God of our fathers . . . at this Thanksgiving time our hearts are filled to overflowing . . . our eyes, once wet with tears, are drier now . . . and broken hearts are surely mending because of thy blessings unto us. A mighty fortress is our God! . . . And that Divine guidance which has always been our priceless heritage is showing us the way!

For this we offer thanks. Thou hast stood beside our leaders . . . our loved ones, departed . . . and those who have remained at home. Thou hast given us courage and led us victoriously . . . to build those things which thou hast taught us to be righteous!

For this we offer thanks. May we in turn bring to thee, as proof of our devotion, the day when righteousness shall cover the earth . . . as the waters cover the sea. Amen. —Selected.
TWENTY-FIVE CANDLES ON THE CAKE

Radio is celebrating its first quarter century of progress. It has reason to be proud of the achievements it has made in so short a space of time. From very humble beginnings, the industry has had a phenomenal jack-in-the-beanstalk growth, being recognized today as one of the major businesses of the world with power to exert tremendous influence on public opinion.

On its birthday, radio is taking but fleeting account of what is past—the almost miraculous development of technical broadcasting. What the future holds appears disguised today as one of the major businesses of the world with power to exert tremendous influence on public opinion.

In other words, the alcoholic camels, having got its nose in the radio tent, is planning to have in the rest of its body, too.

Variety, the trade magazine of screen and radio, explains the "public service" method that distillers plan to use. Calling the approach at the outset cautious and indirect, the publication admits there will be an obvious shying-away from plugs ads persuading people to drink whiskey. "The networks, it goes without saying, concludes the explanation in Variety, "are all for relaxing the ban in view of the choice billing plums that will accrue."

It is appropriate that we sing "Happy Birthday" to radio as the twenty-five candles burn brightly on a many-layered "cake," and it is equally appropriate that we raise our voices in loud warning, even as we send greetings. If radio wants to continue to enjoy our good will, it must consider carefully what course its progress will take in the next quarter century.

Broadcasting companies are still sensitive to public opinion. Write them—today, right now—expressing your opinion about this hard-liquor matter. The addresses of the major networks are as follows:

GUEST EDITORIAL

GOD, SEND US A WOMAN

And who knows whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?

As this editorial is written I am sitting in my car in front of a liquor store in a town-ship in the heart of eastern North Carolina.

Sitting here on the sidelines, parked within easy view of the things taking place on the outside and on the inside, there is no hearsay involved in the facts here recorded—I am observing the picture before me with my own eyes and I am deeply troubled in body and soul.

I see people from all walks of life going in and coming out. I see men and women—white men and black men—white women and negro women. I actually see a mother leading her little son through the door. I see soldiers and sailors—all in one continuous procession, some going in and some coming out.

It is a disturbing scene. I cannot understand the picture that stands out there in front of me. I am amazed and confused!

I can catch up in my thinking when I see men drinking. I have witnessed scenes like this before, and I have seen them go in and out of liquor stores many times—and, throwing around them the mantle of charity and generosity, I can more easily excuse their frailty and weakness, for men have always been known to falter; but when a woman place like a barrow—well, I am just dazed; something in me goes wrong; something causes me to grow faint; I become sick, for I see something out there in front of me that is pitable, sorrowful, and tragic!

Somehow, I cannot accept this picture as a part of woman's standard—not even the modern woman's standard. There is something wrong with the scene. My very soul rebels against it. The picture is all wrong: I know it is all wrong. God Almighty who gave to woman her beauty and charm, her glory and strength, never intended that she should descend to the demoralizing and debauching stupor.

No woman who has found herself, no woman who has paused long enough to find true satisfaction in her own worth, no woman who takes the time to measure the power of her influence, in her own field of activity—no woman who has caught a realization of her individual responsibility in presiding over her own home and lending her influence and her example to her own children and her own husband, no woman who sees and feels the weight of these responsibilities can find time to play with the liquor advertisement.

If liquor must be used—we say if it must be used—let the men use it, but save woman-kind from its blight at any cost!

This world has always placed woman on a pedestal high above man, and somehow we are still old fashioned enough to want to hold her there.

Isn't there somebody, somewhere, who can place her back on her former pedestals? Isn't there someone who can persuade . . . that part of womanhood that has stepped down from her high estate, to step back and wear the crown formerly won by her?

"Written in my car in front of a liquor store in a town-ship in the heart of eastern North Carolina."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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THE SABBATH RECORDER
Is there not some outstanding woman who will take the lead and call on the women to do this for the sake of our boys and girls, for the glory of the state, and for the glory of God himself? May the God of beauty and charm and righteousness send us just such a woman!

---Tomorrow.

A CHURCH OF SABBATH KEEPERS

IN NEW YORK

[One hundred years ago this year the first few exercises of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City were held Sabbath day, November 10. The following extract from an early Recorder gives an intimate picture of the founding of that church.] This object, so long desired by our denomination, but against which so many obstacles seemed to be arrayed, has at length been accomplished. A council, consisting of ministers, deacons, and other brethren from the churches of Plainfield, Piscataway, Berlin, Preston, Pawcatuck, and Waterford, assembled at the house of Brother Thos. B. Stillman, on the first day of this week, to take into consideration the request of a number of brethren and sisters to be organized as a distinct and independent church of our Lord Jesus Christ. Elder Wm. B. Maxson was chosen moderator, and Elder Samuel Davison, secretary. An able discourse on the character and order of the Church of Christ was delivered by Brother Maxson, founded on Matthew 16:18, "And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The devotional exercises were led by Brother Davison.

The council having received due satisfaction of the circumstances and gifts of these disciples, and finding that they were of one heart and one mind to serve the Lord, in the maintenance of his worship, and the discipline of a church; also that they were sound in the faith, and their lives without blame in keeping the commandments of God—unanimously resolved to recognize them as a sister church of Christ, to be known as the Seventh Day Baptist Church of the City of New York. Our friends abroad will be interested to know that this newly organized band is composed of pious and substantial materials. They are twenty-one in number, nine of whom are males. Others living in the city will, in all probability, soon be added. It is expected that Elder T. B. Brown will be chosen as their pastor.

It is hoped that the prayer of the entire denomination will be fervently offered for this infant church. They have nothing but the promise of God to cheer them. So far as their distinctive creed is concerned, the constituted arrangements of the social system are all against them; the priesthood of a vitiated theology scources them; and their own infirmities discourage them.

Their meetings for the present are held at the house of Brother Stillman, 551 Fourth Street, every seventh day at 11 o'clock; and though a private dwelling, it is hoped that all who desire to behold our order will feel perfectly free to attend. They will at all times be welcome "for the truth's sake which dwelleth in us." 

George B. Utter.

November 13, 1845.

STUDY to show thyself approved unto God

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

By Rev. Trevah R. Sutton

In the prayer Jesus taught his disciples, recorded in Matthew 6:10, we find, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

In heaven God's will is fulfilled. Insofar as man will let Christ come into his life, the kingdom of God comes in and is thereby on earth. We all desire a better world and many attempts are made and offered that we might have it. But most attempts are without the fundamental truth of God. We read the teachings of Jesus concerning human relations, then legislate and try to force men into righteousness—leaving their souls unclean—and we fail. Let man be redeemed of sin in the blood of Christ, surrendered to God, then committed to Christ for service, and we can see the kingdom of God, with love and peace, upon earth.

New Enterprise, Pa.
Enlightened Personalities

Missionary work deals not with commercial success, but with enlightenment, training, unselfish devotion, and example in ministry according to discovered needs. In the years there have come out of that city center the chapel, the day school, and the homes of these associates, some of the strong, loyal Christian timber on which God is building a Christian China. Koo Li Dien and her sister, Loo Tsau Tsau, are present. Numbers of the others were educated in that little school. Sara Davis, Susie Burdick, and Anna West ministered there twice a week through many years: one "to review the books taught by the teachers," once to conduct a Bible school on the Sabbath.

Should we not set up a memorial in an adequate school for that part of the old city, a place where Christ will still be revealed and taught and demonstrated during the next four centuries—a candle still burning brightly in the crowded native city?

SMALL GROUPS ARE PART OF GREAT CHRISTIANIZING PROJECT

Needs in China in 1947 Comparable to Those Faced by First Missionaries in 1847

It has been said that the basis of missionary appeals is the authority of Jesus Christ. It is not merely the need of the unenlightened, but the lighted and thoroughly called heathen. We, a small group, are taking part with many other groups in the great project of God's own planning to bring the entire world under his own direction. Let us drop an overemphasis on "We are so small a denomination." The smaller the group, the greater the responsibility.

I wonder if you have read the little book, "The Changes of China." In that book you will find the outline of the life of Madame Chiang's father, "Charlie." Soon he was to be a member of the Missionary Board. The Chinese and the American board's history and appeal are almost as important and as interesting as the story of the famous Soong family. And it happened through the�

Entrance to Mission Compound, Shanghai, China

The "entryway" to a renewed and enriching Christian service for Seventh Day Baptists

There are many problems presenting themselves in the field of missions, and some of them are baffling and discouraging. They have to do with methods, men, money, and conditions on different fields and in different parts of the world. We are trying to view the past, we see it has always been so; but it seems to some of us problems are more numerous and difficult now than ever before in our day, and we wonder what the result will be.

One of the serious questions facing the Missionary Board, as it plans its budget for the ensuing year, is the problem of funds to carry on the work as affairs have been planned. The board has been asked to enlarge its work, and the situation demands not be neglected. That nation has a root of deep and enduring faith which the task of missionaries to a people as great and as important as God himself. The sense of humor bestowed upon them gives a lightheartedness which is not always in the forefront of the world's mind.
AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. TOYOHIKO KAGAWA

(One of the most famous Christians of this generation is Doctor Kagawa, the noted Japanese evangelist. Many readers of the Sabbath Recorder heard him when he was visiting the United States, and some of us had the privilege of associating with him in missionary meetings. Since the war broke out with Japan, we have heard nothing from him and have been wondering if his own people had turned against him and executed him. Recently he returned from China and Japan and has come. One of these interviews was with Frederick J. Lipp, navy correspondent in Japan and a member of the Glenwood Lutheran Church, Toledo, Ohio. It was published in "The Lutheran" last month and is given below, as furnished to mission boards by the Foreign Missions Conference.—W. L. B.)

Among the Japanese, the name of Kagawa is as beloved as the name Abraham Lincoln among Americans. He is one of the great Christian leaders of the world. During the war he was arrested twice, but was allowed to continue preaching in his own little kindergarten at Kamikitazawa, a small suburb of Tokyo. The military circle of Japan dared not imprison or execute Kagawa because of his popularity among the people and because he had been useless to immobilize or execute a man who has already experienced prison and the threat of death, and who fears neither.

Today in Japan, Kagawa holds an important advisory position in the newly formed cabinet. It is the healthiest sign among the many which point toward a democratic renaissance within the nation.

We met Kagawa in the little kindergarten, which is a part of his Kamikitazawa church. He lives there with his family, having given his house and property to those of the neighborhood who had been bombed out. He shooed hands with us, and his grip was strong and firm.

He had grown thin and sunken during the war years; there was scarcely any resemblance between him and the photographs of five years ago which showed the same intensity in the eyes and the general expression of a tended its work during the year in other ways; but as already stated, the amount of the United Budget is less than last year, and on this account the board, especially the United Budget is less than last year, and had turned against him and executed him.

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WORSHIP PROGRAM

"Hand in Hand With Jesus"

Hymn: "Let Others Bear Your Cross for You." Scripture reading: Psalm 95.

A recent anthem carried the title "Soft Were Your Hands, dear Jesus," and thought of the words, reassuring hand on the back, something well done, the friendly handshake and greeting, the use of our hands in helping, the gentle pat on the back—those and the words, "Hands that nursed the wandering one, a house trailer for home, a feeling of having helped, a feeling of having helped to lift another's burdens, the friendly, thesey were your hands, dear Jesus—like the hands of God in a most interesting way that by our lives we may guide others to thee. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEET

The Board of Directors of the Women's Society of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination met in regular session November 4, 1945, in the home of Mrs. M. C. Van Horn in Lost Creek. The following members were present: Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, Mrs. Otis Swiger, Mrs. J. L. Vincent, Mrs. A. G. T. Brissiey, Mrs. Okey W. Davis, Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. S. O. Bond, Mrs. M. C. Van Horn, Miss Lotta Bond, and Miss Greta F. Randolph. Rev. Elizabeth Randolph and Mrs. John Randolph were welcome visitors.

Mrs. A. G. T. Brissiey led devotions, reading Psalm 1 and "Healing the Nations" from the Union Signal. Prayers were offered by all present.

Mrs. S. O. Bond gave the report of the treasurer showing the following balances in the different funds: General, $187.29; Social Security, $385.73; Trailer, $211.30. Her report was accepted and placed on file.

Letters were received from Mr. Courtland Davis concerning the board space in the Year Book; Mrs. Stein Miss Green, become the board correspondent for the Central Association; Mary Alice Butler expressing appreciation of the use of the board scholarship in Alfred.

The editor of the Woman's Page reported having received very interesting material from the following: Miss Mary Dixon, twelve year books 1944-45 from the Shiloh society; Mrs. Beebe, a fine program planned for the Southwestern Association and four papers included; Mrs. Herbert Davis, the good news of the organization of a woman's society in our Los Angeles Church.

The Christian Culture Committee recommended the use of the uniform Bible readings from Thanksgiving to Christmas prepared by the American Bible Society.

Mrs. Skaggs announced the following committee members: Mrs. J. L. Vincent, Mrs. Eldred Batson, Misses—Miss Lotta Bond and Mrs. M. C. Van Horn. Christian Culture—Mrs. R. P. Seager, Mrs. Frank Hubbard, Mrs. Eldred Batson, Mrs. Otis Swiger, Mrs. A. G. T. Brissiey, and Mrs. Edward Davis. Peace—Mrs. M. C. Van Horn, Mrs. J. L. Vincent, and Mrs. Okey W. Davis. Ways and Means—Mrs. Oriah Stutler, Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, Mrs. S. O. Bond, Edward Davis, and Miss Greta F. Randolph. Literacy and Christian Literature—Mrs. Okey W. Davis.

Mrs. S. O. Bond read the report for the Ways and Means Committee. Voted that the report be accepted and placed on file.

To the Board of Directors:

Your Ways and Means Committee would report in advance to the instruction of the last meeting of the board, we have purchased a house trailer for the use of our promoter of evangelism. Trailers and license, $60 was deducted as the estimated cost of the trailer to the former owner was unable to secure.

The trailer is here near Lost Creek, W. Va., and are standing in line for tires. The promoter needs one garage. It is urgently necessary that money be raised until it can be fitted with tires and moved. We grateful report the trailer fund is sufficient to meet all immediate needs, insurance, and license.

Planning to direct some of the "Helper's Fund" to immediate needs, we recommend that $100 be voted for the use of the "Helper's Fund" in Florida for 1945-46. The promoter of evangelism indicates that he may need some of this fund to defray expenses of helpers in anticipated campaigns. Also, that money from this fund may be needed by a few others.

Rev. Mr. Greene's work in and near Alfred, N. Y., we believe may not pass without our prayers as our money strength this work.

Miss Greta F. Randolph, Mrs. S. O. Bond, Mrs. Edward Davis, and Mrs. Oriah Stutler, Committee.

Mrs. J. L. Skaggs read the October report of Promoter L. O. Greene and a report from Arthur Burns.

Rev. Elizabeth Randolph was invited to tell of the work in Florida. This she did in a most interesting way.

Voted that the board give Rev. Elizabeth Randolph $25 on expenses.

These minutes were read and approved.

Adjourned to meet the second Sunday in January, 1946, at 2:30.

Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, President,
Greta F. Randolph, Secretary,
Salem, W. Va.,
November 4, 1945.

Our Project

A TRUE STORY

By Edwin Ben Shaw

My father was a farmer most of the eighty-two years of his life, being one of the pioneers on the prairie lands of southern Minnesota; and so he lived close to the soil, near to nature as yet unbroken by man, working alone all day long till his children were old and large enough to help.

His school days were limited to a few months attendance at Albion Academy; but he made friends with nature, and on bright cloudy nights in winter, driving home from a call on some neighbor, with his wife and children snuggled in blankets and hay in the box of his homemade sleigh, he would point up to the sky and say, "there you can see the North Star." And if you should go away up to the North Pole the star would point overhead; and if you should go south as far as the equator the star would sink down to the horizon.

And then he would go on, and there is the group of stars we call the Big Dipper, or the Great Bear, Ursa Major, with the two stars called the Pointers, that always, as they revolve around the North Star, point straight to it. Then look at that misty streak of little stars all crowded together that extends all the way across the (Continued on page 398)
SABBATH SCHOOL ATTENDANCE INCREASED BY USING CAR TO BRING CHILDREN TO CHURCH

It was like coming back home to meet with the Little Genesee, N. Y., people Wednesday night, November 7.

One of the laymen present told of using his car to bring children to Sabbath school. He can remember several years ago he was doing this, and probably he has been at it ever since. He told of getting into a home where the children had not been coming to Sabbath school and getting them to come. That is one of the best methods of meeting the problem common to every school, that of attendance.

Pastor Charles Bond discussed the problem of getting enough people interested to do the work necessary. He also told of the work being done in the school. Because of the urgency of getting the community hall ready for use, Pastor Bond said that much of his time must be taken just now in helping get this done.

Another layman told me that there is great need for emphasis on educating young folks as to the value of the work of the Seventh Day Baptists who are going to settle on farms should have financial support.

It was helpful to me to see the interest in doing good for the school that was manifest in the meeting. Several books were purchased from those I have on hand. One of the things that I feel the school will try hard to do is to have meetings of the teachers, parents, and workers more often. Whenever such meetings are held, there are new ideas received and new enthusiasm for the work.

The Little Genesee Church is vitally interested in the weekday school held cooperatively with the Methodist Church of Bolivar for the children of the large Central School. Several teachers for this school come from Little Genesee, Mrs. Jenlene Peaslee, and Pastor Bond.

The vacation school held in the summer at Little Genesee is for all children of the community. Community spirit is very good in this town. The way people who are not members of the Church there help out with the ladies' organization, and in fact any church project, is most gratifying. H. S.
Dear Mrs. Greene:

You have asked several times for unusual sayings. One day Father and we children took refuge in the barn during a thunder storm, at Villa Ridge, Ill. As the clouds were getting blacker, our brother Henry exclaimed, "Papa, the clouds are un-hitching!

At another time he had evidently done something outdoors which he thought he shouldn't. He came into the house and stood with his face in the corner, evidently as punishment.

When I was five years four months old I had to repeat the twenty-third Psalm for Christmas and what is more I knew the Nortonville church. When I came to "My cup runneth over," I said, "My cup runneth all over me."

Years after that, Rev. S. R. Wheeler told me I suppose that must have struck him funny.

I always look for your page one of the first things when I get a new Recorder. I am glad for you that your son has returned from overseas.

Sincerely your friend,
Gertrude H. Deely.

Blossvale, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Deely:

Thank you for your letter and the cute children's sayings which made me think of some I had almost forgotten. When we lived at Alfred, a very cute little boy, Derick Place, lived from days of my childhood.

He was of about the same age, Stanley's, our oldest boy, and they played together most of the time. One day they got to disagreeing and Derick being the stronger knocked Stanley down, bumping his head badly. Mrs. Place and I hastened to see the finish and she called Derick home. He started home slowly and when he reached their side porch he pointed his finger toward the ceiling and said, "Momma, says that fly up there?" He says, "Derick Place, you're a bad, bad boy and need a spanking."

Sometimes when I went past and spoke to Derick he wouldn't answer. So one day just for fun, I didn't look his way and he shouted after me, "Hi! What's the matter? Don't you speak to little boys?"

The day Derick and Stanley found paint and paint brush on a neighbor's side porch and painted each other thoroughly with it. You can imagine what a titillating that paint off of clothes, hair, ears, etc. Your sincere friend, Mitpah S. Greene.

OUR PULPIT

(Continued from page 395)

sky; the Milky Way it is called. And that group of stars over there, those two large ones on the shoulders of Orion, and those which mark his knees, and his head, and his belt, and the sword hanging by his side. And there are the seven little stars called the Pleiades. Then he might pause a moment and quote from the Bible, "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said," Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? or, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Father had a little book, I remember it well, on elementary descriptive astronomy which he had secured while at the Academy; and the sun and moon, and the planets, comets, and many of the fixed stars were his companions and friends among his children. He understood and explained to us little boys why Venus was an evening star and the fixed stars had been millions of our years on its way to us, or that it was bent a little out of its way as it passed down in the west, and then was morning star up ahead of the sun for a time. He had never even heard of the Pleiades, or the band of Vega, for the Pleiades was a small part of his education.

I will make a digression here: A day or two after the funeral of the Veal family, mother's brother, I walked by the Academy, which had been a part of my life from the time I could remember. On the wall was a small window, a grade above the street level, through which I could see the Academy through which I could see the Academy.

I went to the Academy for education, and the parents put the time and money to educate me. I went off to college. I went to college to learn how to read and write and talk about astronomy and mathematics and to be a harmonious companion. As it turned from oversea..."
A COOILIE

Years ago we had a coolie whose name was Yong Mok. Because the character were partially similar in sound to those for eternal and wood, and because of his slow comprehension of our meaning, he was dubbed, "The Everlasting Blockhead."

One evening, I was practicing the use of the Chinese language in describing to him the beauties of America, and I fear shot through with some national if not race pride. As Yong Mok came in from emptying the ashpans from the kitchen stove, he turned and looked up at the brilliantly starlit sky above him, and asked innocently, "And do you also have these heavenly bodies above you in America?"

A DOCTOR

In 1937 after the Japanese army had captured and occupied the section of Shanghai under Chinese municipal control, a hospital for Chinese refugees was opened by Chinese direction in a local university plant, formerly directed by the Central government. Dr. Lincoln Pan, of Liuho Grace Hospital, was chosen as superintendent of this refugee work. When Japanese military authorities came to demand the beds on which the sick were lying, Doctor Pan quietly but firmly stated: "We do not turn the sick out of bed, and let them lie on the floor. You will have to look elsewhere for beds."

No further demand for beds was made.

A GROUP OF MEN

It is a well-known fact, as pointed out by Madame Chiang and others, that one of China's most grievous national sins is the "cum-sha" system, or "squeeze oil" custom.

Many are the ramifications of this universal though decidedly questionable, because unchristian pursuit of gain, which begins in the home and spreads to the outer rim of the Chinese nation. There is the custom of "wiping off quite a little oil" from the chain connecting some business or professional men with small business and the consumer. A group, possibly six or eight, of serious Christian Chinese doctors in Shanghai were convinced during quiet deliberation together that, as for their businesses they were not an income source, thus releasing the druggists from being forced to charge the customer or patient more than a reasonable price. This decision was put into action and produced, to their joy, results in better relationships and, incidentally, in increased business. Among these doctors were four with whom we have worked for a Christian China.

FROM CHINA, LET ME INTRODUCE ~

A SCHOOLMAN

(Extracts from letters from T. M. Chang.)

The school is opening for the fall term. We have a total enrollment of more than 1,200 pupils. Every classroom overflows. But it is the quality rather than the quantity that we want. I think that now the war is over all schools will have much more to do in the big program of national reconstruction than ever before. I also believe that in that program all Christian schools should assume a double responsibility—the responsibility of fitting each school into the national program as an efficient unit, and also the responsibility of the training of real Christian leadership which is, I think you will agree with me, far more important than anything else. I pray that God will bless us and guide us in all the days to make this school always a truly Christian school.—October 19, 1945.

In the school, things have been going on fairly well, in spite of the fact that since last April the three girls' buildings have been under Japanese military occupation. At one time they wanted to mount two anti-raid machine guns on our playground. To this we strongly objected, and they finally gave it up. However, they did take some kind of guns to the cemetery ground across the street when the raid was on, and fired almost in front of our doorsteps. That made our place hotter than ever before, and as a result quite a few families in the neighborhood moved away.

On several occasions airplanes were directly over our heads. We heard the buzzing of the machines, and we felt we were standing on the Great Divide.—Sept. 1, 1945.

A CHINESE PASTOR

He had been appointed to represent one of the denominations at a yearly conference in America; his preparations were completed; his passage secured; his baggage delivered to the ship. But the honor, the confidence, the responsibility, the opportunity, the pleasure, the needed vacation all seemed a maladjusted burden. He boarded the last launch leaving for his ship, walked to his stateroom, fell upon his knees, and cried, "O Lord, if you don't want me to go, show me, and get me off this boat."

He arose and hastened to the gangplank as it was being drawn in, and fled to his home, minus his baggage. Within the week, the Japanese attacked Shanghai, and when the pastor had recovered from that mighty experience of God's direction, his most vital ministry to his people began under fire.

The Denominational Budget may be looked upon as the bridge between our churches and a needy world. We are the tiny wires that support the bridge. (See Page 405)