls—not to see how many people we could persuade to unite with some church, but how many lost souls we could stir up to flee from the wrath to come, to seek and find the Lord Jesus as a personal Savior?

A drive for souls could be made interesting. People would respond. There could be a great enthusiasm for prayer, there could be a week of prayer, there could be days of hunting among the people, prayers in their homes, solicitation of friends on the streets, on the farms, in the shops and woods and mines, and everywhere where there are lost sheep, with exhortations, entreaties, warnings, inviting to our revival.

"Come and see what the Lord is doing! We are having great singing and earnest preaching. God is in our midst!"

Revivals of religion are most interesting. They draw, they instruct, enthrall, fascinate, produce conviction, sorrow for sin and repentance, and lead to saving faith and rejoicing in the Lord. I have never seen anything finer than the 'church mem-

boring stirred, awakened, determined to win souls to Christ. It seems to me that a great drive for souls, a gracious revival of religion where people 'forgive one another, love one another, and unite themselves to win their fellow beings, is near heaven on earth as we can hope to see this side of the millennium!—H. C. Morrison, D. D., in the Watchman Examiner.

MISS MABEL WEST ARRIVES IN SHANGHAI SAFE AND WELL

Along the Coast of Japan, October 27, 1926

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:

The Empress of Russia is taking us farther and farther from home and all of you good people, but it is also carrying us nearer and nearer China and the mission family waiting there. Yesterday letters from the Thornhages and Miss Burdick met me at Yokohama and greatly cheered me, of course.

Some of you know that I had not intended to leave home until February, but due to the sudden return to the United States of the principal of Bridgman School, where I have been doing some of my teaching; I was asked to return at once. I find that I am almost as much needed in our Boys' School, because Mr. Davis was not as well as he might be, and in part, no doubt, to the excessive heat of the summer. You know that it is always hot in Shanghai in the summer, and this year was the hottest in some thirty-five or forty years. With Anna at home, probably Miss Burdick is more than busy, though she did not say so. Ewing is helping her, as well as in the Boys' School.

I left home in somewhat of a hurry early in October. The first part of the journey was an agreeable surprise. I was very comfortable on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul. Then to the S.S. Siborne. This is the very nicest time of year to travel there, I am sure. The colorings were gorgeous. Even the 'sage' brush country was lovely in its shades of soft grays and purples, with some blushes and shrills of dark browns and reds. While we did not have an opportunity to enjoy much of the Rockies, we did have the full benefit of the Cascades by daylight, and they were wonderful. I was
as thrilled with the West as the very first time I saw it, several years ago when I went out to Washington to teach. I never seemed to get over the wonder and the beauty of the lovely, lovely hills and mountains. Even those on which there are no trees are beautiful to watch in the changing colors of the day.

After reaching Seattle I did some business necessary to my sailing and hunted up some good friends in Tacoma. On my way back the next day by boat, the clouds lifted and good old Mount Rainier showed himself with his snow head glistening in the sun, a most majestic figure. We do not live near the snow capped mountains do not know how to feel we miss of joy and inspiration, until it becomes our privilege to see them again.

In Seattle there was baggage to attend to and more friends to see. I had a most enjoyable afternoon with Chloé Clark Elder, whom some of you knew in Alfred. That evening a friend by whom I had worked in Clarkson, Wash. They put me on my boat for Vancouver, where I was met the next morning by another friend from Milton Junction. She helped me with a little shopping and saw me onto my boat before noon. It was so pleasant to have a good send off.

The next morning found many or most of us unable to rise. We had run into bad seas and they continued for some days. I thought I would never get my sea legs, and when I did they were very wobbly. The officers of the boat have called it a "nasty" voyage. We have had the tail ends of two storms which have churned up the water to a great rate. But I was fortunate in that I have had very kind cabin mates. One jolly lady has been able to give us a good many hearty laughs. The heavy cargo has saved us from very serious results on the voyage.

Steamer letters have helped pass the time. We have had some good meetings among the missionaries on board. They tried to have a Bible reading with prayers every morning at ten in the dining room and some evening a talk by some one of them on their work. I heard one such talk by an English gentleman who has worked in Ceylon for some forty years. It has been a pleasure to sit and watch the games on deck when I was unable to enter into any myself. The worst trouble for some has been the limited deck space for so many second class passengers. We are full, or were before we left Yokohama. Now we are getting letters ready to post.

Shanghai, November 2.

I am here and so glad that the journey is at an end. We had a pleasant visit in Nagasaki, where two of us called on Miss Place at the Methodist Woman’s College. But a rough sea that night made us realize that our sea trip was not over. Sunday morning we were steaming up the Whangpoo, eager to get to the dock. The mission family here and the Thorngates, who had come in for the event, had been waiting for at least three hours. When we were yet too far to distinguish faces, I knew they were there by the enthusiastic waving of the children. I was fortunate in getting my baggage right through customs, so we could come right on out here.

Everyone is feeling that some may be a trifle thin. That is not surprising after the awful summer. Mr. Davis says he is feeling fine. After a tooth was extracted the sciatica disappeared. The children have made the most change, especially David who was a tiny baby when we last saw him. The new face around here does not seem natural with the coffin factory all torn down and the roadway in front widened so the church is next to the street. The other improvements are the narrow road into the Boys’ School, the change in the shape of the girls’ playground and the new gateway and garage cut out by the east side of the church. This last is quite an advantage, I should say, because the gateman can keep an eye on people coming and going to the mission compound, while the foreigners and others are busy with teaching and other work.

While there is no fighting near here now, yet the French close their school out here at the corner at six in the evening, so that no trams or automobiles can enter the French concession after that time in the evening. The scare is dying down, though not dead. We trust that nothing more will come of it.

I am beginning to make my schedule of classes. I hope to be able to take some of the classes in each school here in the morning and do the normal work at Bridgman in the afternoon. We are fortunate indeed to have Eiling and her husband here. With the sudden dropping out of one of the old teachers in the Boys’ School it has left everyone with very heavy schedules. I would not like to have to do 12 of work by myself. I have many people whom I do then do more teaching and leave the others to do the hundred and one other things that need to be done.

The Thorngates say that the young Mr. Dzau is a great blessing to the work in Liuh. I hope that I can go out soon. Dr. Palmborg is putting in extra time with her women these days, in order to get things ready to send to America.

I am glad to be here. I had a wonderful time at home. It was so good to be able to attend the two Conferences and to see so many good friends in various places. I know that I am better able to go on with my work because of the experiences. I also know that really few people after all realize the great opportunity here and increasing need of a work. We are thankful indeed for those faithful ones who are doing so much in the schools and at Liuh. We, Chinese and foreigners, need your earnest prayers to give us strength for the tasks that are before us and for guidance and sympathy in our contact with others.

Yours very sincerely,

MABEL L. WEST.

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The Pew and Pulpit had a wonderful getting together at the parsonage on the evening of October 3, when almost the whole congregation dropped in on the new pastor and family in a body and without warning. There is standing room for about one hundred people on the first floor of the parsonage, and it was well filled till some of the young people took to the lawn for their activities and chairs were brought from the church for the older people. A very pleasant program, followed by refreshments, was arranged by the ladies.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Churches at Milton, October 15, 16, was pronounced an unusual success. The presence of Rev. A. J. C. Bond, representing the Tract Board, and Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, representing the Young People’s Board, added to the program. The Friday night sermon was delivered by Pastor J. F. Randolph of Milton Junction, the Sabbath morning sermon by Pastor J. H. Hurley of Albion. Sabbath afternoon the pageant, “Two Dollars for Missions,” was given by the young people of Milton, directed by Mrs. Bennett. Tract and giving interests were presented by Mr. Bond in the evening.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Sabbath Promotion leader, conducted his eighth Teen-Age Conference at Milton Junction, Sunday, October 17. Seventy-two young people and a number of older people attended either the forenoon or afternoon session and the lunch at noon. The hearty response of the young people to these Teen-Age conferences and the manner that we are now witnessing in the growth of a generation of faithful Seventh Day Baptists, such as we have never seen before, make us believe in our young people.

A class of older junior evangelists who were ready for promotion this fall was organized into an Intermediate society in September. It is not a large society, nine members, but they are ready for work. One Sabbath after their regular meeting, they visited a shut-in and sang for her. One evening they surprised their former Junior superintendent, Mrs. E. E. Sutton, with a basket of fruit. A sunshine box was filled and presented to one of the seniors who was sick. Watch Milton Junction intermediates in the Recorder Reading Contest. Some of them are reading “from cover to cover.”

One of our shut-ins, Miss Amanda Johnson, who has not been able to attend church for four years, has been in her pew twice this fall. We rejoice with her that she can occasionally be at church again. We were also glad to have one of our nonresidents with us recently, Mrs. Caroline Steels, from Plymouth, Wis.—The Assistant Pastor.

Mrs. H. sent her small son to a neighbor’s with the message that if it was agreeable, Mrs. H. would call in the afternoon. On his return the youngster was asked what he had said to the lady. “I told her,” he replied, “that if she would make herself agreeable you would be over this afternoon.”—Boston Transcript.
WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

Football looms large in the interest of the nation. It is associated almost wholly with our institutions of learning and is conceded the leader of sports, both in college and high school.

This leads to a speculation as to the relative position of the country's sports and its educational function. The former, like our water and air, is taken for granted and almost considered routine; the latter is dramatic, impulsive, and full of motion.

In the life of people. We recognize their tendency, for spectacular sports makes the outlay for country we spend but a billion is but a fraction of the cost of the fight, boys and girls. Series, which approached a million and a half, after. Tunney. The American public paid this more than it did that. Tunney was disabled and went down in the ring that brought safely him back to the shore. But this does not mean that the country's sports and its defense, either for the individual or the nation, is education. It costs less and gives more.—Better Schools League.

THE SIN OF INGRATITUDE

With the first thought, ingratitude or unthankfulness may seem but a small thing, a lesser sin—amounting to a mere notice for some service rendered. "Oh, I am thankful enough for the favor, even though I did forget to mention it, and I am sure my friend knows me so well that I do not need to say it." Have you ever heard an excuse given in this light manner?

Unthankfulness may be but a small sin, and yet it can grow to be a very great one. In the Apostle Paul's second letter to Timothy we find it catalogued among the worst of sins. Here it is classed along with the "covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy," also with the "truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, and others equally as undesirable.

Just how thoughtless people sometimes become in this way is well illustrated by a couple of true stories. A certain steamer was disabled and went down. The captain took a passenger near Chicago. All on board, both of crew and passengers, perished except thirty-two women, and these would have lost their lives had it not been for the efforts of an athletic young man who was a great swimmer. Back and forth from shore to ship and from ship to shore he made his way through the waters, each time bringing safely back a passenger, until thirty-two were saved.

The exhaustion and exposure occasioned as a consequence of his heroic efforts brought on an illness, and he was taken to a hospital where he died six weeks later. It is said that between the time when he was taken to the hospital and the day of his death, not one of the persons whom he had saved sent thanks, a flower, or even inquired as to his condition.

It seems almost unbelievable, yet the story is vouched for as being true. It is strange that thirty-two people, whose lives were given back to them through such heroic measures could be so thoughtless or neglectful, so lacking even in common courtesy as to pass along on their selfish way without even an inquiry concerning the welfare of the one who risked and finally gave his life that they might live.

There is another story, much older than this, but just as true. You have read it many times perhaps. It is the story of ten men who came to Jesus. They had been stricken with a terrible disease, that plague of the Far East, leprosy. He answered their pleadings and cleansed their bodies from the loathsome disease. You know the rest of the story—how only one of the ten came to thank the kind Master for the wonderful blessing he had given them. Was it not something more than mere neglect or forgetfulness that caused them to leave this act undone? Surely it had passed far beyond that with them and well deserved to be classed just where Paul placed unthankfulness along with those other great sins.

We need to guard ourselves daily from this sin of ingratitude. Our lives are all filled with blessings for which we should feel the glow of thankfulness within our hearts. These blessings come to us from our loved ones and friends. Daily we are dependent upon others for the little pleasures, the joys, and happy, helpful things which make up our lives.

But more than this, there is One, who courageously laid down his life that we might be saved—that we might have life and have it more abundantly. When we be come engulfed in the whirling waters of sin and those elements destructive to our souls, he reaches out to save us. When we come to him, stricken in soul, though it may not be in body, his healing touch cleanses and comforts us and bids us go on our way with a renewed life and hope. Daily we are dependent upon the heavenly Father for all that flows from his bounteous store, and it is anxious to bestow them upon his children. In return, what are we doing? Do we go away and forget to thank him as did the thirty-two women who had been saved from the waters? Do we neglect, as did the nine lepers, to show our appreciation? Or do we turn back, as did the one, and with gratitude in our hearts, praise him for his cleansing power, for the hope of renewed life which has come to us, for the power to move out once more and give glory to him for his abundant mercy?

Let us this day and every day give thanks for the life of his beloved Son which was given for us, for the wonderful opportunity of eternal life made possible through him. Let us give thanks for the cleansing which comes to our souls in the time of great stress and need, for the power to live again in him with us forever. Banish ingratitude. Let us this day give thanks out of hearts that overflow in love to him for all his mercies and blessings. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High. Also the Lord's bountiful Pastor, Milton Junction Church Paper.

THE REFINER'S FIRE

He sat by the furnace of seven-fold heat, as he watched the precious ore. And closer he bent with a searching gaze, as he heated it more and more. He knew he had ore that could stand the test, and he wanted the finest product. To mold a crown for the king to wear, set with gems of a price untold. But there was a little of the refining fire, though we fain would have said him "Nay"; and he watched the dross that we had not seen, as it melted and passed away. And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright; but our eyes were so dim with tears, we saw but the fire—not the Master's hand, and questioned the reason why. Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow; and it mirrored a Form above. That bent o'er the fire, unseen by us, with looks of ineffable love. Can we think that it pleases his loving heart To cause us moment's pain? To wait for us, and ever wait? Ah, no; but he saw through the present cross The bliss of eternal gain. So he waited there with a watchful eye. With a love that is strong and sure, And his gold did not suffer a whit more heat Than was needed to make it pure.

—Western Recorder.
WOMAN'S WORK

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

Oh! that mine eyes might close be
To what concerning me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue may always lie
From ever speaking foolishly.

—Thomas Bloomfield.

Last week mention was made of the search in the Library of Congress for some special scientific publications. From the library the search led us to the Government Printing Office, said to be the largest printing office in the world. Here we were met with the same courtesy that was extended to us in our visits to other government buildings. Here the man with the scientific mind (usually it is the man who has the scientific mind—most women wouldn't know what to do with such a possession) studied the lists of available publications and selected those titles that sounded most alluring. When the man at the desk looked over the list of required publications, and it really appeared quite formidable, we were informed that at least an hour's time would be needed to gather all the material together. Having to wait so long we decided to make a tour of the building. We learned that about twenty persons were employed each day. As it was nearly time for the second one for that day we snatched a hasty lunch and presented ourselves at the proper entrance about five minutes ahead of the appointed time. Of course much that we saw may be seen in any up-to-date printing plant and need not be mentioned here, but some features of that two hour tour of the plant were of so much interest to the members of our party that I feel others may like to hear of them.

First there is the rather ordinary appearing linotype machine standing near the entrance of the linotype section. A second glance showed us that this was no ordinary linotype, for we saw the decoration it carried—two little flags and a little bronze tablet stating that this linotype saw distinguished service on the field of battle during the World War. Reading still farther we learned that it stood in Pershing's headquarters in France, where it printed his orders of the day. These two presses print two million postcards a day. From the presses they pass along a corridor, where they are automatically counted and deposited in packs of twenty-five. Six women are kept busy picking up these packs and placing them in cartons. Seeing so many postcards, I had the feeling that all the correspondence of the nation must be carried on with postcards.

Leaving this building we crossed the street and stopped in front of the post office to read the inscriptions above the entrance. They are as follows: "Carrier of news and knowledge, instrument of trade and industry, promoter of mutual acquaintance, of peace and good will among men and nations." "Messenger of sympathy and love, servant of parted friends, consoler of the lonely, bond of the scattered family, enlarger of common life." Reading these I decided that I might buy one of those postcards and safely trust it to the care of the post office department—that it would be carried to its destination and that my money would not be lost.

WORKER'S EXCHANGE

BERLIN, N. Y.—Berlin has not become a Rip Van Winkle, though a lengthy silence might indicate a condition of coma. Our Ladies' Aid society recently held its annual sale and supper, and netted them some over $150.

But the energies of our ladies are not entirely bent on money making. Last week an afternoon tea was given at the home of Mrs. Arthur E. Greene in honor of Mrs. Addie Marley, who, ninety-two years ago, was born in Berlin, and who has gone to Cincinnati, where she will undoubtedly spend the remainder of her life. Many former residents will remember Mrs. Marley as a daughter of Winter Greene, a woman who has compelled all circumstances to leave her a bit richer in sympathy, finer in mind, and nobler in character. It is of such, that one is reminded of the words:

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be."

We regret the necessity of Mrs. Marley's leaving us, and wish her a pleasant trip, new associations and relations as tender, as peaceful, as considerate as this dear saint so richly deserves.

Another event of interest among our people was the sixtieth wedding anniversary of Deacon and Mrs. Caleb Bentley. Deacon Bentley is eighty-two, his wife just a little younger. They were united in marriage by Elder Summerbell, and have five children, all of whom are living. At the family reunion were the five children, fourteen grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Deacon Bentley was ordained to the deaconate during the pastorate of Rev. J. G. Burdick, 1903.

FOUKE, ARK.—At the passing of Mrs. Jennie Williams, we the members of the Fouke Ladies' Aid society, wish to express to the Sabbath Recorder readers our appreciation of the work she did while among us. She was always at her post of duty, helping the sick and needy in our community, showing herself a kindly neighbor, and giving motherly advice to those who were around her. Her presence at our Aid society meetings inspired us all to do greater work.

After leaving Fouke she was ever thoughtful of the work here, sending gifts, quilt tops, and pieces to help our Aid in making quilts for use at the Teachers' Hall. All who knew her loved and esteemed her.

As she passed from earthly life
And reached the realms of heavenly light,
There remain memories of her,
She did her best for what was right.

Our Aid society has begun its full activities since the canning and preserving season is over.

Mrs. C. G. Beard has returned to Fouke from her visit among relatives and friends in Michigan and Wisconsin.

We have arranged for our annual Thanksgiving dinner to be at Mrs. E. G. Scouten's. Collection is taken at this time as a thank offering.

FOUKE LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

If a man have Christ in his heart, heaven before his eyes, and only as much of temporal blessings as is just needful to carry him safely through life, then pain and sorrow have little to shoot at. —William Burns.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK
R. F. D 6, Box 12, Battle Creek, Mich.
Contribution Editor

THE PAST YEAR—THE NEW
Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, December 26, 1926

DAILY READINGS
Sunday—Dangers of materialism (1 John 2: 15-17)
Monday—Dangers of pleasure (Eccd. 2: 1-11)
Tuesday—Opportunities for service (Matt. 17: 12-21)
Wednesday—Closer union with Christ (John 17: 21-26)
Thursday—Noble integrity (Col. 3: 22-25)
Friday—Better consecration (2 Tim 1: 1-15)

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee. " Thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways and to fear him."

These quotations from our Scripture lessons are very appropriate for our meditation at this season of the year. Moses exhorted the Children of Israel to remember how the Lord led them during the forty years of their sojourn in the wilderness. The Lord has been gracious to us during the past year. He has led us over the rough and crooked paths of life. Perhaps he has led some of us through the vale of sorrow, and our faith has been strengthened. He has blessed us more than we realize. So let us, at this season, remember all the ways in which our Lord has led us during the past year.

For the Christian the greatest possibility of any year is to become more like Christ in it. We can do this by keeping his commandments, walking in his ways, and fearing him. We must follow his example in serving our fellow men. Let us ask our Father to help us remember what he has done for us during the past year, and to grow more like him during the new year.

Battle Creek, Mich.

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
person of the emptiness in another region. And now a vision was forming in his mind. Some forgotten picture of a woman bending over a little cradle and shepherd standing around. Then there blazed out this message. "The sheep shall call his name Jesus." With a cry of joy he ran back to his father. The lost was found!

It was a different parent who listened now to the glowing words of the boy. Still weak from his sickness, he yet appreciated what his boy had done for him and wondered at the spirit that led him to do it. Hence it was good news that he heard now, for the first time with open mind.

"But see," cried Hassoun, "yonder are camels. A great caravan is coming hither, necks and hastening at the scent of water."

"Let the juniors give us their message," the chief justice said.

Juniors, here is a genuine surprise for you in the nicest kind of letter from China. Perhaps some of you juniors are the same age as little Bria. Wouldn't it be fine if some of the juniors in America would write little letters to Bria, telling her about things and places in the country where she was born? I'm sure she would just "love to hear from any of you. We hope she will write other letters, too, because he and his mother tell about things in such an interesting way.—E. K."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION

(From the report of the Associational Secretary, Leonard Hunting.)

A large representation of Seventh Day Baptist students was present at a County C. E. Rally at Richburg, N. Y., September 25; and, at a similar rally at Belmont, N. Y., November 5, nearly half of those present were Seventh Day Baptists, proving that although small in number our young people take a more active part in C. E. work than do others. At this last meeting they had the privilege of hearing Dr. Ira Landrith, a most interesting and powerful speaker.

The young people's meeting at the Semi-Annual Meeting of the Western Association was conducted by the associational secretary. The topic was, "How Would Christ Serve?"

The society at Alfred is having very interesting meetings this year under a new system of "Vital to Students" topic.

A BOARD SHOWER

Not a shower of boards as the heading might suggest, but a miscellaneous shower for our new, Young People's Board newly-weds, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Maxson. The members of the board met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Babcock, while Mr. and Mrs. Maxson were being entertained at supper by Mrs. Frances F. Babcock. Later, connection was made between the two groups, somewhat, at least, to the surprise of Russell and Marjorie. Games suitable to the occasion were played and a recipe book of autographed recipes was made and presented to the bride. After watching the bride and groom unwrap their gifts, refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Frances and Mrs. Ruby Babcock.

Even in the days of the doctrinal discussion there may be too little study of the Bible. There is a tendency to assume that we know what the Bible teaches and then to show how this agrees or differs from our view of the truth. There is some danger of taking for granted that one has the right interpretation of Scripture and of then concluding that all who hold different views are heretical. There are men who need to cultivate more modest views of their own infallibility.—Dr. Charles R. Erdman.
mother and daddo were singing a song about college at Milton and didn’t notice.

We passed a silk place, where the cocoons which have been boiled and partly unraveled are hung out to dry. It smells very bad, my daddo thinks because of the poor little silkworms that have thus been killed. As we got nearer to Shanghai we began to meet rickshas. A ricksha is a little two-wheeled carriage pulled by a brown-legged Chinaman, clothed mostly by a big straw hat that was worn out before he ever saw it. Other coolies were pushing heavy wheelbarrows, sometimes with old fat pigs tied one on each side of the high wheel in the middle; and the pigs squealed and the wheel squeaked, and you couldn’t tell which was which.

We passed a whole village of beggar huts made of mud with straw roofs, or sometimes just made out of matting. The little bare-naked children played right in the street and made daddo grin his teeth and slam the brake when they dashed in front of the car. When we really got into town the narrow streets without sidewalks were so crowded with bicycles, baby rickshas, wheelbarrows, two-wheeled wagons pulled by long rows of coolies, trampcars, busses, and carts that resemble portable “five and ten cent” stores and Chinese “delicatessezz,” that a continual honking was heard. Of course Richard and mother were saying “Get the hell out of the way!”

We went to the most famous settlement, across the city, to Zia Jau, where we found every home was so crowded with babies, babies, babies, that it was more difficult to get to our hotel than it is to my house in New York. We passed by a little store that had the sign, “Ice Cream and Strawberries.” It was called “Liuho,” and the thing they were most proud of was the ice cream. I wasn’t nearly through playing with the Davises children when daddo and mother came back from what they called an “orgy of shopping” downtown and began loading us up hastily to get started before darkness and dizziness began falling. There was the usual upheaval to get the side curtains and buckle them on, then juggling the boxes and baskets to get everything possible in, and tying the left-overs on the outside. This time we brought a lawn mower for the Liuho compound, in addition to the usual things.

When we all shipped we waved good-bye to the Davises and Aunt Susie and were off down the street, already shining with wet pavements. Finally we hit the dark Liuho road; David bawled, was given a drink of milk, was put to bed. Then Stephen humped his little head against the end of his basket. He bawled, was fed, and went off to sleep under his blanket. But I didn’t bawl! I’m too big. I just snuggled down and ate fat buns out of a paper sack. But after a bit I found I had to be emptied and rushed to bed. Then Stephen humped his little head away over daddo’s lap. But it was so very comfortable and the engine sang such a nice little song that I didn’t bother to move. And the first thing you know the thirty miles had flown by and we hadn’t been held up by robbers, as mother is always saying will be on dark nights—just as though daddo and I could not take care of us—and we were tooing for As So to open the gate for us to come into the garage. Next thing I was sitting up in bed drinking a bowl of hot potato soup, and I guess that’s all.

Mother says taking three kidlets to Shanghai on a one-day shopping tour is not her idea of a restful day—but I think I was loads of fun.

Lovingly yours,

BRIAR THORNGATE.

P. S.—I have a little black dog: he can beg.

Good Health,

Seventh Day Baptist Mission,
Liuho, K’u,
October 2, 1926.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society of New York met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist Church, N. Y., Monday, November 14, 1926, at 2 o’clock p.m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.


Prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Crofoot.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

Corresponding Secretary Willard D. Burdock presented the following report:

I have had considerable correspondence since our October meeting with Mr. A. J. C. Bond, as the President of the General Conference, and others about the choice of a denominational representative to the World Conference on Faith and Order and other Conferences of Faith and Order Movement, informing them about Seventh Day Baptists and Seventh Day Baptist beliefs. The president of the General Conference informs me that the Commission has chosen Rev. A. J. C. Bond as the delegate.

The president has been informed that the sending of a delegate is thus assured, our Advisory Committee will offer recommendations to you concerning the sending of literature to the various commissions of the Faith and Order Movement.

Among the interesting letters that I have received is one from Miss M. E. Rogers, a recent convert to the Sabbath, who is in the Confederate States Army, and is distributing our Sabbath tracts and writing articles for papers, calling attention to Sabbath truth, and offering literature to inquirers.

A letter from A. Israel Whiting, of England, thanks us for Sabbath literature sent him, which he has translated into English. He states that the Sabbath question "has lately become quite a live topic here."

Dr. Charles L. Goodell, executive secretary of the Commission on Evangelism and Life Service of the Federal Council, has asked for one hundred copies of each of our evangelistic tracts to send as samples to the other denominations and city federations of churches, and each of the eleven evangelistic tracts that we have in stock have been sent him.

There are some of the ways in which Seventh Day Baptists and Seventh Day Baptist beliefs are being made known.

Orders have been placed for new editions of Why a Seventh Day Baptist, by Dr. A. E. Main, and Sabbath History I, by Rev. A. J. C. Bond. During the past year our Church Membership for Juniors, by Rev. W. M. Simpson, has been printed.

The last two Sabbaths in October I spent in the Central Association, speaking twice on denominational matters at the Semi-annual Meeting of the Brookfield Congregational Church on October 23, and four times at Adams Center the following week. At these places I presented the matter of selling our denominational literature, and was assured that each of these societies would be canvassed.

Report received.

Leader in Sabbath Promotion, Ahva J. C. Bond, reported on the Teen-Age Conference recently held at Milton Junction, Wis., at which ninety people were present, sixty-six of whom were of teen-age. He also embodied in his report the following commendations on the conferences:

TEEN-AGE CONFERENCES

In the hearty response of the young people to these Teen-Age Conferences and the interest shown by grown-up people not only in the growth of the generation of faithful Seventh Day Baptists, such as we have never seen before. We believe in our young people—John F. Randolph, pastor the Milton Junction S. D. B. Church. I think your program in such conferences is a most excellent one. You are carrying out some of my own feelings in regard to the approach to our young people. I think it is wise to utilize the time of school meetings, bringing young people together and capturing their enthusiasm—Alfred H. Whorf, president of Milton College.

Report received.

The following report was received:

The Advisory Committee would report the following recommendations:

1. That Pastor W. M. Simpson receive from the Trustees two copies of Talking About Membership for Juniors, of which he is the author.

2. That Dean A. E. Main be reimbursed for the fifty copies (printed) of his address presented at the Salem Conference of 1925.

3. That following resolution identical with the one passed by the Missionary Society at its meeting in Westerly, R. I., October 20, 1926, be passed by this board. We recommend that this board in turn recommend to the Commission of the General Conference that it consider the pro-
priety of inaugurating an inquiry throughout the churches of the denomination for names of possibles to act in that capacity and far as possible follow up of such inquiry, and that the Commission further consider the propriety of providing for the possibility of visiting each of the colleges—Alfred, Milton, and Salem—and hold conferences with our Seventh Day Baptist young people among denominational colleges to a similar end.

4. That twenty-five copies of each style of *Letters to the Smiths* be sent the author, Hoesa W. Root.

The report was adopted by items, and after very general discussion, especially with regard to the third resolution, which was followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. Loyal F. Hurley appropriate to the resolution, the report as a whole was adopted.

The Supervisory Committee reported for the publishing house, and will soon be ready for distribution.

The following report was received and adopted:

The Committee on the Distribution of Literature and Missionary reports:

1. We recommend that the price of the book, *Country Life Leadership*, be reduced from $1.50 per copy to $1.00, and that the price of the calendar be twenty-five cents per copy.

2. In view of the fact that the Young People's Board does not see its way clear at present to handle the sale of our literature, we recommend that this board take up the matter with the local churches, with the view of interesting the women's or young people's societies of the churches in this work.

The Committee on Teen-Age Conferences reported progress, especially in regard to a promising summer camp, to be held in Rhode Island next summer.

President Randolph expressed his pleasure in having been able to attend the last meeting of the Missionary Board. He called especially to the attention of the board the memorial service to be held two weeks from today in Philadelphia, Pa., in memory of Governor Samuel Ward.

Correspondence was presented from Mrs. Alice W. Fifield, expressing her appreciation of the letter of sympathy recently sent her on behalf of the Board. "I will ever keep in kind remembrance the love of the denomination extended to Dr. Fifield in his life time, and to me since he has gone to rest."

Minutes read and approved.

ARTHUR L. TITTSWORTH, Secretary.

THE VOICE AND THE BOOK

There was a time when the voice alone was trusted to bring Christianity to the people. The Book, in its full strength, was considered dangerous. Bibles in the common speech were burned as heretical documents.

For his "hersesy" in translating the Bible into English, Tyndale met death. Last year we honored the fourth centenary of his translation of the New Testament. This year we study the dramatic sequel.

What a change of scene! Four centuries ago, a world in which the Bible was the esoteric property of a few. Now, thanks to the labors of Tyndale and his successors who have made the Scriptures speak in more than the hundred tongues, the prophecy of Tyndale has come true, and many a man at the plow knows more of the Bible than did the priest of four hundred years ago.

Then, the Book must be strained through the voice of the ecclesiastic, in order to eliminate "heresy" and "doctrine" that might inflame the people. Now it is given pure, and the voice seeks only to accent and reiterate its teachings.

Always, the voice and the Book must go together. It is not too much for mortal man to claim that the Holy Book would have fallen far short of its achievements if it had not been for the constant service of the voice of the preacher and missionary, emphasizing, repeating and applying the sacred precepts. Indeed, it is not paradoxical to say that as the relative importance of the voice has declined, its influence has increased. When the voice took second place, and the Bible was given the position of sovereignty in the language and homes of the people, then the most manly, womanly and religious leaders to teach the truths of the people's Book. The wider the spread of the Book, the greater the call for the voice, and the more respect and attention paid to it.

—American Bible Society.

A little girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk and found a "church letter," which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer rushed into her mother's presence shouting: "O mother! I've found your religion in your trunk."

—Christian Union Herald.

STORY TEACHING IN SABBATH SCHOOL

I spoke last week about a little book I had, the title of which is "The Intermediate Teacher and His Work." I presume it might better be said, and her work, for the most of such classes are led by women rather than men.

One chapter in the book is headed, "The Story and Its Uses." In both the subject matter and the way in which it is told it is very interesting. I will quote here the first paragraph:

There is one instrument of teaching that is perennial and universal. It began with the ancients and is ever green today. It is found among philosophers and savages, among poets and peasants, among preachers and children. It has been the powerful ally of prophets and statesmen. It has been truth's most efficient teacher. It has done more to mold the lives of men and nations than anything else that has been used as an appeal. It has been employed by nearly all the great teachers and leaders of men from the beginning. The most skillful handicraft of the story have been the most potent in moving men to do their will.

It is the most important of the arts of the teacher—that for which he is willing to give his life. It is the most important of the arts of the teacher, for without the parable he is lifeless. Its power is that of the voice alone.

A world in which the voice alone might better be said, and her story, for as such they are not natural. Boys and girls at that age are apt to see the difference between such stories and those of the Bible.

For Sabbath school stories many good ones may be got from the Bible. It would be well worth while to ask Edward to tell before the school the story of Joseph up to the time when he was made a slave boy in the house of Potiphar—to dwell in particular upon his uprightness, manly character; and then for another Sabbath let George or Milton go on with the story. Also, for some Sabbath let Ruth tell the story of her Moabish namesake; and so on with other Bible characters, until by so doing they come to be quite familiar.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 15, 1928

*Samuel the Judge.* 1 Samuel 7: 3-12, 15.

*Golden Text.*—"Direct your hearts unto Jehovah, and serve him only." 1 Samuel 7: 3.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 12.—Samuel the Judge. 1 Sam. 7: 3-12, 15.
Dec. 17.—Triumph in Christ. 2 Cor. 2: 12-17.

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)
OUR WEEKLY SERMON

SEEING THE INVISIBLE

REV. JAMES L. SKAGGS

And Elisha prayed, and said, I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see. And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. 2 Kings 6:17

It was at a time when Syria was making war against Israel. The Syrian king found that all plans against the king of Israel seemed to come to naught. He almost concluded that there was a spy among his own servants; and so he inquired which one of them was for the king of Israel. Then he was, told that there was a prophet of God in Israel who was not only known the plans of the Syrians and thus defeating all the purposes of the Syrian king. Then the Syrian king ordered that the prophet be found and brought to him.

"Therefore sent he hither horses, and chariots and a great host: and they came through greed and illidi; opened'their agajnst Elisha, and his servants; and so he inquired which one of through chemical processes—though such all plans against the king of Israel changed, evolved into finer and finer types. Purposes of the master! How shall we the city about. And riches of the world? Of the master, Elisha, would be taken, and the idea of God, gathering to together so that nations may serve breakfast.

Only a few years ago the allied nations thought they were moved by a great idealism as they fought to win the World War. They had taken up the sword to save civilization. The nations were moved by the thought of ending war and bringing the thought of the community together so that there be brotherhood. In those days we seemed to have caught a vision of something spiritual, something that would refine the nations and peoples of earth, even the things of trade and commerce and money. We were made to believe that the millennium would come with the cessation of war. But when the celebration of Armistice day was over, a prominent statesman and publicist said in a trade convention, "The moral ideals of the war were all right in their time and place. They served to sustain the hopes, energies, and endurance of the common masses masses of fight, battle, and chariots of fire throughout until the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

We must not stumble over the figure used in telling this story. I do not know whether there were horses and chariots of fire about the young man or not. But one thing seems certain: the young man became conscious of the presence and power of God. That was all he needed. Sometimes it takes real danger, or a great calamity, to bring a man to that state of mind in which his eyes can be opened.

They who, are wise do not wait for calamity to stare them in the face before they recognize the presence and power of God. Elisha was prepared for the emergency, and he could meet it on a basis of friendship with God.

We see Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. The disciples were drowsy with sleep, but Jesus said and talked with the invisible God.

Was not Paul right when he said, "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal?" We do not need to go beyond experience to feel doubt. When the servant of Elisha who gave this description thought of ending war, he said, "Alas, my master! How shall we save ourselves?"

And Elisha said, "Fear not, O servant of the Lord; do not be afraid. Behold, the handmaidens of the king have brought me bread and water, and olive oil and honey. Here is a book of the prophets. Give it to them."

Not to mention any other things, we have our nation goes down, as have other great empires. We are passing through a time of unusual natural resources. What has gone out from it that changes it from an active, hungry, passionate thing into an inert, decaying mass? The visible part is all there. But that which we term life is gone, and our explanations are without point.

And here we are as men and women. We have all that the animal has—and something more. That something we call "person" or "personality." But what do we mean by that? If we analyze the body can we find it? When we look into each other's faces what do we see? Do we see the real person? The person may say, "I have face, hands, feet." Those we may see, but we cannot see the person.

Then how about seeing God? What was the trouble with the servant of Elisha when he awoke that morning and could only see the mountains and the enemy with the person and chariots? How was Elisha different? He was able to recognize a Presence which was not visible to the eye of flesh.

Elisha and his servant are in some real terms of life, and his servant could not see the thing that was not seen. It is hard for men to see God in business competition. It is hard for men to see God in the strife between power of capital and the power of labor. It is hard to see God in the mad scramble for money and the things and pleasures which money will buy. And indeed is not the individual almost forced to serve himself and elbow his way through the crowd that he may get to the place where he wants to go and possess the things which he feels that he must possess?

Then is there not a tendency toward personal sufficiency for all things? Men are learning to improve upon nature as we find it in native state, in a thousand ways. They go into their biological laboratories and tell us how life in its multitude of forms has changed, evolved into finer and finer types. And even now we are being told that low forms of life may be generated at will through chemical processes—though such claims have not yet been verified and accepted. Man has gone far toward annihilating space and bringing the world together so that there be brotherhood. But each other and gossip about an invention, a threatened war, or the latest scandal.

And do we not see those who scoff at the idea of God, gathering to themselves through greed and violence the power and riches of the world? Only a few years ago the allied nations thought they were moved by a great idealism as they fought to win the World War. They had taken up the sword to save civilization. The nations were moved by the thought of ending war and bringing the thought of the community together so that there be brotherhood. In those days we seemed to have caught a vision of something spiritual, something that would refine the nations and peoples of earth, even the things of trade and commerce and money. We were made to believe that the millennium would come with the cessation of war. But when the celebration of Armistice day was over, a prominent statesman and publicist said in a trade convention, "The moral ideals of the war were all right in their time and place. They served to sustain the hopes, energies, and endurance of the common masses masses of fight, battle, and chariots of fire throughout until the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

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They who, are wise do not wait for calamity to stare them in the face before they recognize the presence and power of God. Elisha was prepared for the emergency, and he could meet it on a basis of friendship with God.
sense typical of people today. There are those who believe that "In him we live, and move, and have our being," and who agree with the poet when he says:

"Speak to him, thou, for he hears,
And spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is he than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet."

Then there are those like the shoemaker, who could see only the old shoes and other material things about him, and set up a sign in his shop, "God is nowhere." And a little child coming into the shop read the sign, dividing the last word differently from the shoemaker, "God is now here."

From a practical standpoint we are greatly benefited today because our fathers for generations have been able to see through and beyond material things and perceive the invisible things of God. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Where there is vision there is growth and progress. Faith in God and in Christ forms the background of all we prize most in life and man; and he saw: and behold, the invisible things of God shall crumble about us because the spiritual foundation is no longer maintained.

It seems to me that the need of our day is not less of material things—give us more, so long as we are able to produce and use them for the further enrichment and comfort of men—but more of God in the midst of material things. Not less of intellectual education, but more vision of God and more culture of the spirit. Not less of government and statesmanship, but more godliness in office.

The late Bishop Williams of the Episcopal Church, said, "Above all, we need the wide horizon of prophetic vision, the insistent, uncompromising, unmitigated assertion of the divine right of our Master to universal sovereignty, that the kingdoms of this world must become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ; that there is and can be no domain of politics, national or international, industry, commerce, business, or society outside of his jurisdiction, where his laws will not run; that there is no aspect of life and no relationship of men to which his principles can not or must not apply."

—Prophetic Ministry, p. 181.

It takes the power of seeing the invisible things of God to sustain life on that level. And we must admit that we have to go a long way yet, individually and socially, before we come to that level or to that height.

Hence the confusion that we find today on every hand: there is fear, panic, uncontrolled passion. And on every hand men come to a crisis and say, like the servant of Elisha, "Alas Master! How shall we do?"

We note that Elisha prayed and said, "I pray thee open his eyes that he may see. And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

I believe vision may be obtained through prayer. It may not always be a formal prayer. It may sometimes be a quiet waiting with mind and soul opened toward God. It is well frequently to seek quiet away from the rush of things: just be quiet with soul open toward God—(Pause in perfect quiet).

"Take time to be holy, Speak oft with thy Lord; Abide in him always, And feed on his Word."

"Take time to be holy, Be calm in thy soul; Each thought and each motive Beneath his control."

I do not know a better method by which to gain the power of seeing the invisible.—Quarterly Visitor.

"Is the world round," a schoolma'am asked the little boy.

"No'm."

"It isn't? Is it flat then then?"

"No'm."

"Are you crazy, child? If the world isn't round and isn't flat, what is it?"

"Pop says it's crooked."—Selected.
MARRIAGES

Godfrey-Severance.—At the Marboro parsonage, near Bridgeton, N. J., on November 21, 1926, Mr. Earl Vincent Godfrey, of Choteau, Mont., and Miss Alberta Marie Severance were united in marriage by Rev. R. J. Severance, father of the bride.

DEATHS

Thorngate.—Flora Davis Thorngate was born October 7, 1867, at El Paso, Woodford County, Iowa. She was the daughter of George and Melva Davis. Her parents moved to Nebraska and Flora was educated in the concerns of the church and community. She was a devoted wife and mother and her passing was mourned by her family and friends.

Hoshaw.—Sally Betsy Maxson, was born on Truxtun Hill, near DeRuyter, N. Y., February 16, 1842. She was baptized in early girlhood and joined the Utica, Wis., Seventh Day Baptist Church. Later, when the family were living in Dakota, she was married, but death occurred and she moved with her parents to Harrow, Ont., where she was united in marriage by Rev. R. L. Taylor, as he was familiarly called, was a devoted member of the local church, of which the deceased had been a faithful member.

In May, 1925, Aunt Betsy, as she was lovingly known, died very ill and was in bed for several weeks, never fully regaining her strength. However, she was often able to sit up in her chair, but was unable to read and saw as she had formerly enjoyed doing so much. During this time she had been tenderly cared for by a niece, Mrs. Cora Alberty. Just recently she was taken to a hospital, where she was treated for acute appendicitis. She is still suffering from this condition, but is expected to make a complete recovery.

The body, accompanied by R. G. Loup, was brought to the Marlboro parsonage, where the funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church in North Loup, Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. H. L. Polan, and interred in the Hillsdale Cemetery. A quartet, consisting of Roy Lewis, Esther Babcock, Susie Patterson, and Del Barber, performed the music and the remains were escorted with the casket and rosary—a mute token of love and sympathy from friends and relatives.

The No.-1 E. S. H. was a former member of the church and was always a devoted and faithful member. He was active in all church and community activities and his passing was mourned by his friends and relatives.

Mrs. H. L. Polan, arid a member of the church, conducted the services in a most fitting manner. The body was placed in the casket and surrounded with flowers and other tributes of respect. The service was concluded with the singing of "The Lord's Prayer" and "Amen." The casket was then lowered into the earth and the remains were laid to rest in the churchyard, surrounded with flowers and other tributes of respect.
SPECIAL NOTICES

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardner, D. D., Editor
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, by Uncle Oliver, 5c each.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services at 2:30 p.m., in Room 202, N. E. Fourth Floor, John Adams and Wickham Streets. For information concerning Sabbath School classes, contact Pastor R. B. St. Clair, 4012 Field Avenue, phone Melodee 9414.

The Seventh Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sabbath School Chapel at 10:30 a.m. Dr. William E. Robinson, former President of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, will preach on April 8. Visitors are welcome. Darlington, 193 W. Center Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the church at 10:30 a.m. Dr. Elwood M. Euler, President of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, will preach on April 8. Visitors are welcome. Darlington, 193 W. Center Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Plainfield, N. J.

SUNSET'S PROMISE
There were clouds in the sky today,
With patches of blue;
There were showers of rain with the storm,
But the sun broke through.
What a marvellous, that sunset hour,
With its brilliance there!
Better still, the promise it gives
Of a morrow fair.
Now the tints have faded to shades,
The pinks to old golds;
Yet the hope of a cloudless morn
The beauty still holds.

There were clouds in my life today
With moments of peace:
There were storms that broke over my soul,
Yet there came release.
For the promise of God's great grace
And of deathless morn,
Broke through the clouds in my heart,
And peace was born.
Thank God that the clouds of life
Give sunset peace!
Thank God that his promise of love
Makes fears to cease! —P. G. Van Zandt.

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