Full Co-operation on the part of churches and people is needed

Finance Committee

When skies are dark we need the light.
So when the clouds obscure the sun,
When golden day has changed to night,
When quaking terror strikes us dumb,
God, give us light.

When times are hard we need God's Word.
When pressing gloom provokes despair,
When violent threats of war are heard,
And bloody schemes are in the air:
God, keep us right.

—Rev. J. R. Warnick in Presbyterian Advance.

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THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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solders and chariots was implored to defend Palestine against the invading war-hosts described as "Habiru," who could be identified, according to Sir Charles, as Hebrews. The baron holds that according to recent research the letters bear coincidence with the period of the Israelite conquest of Palestine.

Once again the spade helps to establish the integrity and authenticity of God's Word.

Tel-el-Annamra, we find in a modern encyclopedia, is the modern name of a mass of ruins of a city that was once the capital of Egypt in the time of the Pharaoh above mentioned. Tablets known as "Tel-el-Annamra tablets" were unearthed here in 1887-88. They contain word-form characters and contain diplomatic correspondence between Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia. They furnish important facts of Asiatic history between 1400 and 1370 B. C. There were 320 of the tablets.

Pioneering in 1932 American frontier have been pushed back. The desire of adventure on the borders is past. Building up the waste places of wilderness and vast prairies is largely a thing of yesterday, and is not to be repeated. The picturesque days of past frontier life may scarcely be duplicated today.

That this is so may be a matter of regret to many and adventurers. But that there are frontiers in many phases of life and adventures demanding the highest type of courageous manhood and womanhood who will look upon the realms of science, economics, religion, and politics. The imagination of the one is to be found in these open and promising frontiers. Read this extract of a stirring message from a son of the late Thomas Edison, Charles, to his employees dated December 27, 1931: "1932 is a year of challenge and opportunity. But what are you going to do out of it? If you are made of stern stuff; if this vanished prosperity, which has caused so much weeping, has not made flabby your muscles and your will substitute self-reliance and individualism for your belief in Santa Claus, then, as you go out of this nation, turn your backs on the smog comforts of security, you, like them, will build new empires in every realm of thought in which you pass 1932 is a year of opportunity for you! It is a year of tremendous forces in action! New leaders will be bred. You need not only just save yourself—you can build!"

These are not only strong words, they are sentiments as well. Many believe that the situation considered, but in fields already mentioned: realms of religion, political and civic righteousness. The outstanding man, what was the resourcefulness in which America has been especially rich. Well may we all be warned against the dangers of materialistic processes. Well but for America if her sons and daughters dare to lay hold of some of the stern problems of their day and prove themselves pioneers, as real and unafraid as the fathers in a century more primitive. Successful pioneering demands the sternest qualities and the highest character of a country's citizenship.

St. Lost: The Lindbergh baby is still missing. Conflicting daily reports, eagerly watched by millions of people, alternately raise hopes and as quickly dash them down.

There are so many distressing things about the case: The baby's death, the search, the emotional excitement. Many are led to feel—why so much distress over this child? Hundreds of parents just as worthy, perhaps, but not so emotional, were led to feel. We were not told. We are glad, however, that much is being said. Let public attention be focalized until the concentrated heat of indignation has fired the discriminating determination to end kidnapping and other forms of lawlessness. The event is thrusting a challenge upon the attention of the world that must be heeded. One evening journal well says, "It may bring definite rebellion against the ruthless rule of crime that seems so secure in its insolent defiance of puny and futile protest. It may serve as a jolt to awaken us from temporizing lethargy."

Must we conclude that crime is winning, which has been so strongly recruiting its forces during the past decade? It is depressing to think it has become necessary to call in the underworld for assistance; that justice and mercy are unavailing. We pray to God and depend upon criminals and racketeers to secure our ends. We support the government and pay tribute to crime. What is the end? It is tragic.

Another matter distresses us. It is human to be wrought up over the loss of a child. We ought to be, and we would be unhuman and cruelly heartless if we were not. Millions are interested in this kidnapping case and would do anything within their power to help. But, there are millions of children and young people who are lost—in sin—away in the "far country," away from God, and no man cares for their souls. No one gets heated up trying to solve the mystery of their lost condition. Why not? Perhaps they think it does not matter much. They are not far away—not very much lost. But ruin and death are their portion if they are not reclaimed. What rejoicing will be in the Lindbergh home throughout the country when the baby is restored, and joy be upon the parents. Many are led to feel—why so much distress over this child? Hundreds of parents just as worthy, perhaps, but not so emotional, were led to feel. We were not told. We are glad, however, that much is being said. Let public attention be focalized until the concentrated heat of indignation has fired the discriminating determination to end kidnapping and other forms of lawlessness. The event is thrusting a challenge upon the attention of the world that must be heeded. One evening journal well says, "It may bring definite rebellion against the ruthless rule of crime that seems so secure in its insolent defiance of puny and futile protest. It may serve as a jolt to awaken us from temporizing lethargy."

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The Miehle cylinder press, called "Miehle Unit," by rollercors which distribute ink between fountain and type. These were cited from Dexter suction pile feeder, through press to automatic extension delivery. Size of stock can be 11 by 17 to 26 by 41. "Recorder" is 26 by 36—printed in two forms of closest, each. After sheets are printed they pass over gas flame which sets ink, and pass to pneumatic cylinder to offset. The press operates at speeds from 1,000 to 2,000 sheets per hour.

And here is Mr. H. J. Bridges' story. All the small job printing in our plant is...
printed on Gordon platen presses equipped with Miller automatic feeders.

These automatic feeders work as if some unseen supervisors were directing their mechanical actions. The paper is fed into the press with Miller automatic feeders. An air pump under the press, one sheet at a time. After this sheet is printed it is picked up by two pick-ups and dropped into a neatly arranged pile on top of the feeder. This machine may be operated up to a speed of 2,000 sheets per hour, according to thickness and size of paper or book.

When one sees this machine running, he begins to realize that this is a machine age and he wonders what next man will make.

These are short stories, yet what possibilities they cover. The Sabbath Recorder, week by week, comes from the Miehle. All sorts of the fine larger work in the world is here. Our Recorder readers are invited to visit the Seventh Day Baptist Building and the shop. We want you to come and see the beautiful work that is being done here. Samples are shown in the exhibition case in the main lobby, and our genial manager will be glad to show you. You will find samples of the most interesting and courteous workmen in the back shop, ever ready and pleased to explain and demonstrate the machines dedicated to your work in the Lord's kingdom.

Items of Interest The Rev. Leland Foster Wool, Ph. D., professor of Christian Sociology in the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, has been called to the secretariatship of the Committee on Marriage and the Home, of the Federal Council of Churches, and has accepted the position, to take effect after the close of the present academic year. All the members of the Federal Council's Committee on Marriage and the Home are highly gratified over Professor Wood's acceptance of the new post and look forward to a noteworthy leadership from him. He is a native of New York and was graduated in 1911. He was a missionary to the Belgian Congo, 1911-20, and brings to all his work a true interest and courteous workmen in the back shop, ever ready and pleased to explain and demonstrate the machines dedicated to your work in the Lord's kingdom.


This is a discussion of the present rural situation and the relation of the Church to it. Mr. Sundt gives current data in regard to the increase of communications, the increase in rural population, the need for trained workers and a distribution of denominations in education, the coming of the machine age, the great migrations of people from and to the land, the movements for economic co-operation. But, he says emphatically, the "new day" of the machine age presents a real challenge to those concerned about the social and spiritual development of the inhabitants. The Church, he says, faces a task in rural life perhaps more difficult than ever.

If the churches would minister adequately to the new rural life, they must become fellows in Christian worship, service, and education, and in efforts to build a Christian world. They have the responsibility to create more appreciation of the values of co-operation. They must learn to cooperate with one another. They must have more trained leaders. They must proceed to organize their life and work more intelligently.

Mr. Sundt, after a long experience in the pastorate, has for several years been director of town and country work of the American Baptist Publication Society. From Federal Council-Information Service.

WET PLANKS OR DRY? In both Republican and Democratic parties wet leaders are vociferously demanding wet plank on prohibition. They claim that only through a declaration in favor of repeal can party success be won. Some wet leaders are demanding the issue be made. The platforms of both dominant parties and the nomination and election of candidates are committed to prohibition enforcement. The objective of the board is to secure prohibition enforcement planks in the platforms of both dominant parties and the nomination and election of candidates, to support their party if it allows itself to be misled by wet sophistry into adopting wet plank or nominating wet candidates.

The "stay-at-home" voter is an indirectly ally of the wets, for the wets stand the best chance to win in any election where only the people vote or where many voters participate. Men and women voters favorable to prohibition enforcement are urged to fulfill all requirements for voting and participate in the primaries, and to see to it that every dry vote is cast this year, for dry delegates to the party convention in the primaries and in the general election.

The fate of national prohibition in this and the next generation may depend upon the outcome of the election this year. Drys get busy.—From the National Prohibition Board of Strategy.

"BOY SOLD AT AUCTION" A boy was put on the auction block and sold to the highest bidder at an unusual service of the Trinity Union Methodist Episcopal church, Providence, R. I.

A business man, a gangster, a school teacher, a saloonkeeper, a bootlegger, a doctor, and a minister in the pulpit, told what he would give for the boy's life.

Judge Russell W. Richmond, an auctioneer in real life, wielded the gavel and asked: "How much am I offered for this sound boy, without a flaw or a blemish. What do I hear bid...are you all done?...once more...are you all done?...twice sold to..."

Charles Lockwood was the boy upraised on the auction block and in the glare of a spotlight. It was his dramatic presentation of what various lines of endeavor hold out for youth.—From the Baptist.
afford not to distinguish between the appropriate and the inappropriate in things religious, certainly, if we consider religion of importance in any way.

It is both desirable and possible to distinguish between hymns and gospel songs for the differences are many and usually more or less well marked.

It is right, however, to overlook that not a few people do not distinguish between gospel songs in a way entirely satisfactory to themselves, but in a way which is most revealing of their lack of thoughtfulness or good judgment and quite unfortunate for their influence on others. I refer to the unhappy notion that the difference between a hymn and a gospel song is that the one is dull, slow, doleful, and unattractive while the other is bright, lively, tuneful, and pleasant. This distinction is untrue and misleading. By no means all gospel songs are bright or lively or pleasant. Some of them picture anything but a pleasant scene.

were hardly slow or doleful. However, the writer and the singer are concerned not primarily about the relation of others to God but rather the attention is directed toward one's own condition of heart and one's own relation to God. Thus the hymn is like a prayer instead of an exhortation, as the gospel song.

For example, compare the emphasis in the typical gospel song, "Almost Persuaded," with the hymn, "O Master Let Me Walk With Thee."

4. The gospel song is usually timely, whereas the hymn is more timeless. That is, the former fits a given situation or serves its generation more or less admirably but dies and is forgotten, being supplanted by other songs more timely or in other situations. Few gospel songs survive the generation for which they were intended. One in a hundred may live. The others are forgotten.

5. The appeal of gospel songs and hymns differ in the thought content. As for example the very enduring literature, live on through the ages. They represent the perpetual aspirations and meet the age-long needs of men and they express through centuries of change.

The "Gloria Patri" has been used for over fifteen hundred years. "The Day is Past and Over," written in the seventh or eighth century, is still one of the best evening hymns of the Church and is widely sung today. Bernard of Cluny's hymn (translated by John Mason Neale), "Jerusalem the Golden," dates to the middle of the twelfth century. "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," by Bernard of Clairvaux, who lived also in the twelfth century, is a favorite of many Christians in the twentieth century. Then, to name but two other ancient hymns that survive, there is the Crusader's hymn, "Fairest Lord Jesus," and Bernard of Clairvaux's "Jesus Thou Joy of Loving Hearts."

The reason more hymns do not survive from early date is that few were written until the period of the Protestant Reformation. The hymns of that period are sung in such numbers that it is unnecessary to list them here. Hymns by Luther, Isaac Watts, and Addison (to say nothing of the long list of later hymn writers) are as virile and interesting as any gospel songs.

This quality of timelessness is a distinguishing characteristic of hymns.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

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MISSENC

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

PROSPAGATING A RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT OR A RELIGION OF FORMS

Professor Vedder in speaking of Francis of Assisi says, "It was the life of the spirit upon which Francis entered after his conversion, not a religion of forms. It was the immediate grace of Christ that he had experienced, nor did he ever feel the need of any other intermediary between himself and God. No saint was permitted to usurp in his heart the throne sacred to the Son of God. 'Jesus,' not 'Mary,' was the name ever on his lips in prayer.'

There is a vast difference between a life of the spirit and a religion of forms, and there is no place where it is more necessary to distinguish between the two than in mission work.

One of the marked differences between the mission work by Protostants and that by Catholics is that Catholics have emphasized a religion of forms, and Protostants have insisted that religion was a life in the spirit brought into existence by personal and immediate fellowship with the living Christ. To some in instances where Catholics have emphasized the spiritual side of religion, and there have been instances where Protostants acted upon the idea that religion was largely a matter of forms. Perhaps there has been a tendency among Protostants to drift to formalism till their religion was little more than the observance of forms. The Apostle Paul in 2 Timothy 3: 5 predicts that this will come. After describing the people who belong to this class he sums up by saying of them, "Having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away."

The centuries one of the most subtle temptations in the Church has been to substitute forms for the life of the spirit. The temptation is still present. Life in the spirit, or true religion, is not a formal affair, seen. It is an experience. No amount of religious instruction can make one a Christian. To become a Christian is an 'experience in which the soul yields itself in complete abandon to Christ.'

It is a continuous experience. Instruction is good if it be of the right kind; it is necessary but it is not enough. It is the privilege of every individual to experience a personal fellowship with Christ through communion and submission to him, to live in its glow through the vicissitudes of life.

TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

The work of the missionary, Xavier, in India and Japan in the sixteenth century, is a good illustration of the futility of a religion of forms. Writing of his methods, he tells us in his autobiography: "The Confession of the Holy Trinity, the Lord's Prayer, the Angelic Salutation, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments. When they had learned these, he told them they were Christians if they believed them, and he baptized all who professed belief in these statements. "A whole village in a single day" was baptized by him. What was the result of all this? When he left the work, it vanished. There was no root in it. It was a religion of creeds and forms.

How different on the day of Pentecost! How different through the years to come with the apostles and their successors. What took place is finely described by a recent editorial in the Baptist as follows:

"The church has a transforming experience, which itself rested on the resurrection. They had a sense of the presence and power of the risen Christ. It was a transforming experience, and the enthusiasm and passion in the hearts of the disciples, born of that experience, that moved the multitudes. The first Christians had no New Testament, no written creed, no church—just an experience. But it was a reproducing experience. A little group of men and women thoroughly invested in the living Christ, in a rising and reigning Christ and conscious of his power, they experienced the opportunity of experience to others, and these to still others, and so the impulse was set in motion that will yet transform the world.

Forms, creeds, and instruction therein have their place in missions and evangelism, but they are not the most important things. The best way of life, which we should strive is life in the spirit, a new experience in the soul never to be forgotten, transforming the personal life and

COUNT NICOLAS LUDWIG ZINZENDORF

He was born in Saxony, A. D. 1700 and is known as a German nobleman of piety and wealth. He was the friend and protector of those who were persecuted on account of their faith. He reorganized and broadened, and sought to guide the Bohemian and Moravian Protestant movements which had their center in the German village of Herrnhut on Zinzendorf's estate. He did not wish to start a new religious sect but sought to establish a union of all the branches of the various confessions. He claimed to be loyal to the fundamental principles of Lutheranism.

He is said to have lived in Germany, Holland, England, Island of St. Thomas, Pennsylvania, again in England and Germany, everywhere preaching the gospel. He was pastor of a Lutheran Church in Philadelphia. Germantown and Bethlehem were centers of his missionary activities which also spread to the North American Indians.

His sentiment of banishment from Saxony having been removed in 1749, he returned to Herrnhut, where he died in 1760.

It is said of him that he wrote about two thousand hymns, a number of which are in English translations of John Wesley and others.

And now we come to a matter of very special interest with Deacon Herman Pieters of Alfred, N. Y., is the fortunate owner of a book in the Dutch language, that is, the language of Holland, where interest and value that gives an account of the life and labors of Count Zinzendorf. At least three times in this book he is spoken of as a Sabbath keeper. With this agrees an article in "The Advent and Sabbath Review Herald" of December 17, 1931. This article refers to a new book by R. Ruhling entitled, "For the Sake of the Faith."

In this book are quotations from early writers concerning Sabbath keepers in Bohemia and Moravia. All this goes to show that the Sabbath has been one of the chief matters in the Zinzendorfs' mission. Some have been to substitute forms for the life of the spirit. The temptation is still present. Life in the spirit, or true religion, is not a formal affair, seen. It is an experience. No amount of religious instruction can make one a Christian. To become a Christian is an 'experience in which the soul yields itself in complete abandon to Christ.'

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all human institutions through the transformation of the individual. Human society is redeemed in proportion as its members are redeemed. This is God's plan of work through the ages. This is the work of missions and evangelism—the work of the Church of the Son of God. This is the most glorious, important, and sacred work ever committed to men.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTHWEST

[In a recent letter from General Missionary Ellis R. Lewis are to be found the following items of interest regarding the work in the southwest.]

So many discouraging things are continually coming up to keep on “blue,” it is a very real pleasure to report in a more happy spirit.

Have kept very busy since the last report, with good general interest in all parts of the field visited. You will be interested to learn that eight have asked for membership in our churches—four by baptism, and four by testimony. Three others professed a saving faith, one a mechanic who drove two hundred miles over the weekend to tell me of his experience. He could have written, but said “I just wanted to see you and tell you about it.” I believe God gives us these experiences for our comfort and encouragement.

Local conditions are more favorable than for some time past, and interest in the local work remains good.

REV. AND MRS. G. D. HARGIS BEGIN THEIR WORK IN JAMAICA

Rev. W. L. Burdick,
Ashaway, R. I.

Dear Brother Burdick:

After a few weeks in Jamaica, we are now ready to send a letter for the Recorder, so that we may in this way touch friends and let them know of our appreciation of all they have done for us, and interest them in the great work to be done in this beautiful island of Jamaica.

Arriving safely on the nineteenth of February, after three weeks of travel via Panama Canal (stopping over in Cristobal, C. Z., for one week), touching three South American ports which were of interest to us, and experiencing a very rough sea for three days, we have every reason to be thankful to God and grateful to our friends for their prayers in our behalf.

Our welcome here was generous and sincere on the part of all our people throughout the island. Special services were held in which we were honored and made to feel “at home,” and real intent was shown in the programs that were given. The church was beautifully decorated, and with the radiant faces of the people present, the occasion was one long to be remembered. Our only regret was that our American friends could not be present to see the manifestation of the Spirit and good will of the people, which cannot be conveyed to you in words.

We spent five days at a small hotel on East Street (owned by friends of the Coons) while getting acquainted with the city and finding a suitable location for living. We decided to take a house in the northeast section of the city, near the mountains, and at a much higher elevation than the downtown district. The house is reasonably comfortable, in pleasant surroundings, and enough lawn space for the boys and a long porch connecting the house with the servants’ quarters. There is also a nice porch across the front and one side of the house. The custom here is to call all porches “verandas.” We have named the place “The House of Many Keys,” as we have eighteen keys to check each night before retiring. It may be of interest to know that sixteen of these keys are of huge proportions and fully five inches in length, and if on a single ring would put to shame any gatekeeper’s equipment in the U. S. A.

We are still wondering, if by any chance, this ring might be an Austin tire rim, the Austin being the popular “road bug” in this country. Also we wonder if we have committed an error by not hiring a special servant just to look after these keys.

The Kingston Church, on account of its location geographically, is the central church in the work of the island, and we have given our first attention to its work and problems. We are glad to say that prospects are bright, and there is apparent increase in attendance and interest in all services. The people are active workers, good listeners, and ready to be led. It is our supreme desire to hold the Christ before them as Example and Leader, and we feel sure that you will soon hear greater things from the Kingston Church. Three people took their stand for Christ in the first Sunday night service, and a Brother Connelly, who has been attending the church for some months, united with the church on March 6, and we think that he will be heard from later. By the way, he was ordained to the ministry by Brother Sheafe, and knew Elder Tenney well.

More than a week ago we made a hurried trip to the north side of the island, visiting the sites of four churches and vicinities of two others. At the end of a one hundred twelve mile trip, we found ourselves as tired as when we drove three times that distance in the United States, on account of curves, narrow roads, left hand driving, pedestrian traffic, and continuous honking of our horn. The pedestrians are the “lucky folks,” they have the right of way in this land. For instance, to prove our point, we were driving down one of the busiest streets of Kingston, and while “crawling” through the traffic at about five miles per hour, we came upon a native woman bent over picking up something on the sidewalk of the street. Honking our horn seemed to have no effect, and not until the bumper of the car came alongside her nose did she calmly lift her head, twist her body, and without any concern or moving from her tracks, allowed us to slide by—and then we saw her stop.
again to finish what she had started to do—
tie her shoe!

There are also hundreds of donkey carts (two-humped) and carts pushed by human hands, which must have their share of the street, and we have to do a quick sum in arithmetic, sometimes figuring how much space will be left for after allowing room for everybody and everything else, for here the streets are not built on the generous lines of Europe.

Last Friday we made our first trip into the country, visiting our church at Bath, forty-four miles from Kingston. We stopped at the home of Brother and Sister Ross, during our stay sleeping in our car. They have no stove which we carry in our car and cooking our meals on the little gasoline stove which we carry in our camp outfit. The latter being a large stove and a very big crowd present, a large group of our folks who have come to worship, many of whom stood outside the bamboothick because there was no room enough. Mr. Hargis told them to notify us immediately if we should not come, was still reposing in the postoffice instead. A class of five people received instruction for baptism, by Mr. Hargis, and at the same meeting (Sabbath afternoon) he welcomed into Christian fellowship in behalf of the church, seven new members. One young man, a new-comer to this country, offering a declaration of faith and the privilege of joining the new baptismal class by a public declaration of his faith in Christ.

most of the above candidates are converts to the Sabbath, coming from Baptist churches and the Church of England, the latter being very strong in the island.

One new experience was given us in the little consecration service we held in Brother Ross' home for a darling little baby boy, a few months old, named Albert Constantin White. In this service Mr. Hargis knelt with the child in his arms, offering a consecration prayer, and asking Divine guidance for the future life of the little fellow. The little one was in the service, so he has been given to Mrs. Ross for her own child.
is obscured or forgotten. "In any event," says Doctor Butterick, "love compels us to cry out: 'God has not said, 'Thou shalt have no hope or wish to say—Behold the Man.'"

1. The cross is nothing less than a miracle. It was intended so far as man was concerned to mark the end of a movement. Men were to be forced by the events of the established order. They hated him for this and decided to get rid of him. So they slew him by hanging—a most painful and shameful death. Thus they put an end—so they thought—to his life, his movement, and the hopes and aspirations of his friends. They had quenched his light in dark; they had driven away the sun set, the night did not conquer it. His sun in its setting tore asunder the blackness and brought a new, strange day. Suddenly his life came the symbol of life! And this is the greatest miracle.

2. How shall we explain the magnetic force of the cross? Is it merely the outgoing of sympathy in the face of his suffering? Hardly, for other good men have suffered and even been crucified. Thousands have died heroically, yet they have been forgotten. Whatever may be said as to the religious or moral reason for the cross, this remains true, the cross is cosmic because Christ is cosmic—world-wide in its significance and power. To this end was his life carried; to this end he lived and to this end he died. For this reason the cross has universal and irresistible attractiveness.

3. If, then, our preaching is to be rendertoive, we must bring home to men, individually and collectively, the fact of the cross, that in Christ crucified is a revelation of the heart of God. If it be said that in his life he revealed God, let us remember that only in his death could that revelation be complete. "Having loved his own he loved them to the end." To this end he lived and to this end he died. For this reason the cross has universal and irresistible attractiveness.

4. How shall it be overcome? Who can for­

5. "Preach the cross of Christ as the power of God. To live the cross of Jesus is the power of God. The fact is, our concep­tion of power is honeycombed with fal­sity. When we speak of power we speak of physical force. The waters of Niagara River going over the falls constitute a mighty power. Electricity and steam when controlled are mighty powers; the wheels of industry, the army, the navy, the aeroplane, and other engines of war represent power. But they do not rep­

6. "Preach the cross of Christ as the power of God. To live the cross of Jesus is the power of God. The fact is, our concep­tion of power is honeycombed with fal­sity. When we speak of power we speak of physical force. The waters of Niagara River going over the falls constitute a mighty power. Electricity and steam when controlled are mighty powers; the wheels of industry, the army, the navy, the aeroplane, and other engines of war represent power. But they do not rep­
AN INFORMAL RECEPTION
To Pastor Hargis and family, as representative of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, U. S. A.

We, the members of the Charles Street Seventh Day Baptist Church, along with the other churches in the island, who were under the administration of your predecessor, do welcome you to our island home, hoping that your stay in this island may prove a success for the establishment of the cause which we so dearly love, and that the building up of the kingdom of God may meet with the co-operation from these sister churches and their pastors. We realize that it is a great sacrifice for a man with his family to leave his home, acquaintances, and the society to which he had been accustomed, to domicile in a strange country without knowing the habits and customs of the people, though of the same language. The missionary life is a hard one. He is not exempted from contending with bandits, disease, various sorts, and untold difficulties and perplexing problems to solve, which are generally brought about by dissatisfied elements of the churches over which he is made overseer, and it is only by manifesting the Christlike spirit that such problems can be solved.

We, the members of the Charles Street Seventh Day Baptist Church, do pledge ourselves to co-operate with you and your wife in solving these just as we have co-operated in the past with your predecessor—a man who is dear to the majority of the members of this church. I say "dear" because we still hold a tender spot in our hearts for him and his wife—a love which only death can sever. He has taught us practical democracy so far as church government is concerned, a true spirit of tolerance which has always been characteristic of Seventh Day Baptists, that although we might be persecuted we must still encourage that spirit of love for our persecutors, and that we must not sacrifice a principle by compromising with the wrong doer.

Hoping you, sir, have brought along with you this heritage, we welcome you among us as a co-worker in the Master's vineyard for the saving of the souls of our fellow men, for Kingston is a parish yet untouched. I say "untouched," because out of seventy thousand people in Kingston, you cannot find one hundred Seventh Day Baptists among them, and you will see that the Seventh Day Baptists in Jamaica are as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

There is plenty more to say but time will not afford, as there are others from whom you would like to hear something.

On behalf of the Charles Street Seventh Day Baptist Church, we welcome you and your family in our midst.

C. E. Hunt, Moderator and acting pastor.
Arthur L. Batson, Deacon.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another. — John 13: 35.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. ALBERTA DAVIS BATSON
Contributing Editor

HISTORY OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

(Concluded)

Following is a list of the officers who have through the years so faithfully and earnestly promoted the work of the Woman's Board:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Presid.</th>
<th>1884-1886</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. L. A. Hull</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. H. S. Clark</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. B. Morton</td>
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<td>Mrs. E. D. Bliss</td>
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<td>Mrs. S. J. Clarke</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. H. Babcock (Meta P.)</td>
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<td>Mrs. A. B. West</td>
<td>1909-1920</td>
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<td>Mrs. H. C. Van Horn</td>
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<td>Mrs. George B. Shaw</td>
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<tr>
<th>Corresponding Secretaries</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. L. Platts</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Mary F. Bailey</td>
<td>1886-1892</td>
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<td>Mrs. O. U. Whitford</td>
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<td>Mrs. Alfred Whitford</td>
<td>1893-1902</td>
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<td>Mrs. Nettie West</td>
<td>1902-1904</td>
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<td>Mrs. T. J. Van Horn</td>
<td>1904-1908</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Phoebe Coon</td>
<td>1908-1909</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. H. Babcock</td>
<td>1909-1929</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Lotta Bond</td>
<td>Since 1929</td>
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(Shall have been a separate office in 1889)

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<tr>
<td>Mrs. C. M. Bliss</td>
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<td>Mrs. E. M. Duane</td>
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<td>Mrs. E. D. Bliss</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. A. Babcock</td>
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<td>Mrs. H. C. Stillman</td>
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<td>Mrs. A. S. Mann</td>
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<td>Miss Cora Clarke</td>
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<td>Mrs. Edgar D. Van Horn</td>
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<td>Mrs. Edwin Shaw</td>
<td>1923-1925</td>
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<td>Mrs. James L. Babcock</td>
<td>1925-1929</td>
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<td>Miss Orla S. Stutler</td>
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<th>Rec. Secretaries</th>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Susie M. Burdick</td>
<td>1884-1886</td>
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<td>Mrs. H. E. Post</td>
<td>1886-1897</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Nellie G. Ingham</td>
<td>1887-1893</td>
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<td>Mrs. Eliza A. Babcock</td>
<td>1893-1894</td>
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<td>Mrs. E. B. Saunders</td>
<td>1894-1895</td>
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<td>Mrs. George R. Boss</td>
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<td>Mrs. L. A. Platts</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. Fred Whitford</td>
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<td>Mrs. A. S. Mann</td>
<td>1913-1918</td>
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<td>Mrs. L. R. Polan</td>
<td>1929-1931</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Okey Davis</td>
<td>Since 1931</td>
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THE SABBATH RECORDER

LETTER FROM CHINA

DEAR READERS OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

You may wonder why we here on the front row, so to speak, have had so little to say concerning this unprecedented state of affairs heading up the last month in the city that so many of us call "home." We have found it difficult either to report or to interpret, or yet again to prophesy; hence our silence.

The unbelievable has happened, nor does a solution seem much nearer than was seen on that dark twenty-ninth of January, when the first bombs began their line of destruction, and the first fires began their work. We look forward to the oncoming future with unaltering trust, who shall speak?

It seems only wise and fitting here to mention the two women who saw such long service in the work of the board and who were so very faithful to its every need. I refer to none other than Mrs. A. B. West and Mrs. J. H. Babcock, who for twenty years served the board and the women of the entire denomination so well as president and corresponding secretary respectively. These others have served long and well, but none so long as these two consecrated women.

With unshaken faith in the purpose and ability of our women, born of the manifold experience of the past, we confidently leave the unfoldings of the future in their hands, believing that they will be directed and blessed by him who is all-patient, all-loving, and all-powerful.

MISSOURI WORKERS

R. H. Platts

MRS. A. B. WEST

MRS. J. H. BABCOCK

MRS. L. R. POLAN

MRS. OKEY DAVIS

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In conclusion I may quote from the thought expressed by Mrs. Platts in her article referred to in the beginning of this history.

"This is, briefly, the history of our women and their work in active endeavor for the uplift and promotion of work among the women of our denomination."

Of the unwritten history, that anxious planning, the painful solicitude, the earnest, united prayers of our body of women, the glad fruition of hope long deferred, the looking forward to the unfolding of the future with unaltering trust, who shall speak?

If the unbelievable has happened, nor does a solution seem much nearer than was seen on that dark twenty-ninth of January, when the first bombs began their line of destruction, and the first fires began their work. We look forward to the oncoming future with unaltering trust, who shall speak?

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worked, and the end is not yet. None of the south side of the city has been touched (that means our side), and we hope that the preparations going forward both across the river and on the roads heading north in the French Concession for resistance to a raid of some sort in this vicinity, will be only unrequired preparedness. Airplanes are not taking to the sky as often as at first. These have always been Japanese planes.

One must ever remember that this undeclared or if it is, it is one war. There is so little in this conflict to commend itself to even the hardheadedest of "preparedness" advocates. I came back to China this past autumn with a new dedication to "War Against War." No possible stretch of imagination, no conceivable dream of progress, no hint of business success by the nefarious road of the sale of arms, under whatsoever auspices, could make me now look upon war as anything but what Sherman, long since, said it was—war. I have believed this for years; now I know. No motive of helping a nation, weak though she may be, to get upon her feet, to resist, to forget her grievances by bomb, rape, homelessness, and hunger, and all the rest in the method of terrorization, appeals to me more than it did when it was a more remote possibility.

As I said, this is more than war. It means hatred, bitter and eternal. It means suspicion, not only of the chief opponent, but of all the rest. It spells retrogression in all business relations with the world. To us, worst of all it means delay in the establishment of the kingdom of God—the Rule of Love, a kingdom which can be recovered in a century, if then. And yet there are people right here in Shanghai who dare to say this is not war; that this is in a little while!" They are less likely to forget it in one long, weary aeon. What is more, the whole world is due its share of the hatred, suspicion. When shall we learn—we mortals—that the way of love is the only way, and that the law of love applies to nations as well as to individuals? Do not think that we are ignorant of the mistakes of China. We are quite aware of the failure of China to live up to her opportunities to pull herself up to the status of one of the great powers of the world. We were pained by the blind disturbances wrought by the students this past autumn which made national affairs so difficult. We were more pained by the fact that the best government China has had since the days of the republic's inception was thwarted through foolish ignorance. However, two wrongs, or several, do not make a right. For the whole world we were glad to have them go now. On Sabbath noon, Miss Burdick sailed for home via Europe. She, too, has long been due for furlough. While all of them regretted leaving at so critical a time, we felt that they must certainly not fail to take the rest and change so much needed, and which was "coming to them."

Communications with Liuho are very incomplete just now, but at the moment of Miss Burdick's leaving, we did hear that all was as well as possible out there, though they had had three days of intense anxiety. It had seemed to Doctor Palmborg and Doctor Cran dall best to remain at the hospital, which had been practically emptied of usual patients. They planned to escape, if serious need came, by way of other towns and canals, rather than coming to Shanghai once more, and, with special danger, as it is highly fortified and Japanese planes, flying over, are likely to draw fire with probable unfortunate results. The little town of Ta-zang, outside of which we once hoped to build our new schools, has been almost completely wrecked by bombing and dropping some bombs. The Japanese had control of the town at three o'clock this afternoon. Doctor Palmborg, Doctor Cran dall, and all of their party of Chinese had gone into the country a short distance, and most of them were remaining there for the present. However, Doctor Palmborg, together with two old ladies and the cookie who cares for the cows at the hospital, had returned. They remained at the hospital last night and were expecting to stay there tonight. There was fighting going on in Liuho, which had kept the doctors from going to the town of Zang-zok, where they had expected to flee should need arise. Doctor Palmborg had sent a servant with supplies to Doctor Cran dall.

P. S.—Eugene has today (March fourth), during what was supposed to be a truce, war planes were flown over, spitting fire from machine guns and dropping some bombs. The Chinese had control of the town at three o'clock this afternoon. Doctor Palmborg, Doctor Cran dall, and all of their party of Chinese had gone into the country a short distance, and most of them were remaining there for the present. However, Doctor Palmborg, together with two old ladies and the cookie who cares for the cows at the hospital, had returned. They remained at the hospital last night and were expecting to stay there tonight. There was fighting going on in Liuho, which had kept the doctors from going to the town of Zang-zok, where they had expected to flee should need arise. Doctor Palmborg had sent a servant with supplies to Doctor Cran dall.

M. R. D.

"My most comforting faith is that everything in the universe exists under law."

—Julia Peterkin, in The Baptist.
PUTTING PURPOSE INTO LIFE
Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, April 16, 1922

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Purposes To know God (Phil. 3: 7-11)
Monday—To teach (Prov. 1: 1-9)
Tuesday—To preach Christ (Phil. 1: 12-21)
Wednesday—To be a healer (Matt. 10: 1-5:4)
Thursday—To be like Christ (Rom. 8: 29)
Friday—To Love (2 Tim. 2: 15)

Sabbath Day—Topic: Putting purpose into life
(Phil. 3: 12-16)

By CLARA L. BEEBE

There is no signboard planted at the cross roads to direct us on these ways. But to each of us is given a road map, and directions, which, if we read, will guide us in our every step. We fold it up and put it in a pocket or keep it on the parlor table, our directions will do us no good. We may make the wrong choice of ways and soon find ourselves “bogged down” in the muddy road of Low Purpose, or wandering about on the marshy, misty flat of No Purpose.

“Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy Word. I have set thy word in mine heart, that I may not sin against thee. Deliver me from mine enemies that seek mine life: But do not thou forsake me, O Lord.”—Psalm 119: 13-14.

“You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind.”—Matthew 22: 37.

“Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed how he tumbles. No man knowing the day when theLord cometh.”—Colossians 4: 6-7.

To every man there openeth A Way, and Ways, and a Way.
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, in the misty flats
The right drift to and fro.
And to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low.
And even man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

—John Oxenham.

To every man there openeth A Way, and Ways, and a Way. And the High Soul climbs the High Way, And the Low Soul gropes the Low, And in between, in the misty flats The right drift to and fro. And to every man there openeth A High Way and a Low. And even man decideth The Way his soul shall go.

—John Oxenham.

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INTERMEDIATE TOPIC
MISUNDERSTANDINGS
Topic for Sabbath Day, April 16, 1922

How do words cause misunderstandings?
How does gossip cause misunderstandings?
How does race prejudice cause misunderstandings?

DAILY READINGS

Sunday — Gossip causes misunderstandings (2 Cor. 11: 13-15)
Monday — Envy (Gen. 37: 1-4)
Tuesday — Hatred (Prov. 10: 12)
Wednesday — Arrogance (Prov. 8: 13)
Thursday — Greed (Gen. 13: 1-13)
Friday — Watch the tongue (James 3: 4-6)

Sabbath Day — Topic: The causes of misunderstandings (Acts 15: 36-41)

JUNIOR HELPS

The Junior superintendent (Mrs. Nettie Craband, 291 N. Washington Ave., Battle Creek) writes that she has secured the help of Mrs. W. B. Lewis in preparing helps for superintendents of Junior Societies, and that these will be ready to begin very soon.

—C. A. B.

OUR WORSHIP OUT-OF-DOORS
ARRANGED BY MARGARET KIMBALL HENNEBICH

II.—UNDER BIG TREES

Prayer

Give me the dance of your boughs,
Give me the sun-drenched bough,
Give me the sunlight's glance,
And when the wind is gone,
Give me your beautiful repose.

—Edwin Markham.

Pain is the rich dark loam where my roots thrust
And grope, Breaking their stubborn food, striving for scope;
But up in the delicate air that wraps leaf and bough,
Joy, like a foam of flowers, bursts from the dark.

—Karle Wilson Baker.

Hymn

"I Got Me Flowers to Strew Thy Way"
—Bach.

Psalm

I will sing of the bounty of the big trees,
They are the green tents of the Almighty,
He hath set them up for comfort and for shelter.
Their cords hath he knotted in the earth,
He hath driven them securely.
Their roots take hold of the rocks like iron.
He sendeth into their bodies the sap of life,
They lift themselves lightly toward the heavens.

—Edwin Markham.

Hymn

"My God I Thank Thee Who Hast Made the Earth so Bright"

—W. J. Turner.

Poems of Worship

Give me the dander out of your boughs, O tree,
When ever the wild wind blows;
And when the wind is gone, give me
Your beautiful repose.

—Edwin Markham.
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Their leaves drink in the sunlight and the air,
They talk softly together when the breeze bloweth,
Their shadow in the noonday is full of coolness.
The tall palm trees of the plains are rich in fruit,
While the fruit ripeneth the flower unfoldeth,
The beauty of their crown is renewed on high forever.
The cedars of Lebanon are fed by the snow,
Afar on the mountain they grow like giants,
In their branches of shade a thousand years are sighing.
How fair are the trees that befriend the home of man,
The oak and the terebinth and the sycamore,
The broad-leaved fig tree and the delicate silvery olive.
In them the Lord is loving to his little birds,
The linnets and the finches and the nightingales,
They people his pavilions with nests and with music.
The celt also are very glad of a great tree,
They chants its cud beneath it while the sun is music.
And there the panting sheep lie down around their shepherd.
He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations.
He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.
They talk softly together when the breeze bloweth,
Their leaves drink into the clear searching light of thy presence.
Their shadow in the noonday is full of coolness.
They talk softly together when the breeze bloweth,
Their leaves drink into the clear searching light of thy presence.

GOD, HOLD ME STEADY!

God, hold me steady!
Keep me seeing straight
Through all the darkness
Of these treach'rous years.
I learned in childhood
Certain clear-cut rules;
Was taught that some few things
Were always right—
Strong, short, te things
Like honor, kindness,
Clean living, courage,
Generosity,
And faith in you.
These things they told me,
Were worth all they cost,
And would withstand
The shock and shift of time.
But now—I wonder;
Now I am dismayed;
For all things have changed,
And I have lost your hand.
The past has vanished
With its simple code.
The present whirs around me
In a fog.
I stumble blindly,
Fail to find a light
And cannot sometimes,
Tell the right from the right.
And, from the turmoil,
Voices mock and sneer,
And ask what honor boys,
Or decency, they cry:
"So get it
While the getting's good,
You've but one life;
Don't throw this chance away!"
And other voices,
Soft and snaky, rise,
Uphold new standards;
Say: "The times have changed.
Your father's code
Was proper for a child,
But now, you're older.
Turn from fairy tales
And stand to fight again.
The ruthless facts of life.
And so I falter,
Wond'ring where to turn,
Deep hold on to the fog,
The tricky half-truths burn
Like will-o'-wisp.
Above a quaking bog.
God, hold me steady!
Help me in my plight!
Aye, lonelier yet pray that we may learn
to set your laws alight,
Like steadfast stars,
To guide me safely home.
—Selected.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

439

CHILDREN'S PAGE

MRS. WALTER L. GREENE, ANDOVER, N. Y.
Contribution Editor

WHAT KIND OF BOYS AND GIRLS WOULD JESUS LIKE TO HAVE US BE?

EPHESIANS 4: 25, 29, 31, 32

BY MRS. NETTIE CRANDALL
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

DOES JESUS WANT US TO BE CLEAN IN HEART AND SPEECH?

When John Coleridge Paterson was a young boy he put himself on the side of Jesus Christ. It was not long before his loyalty was tested. The cricket team of which he was the star player was holding a meeting when one of the boys told an unclean story.

"If that's the kind of stories you enjoy," declared young Paterson, "I resign from this team," and he walked out.

"Let him go! Who cares!" grumbled one.

"He's right and we're wrong," insisted one of the boys. Anyhow, how could Paterson be a Christian unless he tried to be like his great Leader?

The boys were convinced that Paterson was right. He was found and brought back, and the boys promised that such a thing should not happen again.

DOES JESUS CARE IF WE TORMENT AND CALL CHILDREN NAMES?

The boys in the 7A teased and ridiculed Lee Sing, who was put into their class. They taunted him, "Oh, Chinaman!" But one day John, who was any different from the rest of them,

HOW CHARLES FOUND OUT WHAT KIND OF BOY JESUS WANTED HIM TO BE?

Charles was worrying his mother with his mischievous and disobedience, but all this was changed when one day he decided to take Jesus as his great Leader. "What will my Leader want me to do?" was his first thought. "I know he would want me to be careful not to worry mother," he decided. His mother's heart was very soon made glad by his efforts to please and obey her.

"How can I please Jesus in school?" was another question. He tried to answer this by refusing to cheat, by obedience to school rules, and friendliness to the duldest and most unattractive classmate.

But in answer to the question, "How can I please Jesus at play?" changed Charles from a loud-voiced boy, demanding his own way in every game, to one willing to enter merely into games of his playmates' choosing, and made him also careful to draw into those games the lonely, neglected boys and girls.

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:
I thought I would write to the Children's Page for the first time. I am six years old. I started to school this year. I am in the first grade.

I have two pets, a dog and a cat. My dog's name is Ring and my cat's name is Tinker. Then I have eleven head of hogs.

You will have a bunch of Mitchells this week. I have another who is going to write, and Preston is writing this for me.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT MITCHELL.

DEAR ROBERT:
I am grateful to Preston for helping you write this good letter until you have learned to write for yourself. I hope to hear from you often, especially as soon as you have learned to write letters. I surely am pleased to get such a nice "bunch of Mitchells" letters this week.

You have a nice bunch of pets, too. I always had pet hogs when I was a farmer's girl. I think I have told you of how once I tried to ride one and of how he threw me into the mud.

Sincerely your friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:
I thought I would join the Children's Page, too. I am eight years old and I am in the first grade. I didn't go to school today.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:
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Sincerely your friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

I help my mother feed the chickens and get up the breakfast. The back-water didn't get as high as it did in twenty-seven. Preston is writing this for me, too. 

Sincerely yours, 
MADISON MITCHELL.

DEAR MADISON:

Preston certainly is a helpful boy to write for you and Robert as well as himself. Real helpfulness is one of the very best ways to make life with living, isn't it? The most we help others the happier we are ourselves. It is fine that you can help mother care for the chickens. You will soon be able to do it all alone well you not? We are having a great old snow storm and blizzard this morning, and I am glad to be near a nice, warm fire. Do you ever have snow in your part of the country, and do you think you would like our kind, especially in the springtime when the girls want to wear their Easter bonnets?

Your sincere friend, 
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE: 

I thought I would write to the Children's Page again. I have been reading the letter I wrote the other time. The back-water is falling now. I have just come from boat riding and I got wet, too. I have been watching my papa float logs. I will close.

Sincerely yours, 
Preston Mitchell. 

Nady, Ark., March 16, 1932.

DEAR PRESTON:

Thank you for all the good letters. This is just the day for answering them, for I haven't any reason to be out in the snow storm; it is falling thick and fast. Mr. Greene has shoveled off our walk twice this morning, but I really believe the snow is above my shoe tops even now. It must be interesting to watch your father float logs. Did you ever read "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"? If not, I hope you will. It gives a fine description of log floating, and is a very interesting book, especially for boys.

I am glad Mrs. Beebe has told us more about "back-water" and "twenty-seven water," and some of the different names of the places. It was a very thoughtless thing to do and a cause of anxiety for the kind friends with whom I was staying, for I had gone home and sound after a long, cold walk, and how good it seemed to be with the home folks again; but after talking it over with my father I began to believe that I had not gone right or kind thing, and I have been ashamed of it ever since. You see it was before the day of telephones, so my friends might have had quite a time to worry if it had not happened that one of my schoolmates guessed that I had gone home, and even then they were some worried about me. How necessary it is for us to be thoughtful of others, of our dear ones at home and also of all with whom we come in contact.

Your true friend, 
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR LAVERN PALMETER AND MARTHA LANGWORTHY OF ALFRED STATION: 

I am sorry I haven't room for your fine letters this week. They will surely head the page next week.

Very sincerely yours, 
MIZPAH S. GREENE.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

OUR PULPIT

THE HOUSE OF THE SOUL

BY REV. PAUL S. BURDICK
Pastor of the church at Leonardville, N. Y.

SERMON FOR SABBATH, APRIL 16, 1932

Text—John 1: 38 b.

IS nothing hid that shall not be revealed," the Scripture says truly. And there is One who is never deceived by a polished exterior, for he knows all about the dust and cobwebs lying in dark corners.

In what sort of house do you dwell? Has it the windows looking upward toward heaven? A house in Rochester, N. Y., has an observatory on the roof. It was built by a man who enjoyed spending his spare time looking at the stars. We all have such an

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

LORD'S PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN

SCRIPTURE READING

PRAYER

HYMN

OFFERING

SERMON

HYMN

CLOSING PRAYER

What sort of house do you live in? When the first disciples asked Jesus, "Master, where dwellest thou?" he replied, "Come and see." And that afternoon's experience not only satisfied their curiosity regarding a dwelling place, but it revealed to them the abode of a soul.

Not only does Jesus freely welcome us into the chambers of his soul's home, but he seems to have means of access to ours, for he surprised and amazed Nathanael by saying to him, "When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee."

Just as our houses reveal the tastes and habits of the occupants, so do our souls express themselves continually in outward fashion by gesture, word, and act. "There

observing in our spiritual home, and time spent therein brings eternal rewards.

Perhaps we might liken the soul's house to a three story dwelling. Inside the first story there is a kitchen, pantry, and dining-room. Here the material needs of the body are satisfied. But he who is content to remain in the first story all the time does not rise higher than the level of the brutes. So there is a second story. This contains a parlor, where we entertain our friends, and a library filled with good books. This represents man's mind and its cultivation. Time spent here is important, but here lies a danger, that men will cultivate the mind to the neglect of the soul. So we have to have still a third story. It requires the climbing
of an extra flight of stairs, but what wonders are revealed to us in this upper chamber! The extra effort is well repaid, while neglect of the cultivation of our friendship with God cannot be made up by any amount of cultivation of the body or the mind. I know there are those who will say that they would gladly spend more time in communication in church than with Christ, but they haven’t the time. The hours of their day are filled up with duties and tasks that occupy the home or farm in face. But no one is too busy to think. While you are going about some accustomed task, does not your mind occupy itself with some past event, some conversation you have recently had, or some plan you hope to carry out in the distant future? Now, instead of being occupied with non-essentials, could we not turn our minds to the handiwork of God and give him thanks? Our work would not suffer. Or how about the moments of leisure between sleep and work in the morning and evening, or before and after dinner? Cannot everyone find some time during the day that is free at least for the exchange of unimportant conversations, that could profitably be given to the soul’s nourishment in the upper chamber?

The basement or the observatory, which shall be your dwelling place? Remember that Jesus sees you wherever you are. You can not be ready to answer the question, “Where dost thou dwell that with me as ready an invitation as his to John and Andrew, ‘Come and see’?”

DENOMINATIONAL “HOCK-UP”

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

The Christian Endeavor society had charge of the regular church service on Friday evening and Sabbath day, February 5 and 6, the occasion being Christian Endeavor week in Milton, and others.

The society has again divided into two groups, Intermediate and Senior. At the present time the division is on trial for a month, and there is a contest between the two groups. The first of April there is to be a party furnished by the losing side.

The society has been active in the use of the Christian Endeavor pledge. However, the pledge is now taking its proper place.

The members have signed the pledge and made plans for the regular monthly consecration meeting. The seniors furnish the Junior Christian Endeavor world to the Junior Christian Endeavor group.

We are also giving a subscription to the Sabbath Recorder. Our pledge to the State Union is $12 for the year 1931-1932.

As a missionary project for this year, we plan to hold some meetings in our church at Berlin, Wis.

Farina, Ill.

(From Mrs. Howard’s letter from Jamaica)

I will give you my address at the end of this letter. You will find it a long one. All the outlying districts of the city beyond the business section seem to be called the “Pen.” and the west part of the city. I have heard that the word “pen” originally meant a farm or ranch, and these districts are farms subdivided into city lots.

We are very pleasantly located near the mountains, so we are in a higher and cooler section than nearer the business part.

So far the climate is delightful—not extremely hot in the hottest part of the day, but there is always a breeze, from the sea during the day, and at night from the mountains. Of course we expect hotter weather later.

We find we are not out of the world by any means. There is a twenty-four page daily paper with the world news, and our neighborhood enters us each night. They get stations KDKA, WOG, and others.

Kingston is a nice city, much cleaner than the cities of Panama or South America which we visited earlier. In this statement I do not include Cristobal, in the canal zone, which is under the government of the United States, and mostly composed of government houses for the soldiers and employees of the canal. It is much cleaner and more sanitary than Colon, which is separated from it only by imaginary lines.

The people of Kingston, as a whole, seem much more intelligent, cleaner, and better dressed than the Spanish-speaking people of Panama and South America. It has been surprising to see how well some of these students are dressed.

Deputy, N. Y.

The church recently voted to approve the recommendation of the Committee to engage in evangelistic meetings under the direction of the Central Association pastors next autumn.

The Woman’s Benevolent society held a sale, with the rooms appropriately decorated, on St. Patrick’s day. A quotation from “Seven Day Baptists in Europe and America” was attractively displayed, recalling the fact that good St. Patrick was a Sabbath keeping Protestant. James Russell Lowell, in Western Recorder.

CHALLENGE TO SKEPTICS

The microscopic search of skepticism has turned its attention to human society and found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort, and security, supporting himself by his own hands and a place where the gospel of Jesus Christ has not gone and cleared the way, but where the Bodhisattva is giving to man his hope of eternal life. Persists a little before they discard for every skepticism the artistry and the grace of its eloquent, in Western Recorder.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

EASTER

When thoughts turn to Spring Styles!

THREE SERMONS ON CLOTHING

Rev. Lester G. Osborn

March 19 .......................... Wedding Garments
March 26 .......................... Grateful Heart
April 2 ............................ Robes of Glory

At the Seventh-Day Baptist Church
262 West 42nd Street
Los Angeles, California

Sabbath School at 10, Worship Service at 11
We have before us the account of the beginning of sin in the human race. Genesis tells us that man disobeyed the definite command of God, and certain results followed his transgression. As we would naturally expect, this story is confirmed by later Scripture, notably Romans 5: 12-21 and 1 Corinthians 15: 21, 22. It is the basis of the plan of redemption. Beginning with the wonderful promise in the fifteenth verse there is a "scarlet cord" running through the whole Bible, the other end being tied to Calvary's cross. From here runs a "golden cord" of hope for the promised restoration of all things which were lost and for the coming in glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But there is other confirmation too, from outside the Bible. It comes from human experience in the natural world. The first "curse" was pronounced upon the serpent (verse 14), and to this day the crawling, dust-eating snake is a witness to the truth of the thing. It is "the devil" over the animal kingdom, but this "dominion" comes as a result of fear and dread, not good. Something as that exercised before the fall, and which will be restored in that golden age when "a little child shall lead them" in a world where the desert will blossom like the rose, with no thorns to retard the blooming.

And, lastly, there is no "peace on earth." Sin is responsible for war. Adam forfeited peace on earth when he fell, and ever since. The brother has lifted up hand against brother and nations have resorted to arms to settle their differences—and this in spite of our efforts at world peace through conferences. The war-wind has been blowing peacefully for years and years, and millions and millions are engaged in fighting in at least twenty-six battles, among which were Winchester, Cedar Creek, Cedar-plain, Petersburg, Battle of the Wilderness and Gettysburg.

Miss L. C. Crosby

Miss L. C. Crosby, the son of James W. and Elizabeth Crosby, was born in New Auburn, Minn., June 23, 1887, and died at St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver, Colo., March 1, 1932.

Mr. Crosby was baptised at New Auburn. On December 23rd every year he would write to Jesus and Mrs. Bleebe at Auburn. Thirteen years ago he moved to Wheatridge, Colo., about five miles west of Denver. Since that time he has been engaged in raising vegetables and fruit for the Denver markets. His parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Crosby, lived for some time on a farm near him. He and his wife put forth every effort to make them comfortable in their last days. It was only last December that the father and mother died at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Crosby had been operated on for chronic indigestion.

Drummond—William Drummond was born near Swedesboro, N. J., January 31, 1845, and died at his residence in Bridgeton, N. J., March 9, 1932, aged 87 years, 1 month, and 8 days.

When he was seventeen years old he enlisted in the 20th New Jersey Volunteers and took part in the battles of Shiloh and Chickamauga, and was in the battles of Gettysburg and afterwards stationed in the Wilderness and Gettysburg.

He married Margaret H. A. Johnson on May 4, 1869. After the war they moved to Bridgeport, where he lived until his death. He and his wife had enjoyed nearly thirty-six years of happy married life. He was a good soldier, and a good and generous friend and neighbor, as was shown by the large number of friends who were present at the funeral.

DEATHS
Friends of prohibition and of high type newspapers regard very much to learn that the project of a Christian daily has been abandoned. Under the stress of the times and the tremendous financial strain of publishing such a paper, it seemed impracticable and inevitable to launch the move.

My main object," replied the Gideon drummer, "is not to criticize the Bible, but to let it criticize me."—Selected.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

THEODORE L. GARDINER, D. D.
REV. H. C. VAN HORN, M. A., Editor
L. H. NORTH, Business Manager
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AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

Plainfield, New Jersey.
Pastors, Officers, and Fellow
Members of our Denomination

Of course we will raise the Budget for 1932. The needs of the field, the welfare of the workers, the cause for which we stand—require it.

- The last General Conference cut down the Budget, including the needs of current activities and the amount of our indebtedness, from more than $61,000 to less than $42,000. This represents actual living needs, with many of our usual activities seriously curtailed.
- The Seventh Day Baptist denomination is more than two hundred fifty years old. Born with the great Baptism Movement, it has suffered persecutions and even martyrdom. Nourished by sacrifices, it has surveyed opposition and hardships. It has never grown large, but it has grown deep. It has heartened and encouraged its people through periods of loss and depression. It has planned and carried into successful execution a statesmanlike program of education, evangelism, and missions.
- Blood and spiritual children of men and women who have refused to be overcome or stalemated by difficulties and discouragement, we must continue to be worthy of our forefathers and to be loyal to our Christ, as they were to theirs.
- Of course we must raise our Budget. To do less points to suicide. To raise it spells advancement of the whole Sabbath truth and cause.
- The Budget represents the united work of the church. It educates our people touching our various activities. It provides an intelligent program of giving. It gives every member of the church his opportunity to carry his fair share of the load.
- We are challenged to do our best: to re-assert the quality and value of our faith in God and the truth of the Sabbath. God calls us to “prove me now herewith.” He challenges us to tithe our incomes and to bring the tithe with our offering in expectation that he will “pour out a blessing” upon us.
- Your Finance Committee believes that there are stout-hearted pastors and people in every church, and that they will do this hard and challenging task of financing the program in 1932.